



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

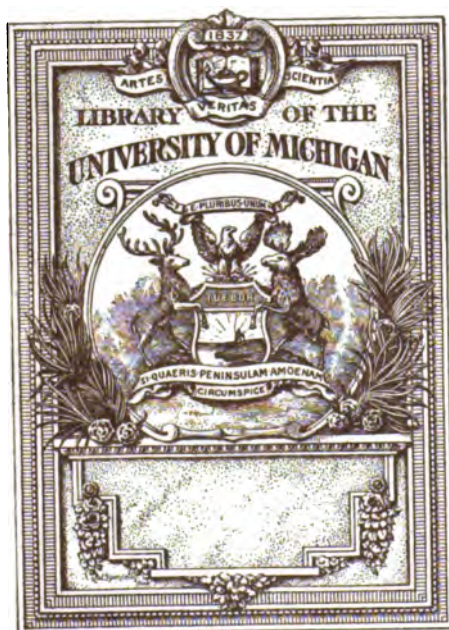
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

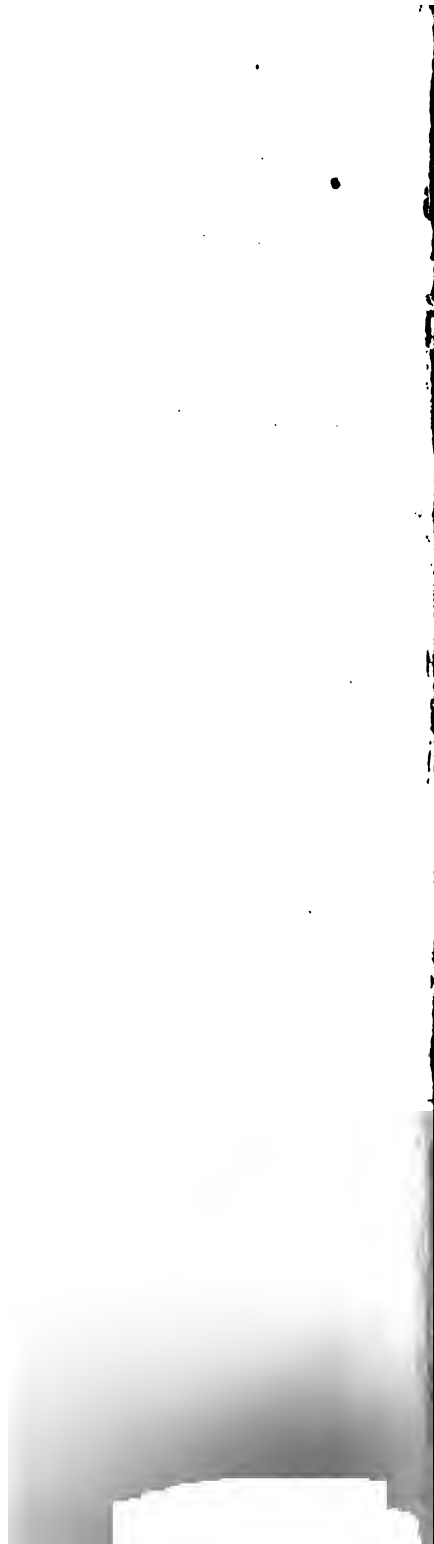
B

951,882





AP
4
F84



FRASER'S



M A G A Z I N E

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XXXIII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1846.

LONDON:

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,

(Successor to the late JAMES FRASER);

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN
IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY GEORGE BARCLAY,
Castle Street, Leicester Square.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XXXIII.

JANUARY, 1846.

No. CXCHII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OUR CHIMES FOR THE NEW YEAR	1
THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRIME, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILIAR HISTORY.	
NO. I. WILLIAM HORNE	7
PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FALL OF NAPOLEON."	
NO. I. THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS	22
ON THE HISTORY OF PANTOMIMES. IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.	43
THE PRIDE OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.	
CHAPTER I.	46
PUBLIC PATRONAGE OF MEN OF LETTERS.	58
THE FIRST FLOWER-PAINTER. A LEGEND OF SICYON	72
CONTEMPORARY ORATORS. NO. VI. THE RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY ..	77
TITMARSH'S TOUR THROUGH TURKEYDOM.....	85
OF RAILWAYS. BY MORGAN RATTLER, ESQ. M.A., AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAW	97
THE LADY OF ELM-WOOD.	
CHAPTER I.	113
CHAPTER II.	116
RONSBARD TO HIS MISTRESS. BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH	120
MYSTERIES OF THE CABINET	121

LONDON :

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,
(Successor to the late JAMES FRASER).

M.DCCC.XLVI.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Vol. XXXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1846.

No. CXCHII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
AN ILLUSTRATIVE CHAPTER ON STRAWS. BEING THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF A NEW DICTIONARY	137
CONTEMPORARY ORATORS. NO. VII. THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES GRAHAM	136
THE LEGEND OF GELNHAUSEN. FROM THE HISTORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY	143
PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FALL OF NAPOLEON."	
NO. XI. THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS	157
THE PRIDE OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.	
CHAPTER II. AND CONCLUSION	180
LATIN PAMPHLETEERS. SALLUST	194
A LETTER FROM RIPPOLDSAU	211
LOVE, PRESENT AND PAST	226
A DINNER IN ANCIENT EGYPT	229
A FALSE ALARM. A TRUE STORY	232
THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRIME, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILIAR HIS- TORY.	
NO. II. FRANCIS DAVID STERN	235
POSITION OF MINISTERS.....	246

LONDON :

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,
(Successor to the late JAMES FRASER):

M.DCCC.XLVI.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Vol. XXXIII.

MARCH, 1846.

No. CXCv.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MR. NEWMAN; HIS THEORIES AND CHARACTER.....	253
LE JEU DE NOËL. FROM THE NOTES OF AN OLD TRAVELLER	269
TO ONE WHO WAS MOVED TO TEARS AT SIGHT OF IMHOFF'S STATUE OF HAGAR AT ROME	275
PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FALL OF NAPOLEON."	
NO. III. THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS	276
COUNSEL MAL-À-PROPOS	288
MARGARET LUCAS, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.....	292
MILLINERS' APPRENTICES	306
CONTEMPORARY ORATORS. NO. VIII. LORD PALMERSTON	317
THE VILLAGE OF LORETTE, AND THE NEW SETTLEMENT OF VALE CARTIER.	
THE VILLAGE OF LORETTE.....	323
THE NEW SETTLEMENT OF VALE CARTIER	325
A BROTHER OF THE PRESS.—ON THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY MAN, [LAMAR BLANCHARD,] AND THE CHANCES OF THE LITERARY PRO- FESSION. IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME. FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.....	382
THE COMMON LODGING-HOUSE	342
MODERN PAINTERS, &c.	356
WHAT IS THE POSITION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL AND HIS CABINET?.....	369

LONDON :

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,
(Successor to the late JAMES FRASER).

M.DCCC.XLVI.

Speedily will be Published,
A BOOK OF HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY.

Poems and Ballads, with Prose Introductions, descriptive of the Manners and Superstitions of the Scottish Highlander.

By Mrs. D. OGILVY.

Handsomely printed in One Volume, Foolscep 4to., profusely Illustrated from Drawings by R. R. M'Ian, Esq.

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1846.

No. CXCVI.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
OF THE SPAINS AND THE SPANIARDS. BY MORGAN RATTLER	380
MILLY L—. A TALE OF FACT IN HUMBLE LIFE	395
PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FALL OF NAPOLEON."	
NO. IV. THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS	413
AN ANECDOTE ABOUT AN OLD HOUSE	424
MUSÆUS	437
DINING OUT	445
VELASCO; OR, MEMOIRS OF A PAGE	456
FEMALE AUTHORSHIP	460
CONTEMPORARY ORATORS. NO. IX. EARL GREY AND LORD MORPETH.	
I. EARL GREY	466
II. LORD MORPETH	474
THE SIKHS—THEIR RISE AND PROGRESS.....	478
MURILLO; OR, THE PAINTER WITHOUT AMBITION	488
ON SOME ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS. BY MICHAEL ANGELO TIT- MARSH.....	495
ANNETTE	503

LONDON :

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,
(*Successor to the late JAMES FRASER.*)

M.DCCC.XLVI.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XXXIII.

MAY, 1846.

No. CXCVII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY. THE LONE HOUSE. BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER," "THE ATTACHÉ," ETC.	505
SOMETHING MORE ABOUT VICTOR HUGO	515
THE CHAMBER OF THE BELL	530
PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FALL OF NAPOLEON."	
NO. V. THE CAMPAIGN OF MARENGO	545
ELEPHANT-SHOOTING IN CEYLON	561
PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY	577
THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON. FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.....	591
ARNOLD'S LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY.....	596
THE SIKHS AND THE LATE CAMPAIGN	606
ON A LATE FRENCH TRIAL	621

LONDON :

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,
(Successor to the late JAMES FRASER).

M.DCCC.XLVI.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

VOL. XXXIII.

JUNE, 1846.

No. CXCVIII.

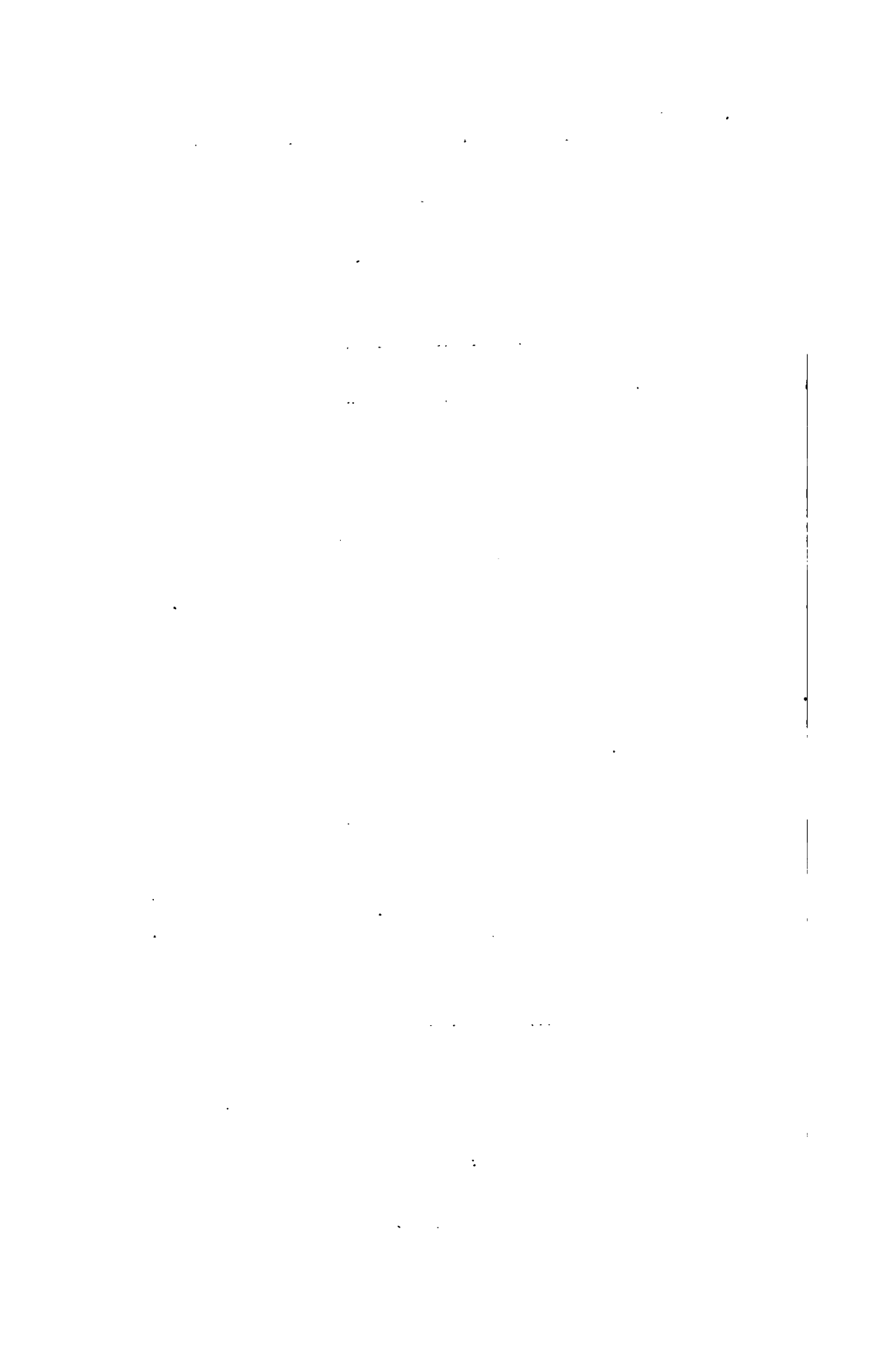
CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MANNERS, TRADITIONS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SHETLANDERS	841
PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FALL OF NAPOLEON."	
NO. VI. THE CAMPAIGN OF AUSTRIA	849
ON BEGGARS.....	860
A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE ON FRENCH NEWSPAPERS AND NEWS- PAPER WRITERS, FRENCH FARCEURS AND FEUILLETONISTS, FRENCH DUELLISTS, FRENCH ACTRESSES, ETC. BY BENJAMIN BLUNT, FOR- MERLY A BENCHERMAN AND TRENCHERMAN IN THE INNER TEMPLE, NOW A BENTIER OF THE RUE RIVOLI IN PARIS	874
ERNEST WALKINWORM'S OPINION OF SEVILLE. IN A LETTER TO MR. GRUBLEY	883
RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY	894
PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY. PART II. AND CONCLUSION	708
EDUCATION IN THE ARMY	719
CONTEMPORARY ORATORS. NO. I. MR. GIBB	728
THE CAGED LARK	740
THE B. G. AND THE N. G. A FEW WORDS ON THE GAUGE DISPUTE	743
INDEX	751

LONDON :

G. W. NICKISSON, 215 REGENT STREET,
(Successor to the late JAMES FRASER).

M.DCCC.XLV.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CXCIH.

JANUARY, 1846.

Vol. XXXIII.

OUR CHIMES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"How soft the music of those village-bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have
heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its
pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit
takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The winding of my way."

Cowper had heard the chimes ringing in more than forty new years, when he wrote these beautiful verses, and had experienced the melancholy truth of Pope's remark, that every year carries something dear away with it; yet not destroying or defacing, but only removing it into a softer and more soothing twilight. Poussin's charming picture of a Tomb in Arcadia, is only the past year put into an allegory. And if so, this is the hour to read it in; when, in the happy words of a late naturalist, the repose of wearied nature seems to mark the decline and termination of existence in many things that animated the green and joyous months of summer. The rare note of a bird is feeble and melancholy, and no insect hums in the field; the breeze passes

by us like a sigh; we hear it, and it is gone for ever.

From this solemn steeple of time to which we have ascended by three hundred and sixty-five steps, what a vast and diversified landscape is open to our eyes! A rich and woody scene! That elm-tree, which waved its dark branches before Æneas in his subterranean pilgrimage, might have been planted here, with its changefulness, its shadows, and its dreams:

"Quam sedem somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus
hærent."

How much hoped for, and how little won; what copious sowing, and what a blight upon the fruit! What tremendous leaps of ambition that lifted us to nothing, but only exhibited us, like Swift's landlord, always climbing, and always in the same place; and yet when the cold and frosty light of reasoning memory plays over these visions and dreams of the past, they seem to sparkle with a certain beauty. The winter tree of the poet might be taken for their image:—

"The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.

Here grotto within grotto safe defines

The sunbeam ; there emboss'd and fretted
wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand
shapes,
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before."

We said that Poussin's picture of a Tomb in Arcadia is only the past year put into an allegory ; and it is in the very nature of bells to bring out this tone of sorrow. Every chime has its connecting toll. Even in the festival and enjoyment of life the sound is audible to the heart. The voluptuary hears it. "I feel a something which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, I shall die at top first." This was the apprehension of Lord Byron. He tried to sneer it away. He did not fear idiotcy or madness ; he even supposed that some quieter stages of both might be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses. In the garden of his fancy he had a sepulchre, and this spectral tomb of intellect cast a dreary shade over the bloom of Arcadia. The past year put into an allegory !—yes, but every year increases the size of that tomb. At first, flowers overhang and conceal it, but it gradually grows and lours upon the eye. Conscience is served by industrious, though invisible genii, who are perpetually labouring. Swift saw it during many years ; one might say that he watched it building. He was, indeed, the most awful illustration of it. His death was a show in the literal sense. During the two dreadful years of the malady, his servants exhibited him. The father of one of Walter Scott's most intimate friends might have gratified his curiosity in this manner.

We are standing on this steeple of time, and reflection clears the air, and memory rings her bells all to no purpose and in vain, if we do not review the path we have been treading, and mark out a director as well as a safer one for the next journey. We shall derive no benefit from climbing to the top, if we carry with us no increase of knowledge when we go down. Even while Gray was complaining that his own hours glided uselessly by, he urged Mason to activity, and declared his admiration of those travellers who leave some traces of their footsteps behind them.

"Do not sit making verses that never will be written," was the lively remonstrance of Mrs. Thrale to her stout friend the philosopher, when he had exchanged the indolence of swinging upon gates for the idleness of meaning to write. We cannot help growing older, but the great thing is to grow wiser. Each successive week locks the gate of its predecessor ; but though it closes the gate, it keeps the key. Thus every week is a monument guarded and shewn by the week that follows it ; and, when studded with the rich jewels of wise hours and holy minutes, it not only diffuses a light into the distance, but attracts and cheers other pilgrims as well as ourselves. Of all the graves that ought to be visited, those of departed years have the strongest interest for ourselves.

Crusader of eastern lands, or martyr of our own, may be more dazzling to our fancy, or more eloquent to our hearts ; but neither speaks such solemn lessons. The dust of our own creations—our hopes, our thoughts, our virtues, and our sins—are to us the most costly deposit in the great burial-ground of the universe. It would be a wild and a terrible spectacle if all the millions who fell beneath the Roman eagle were suddenly to start from the depths of the earth ; if the fierce Briton were to spring up with his shield and bow under our forest oaks, or the Carthaginian fleet spread its sails to the Italian sun. We might tremble at the vision, and the cheek might grow pale. But how much more appalling would be the instantaneous resurrection of the last year, with the history of every man in his hand ! Adam Clarke has recorded the bewildering epitome of life that rushed upon him in the very moment and catastrophe of drowning ; but this resurrection would give some things yet vider and awfuller. It has been said of those by whom the blood of humanity was shed, that the sound of their own footstep startles them, as if it were the cry of an accuser, while the rustling of the tree and the murmur of the stream sound like a clamorous demand for punishment ; that they feel as if they had arrayed against themselves the whole visible creation—sun, moon, stars, and forests, publishing their crime. Surely

this is a frightful visitation ; but stabs of our own conscience speak in fiercer accents, and the apparition of our past days would be the most thrilling tale that could be uttered

" By the chimney's edge,
That in our ancient, uncouth, country
style,
With huge and thick projection, over-
brows
Large space beneath."

It is a very happy thing for us when the chimes of the new year have called us up into the steeple before many of them have been rung in. It is always a delightful reflection to feel that we may shape our future conduct by our past. When, at all events, we are enabled to start with some capital, an occasional run by temptation or folly will not break us. We have still something to fall back on—still possess some specie in the cellar. "All my amusements are reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called on." This was the condition of Chesterfield, old, angry, and deaf, in his hermitage at Blackheath. He had gold, indeed, in the cellar, but it was of a base currency, and without the legal superscription. Bacon had not one good coin in his pocket when he made the despicable and desperate appeal to James I., *Si tu desaris, perimus*. How much happier the education given by Henry Sidney to his son ! "Bless you, my sweet boy ! *Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself." And surely it would be a noble and an inspiring sight to behold the Grecian story of piety and affection thus transferred to a different country, and fulfilled in a different object ; to see the time that is gone continually brought back to cherish, to strengthen, and to support the time that is come ; to feel the wasted virtue of our manhood invigorated by the life-giving current of our youth, the decrepitude and exhaustion of the parent refreshed by the glowing bosom of the child. Thus, in a higher sense than even the poetic eye foresaw in its rapture and pro-

phesy, may the child become the father of the man.

But let us not be mistaken. We have neither recommendation nor panegyric for all the languages and none of the absurdities at ten years old. We remember the description of a larch ;* brittle, thin, perking, premature, upstart, monotonous, with no massiveness of limb, no variety of outline, no prominences and recesses for the lights and shadows to play in ; and we recollect, also, the moral of the description ;—when you have seen one larch, you have seen all. Not so with any child of whom the man is the son. When you have seen one specimen of the scholastical patent, you have seen all. We want a fruitfuller soil of learning to send up richer juices to the trunk and the branches. Then the rich gleams of imagination may shine in the verdant depths ; the solemn shade of philosophy may subdue and harmonise the glare ; and the youthful scholar may resemble the charming friend of Steele, who was never beheld but with delight by her visitors, and never admired but with pain to herself. Of all common education we say, in the exquisite simile of Webster,—

" 'Tis e'en like one, that on a winter's
night
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
As loath to part from 't ; yet parts thence
more cold
Than when he first sat down."

In looking to ourselves, we are, in the truest sense of the word, protecting our country. The decline and fall of an empire begin in a family. National guilt is only the multiplication of individual vices. Commerce interdicted, laws violated, population thinned, kingdoms vanishing, the fabric of society crumbling—who has not read that tempestuous page in European history, and who does not know its authors ? Who shall remove every apprehension of that page being again set up in type, which the hastiest eye may be able to read ? But though it never be reprinted, there are signs in the sky that may well induce us to look to our moral as well as to our physical

* Guesses at Truth.

strength. There are other defences of a country beside those of her coasts.

It has been asserted of every imperial state, that it must be constantly in movement, advancing or retiring, never stationary. Aggression is the condition of its existence. Conquest thus becomes the animating principle of its frame, the source of its motion and its grandeur. Whatever interferes with the action of this principle, affects also the energy and nerve of the state itself. An impeded circulation is shewn in the torpor of the members. And as, when the heart ceases to beat, the body ceases to move; so, when the state ceases to conquer, it ceases to be.

We may read this truth upon the monuments of the past, but he must be blind, indeed, who does not perceive it in the history of the present. We recognise at this hour the action of the same tremendous tide of empire, which, during so many centuries, has been setting into the shores of barbarism or civilisation; at one time sweeping from Greece into Persia, and at another, from Rome into Britain; which now thunders in the ears of Morocco, startles the Circassian chief in his mountain solitude, and dies away with a sullen murmur in the recesses of the Punjab. The stormy echo in India is, indeed, only the roar of our own assault. She, so far as foreign enemies are concerned, still wears

"Her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a smile of
peace."

With regard to ourselves, the tide of advancing and impatient empire beats upon distant countries. The defiles of the Caucasus are beyond our fears, while the wave of French ambition breaks over the burning sands of Algeria. But our day of terror and of trial may be advancing. Of every tide there is a receding swell. Repelled, or triumphant in one direction, it turns in another. Retiring from Africa, it may roll upon Europe. That principle of aggression, which is the principle of imperial existence, will manifest its presence by the restless energy it communicates; and we may yet behold the foam of the breakers, of

which we have hitherto heard only the remote thunder.

And if that tide shall ever dash upon England, may we not expect it to set in with storm and fury from the opposite coast of France? From the wise, the generous, the brave of that nation—from the men who love their country, and cherish her renown,—we have no unprovoked hostilities to anticipate or to fear. They will feel that France can give ample room to the swelling spirit of her imperial heart in the glorious labours of peace and colonisation. But what nation is composed of patriots? In France the revolutionary temper still lives; repressed, it was not subdued; its languor may be quickened at any hour by popular stimulants into ferocity and hatred. In the altered words of Montesquieu, the tyranny was struck, but not the tyrant. The despotism of the masses continues, if not asserted; the electrical flame wants only a conductor; the first flash will kindle an atmosphere charged with fire; and a future Mirabeau might hurry a Joinville to Brest, or a Bugeaud to Boulogne.

It is not that we fear the threat or the invader. The insulted majesty of the nation would speedily rise in its collected might, to rebuke and demolish the assailants. But warfare has an awful method of concentrating the sufferings and the losses of years. Moreover, every crisis teaches desperation; this most of all. An English fleet behind; an enthusiastic army before; a national insurrection around,—crops blasted, cities burning—the meanest soldier in the enemy's camp would feel that the scabbard had been thrown away. And if any sentence were borrowed from the fiery lips of Catiline to quicken the drooping valour of the invading legions, it would surely be this, "*Animus, etas, virtus vestra hortantur; PRÆTER TERRA NECESSITUDO QUÆ ETIAM TIMIDOS FORTES FACIT.*"

These are terrors which we have no intention of quieting by any arrangement of Sir Willoughby Gordon, excellent as that would assuredly be. The War-Office can raise regiments, but not men. The highest kind of drill cannot be taught by the serjeant. Heroes of Marathon are never enlisted. But they can be

created; and the great instrument in the work is the moral discipline of a religious education. Every patriot is a soldier; and the Greek poet shewed himself a statesman, when he affirmed a living fortification to be of all ramparts the most impregnable. We think that a warning cry comes from this steeple of 1845 years; and that a mournful recollection of national opportunities of improvement neglected and lost, may be heard intermingled with the joyous chimes that welcome the stranger. It is never too late to improve. Let the exhortation of Chalmers be remembered. Let the streets, and lanes, and those deep intricacies that teem with human life, be explored and cleansed; let that "mass which is so dense of mind, and therefore so dense of immortality, be penetrated in the length and breadth of it." Bolingbroke remarked, in reference to his plan for a general history of Europe, that every man ought to feel himself bound to give an account even of his leisure; and in the midst of solitude, to be of some use to society. We hope that the lesson will not be forgotten by any of our readers. The slightest effort in a good cause will not be without some profit. The spare minutes of a year are sure labourers, if they be kept to their work. They can throw down and build up; they can dig, or they can empty. Despise not their stature or their strength. There is a tradition in Barbary, that the sea was once entirely absorbed and swallowed by ants.

A determination to do good wherever, whenever, and however we can, will be an excellent step in the right direction. It will be one of the most harmonious chimes for the new year; nay, it will help to make the steeple of time musical in our praise; thus celebrating the sacred marriage of meditation and activity, of theory and practice. Wordsworth has sung with truth, if not with his usual eloquence:—

"Farewell, farewell the heart that lives
alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from
the kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind."

The absolute abstraction of thought

from ourselves, which the noble and misguided Algernon Sidney admired and cherished, is one of the rare achievements of valorous discipline and triumphant self-denial. The multitude shut out their brethren by a high wall of partition, and enjoy themselves leisurely upon the sunny side; others, on the contrary, sit shivering on the shady side, and refuse, with all the indignation of martyrdom, a glimpse of the sun. And *here* we have the voluptuary, and *there* the ascetic. Cannot the wall be broken down, so as to admit the air and the heat at the same time? so as to make men what Coleridge says St. Paul was—Christians and gentlemen? The father of Philip Sidney thought so, when he admonished him: "Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do any thing when you be most merry." And again, "Study, and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied." There is only one method of achieving this object, according to the last publication of Mr. Newman, "It is in vain to look out for missionaries for China or Africa, or evangelists for our great towns, or Christian attendants on the sick, or teachers of the ignorant, on such a scale of numbers as the need requires, without the doctrine of Purgatory; for thus the sins of youth are turned to account by the profitable penance of manhood; and terrors, which the philosopher scorns in the individual, become the benefactors and earn the gratitude of nations." This is a comfortable encouragement to the National Society and the Bishop of London's lay-readers. They will accomplish nothing without a fraud; and all their offices and institutions will be of no avail without a Fire-insurance! Alas! no chimes, we hope, from Time's venerable tower, will welcome this pestilent doctrine into the fair domains of the year that is coming. At least if chimes there be, they shall not be ours. The dismal howl of a false tradition shall never terrify us from its twilight cave of antiquity. We listen to its voice as to the melancholy roar of the Virgilian gate-keeper. We know where to gather the golden bough that shall ensure a safe and happy

passage. This once fixed upon the threshold of darkness, the gloom and terror of the pilgrimage are over and past. A serener landscape dawns before us:—

"Locos laetos et amena vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque be-
atas."

These, then, are some of our chimes for the new year. Other bells may ring a livelier peal, but, we think, not a truer one. In all chiming there is sadness, but sadness that only sweetens the joy. The wind and the rain endear the fireside, and May herself looks lovelier for the winter cloak she throws off. "Still I live here," wrote Johnson, "by my own self, and have had of late very bad nights; but then, I have had a pig to dinner, which Mr. Perkins gave me. Thus life is chequered." Let it be so with ours.

We have led our readers into the steeple of time, that they may behold the country behind and before them. The road has taken a new turn, but it will lead through scenery very similar to the former. It may be a wise rule to keep as much as possible in the middle of it, for it will not be forgotten that two roads run nearly parallel, and seem occasionally to intersect each other. Experience, however, has set up sufficient hand-posts to guide the traveller. But a cautious eye is neces-

sary. "The swerving of a step may be so slight as to be scarcely observed, yet a wide angle may at length result from successive inconsiderable flexions." For some of us there may be more than one sepulchre in the Arcadia that is opening upon the eye. Perhaps, even the beaten path may be obliterated by some descending water-flood of difficulty or trial. And if the land become a stormy sea, it matters nothing.

"Oh, blindness to the future! kindly
given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by
Heaven."

Whatever may be the cold and hunger of the disconsolate heart, it shall be satisfied and warmed. We read of those who had toiled all night, that "as soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread." It was a lonely shore; yet an unexpected fire cheered, and a strange Visitor illuminated it. If there be any truth in the chimes of ages, it shall be so with us. The night of the present may be toilsome, and dark, and unprofitable; but a clear fire burns, and a rich repast is spread upon the tranquil shore of the future. Happy for us if we leave behind us this brief epitaph,—

"Proved by the ends of being, to have
been."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CRIME, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
FAMILIAR HISTORY.

No. I.

WILLIAM HORNE.

WE are inclined to believe that attention has never yet been turned, as it might be, to one of the most important questions which can exercise the mind of a thinking man. Crime prevails on all sides of us: and the circumstances attending its commission and its consequences, as they affect both the guilty and the innocent, are set forth in every newspaper that comes into our hands; but to trace back each offence to its remote causes, to follow the trail from step to step, till we reach the first faint outlines of the path, by pursuing which the individual has won for himself a frightful notoriety, no one worthy to be accounted a philosopher has ever, as far as we are aware, attempted. The Christian moralist, it is true, finds a direct and easy solution to all difficulties. He quotes the words of Holy Writ; and, assuring us that "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," he flatters himself that in the besetting corruption of human nature the source of all the outrages upon right and decency that shock our moral sense is to be found. We have no desire to enter into controversy with him. Believing, as firmly as he does, that the Bible is the word of God, we believe also that there is no living man who can assert with truth that he is free from many movements to evil. But crime and moral evil are very different things; and though the one may be shewn to be in many instances the excess of the other, it is a lame order of reasoning which would, therefore, lead to the conclusion that both are, through the operation of the same causes, to be accounted for.

Again, there are persons in the world, acute and clever men in their way, who tell us that vice and virtue are mere accidents, because, in point of fact, they are the results of physical organisation. Dr. Combe will manipulate a head, and pronounce, when he is done with it, that the wearer cannot, unless restrained by an influence that is irresistible,

escape from the commission of some hideous crime. And here again, though ourselves no believers in phrenology, we should be slow to pronounce that Dr. Combe is absolutely in error. The heads of some of the most remarkable criminals which the last half century has produced have undergone, if we are not mistaken, phrenological examination; and the results were, in every instance, such as to confirm, to a certain extent, Dr. Combe's theory. But Dr. Combe's theory no more touches the root of the difficulty, than it is laid bare by the more comprehensive assumption of the Christian reasoner. It may be that men's passions, when indulged to excess, work upon the surface of their skulls as the habitual exercise of the arm or the leg enlarges the muscles of the limb. But the question still remains, "What in the beginning led to such excessive indulgence?" and how came the man, seeking his own gratification throughout, to brace himself up to the perpetration of some deed, the discovery of which must, as he feels all along, lead to his irretrievable ruin? We confess that, be the doctrine of the phrenologist in other respects as rational as it may, in this it fails to supply the information that we seek. It deals with effects, whereas we desire to become acquainted with causes; for it is only by laying these bare to the perception and the right understanding of mankind, that we can hope to put society upon the way of training its members so that crime, if it do not absolutely cease, shall at least become less frequent than it has heretofore been in the world. Of course our reasoning is not to be understood as applicable to men in a mere state of nature. The savage has no right perception of the difference between good and evil. An arbitrary code of his own he every where possesses, of which the particular enactments not unfrequently contradict the prejudices of his more civilised brother.

But of him we do not desire to take any account. If we deal with him at all, it ought to be entertaining a constant desire to reclaim him; to teach him our arts, to communicate to him our feelings, and to lead him forward to perceive and rightly to appreciate what is in itself good. Till we shall have done this, he is no fit subject for our study; and as neither the means nor the opportunity of accomplishing so great an end happen at this moment to be accessible to us, we will, with our reader's leave, pass him by, and look exclusively to the condition of persons who, being born in a Christian land, have, at least in theory, the wisest of all moral rules to guide them — we mean the volume of the New Testament.

And here it may be necessary to explain at the outset what we mean by the term crime, as contradistinguished from moral evil; for it is a great mistake to suppose that the one is necessary to, and in all cases the consummation and perfection of the other. Crime, according to our present theory, is an offence, not so much against the eternal law of right, as against society; the maintenance of which, to any useful purpose, depends upon the exemption which is secured to each of its members separately against a certain class of outrages. To take away the life of our fellow man, for example, except in defence of our own, is crime. To appropriate to our own use goods or money that belong to another, is crime also. Perjury in a court of law is likewise crime; for it impedes, and may render impracticable, the due administration of justice. Forgery, swindling, and the whole category of frauds come under the same head; they are attacks upon property. In like manner we must include adultery in our list of crimes, at least in cases where a married woman is concerned; because its consequences may be, and often are, that a spurious offspring is imposed upon a family, to the manifest violation of the rights of those who are by such means deprived of the whole or a portion of the fortune which would have otherwise come to them. On the other hand, we do not account either the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, or habits of untruth, or drunkenness, or dissolute talk, as

crimes. The moral guilt of all of them is great; indeed it sometimes happens that, when tried by a higher standard than that of society's requirements, the guilt of the mere sinner will prove to be greater than that of a criminal of the first class; but, for obvious reasons, there would be neither wisdom nor justice in awarding to such offences the sort of punishment that waits upon crime. Take a case which has often occurred, and may be expected often to occur again. A man, upright in his transactions with his fellow men, who has heretofore enjoyed an irreproachable reputation, discovers that his wife or daughter has been seduced. He broods over the wrong perhaps many days, and at last falls in with the scoundrel who has blighted his domestic peace, and kills him. He is arrested, thrown into prison, tried, and, it may be, hanged for murder; whereas the miscreant to whom is owing the desolate and degraded condition of a whole family would have escaped scot free, had not the criminal taken the law into his own hands. Which of the two was morally the more guilty?

Crime and moral evil may be cognate the one to the other, but there is no necessary connexion between them. The former may originate in the pressure of absolute want, or in the mere lack of self-control under sudden and violent excitement; in either of which cases its reality is compatible with a very slight amount of moral depravity. The latter is invariably the result of an ill-regulated education; which, though it may have stored the memory with knowledge, and stimulated both the imagination and the reasoning faculty, has failed to teach that, in order to form the character, self-control in matters of small as well as of great importance, and the habit of repressing and thwarting our own wishes, even when the object desired may in itself be innocent, are absolutely necessary. The criminal is often as much entitled to our pity as to our censure. The sinner (for we must borrow a word from the theologian, though we desire to be understood as treating our subject more as a matter of moral science than of religion) deserves at all times our unmitigated abhorrence. His one

moving principle is selfishness. At the same time we believe it will be found upon inquiry, that the darkest crimes which stain the annals of guilt have all come out of habitual surrender of the will to the enticements of moral evil; and that one offence in particular has in every age been more prolific in these than all other offences put together.

We are no ascetics; neither do we profess to be of the number of those who charge it as an imperfection against Nature's laws, that she has implanted in the breasts of the opposite sexes a strong desire to come together. The sentiment or passion to which we allude, and which leads to marriage and the propagation of the species, is not only innocent in itself, but praiseworthy. Out of it arise some of the noblest traits that adorn the human character;—disinterestedness, self-denial, the devotion of one will to another; and it is the undoubted source of all those pure and holy affections on the comparative strength or weakness of which civilisation may, in a great measure, be said to depend. But it must, to produce these happy results, be guided and controlled by an influence more potent than itself; for if it once establish an ascendancy over the mind—particularly in youth, which is most open to its insidious advances—the whole moral being of the man becomes vitiated. No matter with what quickness of parts the sensualist is gifted. He may or may not exercise his intellectual faculties as he grows up, but it will never be in the prosecution of a noble or righteous purpose; and should he chance to be of a dull capacity, then is it difficult to put a limit to the degree of degradation to which he may ultimately fall; for there is positively no crime of which the un-imaginative slave of lust may not be led into the commission, not hurriedly but deliberately, and, as it would seem, in perfect freedom from the checks of remorse.

A remarkable instance of this sort was brought to light in this country something less than a hundred years ago, of which, because it seems fully to illustrate the theory that we are now broaching, we shall proceed to give an account.

Butterly Manor—an old-fashioned

house, beset with gable-ends and surmounted by high stacks of chimneys—stands, or rather stood, a century ago, in the parish of Partridge, Derbyshire. It was one of a class of mansions which have well-nigh disappeared from this country; not very large, yet having a certain air of respectability about them, of which the dates might be taken any time between the eighth Henry and the accession of the first Charles, and of which we are accustomed, somewhat inaccurately, to speak as Elizabethan. The mansions in question all bear, where they yet survive, a remarkable family likeness one to another. You find in each a rather long front, with a porch about the principal entrance; gables at either flank which face in three separate directions; two rows of leaded windows, all opening as casements; and on the show or parlour side of the house, considerably ornamented; while the materials out of which the whole structure arise never vary. Red brick and oak timber are exclusively employed in the construction of such houses, and they are roofed over with tiles, and almost always stand either at the end of a grass court which divides them from a village, or within a small paddock, which lies chiefly in front, and is cut off from the public road by a thorn hedge.

Butterly Manor, like all other mansions of its class, was long the residence of a family, the head of which holding a place in society distinct from that of the yeoman, scarcely aspired to take his seat on the bench beside the magistrates or squirearchy of the county. Together with the moderate estate that appertained to it, it had been in possession of the Hornes for longer time than can with truth be given to the pedigree of many a family of higher pretensions; and, till the occurrence of events of which it will be our business in the course of the following narrative to speak, there was not one of all its owners but had established for himself a right to the respect of his neighbours by the character for honesty and good conduct, and of liberal hospitality, that appertained to him. But with them we are not now concerned.

It was towards the evening of a

dull September day, that in a large wainscoted apartment—an upper chamber in the house of which we are now speaking—an old man lay dying. Shrivelled and shrunk he was, for the weight of a hundred years was upon him, and his dull grey eye stood wide open, moving neither to the right nor to the left, but abiding fixed—fixed as the hand of death could render it on the antique canopy which surmounted the antique bed on which he was lying. The hangings of the couch—heavy chintz of a faded yellow, interspersed with faded flowers of red and blue—were in part drawn back; and on a rush-bottomed arm-chair, beside which stood a chamber-table surmounted with phials, a cup, a glass, and other sad furniture of a sick chamber, a middle-aged woman sat near him. She seemed to have had her powers of watchfulness a good deal taxed of late; that is to say, her eye-lids went together, as it would appear, involuntarily, and she nodded from time to time as those are apt to do who fight against the advances of sleep and are worsted. Her sleep, however, was neither deep nor refreshing, for the movement of her own head downwards broke it; and the faintest murmur, the slightest stir of the patient, caused her to rouse up and observe him. At last he spoke; and though it was in a tone so feeble as hardly to give to his words an articulate sound, she was up and leaning over him, and eager, as it seemed, to catch and comprehend his meaning in a moment.

"Martha," whispered the dying man, "my hour is at hand. I am going! Raise me a little upon the pillow, and moisten my lips. I must speak to the boys once more. There, that will do. Now a drink—a drink of the cordial, and then go and send them both hither."

The woman lifted the feeble old man as a nurse raises an infant, arranged some pillows under his head and shoulders so as to place him in a half-recumbent position, put a little ether to his lips which he swallowed greedily, and quitted the apartment. In a few minutes the tramp of heavy feet sounded on the dark staircase; and the chamber-door being opened, by no means softly, two men, well

advanced in years, approached the bed-side.

"You are come at last," said the old man, speaking in a more audible tone than he had been able to command while his nurse was near him. "I have looked for you all day, knowing that I should not see another; but you did not so much as look in to satisfy yourselves whether I was alive or dead."

"Well," replied the elder of the two, "now that we are here, what do you want?"

"Very little with you, Will," was the answer. "You were always very dear to me—very—very—too dear, I am afraid—too dear by far; and I love you still, my son; oh, He knoweth how tenderly! You have not always been a good boy to others; that is, I am afraid not; indeed I am sure you have not; but to me you have never given an hour's pain, except once, you know when! but that is all over now—and—and——"

"Now do hold your bother!" replied the amiable youth of sixty-two, to whom this maudlin rhapsody was addressed; "we've heard all that before; a hundred times, at least. Let's know what you desire besides; and be quick with it, will you, for I don't think you've much time to waste, and I'm sure I have none!"

"Very true, Will—very true! you were always a sensible boy. Charles, come hither," continued the old man, with difficulty raising his skinny hand from the coverlid on which it lay; "I've a word to say to you!"

"Well, father," answered the individual thus addressed, "what is it about?"

"About that, you know!" exclaimed the father. "It's always in my mind—always. It has never been out of it since first you told it."

"The beast!" muttered the elder brother, though scarcely in a tone to be overheard.

"You'll keep your promise, won't you? You'll never let it go further? You'll swear this now—now that I am dying, and I'll hear it the last thing before I go?"

"I don't like swearing, father," answered Charles.

"But you'll promise, Charles?—you'll promise, won't you?"

"Mayhap I may; that is, if you've not played any trick in your will."

"No, no, I've played no trick—not at all—not at all! You are well provided for—handsomely provided for. You'll want for nothing—nothing, as long as you live!"

"The devil he is!" demanded William; "and so all your fine doings with me go for nothing! Well done, old Hunks, that's just like you!"

"Hush, Will, hush! don't speak so loud. Put your ear down to me, and I'll whisper something to you."

William Horne pushed his brother aside, and leaned his ear to his father's lips. The latter said something at which the former smiled. Whereupon William drew back again, and Charles, at his father's desire, took his place.

"Well, are you ready to swear?" demanded the old man.

"No," replied Charles.

"To promise, then—solemnly to promise before God and your dying father?"

"I don't know. You're humbugging, I perceive—chousing, diddling. But, never mind, I'll behave better to you than you intend to behave to me; so here goes. I do promise."

"That you will never breathe to living soul a syllable about *that*!"

"Never."

"Nor write a line, nor drop a hint, nor give a sign whereby the facts might be brought to light?"

"I'm no great fist at writing," was the answer; "so you needn't torment yourself on that head. No, nor on any other; for, unless it be forced out of me by his aggravating ways, or I speak in my sleep, or something else that's unnatural happen, I'll never be the means of bringing the matter to light. So die in peace, old man."

"I will," replied the ancient owner of Butterly Manor; and, as if death and life had been equally at his control, he expired without a groan. The words were yet upon his lips when the eye became fixed and glassy, the jaw fell, and he was a corpse.

The amiable sons of the deceased cast each a careless glance at their dead father, and, without so much as removing the pillows or laying him flat on his bed, turned away. His breeches hung over a sort of

clothes-horse hard by, and both made a spring at them. William's was the lucky clutch, and swinging them round, so as to prevent his brother from catching hold, he brought one of the large buttons of the waistband in contact with Charles's eye, and for the moment blinded him. Never was opportunity more instantaneously or eagerly embraced. While the hurt man stooped and rubbed his eye, and twisted round his back in his agony, his brother had thrust his hand into the pocket of the vestment and abstracted its contents. There were eleven golden guineas, with a little loose silver, which he forthwith transferred to his own pouch, and then casting the breeches on the floor, he demanded, with a sneer, what Charles wanted with them.

"You've robbed both your father and me," exclaimed the latter, bitterly. "You'd take his very skin if you thought you could make a shilling by it; but don't come it too strong, or too often. I've promised to hold my tongue; but remember, that it's only if I a'n't aggravated."

"You be blessed!" cried William, laughing contemptuously; "I don't care that for you." And he snapped his fingers. "You daren't speak for your own sake, and you know it."

"Give me the guineas any how," replied Charles. "They're mine, I know they are, for I have seen his will, and he left the whole of his cash to me. So don't come to rob me, as you've robbed him often enough."

All this and more passed in the very presence of the dead. Both men were exasperated, both coarse, and results more hideous than a verbal dispute might have followed, had not their wrangling been interrupted by the sudden entrance of the same female who had made way for them when their father called them into his presence. We have not yet described her, and it is right that we should.

She might be forty-five years of age, or more or less, for the time of life is not always correctly delineated by the wrinkles that are marked on the human countenance. She was thin, well-nigh to emaciation, with grizzled hair, and an expression of face that seemed to indicate a com-

plete prostration of spirit. Grief, perhaps some darker passion, was manifestly gnawing at her heart, and the very tone of her voice told of bitterness. On the present occasion, however, she came as a messenger of peace. She had heard the loud speaking of the disputants, and knowing them well, perhaps suspecting the cause, she hastened to interpose between them. Her presence had the effect of stopping the wrangle, whereupon, turning her gaze towards the bed, she saw that it contained only a corpse. A loud and piercing cry escaped her. She threw herself upon her knees, and taking up the cold hand in hers covered it with kisses and with tears.

"Oh, my father! my father!" exclaimed the broken-hearted woman, "why have you gone before me? why have you left me alone in a world like this to carry the load of my shame and my sorrow?"

We have no power of language in which to describe the look of withering scorn which the elder of the two coarse men cast upon the woman. It spoke not only of contempt, but of abhorrence—of loathing such as men involuntarily feel when they are brought suddenly into contact with a dead body that is in a state of decomposition. One word, however, and only one, which we need not pollute our pages by transcribing, escaped him; having uttered which, he walked with a firm step out of the chamber. His brother Charles was not so bad. He spoke kindly to the prostrate woman, and would have raised her up if she had permitted him; but she shrank from him as if there had been contamination in his touch. Whereupon, he also retired. What passed afterwards it is not necessary to detail at length. The old man's body was laid decently out and deposited in a plain coffin as soon as the latter could be got ready; and on the third day after his death four labouring men carried him on their shoulders to the village churchyard, in a vault beneath which, not far from the principal entrance to the church, his sons deposited him. Not a soul except themselves attended the funeral; and yet old Mr. Horne had been much respected in his day, and at one time deservedly so, both by rich and poor.

The reading of a will is seldom an edifying scene to be present at. Strong and true must have been the love of the survivors for the deceased if at that moment their meanest passions fail to break forth; and if it so happen that Self was the god of their idolatry throughout, then are the exhibitions which they make of their own baseness revolting. Very few persons collected in the parlour at Butterly to hear the last will of its late owner explained. The attorney who wrote it, though he had either not been invited or failed to attend the funeral, was there; so were the bailiff and the parish clerk, they having signed as witnesses, and being requested by the attorney to verify their own signatures. But, except these, none appeared, save the two brothers William and Charles, for even Martha, their sister, stayed away—whether because she had been desired to do so, or that grief incapacitated her from retaining any appearance of composure, is not known.

The little group assembled in the parlour. The brothers were dressed in deep mourning, and sat on opposite sides of the fire-place. The bailiff and parish clerk, the former in a clean smock-frock, the latter in his ordinary week-day attire, took possession of two chairs at the lower end of the room, while the attorney, Mr. John Cooke, of Derby, placed himself beside a table which stood in the middle of the floor. He scarcely looked in the direction of the brothers, otherwise he could have hardly avoided to observe that the countenances of both were full of meaning, which was not curiosity, much less anxiety, but a sort of ill-suppressed glee, as if each felt satisfied that he was about to achieve a signal triumph over the other.

"You are aware, gentlemen," observed Mr. Cooke, as he drew a folded paper from his pocket, "that your late father, after making his will, directed me, in your hearing, to take charge of it; and that you may be convinced that while in my keeping no liberty has been taken with it, I have considered it right to bring these good men here to-day in order that, after the deed has been read, they may vouch as well for the accuracy of their own signatures as for the unaltered state of the docu-

ment in regard to erasures, or blottings, or so forth."

Neither William nor Charles made any reply, except by a nod and a half-uttered ejaculation. And they likewise abstained, not, as it seemed, without an effort, from casting more than a furtive glance one upon the other. Mr. Cooke, accordingly, proceeded to read the will. It was, in every respect, a just and a wise one. William, the elder son, was declared heir to the whole of his father's landed property, as well as to the mansion-house, the furniture, plate, cellar, and all things thereunto belonging. To Charles the testator bequeathed an inn, or public-house, in the village, two or three messuages in the town of Derby, and a thousand pounds wherewith to set himself up in business, should he desire to follow any honourable calling; while Martha, their sister, received a portion of two thousand pounds sterling, with which she was advised to withdraw into some distant part of the country, and to cease, after her father should be laid in his grave, from holding any further correspondence with her brothers. Over and above these, a few trifling legacies were added, such as ten pounds to the bailiff, as much to an old groom, and one hundred to Mr. Cooke, as a mark of the testator's esteem, as well as an acknowledgment of his kindness in undertaking to act with the elder of the two brothers as executor. Finally, William Horne was declared to be his father's residuary legatee. "And," observed Mr. Cooke, laying the deed upon the table and looking up, "as the will is of some standing, and your excellent father was never a man of much expense, I dare say you will find when the accounts come to be settled, that this last clause is not, as far as you are concerned, the least important."

There was a brief pause, which the two brothers at length interrupted by requesting, almost simultaneously, that Mr. Cooke would read aloud the date of the will. He did so, by repeating the words "done and executed by me, this sixteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty-five."

"That's not the last will of my father," exclaimed Charles, rising;

"I've a later deed here, which I shall request you, Mr. Cooke, to examine; and if you find it all correct, to read aloud."

So saying, he advanced to the table and handed to the attorney a will bearing date some day in the month of August, 1745, which Mr. Cooke, after having carefully scrutinised it, pronounced to be perfectly regular in every respect. It differed from the will of eleven years earlier only in these respects, that while the land and house were bequeathed to William, Charles was made heir to the whole of his father's movables, not excepting even the plate, and wine, and furniture of Butterly; while, after the payment of 1000*l.* to Martha, every shilling of the deceased's personal property became his. Moreover, this will, like the deed of 1735, was witnessed by the deceased's bailiff and the parish clerk, and both, having the document submitted to them, declared that the signatures were authentic.

"Now I'll trouble you, Mr. Cooke, to say, as a lawyer, whether my brother William has any right to the money which he took out of my father's pocket the day of his death? I don't know how much there was of it, for he never shewed me, and I knew it was no use asking. But as I'm the residuary legatee, and am entitled to the whole of his personal property, I'm not going to be choused by him, nor by any one."

Mr. Cooke, in spite of the surprise and mortification with which the production of this second will affected him, was still master of himself, and replied, that undoubtedly all the monies found in the house would become the property of the younger son after the just debts of the deceased should be paid; and that Charles, as the sole executor, was the proper party to be entrusted with the keeping of them.

Loud and scornful was the laugh with which William received the legal judgment of the attorney. He did not, however, rise from his chair, nor exhibit any other symptom of annoyance; but, stretching out his legs and thrusting both hands into his pockets, he caused the coins which lay at the bottom of each to jingle, and looking contemptuously at his brother, said,—

"Do you hear 'em?"

"Yes," was the answer, fiercely returned, "and I'll see them, too, ere long."

"Oh! I wish you may get it. Look ye, Mr. Cooke," continued William, after a brief pause, during which the amiable relatives had eyed each other with looks of deadly hate, "I know a trick worth two of that. You've brought your will, Charles has produced his, and now it's my turn. But I won't do as he did. I don't get my father to make a surreptitious will, and for fear any body should find it out, carry it in my pocket wherever I go. My father knew his own intentions better than any body else, and I dare say his real will—his *bonâ fide* last testament—will be found in the bureau up-stairs, where he keeps the rest of his valuable papers, his title-deeds and so forth. And, therefore, Mr. Cooke, I deliver to you this key, requesting that you will have the goodness to make search yourself, and to bring down the deed, should such be in existence, to us, who will abide your return here patiently. Go you, however, Brown," addressing himself to the bailiff, "go you with Mr. Cooke, and help him, and see that he examines the proper pigeon-hole, and does so carefully."

It is impossible to describe the effect which this proceeding on the part of William Horne produced upon the whole of the individuals that witnessed it. The attorney, as if a spell were upon him, rose, took the key which was offered, and, followed by Browne the bailiff, proceeded up-stairs. The parish-clerk seemed stupefied, while Charles could only gaze, with open mouth and outstretched eyes, upon his brother. Not a word escaped him. He did not so much as change a muscle of his body, but stood beside the table to which he had advanced, facing William, who met his gaze with a look of cool and cruel triumph. By and by the parties who had proceeded on their search returned, and brought with them, sure enough, a third will. It was of much later date than either of those yet produced, and, like them, was regular in all its details, even to the signatures of the same identical witnesses. But here the similarity ended. The true last will constituted

William Horne his father's sole heir, residuary legatee, and executor. It bequeathed to him lands, mansion, messuages, money—every thing, in short, except the public-house at the bottom of the lane, and the sum of one hundred pounds, wherewith his brother Charles was recommended to begin business. Of Martha no mention whatever was made, further than that the old man commended her to the protection of his heir, and advised that he would find a comfortable boarding-house for her somewhere at a distance. As to memorials of kindness to old servants or others, none such were here; and yet the document was perfect, and the deceased's signature thereto firm and legible. And so it was manifest to all who listened that flaw in the deed there could be none.

"You've done it well, that's certain," exclaimed Charles. "You've kept up the game to the last. Well, look to yourself, for, by the sun above our heads, I'll have my rights, too, otherwise every thing will come out, and then —"

"Do your worst," replied William, sternly. "And in the meanwhile, as you have no further business in this house, make yourself scarce; and go either to the Three Bells or to the devil, and one hundred pounds shall be paid to you whenever you choose to send for them."

It were long to tell in detail how the members of this singular family deported themselves subsequently to these remarkable transactions. The heir to Butterly Manor took possession of his inheritance; and without a moment's delay, or the manifestation of the slightest compunction, thrust forth his sister Martha to the world. It came out, indeed, upon a subsequent investigation into the matter, that she did not wait to receive a formal dismission; but making up a bundle of a few of her clothes, and leaving the remainder to be sent after her by Brown the bailiff, she quitted the house on the evening of her father's funeral; and travelled on foot to Derby. There she found for herself an obscure lodging, where by husbanding her small resources she managed, during some months, to keep soul and body together. But her small stock of money was at length exhausted; and her apparel

went morsel by morsel, and at last her health, which had been miserable from the first, failed her quite, and her sufferings were extreme. In this emergency she sent for Mr. Cooke, who ministered to her wants as far as he was able; and in the end, having, without consulting her, made repeated applications, but all to no purpose, spoke to her of the workhouse. It was a terrible announcement—it was a word of fearful omen. She was, indeed, so broken down on the occasion of his referring to it, that, even without such a prospect before her, the medical man who gratuitously prescribed for her gave it as his opinion, that she could not last many days. As it was, she went to her miserable bed immediately Mr. Cooke left her; and when the woman, a poor neighbour, that used to light her fire, and help to get her up, came next morning to perform her accustomed offices of charity, Martha Horne was dead. Poor wretch, it was a happy release for her; and if she did receive but a pauper's funeral, and was laid in a churchyard apart from that where the ashes of her kindred reposed, what was she the worse for it, or what cared either of those on whom nature had given her a claim for more?

Meanwhile, Charles finding that nothing better was to be done, followed the advice of his amiable relative, and established himself in the Three Bells. Whether he did well or ill there, the record has not been preserved; but it is certain that he became as abject to William, as we found him on previous occasions to be pugnacious; and that he derived the same benefits from the assumption of this new manner that he did from the old. Though he stood hat in hand to open the gate for his brother as he rode through, William never condescended to notice him; and as to assistance, pecuniary or otherwise, none such was ever tendered. They were a very singular pair these bad men; and both were regarded by the neighbourhood with disfavour.

While Charles thus conducted himself in the public-house, William, always mean, and selfish, and unneighbourly, fell more and more into habits of penuriousness and ferocity. He married, indeed, and,

strange to say, found a woman of some property to link her fate with his; but neither his wedding, nor the accession which the bride brought to his means, operated any change for the better on his disposition. He never had a good word to say of any one, nor any one a good word to say of him. The poor he oppressed and persecuted whenever a convenient opportunity presented itself. Never shooting, nor even coursing himself, he sued for penalties against all those round about him, who, not being duly qualified, kept dogs, or were seen with guns across their shoulders. The orphans' curse and the widows' ban attended him whithersoever he went; and he paid both back by driving them away from his door if by any mistake, or through the pressure of want, they betook themselves thither for relief. In like manner his domestic affairs, as well as the management of the farm, were conducted on the most niggardly principle. He dismissed all his domestic servants except one old housekeeper, and his stable-men and out-door helpers were brought down to the same scale of unity. He never gave employment to husbandmen or reapers, unless at seed-time and harvest. He kept one team of wagon-horses, with a wagoner and his mate to work his acres; though they numbered full a hundred. Of course, all things within and without the mansion fell into decay. The fences got out of repair, and were not mended. Great gaps might be seen in the hedge, which cut off the paddock from the parish-road. The gnarled oaks which adorned the broken and picturesque space of grass-land that fronted the house, cast branches to the ground every gale of wind that blew; and nobody took the trouble to gather them up. Rank weeds defiled the avenue from one extremity to another, and grew, and withered, and put forth a pestilential atmosphere, up to the very stone slab that lay before the porch. You never by any accident saw a substantial volume of smoke ascend from one of the chimneys; and if you wandered round to the back premises, decay and neglect were visible in every thing; from the stable doors, that for lack of fastenings shook and banged in every

breeze, to the posts and rails that surrounded the barn-yard, and rotted where they stood, through the absence of a little fresh paint. Never, in short, did human habitation, or the aspect of the things wherewith it was surrounded, bear clearer testimony to the penurious habits of an owner, and his total disregard to comfort, and even to his own interests; for the very corn-stacks took damage as often as the rain fell heavily; because the thatch wherewith they had been covered proved insufficient, and therefore melted away.

A man addicted to such tastes and pursuits as these soon makes enemies; and William Horne proved no exception to the general rule. Indeed, nobody seemed to recollect the time when it was otherwise; for their earliest reminiscences described him as a profligate and selfish creature, to whom more maidens in the district, and especially among his mother's domestics, owed their shame, than they could now enumerate. His father, it was said, had been ever indulgent to him. An elegant scholar himself—accounted, indeed, one of the best classics in the county—old Mr. Horne had professed an anxiety to cultivate similar tastes in his eldest son; but being, as not unfrequently happens with elegant classical scholars, weak of purpose, and guided more by the heart than by the head, he set about the business in a manner which could not fail of ensuring a defeat. While he advised and entreated William to study Tacitus, and spoke to him of the beauties of Horace or of Pindar, he set him up ere he had attained his ninth year with a pony; and could never say No, when his darling cried for permission to ride. Now riding is a far more pleasant exercise to a child of eight years old, than learning the rules of Latin syntax; and so William and his pony became such true and constant companions, that no room was left in the boy's affections for the classic muse.

It was marvellous to witness the ascendancy which that coarse and wilful child acquired over his father. Every demand that he made was acceded to; and every scrape into which he got, or fault which he committed, was explained away or ex-

tenuated. By and by vice made its appearance; and the father, while he lamented, had hardly courage enough to reprove it. Thus the boy grew to manhood, in the habitual indulgence of the most debasing of the animal propensities; and gradually losing under its influence the small redeeming quality which is not unfrequently to be met in persons profligate only in a degree, we mean, in difference to the cost of a coveted good, and lavish expenditure on the ministers of their pleasures, it was said of this man that he was never known to do a generous action in all his life. But though the tide of public opinion ran strong against him, and his name was never uttered except with some accompaniment of reproach or condemnation, it was not till some little time subsequently to the old man's decease that deeper and darker whispers concerning him began to grow current.

It happened once upon a time, about three months after the burial of Martha, that Charles Horne was taken ill. His malady was a dangerous one, and he became exceedingly alarmed; and desired one day, amid a paroxysm of fear and terror, that Mr. Cooke the attorney might be sent for. Mr. Cooke, anticipating that some testamentary arrangements were to be made, obeyed the summons; and at the sick man's desire sent the attendant out of the chamber, and closed the door. They were a good while there closeted together, though what passed between them did not transpire, only Mr. Cooke, when going away again, was overheard, as he held the door of the apartment, ajar to say, "I tell you it is too serious a thing to be concealed. You are bound to state all that you have stated to me to a magistrate." What that all was, however, nobody found an opportunity of ascertaining, for Charles Horne recovered, and did not go before the magistrate; and as to the mystery, whatever it might be, it continued as dark and impenetrable as ever.

No, not quite so impenetrable. Strange and horrible tales began to be circulated, which men could not trace to any better authority than the statements of their neighbours, but which every body seemed to believe. The few that had heretofore

greeted Mr. William Horne at parish meetings or market, now seemed as if it were their wish to shun him. No more beggars came to his door, and his groom at a short notice left him. Mr. William Horne was not so blind but that he noticed this change in the general manner towards him, and he deeply resented it. If he had been harsh before, he was tenfold more harsh now; and entered, as it were, upon a crusade against all poachers. So passed several years, till Christmas 1758, when one James Roe, a tenant-farmer in the neighbourhood of Butterly, committed a slight trespass by following a hare, of which his greyhounds were in chase, across the march-line, and killing her on Horne's land. He was in the act of packing up the game when Horne, who had been watching behind a hedge, advanced to the spot. Roe was not alone. A good many of his friends were spending the day with him; and the weather being open, they had got up a sort of match with the greyhounds; but Horne cared little for that. They had trespassed on his land, at least Roe had, for all the rest were halted just beyond his land-mark; and he attacked the delinquent with such a volley of abuse as he was in the habit of pouring upon all who might be so unfortunate as to incur his displeasure. A violent altercation ensued, during which Roe let fall the expression, that "he had better keep a quiet tongue, for he was well known to be an incestuous old black-guard."

The face of the old man became livid, but he did not quail an inch. On the contrary, he doubled his fist, shook it in Roe's face, and told him that he should repent it.

William Horne was as good as his word. He caused proceedings to be instituted in the ecclesiastical court of Exeter against James Roe for defamation; and the latter being unable either to deny what he had spoken, or to bring evidence as to the truth of the charge, was cast in damages and costs, and obliged to do penance in public.

Meanwhile, Charles Horne, whether yielding to the remonstrance of Mr. Cooke, or becoming himself alarmed at certain hints which were dropped in his presence, by many

who frequented his house, had gone to a magistrate. That gentleman, as it came out in course of time, cautioned the defendant to say nothing farther, representing that the occurrence had long passed, that it was of a very serious nature, and that no good could arise out of a public disclosure to any one. Charles was accordingly silenced for a time. But no sooner did he become acquainted with the particulars of the quarrel between his brother and Mr. Roe, than he went before a second magistrate, to whom he made the same statement which he had done to the first, and who, as it afterwards appeared, proved to be, like his brother-functionary, very reluctant to move in the matter. This gentleman was not, however, so cautious as the other; for in the course of conversation somewhere, he made disclosures which soon took wind, and were carried, as might have been expected, to the very man to whom the avowal was likely to be acceptable. James Roe still writhed under the infliction of a fresh wound; and believing that the opportunity was presented of getting his revenge, he hastened to take advantage of it.

Roe went first to the house of Mr. Cooke, who told him all that Charles Horne had communicated to him five years previously. They then proceeded together to the residence of Mr. White, the last of the magistrates before whom Charles had desired to make a deposition; and having extracted from him a full avowal of all that had occurred between him and the younger of the two Hornes, they took their measures accordingly. It was evident to Mr. Cooke, that, be the cause what it might, the magistrates of Derbyshire were reluctant to interfere in the matter. He therefore advised Mr. Roe, if he were determined to pursue the case, to go and make his deposition before some magistrate for the county of Nottingham, and to get from him a warrant for the apprehension of Charles Horne, which none of the justices could refuse to back, and which must lead to the apprehension, and consequent examination in full, of the man on whose testimony the question assumed to be at issue depended. This was done accordingly; and Charles Horne being arrested, was

conveyed to the magistrates. The magistrate, however, who had given authority to the warrant, had a custom of attending to public business only one day in the week; and the prisoner having been brought up on a Wednesday (Tuesday being his justice day), directions were given that he should be allowed to go at large, and that on the following Tuesday the case would be entered into.

It was impossible that proceedings such as these could be kept secret. Far and near the tidings ran, reaching among others the party most deeply concerned in them. For the first time after a lapse of eleven years and more, William Horne sent for his brother. Charles obeyed the summons; and a colloquy ensued, which, were it not authenticated beyond the power of contradiction, no one would credit. It all came out after the catastrophe, that after his arguments had failed to lead his brother into an act of perjury, William Horne refused to give Charles five pounds wherewith to escape from the country. "I told him," said the brother, when questioned, "that if I spoke at all, I must speak the truth. I shewed him that there was an impulse upon me which I was unable to resist; but I added, 'There's a ship in Liverpool about to sail for America, and if you'll give me five pounds to carry me so far, I'll go on board of her, and you shall never hear of me more.' Would he do it? Not a bit of him. He told me he wouldn't give five pounds to save my worthless life; and that I might go and hang myself. I did go, but I didn't hang myself."

Charles Horne, strange to say, was not called up, as he expected to be, even on the Tuesday. The magistrates of the county seemed to have come to an arrangement among themselves that so horrible a case, if investigated at all, should not be investigated by them; but there are crimes so heinous, that it seems as if they could not go without their punishment, be the circumstances of the guilty ever so favourable to escape. Another Nottinghamshire justice was applied to, who granted a warrant against William Horne himself; and the same being countersigned, its execution was intrusted to the constable of Annesley, who chose James

Roe to be his assistant. He scarcely stop to oblige; his selection was not made with hearty concurrence on his part; it; indeed, Roe appeared to have bided such a deadly hour, that on nothing less than the aid of his enemy could he have survived, and the consequence was, that he pressed the legal party forward with a vigour which overcame all difficulties.

About eight o'clock of a day in the middle of the month, the constable and his assistant, at the door of Butterly, were peremptorily refused admittance; whereupon they left Roe, with two other men, that attended him, to go and retire for the night, and returned again at an early hour. The groom, looking from above the porch, assumed an answer to the summons; the master was not with him, would not believe him, and endeavored to make good the force; whereupon they opened, and the house-garret to cellars, but the constable expressed that the bird was flown, and to withdraw; but a spirit, in some previous existence, had animated the bloodhound, insisted upon him—that he was not to be instituted a second servant in one of the houses, which they had previously searched in a huge oak chest.

"What does that do to Roe to Horne's wife, and them."

"Only the householders replied she; 'shirts, talcum, and suchlike.'"

"I should like to see you made of," rejoined the man-hunter.

The woman objected to his excuses, and seemed disposed to contradict, but Roe was resolute.

"Come, let's lift the rate. No great harm in that."

He did lift the lid, bald-headed—for his head was laid aside—trembling object of their inquiry,

old *robe-de-chambre*. He did not wait to be interrogated; he made no demand as to the cause of the intrusion; but cried, in a bitter, tone,—

"It's a sad thing to hang me; for my brother Charles is as bad as I, and he can't hang me without hanging himself!"

To secure the prisoner and carry him before the magistrate, and to convey him thence to the gaol of Nottingham, in order that he might take his trial at the approaching assizes, was the work of a few hours. He did his best to be admitted to bail, and, obtaining a judge's warrant, was removed to London, where the nature of his offence, or supposed offence, was strictly investigated; but no bail was granted, neither was he permitted to traverse. When the next gaol delivery came round, he was placed at the bar on a most hideous charge, namely, the murder of his own child, the child being the fruit of an incestuous intercourse between him and his sister.

The particulars of the trial may be ascertained by all who will take the trouble to examine the records of the criminal court in the town of Nottingham; but we cannot pretend to give them. Our purpose is sufficiently served when we state, that the birth of the child took place at a period so remote as 1724; that William Horne was then forty-one years of age, his wretched sister barely nineteen; and that the living evidence of their guilt was disposed of in a manner to which the mother was no party, and of which she knew nothing till some time afterwards. On the third day from the birth—which took place in Butterly, where his daughter and both his sons resided with old Mr. Horne, their mother having been for several years dead—William sought out Charles, and told him that, at ten o'clock that night, it was absolutely necessary that they should take a ride together. According to Charles's statement, he did not entertain the most remote idea of the purpose that was intended, till his brother came to him in the stable, bearing an infant in his arms, well and warmly clad, which he thrust into a long linen bag; that William then saddled two horses and led them out, and that, carrying the sack by turns, they rode five good miles to Annesley in Nottinghamshire. When they

drew near the place, William alighted; and asking Charles whether the brat were still alive, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he took it out of his brother's arms, enclosed in the bag as it was, and walked away with it. Charles waited some time, according to the instructions of the other, and, at last, William rejoined him; but there was neither child nor bag in his hand. Being questioned as to what he had done with them, he said that he had made a present of both to Mr. Chaworth of Annesley, and that the servants of that gentleman would find more than they bargained for snug under a haystack, when they came in the morning to fodder the cattle. No more passed between the brothers at that time. They rode home, put up the horses without attracting attention, went to bed, and heard, next day, that a dead child had been discovered, enclosed in a linen bag, exactly where William had stated that Mr. Chaworth's people would find one. It would appear that the coroners of those days had little of the spirit of Mr. Wakley among them, for there is no record that any inquest was held upon the babe, or that inquiries concerning it were pushed with diligence. Had the contrary been the case, it seems next to impossible that the truth should not have come to light at the moment. Nevertheless, as if the truth of the saying which affirms that *murder will out* must, even in so curious an instance, be confirmed, the people who made the discovery in 1724 were all alive to tell about it in 1759; and they corroborated the statement of the principal witness, in regard to the time of finding the body, and its dress and condition, in every particular. On this evidence, William Horne was found guilty, and condemned to be hanged.

It was the custom in those days to carry the sentence of death into execution against murderers on the day after that on which it had been pronounced; and, through a humane desire of allowing the criminal as much time as possible to make his peace with Heaven, the judges usually contrived to bring on such cases on a Saturday, so that Sunday, which, in the eye of the law, is a *dies non*, might be granted to the condemned as a season of preparation. In pursuance of this custom, Horne, having

been tried on Saturday the 10th, was doomed to die on Monday the 12th. But, being an old man—seventy-four years of age—and descended from a respectable family, and his case being a peculiarly horrible one, certain humane persons of weight in the neighbourhood exerted themselves to procure for him a reprieve, and they succeeded. "It was too short a time," so ran their petition, "for such an old sinner to search his heart;" and the judge, agreeing with them in the opinion, a respite of the sentence for a month was granted. The old sinner used his reprieve, not in any endeavour to make his peace with God or man, but to weary the government with applications for pardon. He exhibited, in making these efforts, the same selfish and dastardly spirit which had animated him throughout his career of crime. He complained of the hardship of suffering for an offence committed so long ago, and accused his brother of being not only a participator in the offence, but the party by whom its commission had been suggested. Strange to say, his petitions, unworthily expressed as they were, prevailed so far, that a second reprieve during pleasure reached him; but the sentence was not commuted. On the contrary, Justice appeared, at last, to awake from a trance, and the order for his execution reached Nottingham. He was overwhelmed with despair. He complained that grievous wrong had been done him; yet, during the night previous to his execution, he acknowledged that the blood of other poor victims besides that of the infant lay upon his head: one, a young woman, whom he had murdered because she was with child by him; the other, a labouring man, whose arm he had broken with a blow of a hedge-stake, and who, being in delicate health, never recovered the injury.

Such was the man and his career. The fate of the frail partner in the most heinous of his moral offences was very different. Slowly she recovered after her confinement, for though they concealed from her that her child was dead, she yearned with a mother's instinctive fondness to have the babe near her, and pined and fretted when assured that this was impossible. Strange to say, likewise, the fact of her confinement

never reached her father's ears till some time afterwards, nor got bruited about the neighbourhood, except as some horrid suspicion is taken up and circulated. The woman who had nursed her when an infant was still in the family, and the wretched culprit, having opened her griefs to her, found a generous and a true heart to lean upon. That old and attached menial contrived matters with such exceeding skill, that for several months Martha kept her chamber, under the plea of some ordinary illness, and received, in her hour of trial, the assistance of a midwife, who, being brought from a distance, and introduced into the house blindfolded and at night, was never afterwards able to say on whom she had attended. The same faithful creature agreed to intrust the infant to the brothers, on the assurance that they would carry it to a place of safety; and when, on the following day, the rumour of what had actually occurred reached her, she retained self-possession enough not to betray the feelings which it called up. From that time forth, however, she could never bear to look upon the doubly-unnatural father; and so, after abiding by her charge till she was able to go abroad again, she quitted Mr. Horne's service, and was never heard of in that part of the country again.

Unhappy Martha! For her all peace, all self-respect were forfeited for ever. She did not go mad, but she moved about the house like a broken-hearted thing, nor ever exhibited the slightest sign of reviving interest in any thing, till her father sent for her one day into his study, and informed her that he knew all. Nothing could exceed the old man's gentleness. He laid his guilty daughter's head upon his shoulder and wept like a child; and when she mustered courage to ask him how he effected the discovery, he told her that Charles had, in consequence of some quarrel with his brother, made him aware of all the circumstances. "But what can I do, Martha? We cannot recall the past, and to expose it would only bring disgrace and ruin upon us all; so I have exacted a promise from both of them that they will dismiss the subject from their memories, and you, my poor child, must endeavour to do the same." Oh, who can tell what that

guilty and heart-broken woman may have felt, when these words of mercy and of a parent's love fell upon her ears! She did not promise to forget, *that* she could never undertake to do; but she pledged her word to make no inquiry after the child; and frightful as the struggle often was to keep it, she made it triumphantly, and the promise was kept.

From that time forth all the members of the Horne family, the father alone excepted, hated one another with a deadly hatred. The feeling of Martha towards her brothers was, to be sure, loathing and terror rather than hatred; but William hated her, and took every opportunity of shewing it, whilst Charles, treating her with neglect, but seldom with unkindness, turned all his rancour against William. And so, for a space of three-and-twenty years, their days were passed, in a sort of companionship which we can liken to nothing more nearly than that of doomed spirits in the place of their torment; for they either could not or did not fall upon the obvious expedient of a separation, but dwelt together under the same roof, perpetual blisters and thorns one to another. At last, the patriarch, after far passing the age of man, died; and Martha, who had nursed him through a long illness, and was ever ready to lick the dust from his shoes, was thrown, through the imbecile deceit of a three-fold will, penniless upon the world.

The history of the progress of this man in guilt seems to bear out in a very remarkable degree the theory which, in the opening of the present paper, we ventured to propound, namely, that though crime be something quite distinct from moral evil, and in itself not unfrequently less deserving of reprobation, it is the sure result, in every instance, of the absence of those powers of self-control, which are not to be acquired except from long practice, and the negation by the individual to himself of many an object, in itself harmless, of which he may experience the desire to become possessed. Crimes—and great crimes, too—are sometimes committed without premeditation; and when they so befall, we pity the criminals—who, indeed, are just objects of our compassion—to the full as much as we blame them. Yet, even in such cases, the careful

inquirer will never fail of tracing back the particular act to some habit of self-indulgence, which, though overlooked by the world, has long existed, and given a bias to the whole character of the criminal. Among these, moreover, there is none which so surely extinguishes, in the end, all perception of moral right as the surrender of the will to the impulses of one, not unnatural, propensity. And if this debasing passion be suffered in early life to gain the ascendancy, there is an end to both the power and the will in its victim to cultivate either the intellectual or the moral faculties which Nature may have bestowed upon him. William Horne, for example, appears to have been a child of slow parts, coarse tastes, and of a disposition, contradictory and wilful. A weak, though learned father, instead of observing this, and adapting the manner of the boy's culture to the soil on which he had to work, devoted a great deal of time and attention to the calling into existence of tastes which had neither seed nor germ in his son's constitution. The task was, of course, difficult, and the labour to both parties great, which the injudicious father endeavoured to lighten by over-indulgence out of the school-room; and the consequence was, that his pleasures became the business of the youth's life, his studies a penance, from which he seized every opportunity of escaping. Suppose, however, that a different course had been pursued, and that the father, seeing whither the natural temperament of the son tended, had encouraged him to devote his mind to out-of-door pursuits; the young man would have probably been what is called wild, in any event, but the good farmer and keen sportsman never could have committed such crimes as those for which, on his seventy-fourth birthday, William Horne suffered. For libertinism, though it vitiate the tastes and unfit its victim for the appreciation of the good and the beautiful, rarely, till it outruns all bounds, associates itself with cruelty and a disregard of human life. When it becomes the great master-passion in the man, however, there is no telling into what atrocities it will lead him, and this the case of William Horne has, we conceive, very sufficiently attested.

PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON.

No. I.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS.

WE believe that public attention in England is gradually turning to military affairs. Time is wearing away the fatal prejudices which led to so many disasters, and made even unconquered soldiers purchase ultimate triumphs at so vast an expense of blood and treasure. We are beginning to perceive the folly of terming ourselves a naval and commercial people independent of military forces; and are, by degrees, rather ashamed of the fantastic apprehension, which even in modern times made us jealous of a British army, and made us look upon sons, brothers, countrymen, as constitutionally dangerous the moment they were arrayed in their sovereign's uniform: a reputation for exalted patriotism and enlightened philanthropy is no longer acquired by simply libelling the army. The progress of science has narrowed the Channel, reduced mighty oceans to comparatively small dimensions, brought our shores within the reach of hostile arms, and exposed our colonies, scattered over the wide surface of the globe, to attacks, against which naval forces can prove no permanent security. And though the power of steam, which is effecting these great changes, augments the naval advantages we already possess, by adding to our superiority as soldiers and seamen, the superior skill and energy our people have evinced as engineers; yet it seems now admitted, that no coast can be protected against armaments conveyed by steam-vessels, unless by land forces ready to meet the assailants on shore. This important truth is gradually making its way in public conviction, and calling attention to military affairs.

The perfect working of the government machinery, which in civilised states permits the rulers of nations to bring the whole force of empires into the field, together with the improved system of military discipline and organisation, which renders armies more compact and more movable than in former times, have ren-

dered the operations of offensive warfare infinitely more formidable than the mere unsupported inroads of former periods could be considered. Against the dangers resulting from such a state of things we are naturally bound to be prepared; we owe this to our own security, and to the high station we hold at the head of civilisation. We entertain no hostile feelings against other nations, we seek for no additional possession. The sun never sets upon our empire; a hundred and fifty millions of people live beneath our sway; and what acquisition made by war could possibly equal the additional power, glory, and force, certain to be gained by every step of progress and improvement made in peaceful times by an empire of such boundless extent and resources? Our conduct in peace and in war—and it cannot be too often repeated in opposition to so many libels foreign and domestic—has ever been fair, frank, generous, and upright, an example to the nations of the earth. The enlightened and the dispassionate in both hemispheres will, we have no doubt, give us full credit for such conduct, but nations are not always ruled by absolute wisdom; and great as the sacrifices we have made, to live upon friendly terms with France and America, it would be utter folly to disguise from ourselves the enmity entertained against us by the low democracy of both countries; and which can hardly fail to break into open hostility the moment those parties acquire ascendancy either at Washington or in Paris.

As the zealous advocates of peace, we recommend readiness for war; for the most violent aggressors will pause before they assail the bold and the well prepared. On the other hand, nothing so much encourages an enemy as the efforts of domestic parties striving to crush the martial spirit of a people, and weaken the military efforts of the state under the plea of economy; at the same time that they vilify the conduct of

government towards other nations; thus giving hostile powers, though treated with the greatest fairness and generosity, a plea to excite animosity against us even on the strength of our own words. History has sufficiently shewn how greatly the efforts of domestic factions aided the cause of rancorous foes in our late French and American wars.

We have at present no intention of lecturing on patriotism or on tactics, though we may occasionally introduce some of our future papers with a few remarks on the latter subject. Our only object here is to avail ourselves of what we believe to be the augmenting taste of the public for military reading, in order to sketch some of the sanguinary campaigns which placed Napoleon on a throne of never equalled power. As military history, when the causes of success and defeat are properly developed, tends not only to interest the reader, but to enlarge and clear the views, enrich the ideas he may already have formed on the subject, it cannot be too much recommended to nations liable at all hours to be called into the field; for it is only a wide-spread national knowledge of the theory of war, which can ensure the most efficient training and successful employment of the forces. We use the word *theory* here, in its just and real meaning—the bright source of every great improvement made in human knowledge: the dull martinet tactician believes it to be some monster of darkness, that ought to be consigned to the flames with all possible speed. Brave soldiers and gallant officers we can always command, for they are the produce of our soil; but these alone cannot command success. We had brave troops at the commencement of the Seven Years' War, and were yet unsuccessful in all our early undertakings; the gallantry of our men could not avert the failures of the American contest, and the ultimate success of

the great war against republican and imperial France was only purchased by fifteen years of mismanagement and disaster. Reasons enough it may be supposed for now devoting some attention to military affairs.

Feebly as the following sketches may be drawn, we can safely say, that we believe them—the Italian campaign more especially—to be founded on the best and most authentic documents on which military history was ever composed; and we shall, in due time, lay our authorities at length before the reader. It will no doubt be said, as it has been said already, that the views taken in these papers are highly unjust to Napoleon, that they are mere “crotchets” in fact. The reader need not be told, that every novel doctrine advanced against widely spread and deeply rooted opinion is invariably so termed; every new idea in science, philosophy, history, has been assailed; and the practice will probably continue as long as human knowledge shall continue to advance. We may, no doubt, be mistaken, as well as our critics, in the views taken in these sketches; but we have, owing to our authorities, the advantage of stating the facts more accurately, we believe, than they have yet been stated; and having done so, we leave it to the reader to follow us in our inferences, or to draw his own, if it must be so, more logical conclusions. But military critics, it is said, differ so widely on these points as to render it doubtful who is to be believed. This should not, we suspect, offer any real difficulty; for the reader who comes with an unbiassed mind to the investigation of any subject will necessarily follow the writer who brings the points whence truth is to be derived, in the clearest and most intelligible manner home to his understanding. No person of ordinary ability is likely to be imposed upon by mere terms of extravagant praise or censure.

CHAPTER I.

Napoleon appointed to the Command of the Army of Italy.—Situation of the Country at the period.—French and Austrian Armies and their Commanders.—Combats of Montenotte, Dego, Millesimo, and Mondovi.—Armistice of Cherasco and Termination of the war with Sardinia.

Napoleon Buonaparte commenced his extraordinary career under circumstances the most favourable to

an adventurous rise. The tempest of the Revolution had levelled the barriers that in ordinary times ex-

clude all but nobles and the possessors of high rank from the direction of public affairs; lawyers, adventurers, and renegade priests, ruled the republic by aid of the terror which the guillotine inspired. Armies were often commanded by individuals who before the commencement of the troubles had followed the most peaceful occupations; and many of those who had been non-commissioned officers in the royal regiments, were already colonels and generals of division in the second year of the "Republic One and Indivisible."

Napoleon had received a good military education at the best seminaries in France. The revolution found him a lieutenant of artillery, and the emigration of the superior officer raised him to the rank of colonel; and this was already standing very high at such a time, and when his country was at war with the principal powers of Europe.

But though circumstances thus placed him in a favourable position, he was not at first very successful. By the indisposition of his superior, the command of the artillery at the siege of Toulon had devolved upon him; but his conduct seems to have attracted no particular notice; for his name is not mentioned in the despatches announcing the capture of the fortress; he received no *immediate* promotion; and his next service was of very secondary importance. In the summer of 1794, we find him, however, commanding the artillery of the army of Italy; but he did not long continue to hold the appointment, for in the following year we already see him at Paris, soliciting employment from the minister-at-war, and actually placed for a time on the retired list.

His fortunes appear, at this period, to have been very low indeed: he seems to have been in pecuniary difficulties, and actually sought the hand of Mademoiselle de Montansier, a lady of great wealth, but far advanced in years. Failing in this pursuit, he projected a voyage to Constantinople for the purpose of seeking service in Turkey, when the revolution of the 13th Vendémiaire opened brighter prospects to him.

When on that occasion, Barras, the victor of the 9th Thermidore, was placed at the head of the troops

destined to oppose the insurgents, he gave the command of the artillery to Napoleon, whom he had known at the siege of Toulon. The result is well known; the National Guard fled at the first fire; but it is a mistake, as generally asserted, that any particular merit was ascribed to Napoleon: all the honour, such as it was, devolved upon Barras, who really commanded the troops. This officer, having on the formation of the new government been named one of the Directors, resigned the command of the army of the interior, which was given to Napoleon, whose star now rose rapidly above the horizon.

Among the ladies most distinguished at this time in the Parisian circles of fashion for figure and elegance of manners, was Josephine Beauharnois, widow of the Marquis de Beauharnois, guillotined during the revolution. She had great influence with the Director Barras, some say more than legitimate influence; and when Napoleon sought her hand, she obtained for her future husband the promise of the command of the army of Italy. Capéfigue, who has seen manuscript Memoirs of Barras, relates, on their authority, that the future empress attended constantly as a petitioner in his antechamber, till she secured the fulfilment of the promise. The parties were married on the 9th of March, and on the 27th of the same month, we already find Napoleon at the head of the troops destined to place him on the highest pinnacle of power and fortune.

The youthful commander found head-quarters at Nice, where for three years they seemed to have taken root; his five predecessors in command having always fallen back to that station after every successful campaign. Like the other French armies of the period, the army of Italy had fought with success against the enemy; they had closed the previous campaign by the victories of Loano and St. Bernardo, but they had not hitherto derived from their triumphs any advantage that could place them on a level with the conquerors of Holland, Belgium, and the Rhenish provinces: they had only subdued Savoy, the county of Nice, and the Riviera. They were

now about to enter upon a more brilliant career; the description of which obliges us to say a few words of the situation of the country in which the war was to be carried on. Though the French troops occupied the territory of Genoa, the city still maintained a precarious neutrality, supported only by aid of its strong fortifications.

The governments of Parma, Modena, Lucca, Tuscany, and Venice, were all well affected towards Austria; but they took no part in the contest; fancied themselves neutral, though certain, as the result proved, that the French, if victorious, would not respect their independence.

The sovereign pontiff was at peace with the republic; but there existed an unsettled cause of quarrel between them. The French agent Baseville had been murdered by the Roman populace in 1793, and no sufficient reparation had yet been made. At one time the French government intended to send an army by sea from Toulon to the mouth of the Tiber; but the presence of the English fleet rendered this expedition rather too precarious. The attack on Rome was therefore delayed till it could be made by land.

The king of Naples was openly at war with France, and had a corps of 1500 cavalry in the Austrian army: enough to draw down upon himself the vengeance of the enemy, but not enough to arrest their progress. All the Italian governments dreaded the republicans, but none, except the king of Sardinia, had the courage to face them in the field; the others trusted to foreign arms and efforts which they dared not even aid, and when that trust failed, they bent before the storm, hoping to escape by mean subserviency the well-deserved fate which they had not ventured to oppose sword in hand. In iron times, the only times, perhaps, that history has made us acquainted with, it is on the sword alone that nations can rest with safety,—a truth that every page of the world's annals proves to demonstration; for justice and forbearance never yet arrested the progress of the spoiler.

But though the Italian governments were all, and the nobles and the clergy generally, hostile to the French, the middle classes and the

citizens of towns were in their favour; or rather in favour of the doctrines which they preached. Books of liberal import had been circulated with singular freedom in Italy; and the works of Filangieri and Beccaria were in the hands of all well-educated persons during the years that preceded the revolution. New ideas, aspirations for liberty and natural independence, had spread among the educated classes, and in some cases the nobles and the clergy also were advocates for change, and now the liberators were at hand. These sentiments, the existence of which was well known, helped no doubt to paralyse instead of redoubling the efforts of the governments, and were so far of great advantage to the French; but in the field the invaders derived little direct aid from their new allies, who soon tired of the pressure of the war-taxes and of the mean and grasping avarice for which the republican authorities were so generally distinguished.

The marked division existing between the different classes of Italian society, also favoured the republican arms by weakening the means of combined resistance. The nobles, without any attachment to the middle classes, feel their depressed and powerless situation, and entertain no affection for governments that hold them in such subjection. All the middle classes, the citizens of towns, and the lawyers, as a body, are liberals, we may almost say republicans; and many dream, even now, of the re-establishment of a Roman republic. The peasantry and the lower orders, in general, have but little respect for their superiors, unless, perhaps, for the clergy. They dislike all those who possess or exercise authority over them; all governors, magistrates, and provincial authorities, and very generally look upon the nobles and landlords as strangers and intruders in the country. Against their governments they entertain no hostility, as they live "remote from power," and feel its pressure only through the means of intermediate agents, on whom all their indignation is vented: their princes they generally regard with loyal attachment, and this feeling was much stronger at the period of which we are speaking, than at pre-

sent. The governments, however, wanted ability to avail themselves of this advantage; ignorance, falsehood, and venality, pervaded every public department of the different states; and it was as impossible to depend on the truth of an official report, as to calculate on the just execution of an official order. The Italian governments were so many powerless despotisms already falling to pieces by the weight of their own worthlessness. Not a single man of any ability rose to authority from the Alps to the gulf of Tarentum; and Italy beheld foreign armies contending for the supremacy of the land, while her own sons remained inglorious spectators of the long and sanguinary struggle.

The French army, of which Napoleon came to assume the command, was stationed in the Riviera, a narrow stripe of coast-land about ninety miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth, that forms a semicircle round the head of the bay of Genoa. This district is separated from the rest of Italy by a lofty screen of mountains, the north-western part of which is formed by the Maritime Alps, the south-eastern by the Apennines; these mighty mountain-ranges join near the sources of the Tanaro, where their elevation is at its lowest. The French had for two years been in possession of the higher ridges of this range, many points of which they had fortified, and were thus, to a certain extent, masters of the outlets into the lower country. Their right wing was at Voltri,* near Genoa; their left, not including a few detached corps that maintained the communication with General Kellermann and the army of the Alps, was in the valleys at the head of the Tanaro; the cavalry was cantoned in rear of the infantry along the sea-coast.

The effective strength of this army at the opening of the campaign was 43,000 men, 4000 of whom were cavalry; and they had sixty pieces of artillery. Their nominal, or "return" strength, has been ridiculously exaggerated, in order to make the effective appear small by the contrast; but however exagger-

ated it was in this case, there always was a great disparity in the French republican armies between the nominal and effective strength of corps. Brave, gallant, and distinguished as these troops were, their excellence was in their fire-steeled edge, so to express ourselves, in the very front of battle: whatever was in the rear, all that was connected with the civil administration, up to the very heads of the military departments of the government, was vile and worthless in the extreme; and thousands of men were borne on the official states who never saw their corps.

Besides the army of Italy, the French had an army of 20,000 men called the army of the Alps, which under General Kellermann threatened Piedmont from the north. There was another corps of 10,000 men, stationed as a reserve at Toulon. Napoleon had no direct authority over these troops; but the presence of Kellermann's army on the northern frontier lent him most essential aid, as it obliged the Sardinian government to detach 20,000 men under the Prince of Carignano, to watch the motions of this threatening force.

The nominal strength of the Austro-Sardinian army, including 1500 Neapolitans, was 57,000 men; but they had 7000 sick at the commencement of the campaign, which with other casualties, left them only 46,000 effective men; of these 5000 were cavalry, and they had 148 pieces of artillery. The position of this army, having diverging lines of retreat, was precarious in the extreme. General Colli, with the Sardinian troops and 5000 Austrian auxiliaries, stood as a sort of advanced guard in the mountains near Ceva. General Argenteau, with the right wing of the main Austrian army, which was only half assembled when hostilities commenced, had also been thrown into the mountains. As the spring advanced, he joined the left of Colli, and extending his posts from Oviedo to Cairo, and covered with his 7000 men about thirty miles of wild and intersected mountain country; traversed by the deep ravines through which the countless tributaries of the Po force

* By mistake engraved Votri on the wood-sketch.

their downward course. How this small force must have been splintered out into battalions and companies, may therefore be easily conceived. The left wing of the army was assembling at Pozzolo, Formigaro, and occupied Campo Freddo and Bochetta with some detached battalions. One half of the army was thus in sight of the enemy, while the other half was still on the march from the winter-quarters they had occupied in Lombardy and along the banks of the Po. The object of this long line of posts was rather to prevent the French from making excursions into the low country than to maintain any of its points as actual positions; and the arrangement became so very faulty only from the circumstance of there being no place of general assembly indicated for the troops to fall back upon in case of reverse, and at a sufficient distance to the rear to admit of the movement being safely executed.

We must still, before entering on the events of the field, say a word of the generals and their respective armies.

There is no subject on which the idolators of Napoleon display more rapid eloquence than in contrasting the wretchedness of the French, with what they call the splendid condition of the allied army at the commencement of this campaign. The Republican general, they tell us, found himself, on assuming the command, at the head of a half-starved force, cooped up in a barren corner of Piedmont, destitute of every thing, and vastly inferior to the enemy, who are described as not only superior in numbers, but perfectly equipped, abundantly supplied with all the necessaries of war, and commanded by the most experienced officers in Europe.

There is enough of truth in these statements to deceive the unguarded reader; though the whole truth, when stated, must lead to diametrically opposite conclusions to those which the advocates of Napoleon would have us infer.

The return strength of the allied army, composed of Austrians, Sardinians, and Neapolitans, amounted to 67,000 men: they were thus superior to the French, who had only 43,000; but even this nominal supe-

riority consisted chiefly in cavalry and artillery, the least useful arms in a mountainous country. They were also better supplied than the French; but these boasted supplies were not of the nature that produce any favourable effect on the health, strength, and spirits of the troops. It was not at that time the custom for Continental governments to release their soldiers from the constant state of half famine to which they were regularly condemned, so that these vaunted supplies consisted of nothing more than the useless stores with which the armies of the period so constantly encumbered themselves, but which contributed nothing to the well-being of the men. On the contrary, we know from many a well-authenticated statement, that the troops suffered severely from want and privation, stationed, as they were, along the high and barren ridges of the Apennines. Sickness had made great ravages in the ranks, and the *morale* of the army was, in consequence of their situation and previous defeats, at a very low ebb. A few months, indeed, before the opening of the campaign, Marshal Colli, the commander of the Piedmontese army, actually declared his troops to be totally unfit to meet the enemy.

The French were hungry and in rags; but they were the enthusiastic soldiers of the revolution, drawn from among the best men of France. Many were still honest believers in the dream of freedom; a far greater number were animated by accounts of the spoil and fame acquired by the republican conquerors of Holland and Belgium, and all were eager to share in the flesh-pots of Italy. Is it not evident to common understanding, that far more was to be effected with such a fiery multitude, than with the mere drilled soldiers of Austria, paupers in uniform, drawn from the refuse of the German population, trained under an iron, soul-and-limb-crushing system of discipline, who saw nothing in the past, present, or future, to stimulate them to exertion?

In regard to generals, the advantage was also on the side of the French, independently even of the superior talents claimed for Napoleon. The latter was in the twenty-seventh, Beaulieu in the seventy-second year of his age. A new and

splendid career, in which crowns and dictatorships were to be gained by daring and enterprise, was opening to the former; the career of the latter had almost attained to its natural close. Napoleon had received a good military education, which the world-shaking events of the Revolution had developed; while his mind had also, we may suppose, been inflated by the extravagant, unprincipled, and impelling spirit which distinguished the republican doctrines of the period. Beaulieu was the disciple of the pipe-clay and button-stick school, which, for upwards of fifty years, had so successfully exerted itself to cramp the minds, and crush the energies of all ranks of military men. Napoleon was, at least, the equal of the rulers of France, who were besides partly indebted to him for their very power, which his sword had assisted to uphold on the 13th Vendémiaire (5th October), 1795, against the revolted sections. Beaulieu, on the other hand, was the servant of an ancient and venerated imperial dynasty, and the unhappy tool of a deaf and blind Aulic Council, claiming implicit obedience while attempting to command armies at hundreds of miles from the scene of action.

Napoleon, again, was, by birth, knowledge, and education, the superior of the officers he came to command; for Massena, Augereau, Joubert, Serrurier, though brave and daring leaders, were only rough, ignorant, and illiterate men, and the new general had gained the hearts of his soldiers by his very first address, worded in the real French style of the period. It promised spoil and glory, and could not possibly fail of success. It ran as follows:—"Soldiers! you are naked and ill-fed; the government owes you much, and has nothing to give you. The patience and courage which you display in the midst of these rocks are admirable; but they obtain for you no glory. I will lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. Rich provinces and large cities shall be in your power: their possession will confer honour, glory, and wealth upon you. Soldiers of Italy! can you want courage or constancy?" Under these circumstances, nine chances out of ten were in favour of the French; and the measures of their adversaries,

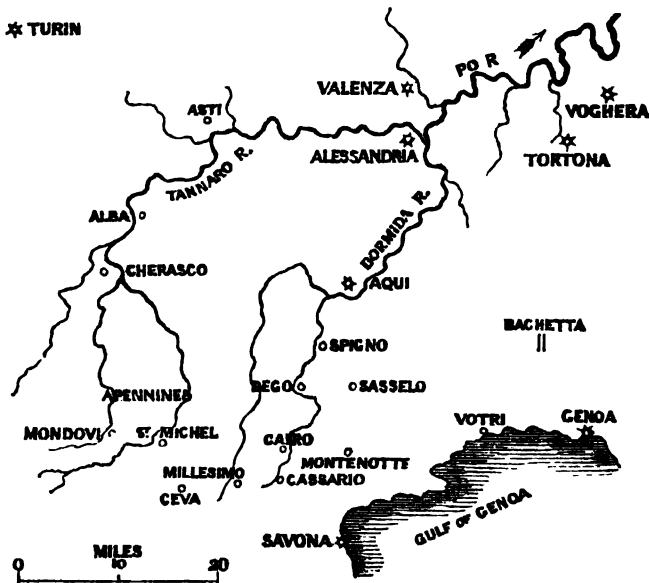
which we have now to describe, augmented almost to a certainty these favourable prospects of success.

Beaulieu arrived at Alessandria on the 27th of March, the same day that Napoleon reached Nice. Both generals had orders to attack, but the nature of these orders were probably very different in other respects. Napoleon was directed to force the King of Sardinia into a peace, and to drive the Austrians out of Lombardy—direct and intelligent objects that were not to be effected by half measures. Those who still look upon Carnot as a great strategist will regret that he entered into the details of the operations by which this bold and simple plan was to be executed; for few documents can possibly furnish greater proof of the total absence of all clear perceptions of the power of armies, and the influence of time, circumstance, and situation. Fortune, however, assumed the chief command to herself, and left generals and ministers to divide the honour of the result. The new system of tactics which Napoleon is said to have put in practice during these campaigns, never had any existence except in the imagination of his eulogists and biographers, for it is a singular fact, that he never, during the whole of his career, made the slightest improvement or alteration in the system of tactics which he found established; for the tactical *Règlement* of 1791 remained unaltered in the French service down to the year 1825. The method of fighting which he followed to the last, together with his mode of supporting armies, were exactly those which the Revolution had introduced from the first. The gallantry and intelligence of the French troops redeemed and cast a halo of splendour over the blood-wasting manner in which the incapacity of their principal leaders hurled them on to slaughter: while the altered situation of the world, the humanity and good feeling for which, as a people, the French are naturally distinguished, prevented the system of living by requisition and at free quarters, from being exactly what it had been under the Huns and the Vandals. It came, on some occasions, far too near to its barbaric origin to leave any doubts as to the real source from whence it had been derived.

Beaulieu's orders do not appear, so that we must judge him by his measures. The French had advanced a brigade under General Cervoni as far as Voltri, in order to give effect to some money negotiation which they were carrying on with the government of Genoa. This alarmed the Austrians, who knew that there was a strong republican party within the walls, and that the government was feeble and irresolute. Beaulieu determined, therefore, to cover the city, to put himself in communication with the English fleet, which was on the coast, and then, no doubt, to follow up whatever success fortune might throw in his way. On the 9th of April he advanced by the Bochetta, against Voltri, with ten battalions and four squadrons, making in all about 7000 men. General Argenteau, with 3000 more, directed his march on Montenotte, to cover the right of the main column, to keep up the communication with the extreme right of the army, and to co-operate in the attack on the right of the French. While these 10,000 men were thus occupied, General Colli was to make a demonstra-

tion to his front, so as to engage the attention of whatever troops might be before him. This general had proposed, that, instead of this half-measure, the whole of the allied army should fall on the left wing of the French; a measure which, if successful, would probably have led to their ruin, as it must have cut them off from their only line of communication with France, and thrown them completely back upon the coast, which was closely watched by the English squadron. Beaulieu declined this judicious plan, saying, that he did not wish to bring on decisive operations at the moment; forgetting how difficult it is in war, when the most trifling events may lead to the greatest consequences, to draw a line between what is important and unimportant. Colli, therefore, sent General Provera with 2000 men, to make a demonstration towards Cosario.

Napoleon had not been idle while Beaulieu was making these arrangements. He had assembled three divisions of his army near Savona, and intended to break into Piedmont, by the heads of the Bormida, at the



same time that General Serrurier should threaten Ceva, and keep Colli in check. Both commanders were

ready with their preparations at the same time; but the half-measures of the one, and the full measures of the

other, decided the result before a single blow had been struck. From three different and unconnected points, 12,000 Austrians were thus marching down, not on the extreme right, but on what proved to be the concentrated mass of the French army; while 30,000 more were assembling at Acqui and other points in the rear: and never, since wars have been carried on by men, had hostile Fortune delivered brave troops over to their adversaries in this unhappy manner. Beaulieu arrived before Voltri on the evening of the 11th April, intending to attack the Republicans on the following morning. The light troops, however, not satisfied with driving in the French outposts, followed them up farther than was intended, attacked the town itself in the darkness, and induced General Cervoni to fall back on the main body of La Harpe's division, leaving a few hundred wounded and prisoners in the hands of the Austrians. The premature success of this onset tended of itself to foil one of the main objects of the enterprise; for the French escaped without serious injury, instead of being overwhelmed as proposed by Beaulieu's front and Argenteau's flank attack.

While the Austrian commander was halting at Voltri, and holding a conference with Commodore Nelson, General Argenteau was driving the French picquets from Upper and Lower Montenotte. This march had been slow, for it was evening before he reached Monte Legino, which the French had fortified, and where Colonel Rampon was stationed with two battalions. This gallant officer, when attacked, made his soldiers swear, under the very fire of the enemy, to perish rather than to yield their post: nor was it likely that such men could be driven from behind good field-works by adversaries who were so little superior, and who, owing to the mountainous nature of the ground, were without artillery. The Austrians made the attempt however, but failing in their efforts, and night setting in, they retired to Upper Montenotte, intending to renew the action in the morning.

Napoleon was near Savona with three divisions of his army, when this action was fought close to his front: as Beaulieu had not followed up the

feeble blow struck at Voltri, and was still at a distance on the evening of the 11th of April, it was natural to advance upon the nearest enemy, who was evidently not in force, having already been arrested by a field-redoubt defended by a couple of battalions. He immediately marched upon Monte Legino, and while General La Harpe's division took post behind the redoubt to assist Colonel Rampon in its defence; the divisions of Augereau and Massena, turned the right of the Austrians under cover of a heavy fog, which continued to hang over the hills for some hours after day-break. Objects were no sooner visible on the morning of the 12th of April, than Argenteau returned to the attack of the redoubt; but the superiority of the enemy soon decided the combat against him; having lost 400 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, he fell back in all haste, and though outflanked by two divisions, he was yet enabled to effect his retreat; a proof that no particular energy was displayed by his adversaries. French accounts estimate the loss of the vanquished at 4000 men in this combat, and history has too readily followed these extravagancies.

The retreat of the Austrian commanders was as singular as their advance had been. Argenteau, when driven from Montenotte, instead of falling back on Sassello, where he had left four battalions on his advance, or upon Dego, which was one of his main posts, and where he had four battalions stationed, passed between the two points, and hurried back all the way to Perotto, eight or nine miles farther to the rear! Beaulieu, hearing what had happened, sent Colonel Wukasowitch with three battalions to assist the defeated troops, and then set out for Acqui, to meet the corps that were still on their advance out of Lombardy; while the whole line of advanced posts that were almost under the enemy's guns were thus left to send reports far to the rear, and to receive orders from an equal distance,—a step by which all unity of action was completely broken.

The French, pursuing their victory, now threw themselves into a district of country, of which Cairo may be considered the centre, and round

which the advanced posts of the allies formed a sort of half-circle, extending from Sassello by Dego to Millesimo. Thus situated, they were enabled to strike, with concentrated force, against the allied posts; while, on the other hand, the nature of the ground and the good works thrown up at Dego, Sassello, and Ceva, gave the defenders great advantages had the action of the different corps been properly combined: the reverse, however, was the case. On the morning of the 13th the Republicans drove in Colli's advanced posts at Millesimo, a movement by which General Provera most unaccountably allowed himself to be cut off with part of his troops. Unable to effect a junction with the rest of the army, he threw himself into the old castle of Cossario, which, though only a romantic ruin of a feudal fortress, still affords an excellent post for temporary defence. Here he foiled all Bonaparte's efforts to dislodge him, though Augereau's division repeatedly renewed the attack in most gallant style; but on the other hand, the French repulsed Colli's feeble attempts to relieve the besieged.

Massena, with his own and General La Harpe's division, had been ordered to attack Dego, while Napoleon was engaged against Colli; but one of the brigades destined to assist the operation having been withdrawn, Massena thought himself too weak to assail so strong a post, and contenting himself with a general *reconnaissance*, fell back for the night, a circumstance that helped more than could well have been foreseen to secure the success of the French arms. The numerous errors and singular feebleness that marked so many trifling operations which were ultimately attended with such vast results, are in the highest degree singular. While Massena was pausing with the entire divisions before Dego, there were only four battalions, together with a few hundred fugitives from Montenotte, within the position; but if there were no troops present, there were plenty within reach, had ordinary precaution been used in collecting them. At Sassello, within twelve miles of Dego, was Wukassowitch, with seven battalions—three which he had brought from Voltri, and four which Argen-

teau had left there on his advance to Montenotte; at Moglia, within the same distance, were two which the same general had left in his retreat, and at Perotto were two more, which he had taken thus far to the rear, but were still within an easy march of the threatened post; three battalions were at Spigno, also on the march to Dego. Eighteen battalions, having the whole day of the 13th of April at their disposal, were thus within reach of the place: the mismanagement by which their defeat was occasioned has hardly ever perhaps been equalled in war. General Argenteau received the most urgent commands to defend Dego, at least for a day, a measure in which Colli was directed to assist with all his means. Of the proceedings of the latter we know nothing, and must, therefore, content ourselves with shewing the manner in which the former went to work with the forces already enumerated. First we have an order dated *one o'clock on the morning* of the 14th, directing Wukassowitch to proceed with five battalions to Dego, "to-morrow morning," which the latter naturally concluded to mean the morning of the 15th, so that he remained in his quarters instead of marching; next we have news arriving that Massena, whose *reconnaissance* we have mentioned, had retired, and Argenteau, a subordinate general, acts on this vague information, and remains stationary, instead of obeying the orders of his superior; eleven battalions were thus paralysed, and only the three from Spigno, having the longest march to perform, reach the ground in time to share in the action of which we have now to speak.

General Provera, who had been blocked up all night in the castle of Cossario without water or provisions, surrendered to General Augereau on the morning of the 14th: the French reports say that 2000 men laid down their arms, we now know that the total did not amount to half that number, and truth may probably lie between the two. Napoleon had joined Massena, and was preparing to attack Dego, when these glad tidings reached him. The information naturally tended to inspire the troops with additional ardour, and the Austrian redoubts were attacked with

great spirit. As already stated, four battalions, with a few hundred fugitives, collected after the route of Montenotte, constituted the whole allied force; but the post was fortified by field-works armed with eighteen pieces of cannon, and the defence was gallantly maintained. As the day advanced, the three battalions from Spigno arrived; they helped to prolong the contest, but could not retrieve the fate of battle against such odds, and the whole were ultimately driven from the field, and nearly destroyed; few escaped, and the guns were of course abandoned in the works. Argenteau having heard the firing, collected his four battalions from Perotto and Moglia, and commenced his march about two o'clock; he came in time to collect the fugitives and retrace his steps unmolested.

Colonel Wukassowitch also heard the firing, and though his orders only directed him to set out on the morning of the 15th, he thought it right to march at once towards the scene of action. But the mountain-paths were steep and difficult, in most places the men could advance by single files only; night overtook him, and some prisoners having reported that there were 20,000 French in Dego, he halted to wait the return of dawn. Resuming his march in the grey of the morning, he came upon the French outposts, who, thinking they had the whole of Beaulieu's army before them, fled in dismay. The Austrians followed, and arrived before the works along with the fugitives, and though received with a smart fire that told alike against friends and foes, the troops themselves demanded with loud shouts to be led against the entrenchments. Wukassowitch had probably learned by this time that Massena's divisions only remained at Dego; he therefore availed himself of the spirit of the moment, assailed the works and defeated with his five gallant battalions the whole of the enemy's division, retaking not only all the Austrian guns lost the day before, but several French ones along with them. Massena, finding himself unpursued, rallied his troops, and endeavoured to recover the post; but his efforts were vain, the victors maintained the ground they had so bravely won.

Napoleon had left Dego immediately after the action of the 14th, and was already on his return to Millesimo, with the divisions of Victor and La Harpe, when the news of this unexpected blow reached him. Thinking that he had the whole of Beaulieu's army to contend with, he instantly countermarched the divisions, and joined Massena about one o'clock. An hour afterwards the third action of Dego commenced. The Austrians defended themselves with great bravery, but finding that there was not a single battalion, or company, within ten or twelve miles of them, that they were engaged, without support, against a whole army, they retired from the post, losing half their number, and again leaving all the captured guns behind them. Eighteen battalions had been put in motion for the defence of this post, while four only sustained the real shock of battle on the first and five on the second day!

And now was an opportunity offered to Napoleon for striking a brilliant and decisive blow at the remains of Beaulieu's army, which was still the principal force he had to contend with. They were assembling at Acqui; falling back, in broken fragments, from Montenotte and Dego on one side, and hurrying up, from their winter quarters, on the other. Had the French, in pursuit of Wukassowitch's corps, come upon this dispirited and half-organised mass on the 16th, there is little doubt that the whole would have been routed or dispersed. The victors turned, however, upon the feebler foe, and gave the stronger time to rally; an error from which able adversaries might have derived the most important advantages.

The Sardinians were not formidable. They could do little more than defend their fortresses for a few days; but even that defence, if gallantly maintained, might have become ruinous to the French, by giving the Austrians time to collect, advance to the rescue, and take the invaders in reverse. If, on the other hand, the Austrians had been completely beaten in the first instance, the Sardinians would have yielded as a matter of course. This early campaign seems always to have floated in confused and indistinct

forms before the mind of Napoleon; he did not perceive that success was due entirely to the weakness of the enemy, and tried a repetition of the same manœuvres till they led to the failures of 1813, the defeats of 1814, and total destruction in 1815. It is, perhaps, right to observe, that too many historians and biographers, wishing to conceal Napoleon's oversight, or enhance his glory, make him defeat Beaulieu and the whole Austrian army at Dego and Montenotte, where that general never was, and where only a few battalions of his army had ever been assembled.

It is not always by the magnitude of the forces vanquished, or the number of the slain, that the importance of victories can be decided; results form the proper criterion in such cases; and though the minor actions here described led ultimately to greater consequences than triumphs achieved over large armies often have done, the circumstance cannot justify historians in magnifying combats fought against single brigades into victories gained over whole armies. These constant efforts to write, not history, but panegyrics, has led them to follow, without examination, the exaggerated statements of Napoleon and his biographers, and to augment the loss sustained by the allies in these four actions, from 6000 men to no less than 26,000, besides a proportionate number of guns and standards.

The surrender of Provera had no sooner given Augereau free hands, than he began to press back the troops of General Colli, who retired to Ceva, where he took post on the 16th, with about 12,000 men. Napoleon halted on that and the following day, to give his soldiers some rest, and, leaving General La Harpe to watch the Austrians, proceeded on the 18th with the divisions of Massena and Victor to join Augereau, at the same time that General Serurier, advancing by the banks of the Tanaro, also effected his junction. On the 19th, the Sardinians were attacked in their redoubts. The defence was, at first, successfully maintained; but Colli perceiving that his position was about to be turned, broke off the action, and fell back to a new and very strong position behind the Corsaglia, a stream-

let with steep and rocky banks, that falls into the Bormida. His having been allowed to effect this movement proves that he was not very vigorously pressed.

Napoleon no sooner found the enemy halted, than he ordered them to be attacked on all points on the morning of the 20th of April. The French, greatly superior in numbers, advanced to the onset with their usual gallantry; but so little judgment had been displayed in the dispositions for the assault, that they were foiled in every effort, and driven back with a loss so severe, that it already produced some depressing influence on the spirits of the soldiers.

This check placed the general and his army in a precarious situation. Five days had already elapsed since the action of Dego; a period of time, which, if well employed, would have enabled Beaulieu to collect and reform his troops, and arrive to the aid of his ally. General La Tour, indeed, the Austrian commissioner at the court of Turin, already promised his immediate appearance on the right of the French army, which, by such a movement, would have been placed between two fires, as they afterwards were at Waterloo. Napoleon acted in 1815 as he had acted in 1796, but the same conduct, which at Mondovi placed him on the first steps of his future throne, sent him afterwards a captive exile to St. Helena. The generalship which was successful against feeble foes, and filled astonished Europe with the fame of the youthful conqueror, led, ultimately, when tried against the valiant and the strong, to the most signal overthrow that modern times had ever witnessed.

Napoleon was not, however, so much blinded by self-exaggeration at this period as he was afterwards; he saw, at once, the critical situation in which the repulse had placed him, and on the 21st, assembled a council of war at Leseugno. It is a general saying that such a council never fights; but as an illustration of the spirit of the French republican armies, it must be told that their councils always recommended battle, which seemed their sovereign and only remedy for every difficulty. On the present occasion the assembled gene-

erals were so impressed with the danger in which they were placed, that they deemed their ruin certain, if not saved by a victory. A new attack on Colli's position was ordered for the following morning.

The Sardinian commander took evidently a just view of his situation; he perceived that ultimate success could only be achieved by the assistance of Beaulieu, and therefore determined to gain time, and not to risk every thing on the issue of another action on the banks of the Corsaglia. He, therefore, left his ground on the morning of the 22d of April, intending to retire upon another, and a stronger position, in front of Mondovi, where he could either wait the arrival of Beaulieu, or fall back upon the advancing Austrians, if necessary. It was well intended, but though he had only a six miles' march before him, he could not make his ill-disciplined Italians perform it in a soldier-like manner. The French, on ascending the dreaded position, from which their previous attack had been repulsed with so much loss, were delighted to find it evacuated, and immediately followed in pursuit. Serrurier's division led the van, and as the soldiers had not shared in the previous victories, they were eager to signalise themselves, and hurried with great spirit after the retiring foes. The Sardinians had left their ground later than ordered, and marched, as southern armies too often march, as many of us have seen the best Spanish and Portuguese troops march, in straggling parties along the road, without retaining their proper formation or readiness for action. The consequence was, that the rear divisions were overtaken, found in a perfect state of confusion, and totally dispersed. Some battalions that Colli formed, and opposed to the pursuers, misbehaved altogether, so that the French arrived along with the fugitives in the new position; which, after a short struggle, had to be evacuated with all speed: the Sardinians having lost almost 1000 men and eight guns, retired through Mondovi towards Fossana. A check experienced by the French cavalry, who, in a charge, were repulsed with the loss of their general, saved the vanquished from a more signal overthrow.

Alarmed at the result of this action, and trusting little, perhaps, to the aid of Beaulieu, the court of Turin determined to solicit an armistice in order to negotiate a peace with the Republic. On the 23d, General Colli already wrote to Napoleon on the subject, and as his position rendered such an arrangement highly desirable, he met the proposal in the most friendly style. He expressed himself anxious for peace—felt confident that it would be concluded, but very naturally declined to suspend his victorious march unless the Sardinian government surrendered the citadel of Ceva, and placed as guarantees in his hands two out of the three fortresses, Alessandria, Tortona, and Coni. These terms were not very harsh, and Napoleon was far from assuming, during this negotiation, any of that vulgar arrogance for which the republican generals of the period were so unfavourably distinguished. Not, however, to be altogether wanting in such conduct, he demanded that the Austrian auxiliary corps should be delivered up to him. Of this demand the Sardinian government took no notice, and he was himself wise enough not to renew the subject. The army still advanced as the negotiation proceeded; on the 25th, there was a cannonade at Fossano, on the 26th the French reached Alba, within two marches of Turin, and cut off the direct communication between Colli and Beaulieu, a circumstance that probably caused the immediate conclusion of the armistice, which was signed at Cherasco on the 28th of April.

Thus ended the three weeks' campaign of Piedmont, the first and shortest of all Napoleon's campaigns, except the last, which, in three days, tore from his brows the laurels of a hundred fights.

The French had achieved many gallant actions during the operations we have so briefly recorded. They had defeated enemies numerically superior, and gained great and decisive advantages for the cause of the new Republic; but the glory to which these actions entitle them, falls far short of the extravagant account which fame has awarded. The advantages gained in war cannot always serve as the standard by which glory

should be dealt out to the conquerors; for it has happened that important success has been achieved without striking a blow, and by the mere timely appearance of military forces. It is only where great dangers and difficulties have been vanquished by wisdom, valour, and fortitude, that glory can be justly claimed; and in the Piedmont campaign, the French had neither danger nor difficulties of magnitude to overcome. Their adversaries were feeble from mismanagement; and though this cannot lessen the actual merit of the troops, it rendered their task comparatively easy, and the performance of an easy task gives but a moderate claim to military renown. It is usual for the idolaters of Napoleon to assert that the French army made prisoners and put *hors de combat* 25,000 enemies, and captured eighty pieces of artillery, during these short operations. Besides Jomini's calculation, we now know, from authentic documents, that the total loss of the allies was 9000 men and twenty-six guns—a heavy loss, considering how small these armies were when

compared to the countless hosts brought into the field at later periods of the war.

Biographers further tell us that Napoleon, when assembling his columns on some height whence the vast plains of Lombardy could be discovered, pointed to the Alps, proudly exclaiming, "Hannibal forced his way across these mountains, but we have turned them." Every author who has repeated this speech, has, of course, thought it necessary to exhibit some splendid manoeuvre, by which the Alps were so turned; and it must be confessed that the collection is curious, particularly as they all forget the simple fact, that the Alps were turned by the position which the French army had occupied for two years in the Rivières; a position acquired, not by any gallant feat of arms, but by the seizure of an independent tract of neutral territory. The whole story is probably nothing more than a puerile imitation of the passage of Polybius, in which, from the top of the Alps, Hannibal points out Italy to the astonished Carthaginians.

CHAPTER II.

The French effect the Passage of the Po—Action of Fombio—Combat of the Bridge of Lodi.

The peace which soon followed on the armistice of Cherasco left the king of Sardinia little more than a shadow of power. Victor Amadeus signed it reluctantly, and did not long survive his humiliation. He was father-in-law to both the brothers of Louis XVI., and the ruin of his house is supposed to have broken his heart, as he died a few days after the conclusion of the treaty, which reduced the descendant of a long line of warlike princes to a dependent vassal of the regicidal republic of France.

It would far exceed our limits to enter into a minute examination of the conduct of the court of Turin in consenting to the armistice of Cherasco. Taking only a military view of the subject, we should say that they displayed the most reprehensible pusillanimity, as nothing had occurred in the field to render so ruinous a step necessary. The allied armies, though defeated, were not dispersed; Beaulieu was already on

the march to assist Colli; the French were advancing towards Turin, a place of great strength, and were forced to mask and blockade the fortresses of Coni and Ceva, which were immediately on their left. Victory had, no doubt, raised the spirits and confidence of the Republicans; but success had not been achieved without loss; and the surprise of Dego, the defence of the redoubts of Ceva, and the action on the Corsaglia, were feats of arms that threw some weight into the balance in favour of the allies. All these circumstances called on men of courage to try the fate of arms before submitting to a peace that could hardly fail of being destructive. But it now appears that the court of Sardinia was more influenced by other motives; a strong republican party was supposed to exist even at Turin, and it was feared that the loyalty of the army could no longer be relied upon.

The cession of Sardinia from the alliance gave the French the most

decided preponderance in the field. The whole of Colli's forces, as well as the Sardinian troops that confronted the French army of the Alps, were taken out of the balance on one side, while the whole of this last-mentioned army was thrown into the scale on the other: the loss of Lombardy seemed thus inevitable. That a young and ambitious general should feel elated by these important advantages need not surprise us; but it may be doubted how far a man of knowledge, genius, and quick powers of perception and calculation, could be so far blinded by the victories gained as Napoleon was on this occasion. As the modesty of his report to the Directory has been praised, we have given an extract from the document, not merely to shew the credit due to his biographers, but to exhibit his powers of judgment by the light of his own statement. On the 28th April he thus writes to the Directory:—

"If you do not come to an arrangement with the king of Sardinia, I shall march upon Turin. In the meantime I march against Beaulieu; I oblige him to recross the Po; I pass the river immediately after him; I take possession of all Lombardy, and in less than a month I expect to be on the mountains of the Tyrol, to join the army of the Rhine, and to carry the war into Bavaria.

"Order 15,000 men of the army of the Alps to join me, this will give me a force of 45,000 men, and it is possible that I may send a part of it against Rome."

Napoleon here shews himself perfectly ignorant of the obstacles he was certain to encounter, and which, notwithstanding the most extraordinary and unexampled career of victory and good fortune, retarded his appearance in Germany for a year instead of a month. Even the Directory, though not distinguished for any great ability, treated this extravagant flight of fancy with the slight it deserved; nor did Napoleon himself again revert to it. His zealous recommendation of the officers who had fought under him was in far better taste than this announcement of future exploits.

Beaulieu having, after the armistice of Cherasco, no fortresses that gave him any hold in the north-western portions of Italy, formed the

bold resolution of surprising Tortona, Alessandria, and Valenza, by means of his cavalry. He obtained possession of the last-named place, but gave it up again, as it was useless without the other two, against which the attempt had failed. It is a question, whether, with his diminished and dispirited army, the Austrian general should not, at once, have fallen back behind the Mincio, instead of disputing the ground, step by step, against the advancing French. Decisive success seemed no longer within his reach, and every reverse, however trifling, was sure to augment the moral force of the invaders, and to fan the spirit of republicanism which their appearance had excited in Italy. By giving up a country he could not defend, he preserved his army, fell back on reinforcements and tenable positions, and obliged the French to leave, at least, some troops to guard the country through which they advanced, and watch the southern states of Italy, who might always become formidable so long as the Austrians remained unbroken. Beaulieu chose the bolder and more soldierlike resolution; and though it certainly appears to have been a wrong one, we are loth to blame any display of gallant spirit, the absence of which was so often fatal to the allied cause. It may also be a question, how far an Austrian general could then venture to abandon an Austrian province, though certain of its being no longer defensible.

If Napoleon's letter above quoted evinces no profound judgment or power of calculation, it shews at least a restless spirit of enterprise, which, at the head of brave troops, is always formidable in war. The self-exaggeration which distinguished him during his whole career, had been awakened by his first victories, and naturally hurried him from one undertaking to another; every fresh effort deriving additional strength from the success of the one by which it had been preceded. Beaulieu had retired behind the Po; and it was now resolved to force the passage of the river, and to effect the conquest of Lombardy.

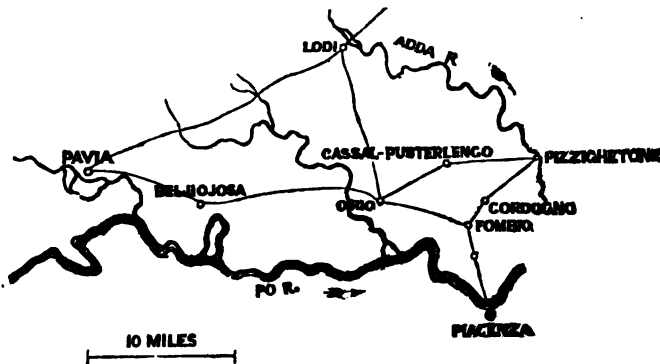
Owing to the great number of failures, it has almost become an axiom in war, that the passage of a

river having a long assailable course, can seldom be opposed with success; the attacking party having generally the choice of the place at which they intend to cross, and being in most cases able to steal a march on their adversaries, and effect their object on some unguarded point, before the defenders can assemble in sufficient strength for effectual resistance. These vague modes of treating military questions can, however, prove nothing, and the passage of a river must, like every other operation of war, depend upon localities, the strength and the conduct of the contending parties. A river of the magnitude of the Po, though flowing in an open country and accessible on all points, offers a barrier that should have been successfully defended by an army of 25,000 Austrians against 30,000 French. Scattered detachments along the banks of the stream are liable to be destroyed in detail, and all who know anything of war know how uncertain it is to bring detached bodies together at the moment when they are wanted. It is only by having a central position, or positions, as much as possible within reach of the points liable to attack,

that success can be anticipated, and in a country like Lombardy, an army receiving fair intelligence from the opposite bank, should at least be able to watch sixty miles of stream. Supposing the assailants to have gained thirty miles from the central position of the defenders, and twenty say, from the nearest wing; and then to give evidence, by their force and proceedings, that they are in earnest; fourteen hours should bring at least a third, and twenty hours, two thirds of the defending army to the point assailed. We are, by this calculation, giving cavalry patrols four hours for conveying intelligence the distance of only twenty miles, though in such cases full speed should be used; we allow two hours for assembling and getting the troops under arms, and eight hours for the march of the nearest corps, the others following in succession. And in fourteen hours no great number of troops will have effected the passage of a river like the Po, which, among European streams, must be looked upon as one of first-rate magnitude.

Let us now see how Beaulieu and Napoleon managed their operations.

The French army extended from



Valenza to Voghera, and thus threatened the line of the Po between these two places; the Austrians were at Valeggio, a post well chosen for confronting an enemy so situated. By the treaty of Cherasco Napoleon had reserved to himself the right of crossing the Po at Valenza, a fortress within the Sardinian line of demarcation, and he pretends that he did so merely for the purpose of deceiving Beaulieu, who fell

into the snare accordingly. Historians and biographers have exultingly repeated this puerility, though it might be supposed that no commander, free from mental infirmity, would be guided by an adversary's word on such a subject; though every additional point of passage, placed at the disposal of an enemy, would have to be attentively watched by the defenders.

On the 4th of May, the French

extended themselves towards Casteggio, thus pointing already towards their right. On the 6th Napoleon set out with 3000 grenadiers, 1500 cavalry, and twenty-six pieces of artillery, and by a forced march reached Piacenza on the following day. He immediately began to throw his troops across by means of boats collected along the banks of the river; two squadrons of Austrian hussars found on the opposite side were soon obliged to retire. The rest of the French army followed this advanced guard with great rapidity; but as they had no pontoons, and as the means of passage were limited, it required the whole of the 7th, 8th, and 9th of May before the troops had crossed the stream.

The Austrian general had not been deceived by the idle tale of the intended passage at Valenza, and no sooner learned that the French had extended their right towards Casteggio than he despatched General Liptai with eight battalions and eight squadrons to Belgiojosa, with directions to proceed still further to the left, as circumstances might require, while he himself moved in the same direction. He did so indeed, but not with an army, for on the 6th he detached four battalions and two squadrons to Buffalona, near Milan, where they could be of no possible service; and on the 7th, he left six battalions and six squadrons more at Pavia, while he himself reached Belgiojosa with nine battalions and twelve squadrons. On the eve of battle his troops were thus dispersed over forty miles of country.

The two squadrons of hussars the French had fallen in with in crossing the river were the advanced guard of General Liptai's division, which was following. The adverse parties encountered at Guarda Miglia about four miles from the landing place: in sharp and continued combat the Austrians drove the invaders back to the water's edge. Their commander fearing, however, to fall upon greatly superior numbers during the night, retired to Fombio, and there took post, in order to await the arrival of more troops. This was a great error, for if his eight battalions and eight squadrons really amounted to 5000 men, as the Austrian returns

assert, he must have been a match for the French who had crossed the river, and should certainly have followed up his blow.

At one o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th, Napoleon attacked Fombio with about 10 or 12,000 men, and after a sharp action drove the defenders from their post, with the loss of 600 in killed and wounded; the vanquished retired behind the Adda. And where was Beaulieu while this decisive action was in progress? He had arrived at Belgiojosa, twenty miles from the scene of combat, on the evening of the 7th, and could easily therefore have reached Fombio by one o'clock on the 8th; but it was only in the forenoon, and while the troops were cooking their dinners, that he received the tidings of the action of the previous day, so that he only commenced his march at the very time when he should already have been on the ground. His arrangements, however, are too curious to be passed over unnoticed. He very properly directed his march on Orto and Aspedaletto; but not to be outflanked, as the official reports say, and to be certain of falling in with Liptai's division, he again divided his small corps in the following unheard-of manner. One battalion took the road to Seune, another to Somaglio, two marched on Fombio, two others, accompanied by four squadrons to Cordogno, so that the main body of the Austrian army, which arrived at Aspedaletto under the field-marshal's own command consisted of three battalions and eight squadrons! Since wars have been carried on, there is probably no example of an army having been thus splintered down to absolute inefficiency by the exertions of its own chieftain. As Liptai was not fallen in with, it was soon perceived that nine battalions scattered over the country as here described could effect nothing; the whole were, therefore, withdrawn next day behind the Adda. A gallant blow that General Schubert struck during the night at Cordogno led to nothing. With his two battalions and four squadrons he surprised and defeated the division of La Harpe, and took six guns from them, the commander being killed in the action;

but a partial advantage of this kind could not retrieve the errors already committed. On the 5th of May, we find General Beaulieu preparing to defend the passage of the Po, with twenty-seven battalions and twenty-eight squadrons, which he had in hand at Valegio. With this force he might easily, but for his extraordinary disposition to detach entire corps, and the strange circumstance of his not receiving information of the action of the 7th, have been at Fombio on the morning of the 8th; and the chances are that such a force would not only have defeated the 10,000 or 12,000 men with which Napoleon attacked Liptai, but that such a victory would have turned the fate of the campaign; instead of this, the decisive action is fought by eight battalions and eight squadrons.

Were we to judge the passage of the Po by the French as a mere military measure, it would certainly be exposed to considerable censure; for, though all operations of war are attended with risk and danger, it is only in proportion to the pressure of necessity, that they should be undertaken when the chances of defeat out-balance those of success. On the present occasion there was no immediate necessity of forcing the passage of the river; 17,000 men of the army of the Alps were already on the march to join Napoleon; and their arrival would have rendered the operation comparatively easy: while, as we have seen, the causes that prevented Beaulieu from being present with a sufficient force to drive back the republicans on the first morning after their passage, were of a nature peculiar to himself, and not such as can be fairly calculated upon in war. Napoleon acted here as on every subsequent occasion of his life; he placed every thing upon the hazard of the die, and those who may question the great military qualities ascribed to him are forced to allow that he was a bold player and long remained a successful gambler.

But here we have an important question to ask of the admirers of his military genius. Why did not the French general cross the Po at Cremona instead of Piacenza? The former place is only a few miles lower down the stream than the

latter; the breadth of the river is the same; but by effecting the passage at Cremona the French would have turned the Adda and cut off the Austrians from the direct road to Mantua, advantages of the highest consequence. Had any particular obstacles rendered the passage more difficult at the latter than at the former place, Napoleon would have mentioned them in his memoirs; but he takes no notice of the subject, from which it is probable that he was anxious to prevent attention from being drawn to the great military oversight.

The victor remained at Piacenza on the 9th, and while his cavalry and artillery were passing the river, took the opportunity of imposing a contribution of two millions of francs on the Grand Duke of Parma, forcing him at the same time to surrender twenty of his finest pictures. Seven million francs and twenty pictures were soon afterwards demanded of Hercules III. duke of Modena. Both princes were at peace with France: fear had prevented them from joining the allies, and they had now to pay for their pusillanimity. The practice of seizing works of art, as trophies of war, had been usual with the Romans, during their long career of plunder and aggression. In the middle ages the same system was occasionally resorted to, and the Venetians, when lords of the Archipelago, carried away the last spoils of unhappy Greece. As late even as the Thirty Years' War, Maximilian of Bavaria sent the celebrated Heidelberg library to Rome, as a present to the Pope; while the Swedes, not to be behind their enemies, enriched the libraries and galleries of Upsala and Stockholm at the expense of the Catholic princes of Germany. In latter times the practice had, however, been altogether discontinued. Frederick II. though a real lover of the arts, respected the gallery of Dresden; and the Austrian and Russian commanders, who during the same war took possession of Berlin, did not remove any of the treasures of art which it contained. The French republicans acted a different, if not a nobler part. The government, composed of men without character, were sufficiently conscious that they had little

hold on the affections of the people; they strove, therefore, to augment their influence, by calling national vanity to their aid; and, well convinced that the French would be flattered by imitating the Romans, and by seeing the masterpieces of art brought as trophies of war to adorn the capital of their country, they ordered, or sanctioned, the revival of this antiquated system of plunder. That they equalled the best of their predecessors is not to be denied; how far the treasures so gathered prospered in the hands of the spoilers, we shall have occasion to shew hereafter.

We now come to the combat of Lodi, one of the most celebrated actions of the war. The extravagant tales to which it has given rise call upon us for a more detailed account of the transaction than would otherwise be required.

Lodi is situated on the Adda, a river that issues from the lake of Como, and falls into the Po a little below the small fortified town of Pizzighetone. In ordinary seasons it has few practicable fords, and though too insignificant to arrest the progress of a victorious army, offers, when its bridges are guarded or destroyed, a defensible barrier, behind which troops may find some momentary shelter from the pursuit of superior adversaries. When Beaulieu abandoned the defence of the Po, he retired behind the Adda by the bridge of Lodi: the troops near Milan were ordered to leave 1800 men in the citadel of that city and to cross the same river at Cassano; while Sebottendorf and Wucassowitch, who remained about Pavia, were directed to march on Lodi. Owing to Napoleon's halt on the 9th, all these detached parties reached the left bank of the stream; the rear guard of Wucassowitch's corps arriving before Lodi from the westward at the same time that the advanced guard of the French arrived from the south. Sebottendorf had very properly left a couple of battalions in the town to take up this rear guard, who after a short skirmish were brought safely across the river. The Austrians have been blamed for not destroying the bridge; but they could not do so without cutting off their own rear

guard; their error consisted in not being prepared to destroy the bridge the moment their troops had passed.

General Sebottendorf's orders were to hold the Adda for twenty-four hours, to give the army time to reach some secure position in which they could rest from their late exertions. The force at his disposal consisted of twelve battalions, sixteen squadrons, and fourteen guns; three battalions he placed at the ford of Credo, two miles below the town; so that he had only 7000 men left for the defence of his post. Beaulieu with the remainder of the troops was already on his march towards the Oglio.

The French entered Lodi on the morning of the 10th of May, along with the rear guard of Wucassowitch's corps; but the Austrian guns, posted on the opposite side of the river, prevented them from crossing the bridge. Napoleon, flushed with success, in the full career of victory, instantly resolved to dislodge this rear guard; nor was the difficulty so great as is generally represented. The whole of the French artillery were brought into action, some of the guns were placed to great advantage on the old ramparts of the town; and a fierce cannonade opened upon the Austrians, who were not slow in replying to the fiery salutations; but the superior number of the French guns, the protection afforded them by the walls of the town, and the greater elevation of the western over the eastern bank of the river, made every chance of combat incline to the side of the invaders, and caused considerable loss to the Austrian artillery.

While the cannonade was thinning the ranks of the Germans, Napoleon placed 3500 grenadiers, formed in close column, behind the rampart of the Lodi, the head of the column being close to the bridge, ready to wheel to the left and rush across at the first signal. To facilitate the intended attack, he despatched General Beaumont with the cavalry to a ford about three miles up the stream, where he was to cross, and fall upon the right flank of the enemy. The onset of the cavalry was to be the signal for the advance of the infantry: Napoleon, indeed, pretends that it was so, but this is not the

case, as the cavalry never came into action.

A five hours' cannonade had not driven the Austrians from their position; but had a good deal slackened the fire of their guns. The signal for the advance of the column was therefore given, and the gallant grenadiers instantly rushed forward to the loud shouts of *Vive la République*. Met by a shower of grape and musketry that struck down the leading ranks, the mass halted before they reached the hostile bank. "A moment's hesitation," says Napoleon, "would have been ruin, but General Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, Lannes, and Dallemagne, pushed to the front and turned the still uncertain scales of fate." How these officers made their way through a close column of men, crowded together upon a narrow bridge, the front men pressing back while the rear were pressing forward, is not easily understood, and should have been explained by those who were satisfied with repeating the idle tale. The fact is this. The bed of the Adda is about two hundred yards wide at Lodi; but the deep channel is comparatively narrow and runs close to the walls of the town; towards the eastern side the water is, in general, so shallow as to leave two sand-banks under the bridge completely dry; and as the country is flat, the bridge has no great elevation above the level of the stream. When the advance of the column was checked, the soldiers, not to remain exposed to the Austrian fire, descended by the beams of the bridge to these sand-banks and formed themselves, as usual, into bands of *tirailleurs* and advanced upon the enemy, when those who had remained on the bridge also rushed forward. The wild and gallant swarm once across, pushed on as they were reinforced; some buildings near the bank, from which the Austrians had been driven by the fire of the French artillery, gave them good shelter; and having thus obtained a firm footing, superior numbers soon decided the action in their favour. The Austrians lost all their guns, and nearly 2000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; but they were allowed to retire unpursued to Crema.

That no military, perhaps we

should say, no strategical, object was gained, or sought for, by this extraordinary feat of arms is evident from the fact, that Napoleon immediately desisted from the further pursuit of the vanquished, and facing to the right about marched upon Milan and Pavia. In his memoirs, he attempts to shew, that the action of Lodi was not a mere scene of slaughter entered upon without object; for he intended, he says, to cut off the retreat of General Colli, who with 10,000 men was retiring by Cassano. But dates and distances shew very plainly that this is one of the many strategical plans that result from after-thoughts; for Colli had crossed the bridge of Cassano, which is twenty-five miles, a good day's march from Lodi, before Napoleon had forced the passage of the Adda!

Colli had, besides, less than 2000 men with him; and the chance of cutting them off was not worth the risk that might have been sustained in what is called the "terrible storm of the Bridge of Lodi." Nor does it seem that he was very clear how the victory had really been gained, for he not only gives an inconsistent but evidently evasive account of the passage of the bridge; and adds, also, that the enemy were defeated by *les feux redoutables de cette invincible colonne*, though every military man will know that the fire of such a column would hardly be equal to the fire of an ordinary platoon, or to that of fifty or sixty men perhaps. Here, as every where else, Napoleon hurled brave men forward, leaving the result to fortune and the gallantry of the troops.

But if no strategical advantages were gained by the victory of Lodi, it augmented, in a very high degree, the moral force of the conquerors. No feat of arms ever caused so much astonishment in Europe as the passage of the Adda. It excited the most boundless enthusiasm in favour of the French and their general. The partisans of the new order of things were delighted, and thought that nothing would be impossible for such a man to achieve with such soldiers. The republicans began, indeed, to fancy themselves invincible, and such a belief is already a great step towards victory; particularly when, as in the present case,

the spirits of the vanquished were depressed in the same proportion in which those of the conqueror's were elevated. If this was the advantage for which Napoleon stormed the bridge of Lodi, he gained his object completely; but this is hardly to be supposed, as the view taken of the action could never have been anticipated, because the assault of any breach in the rampart of a regular fortress of ordinary strength is in reality infinitely more difficult and dangerous than was this boasted passage of the Adda. In the attack of a breach the assailants have to advance fully exposed to the fire of well-sheltered foes; they have to effect a difficult descent into the ditch at the very muzzles of hostile guns, and they have then to force their way over the ruined fragments of rampart, over loaded shells of grenades, and over the mangled bodies of their comrades, falling thick and fast under the fiery missiles hurled from above, or bursting in treachery beneath their feet. Such were the obstacles encountered in the breaches of Roderigo and Badajoz, but at Lodi there was only a rush across a straight and level bridge of 200 yards in length, and in the face of foes who had for five hours been exposed, without shelter, to the telling fire of the French artillery. The trifling loss sustained by the assailants is also a proof that the difficulties of this exploit have

been most shamefully exaggerated. French accounts say that they had only 200 men killed and wounded; and though we may well suppose that the number was in reality much greater, it could not well have been ten times greater, which the successful attack of a well-defended breach would probably have made it.

Napoleon was no doubt impelled to this attack by the spirit of victory which then animated the French army, and by the thirsting for success and battles which lent them so much energy and resolution. And if he struck the blow to intimidate his adversaries, and to keep high the brilliant reputation his troops had acquired, he might deserve praise for the action; but this view neither himself nor his biographers have been able to take; they have rested the merits of the victory on strategical grounds and have failed completely.

For a just understanding of the spirit in which Napoleon and his idolaters have written, it is right to add that, not satisfied with defeating Sebottendorf and his 7000 men at Lodi, they generally defeat Beaulieu and his whole army there, even as they had before defeated him at Dego and Monte-Notte, though that unfortunate commander was already a day's march in advance towards the Oglio.

ON THE HISTORY OF PANTOMIMES.

IN A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

RESPECTED OLIVER, — You know many things, and know them well ; but confess frankly that you share the common ignorance respecting the rise, progress, and decline of glorious pantomime. Did you ever, in your most recondite researches, venture into that obscure subject — a subject not less important than obscure ? You did not. You have relished many a performance in the halcyon days of boyhood ; but did you ever, in the soberer studies of manhood, ask yourself whence came this species of dramatic entertainment ? No, such a thought never crossed your mind ; or, crossing it, was instantly dismissed.

Now, O worthy Oliver ! I have asked this question of many a learned man, and many a dusty volume, but without satisfactory result. All my researches only give me brief and scattered facts. These facts I endeavoured to interpret. I formed a theory on the matter, and, as

“ Tu solebas
Meas esse aliquid putare nugas,”

—to speak with that rare fellow Catullus, — will transmit you both my data and theory.

The Christmas pantomimes have confessedly been getting worse and worse for some years. Ask any respectable play-goer, and he will tell you, with a sigh, that pantomimes are not what they used to be. Now *what* used they to be ? and *when* ? Here at once is the historic question raised. People usually content themselves with referring to the French stage, where pantomime was transplanted from the Italian ; the Italians again borrowed it from the Romans and Greeks. A sequent tradition is thus given, or supposed to be. But look a little closer ; don't be satisfied with mere verbal resemblances, and then say what resemblance has the entertainment we call pantomime with the attellane of Rome or the pantomimes of Greece ? Not to go so far, what resemblance has it to the pantomime of Italy and France ?

Simply that of names and dresses.

These, indeed, are traditional. I will rapidly trace the history of the principal pantomimic personages, and then come to the thing itself. Harlequin is certainly the Italian *Arlecchino*, which was also the Roman *Sannio* (he is also called *Zanni* in Italian). The *Sannio*, as his name imports, was a buffoon (from *sanna*, a grimace) ; his dress was very similar to that of our harlequin, only it was mean and miserable, instead of being spangled and splendid. He has his head shaved (*rasis caputibus*), and his face begrimed with soot (*fuligine faciem*) ; these are represented by a short black mask and skull-cap in the modern dress. His feet were unshod (*planipedes*) ; the feet of the modern are cased in delicate pumps. His dress was a thing of shreds and patches, formed of various colours and various materials, so that Aristophanes would have recommended him to Euripides (you, Oliver, remember the *δὲς μοι βραχίονι τι τοῦ παλαιῦ δραματός*, don't you ?) ; but this miserable dress is in the modern elevated to the splendour of spangles and variegated colours.

Pantaloon is of Venetian origin. *Pantaleone* is *pianta leone* (he planted the lion), and therefore the designation of a standard-bearer, the Venetian standard being a lion. Such is the common etymology, though there is absolutely nothing to be made out of it. *Why* should a standard-bearer be chosen as the type of old men — the “ heavy fathers ” in the drama ? True it is that the tight red hose and yellow slippers of Pantaloon are also those of the standard-bearer ; but the question remains unanswered. *Why* was the standard-bearer chosen ? I have a suggestion to offer. The tight red hose and yellow slippers became the costume of the Venetian merchants. When these were superseded by the full flowing garment, the change was of course at first only adopted by the young. The old men continued to wear the old costume, and thus the red hose became a mark of an old Venetian in the same way as the pigtail was a few years ago the

mark of an old Englishman. "Pig-tail" might represent a "heavy father" in a modern farce, so Pantaloeone, *i. e.* the costume of Pantaloeone, represented the old man in Venetian farce; for Pantaloon is always the old man who cries up the wisdom of the bygone times and deplores the folly of the present—always the old man to be duped and laughed at. Such is my explanation. The principal fact, however, to be noticed here is that the modern Pantaloon has substantially the same dress and name as his prototype.

Clown is, we know, the Pierrot of the French and the Scaramuccia of the Italian stage. The dress is, however, somewhat different, and in the opinion of one learned in such matters, it is the invention of the immortal Joey Grimaldi, who to the white flowing habit of Pierrot added blue and red stripes, and cut the trousers short. The wondrous popularity of this prince of clowns made every other clown adopt his dress, and thus those of the amphitheatre and those who performed their antics on the 1st of May thought right to copy Grimaldi's dress.

But it is in the characters that we must look for the greatest changes. Pantaloon continues much the same; but Harlequin used to be a heavy, lumbering lout, whose stupidities were a set-off to the adroitness of Brighella, or Clown. Now he is a fairy-worker, and carries a fairy wand. His dress has undergone changes in keeping with the change in his character—it is fairy-like. In the Italian drama he had to bear the penalties of all the larceny and knavery of his fellow-servant, Brighella; the kicks fell upon him as they now fall upon Pantaloon, who has inherited that portion of the "business." Our Harlequin has an element in his composition which is quite foreign to his prototype,—foreign, indeed, to the whole Italian and French entertainments. None of the Italian characters have any thing more than their adroitness and audacity to assist them in their tricks, but Harlequin has a magic power. He is the lover favoured by fairies. He whirls about in the giddy mazes of the dance with his beloved Columbine; and whenever the clever, mischievous Clown, or the dull, mis-

chievous Pantaloon, attempt to disturb their felicity, the magic wand performs its magic wonders.

Now here in this one element we see something altogether different from the Roman, Italian, or French pantomimes. Whence the origin of this element? How came Harlequin by his wand? How, in short, did pantomime become what it now is, a mixture of magic and buffoonery? Whoso talks about our getting our pantomime from France or Italy should also tell us whence came the magic, and whence the mixture; because a pantomime—such as *Mother Goose*, for example—is altogether a different entertainment from those of the Italian stage.

Let us rummage amongst old play-bills and forgotten books. There we shall find certain distinct facts worth collecting. In 1704, we find recorded that a party of French tumblers performed at Drury Lane with immense success. This success produced English imitations. This is one fact. In 1718, Colley Cibber tells us that the affairs of Drury Lane were desperate. The Italian Opera had carried away the town. The "legitimate drama" seemed as hopeless a case then as it does now. Then, as now, "confounded foreigners" were the objects of that bitter hatred which tracks the heels of success; and "native talent," with empty pockets, had to console itself with the vastness of its pretensions. The "legitimate drama" drawing no money to the treasury, an attempt was made worthy of the "Poet Bunn;" that attempt was the pantomime entitled *Mars and Venus*. So much play-bills and records tell us. But this thing called a pantomime, what was it? Was it a thing like our pantomimes? Not in the least. It was what we should call a serious ballet. Clown and Pantaloon, tumbling and magic, were absent. Our next clue is as follows:—Rich produced some little harlequinades, in the style of the Italian Night Scenes. In 1723 these had a new direction given to them. Thurmond, a dancing-master, having brought out his pantomime of *Harlequin Dr. Faustus* at Drury Lane, Rich produced his *Necromancer, or Dr. Faustus*, at Covent Garden. The success was prodigious. Pope alludes to the rivalry in these lines:—

"When, lo! to dark encounters in mid air,
New wizards rise, here Booth, and Ciber there.
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined;
On grinning dragons Ciber mounts the wind!"

The nature of these pieces may be pretty well guessed from this passage. They were obviously very much the same as what we now call the introduction to the pantomime. The success of this species was so great that the prices of admission were doubled. At first the boxes were two and sixpence: for the pantomimes, they were raised to five shillings; and the "run was so great that advanced prices became, not the exception, but the rule, and formed the ordinary prices."

Out of these facts what do we gather? We gather, that serious ballet and necromantic spectacle had been introduced with success; but as yet no hint of what we call pantomime. The mixture of tumbling and buffoonery with necromancy, was not yet accomplished! yet this mixture forms the very essence of our species. Nevertheless, although not yet conjoined, these elements existed. I noticed before, the fact of the success of the French tumblers; and this fact I couple with the success of the spectacle, and deduce the following conclusion:—

Managers, it is notorious, seize with avidity on any novelty that will attract audiences. Bunn's offer to Murphy, the weather prophet, to deliver a course of lectures at Drury

Lane on meteorology, though comical enough, was but an instance of the managerial anxiety to fill his house by any means. Yates made Grace Darling an offer in the same spirit. Tamed animals and wonderful posture-masters are found to attract the public, as well as leading tragedians or low comedians. What does the manager care about congruity? His care is for pence. This being premised, I say, that managers in these days, finding French tumblers attractive, and spectacle also attractive, bethought them of uniting the two in one entertainment. Thus the necromancy was joined to the posturing. Clown and Pantaloon were not only types of adroit and studied knavery; they were also posture-masters. Harlequin was not only the lover, but he was also protected by fairies, and gifted with a magic wand.

The idea once started, various modifications soon suggested themselves. Thus the magic wand suggested transformations; and these transformations soon became political "hits," and popular bubbles. Thus, also, as scenery was lavishly employed when dioramas were invented and succeeded, they were quickly transplanted to the pantomime, of which they now form an inseparable constituent.

I need not dwell on this matter; you have my theory, and the facts on which it is based; of the profundity of the one, and the recondity of the other, you alone can judge.

I remain, &c.

VIVIAN LATOUCHE.

THE PRIDE OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF H. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER I.

THE Comte de Fontaine, the head of one of the most ancient families of Poitou, had gallantly served the cause of the Bourbons during the war which the Vendéans waged against the republic. Although ruined by confiscations, the faithful Vendean constantly refused the lucrative places which Napoleon offered him. Unvarying in his aristocratic creed, he blindly followed its maxims in his choice of a wife. Notwithstanding the seductions of a rich revolutionary *parvenu* who very much desired the alliance, he married a Demoiselle de Kergarouët, with no other dowry than that of belonging to one of the oldest families of Brittany.

The Restoration found Monsieur de Fontaine burdened with a numerous family. Although to solicit favours never entered his plans, he nevertheless acceded to his wife's wishes, left his estate in the country, the moderate income of which barely sufficed for his children's wants, and came to Paris.

Disgusted by the avidity with which his former comrades sought for places and constitutional dignities, he was about to return to his estate when he received a ministerial letter, announcing to him his nomination to the rank of field-marshal, in virtue of the order which permitted the officers of the Catholic armies to reckon as years of service the first twenty unacknowledged years of Louis the Eighteenth's reign. A few days afterwards the Vendean received officially and without solicitation the cross of the Order of the Legion of Honour and that of Saint Louis. Shaken in his resolution by these successive favours, which he believed he owed to the monarch's remembrance, he was no longer satisfied with taking his family, as he had done every Sunday, to shout *Vive le Roi* in the Salle des Maréchaux in the Tuileries when the princes went to chapel, but demanded a private audience. This audience, very promptly granted, had nothing private in it. There the count found ancient com-

panions who received him rather coldly, but the princes appeared to him *adorable*; an expression of enthusiasm which escaped him, when the most gracious of masters, to whom the count thought himself known only by name, grasped his hand and proclaimed him the most patriotic of the Vendéans.

Notwithstanding this ovation, none of these august personages thought of asking the amount of his losses, nor that of the money so generously appropriated to the use of the Catholic army. He perceived rather late that he had made war at his own expense. Towards the end of the evening he thought he might venture an allusion to the state of his affairs, similar to that of so many gentlemen. His majesty laughed heartily, for every thing in the least witty pleased him; but he replied, nevertheless, by one of those royal jests, of which the mildness is more to be feared than the anger of a reproof. One of the king's confidants was not long in approaching the Vendean reckoner, and insinuating in polite terms that the time was not yet come to reckon with his masters: there were accounts of much earlier date than his. The count prudently quitted the venerable group, which formed a respectful semi-circle before the august family. Then having, not without some difficulty, disentangled his sword from the legs among which it had got twisted, he regained on foot, through the court of the Tuileries, the coach he had left on the *quai*.

This scene cooled the zeal of Monsieur de Fontaine, and all the more because his requests for an audience always remained unanswered. He saw, moreover, the intruders of the empire obtaining some of the situations reserved under the ancient monarchy for the best families.

"All is lost!" said he, one morning. "Decidedly the king has never been any thing but a revolutionist. Without Monsieur, who does not change, and who consoles his faithful followers, I do not know in what

hands the crown of France would one day fall if this arrangement lasted. Their cursed constitutional system is the worst of all governments, and can never suit France. Louis XVIII. and M. Beugnot have spoiled every thing for us at Saint Ouen!"

The despairing count was preparing to return to his estate, nobly abandoning his pretensions to any indemnity. At this time, the events of the 20th of March announced a fresh tempest which threatened to overwhelm the king and his defenders. Like those generous people who do not dismiss a follower when a rainy day comes, M. de Fontaine raised money on his property in order to follow the monarch, without knowing whether this complicity of emigration would be more propitious to him than his former devotion had been; but having observed that the companions of exile were more in favour than the brave men who had formerly protested, sword in hand, against the establishment of the republic, he, perhaps, hoped to find in this journey to a foreign land more profit than in active and perilous service at home.

During this short absence of royalty, M. de Fontaine had the good fortune to be employed by Louis XVIII., and found more than one occasion of giving the king proofs of great political honesty and sincere attachment. One evening when the monarch had nothing better to do, he remembered a witticism uttered by M. de Fontaine at the Tuileries. The old Vendean did not let such an *à propos* escape, and told his story with sufficient cleverness for the king, who forgot nothing, to remember it at a proper season. The august man of letters remarked the elegant turn of a few notes, the compiling of which had been confided to the discreet noble. This little merit inscribed Monsieur de Fontaine in the king's memory among the most loyal servants of his crown. At the second return, the count was appointed one of those envoys extraordinary who traversed the provinces with the mission of judging the inciters of the rebellion, and he used his terrible power with moderation. As soon as this temporary jurisdiction had ceased, the high provost took his

place in the council of state, became a *député*, spoke little, listened much, and changed his opinions considerably.

This was followed by an appointment which gave M. de Fontaine an administration in the private domains of the crown. In consequence of the intelligent attention with which he listened to the sarcasms of his royal friend, his name was on his majesty's lips every time that a commission was appointed, of which the members were to be lucratively remunerated. He had the good sense to be silent on the favour with which the monarch honoured him, and knew how to maintain it by a lively manner of narrating (in those familiar chats in which Louis XVIII. delighted as much as in well-written notes) the political anecdotes, and the diplomatic or parliamentary gossip which then abounded. Thanks to the wit and address of the count, each member of his family, however young, ended, as he used to say laughingly to his master, by reposing like a silkworm on the leaves of the budget. Thus by the king's bounty his eldest son attained an eminent place in the fixed magistracy. The second, a simple captain before the Restoration, obtained a legion immediately after his return from Ghent; then, under cover of the movements of 1815, during which regulations ceased to be observed, he passed into the royal guard, then back again into the body guards, returned into the line, and after the affair of the Trocadéro, found himself a lieutenant-general with a command in the guards. The youngest, appointed a *sous préfet*, soon became *maitre des requêtes*, and director of a municipal administration in the city of Paris, in which he found himself safe from legislative tempests. These quiet favours, as secret as the count's own, were granted unremarked. Their political fortune excited no envy. At the period of the first establishment of the constitutional system, few persons had just notions respecting the peaceful regions of the budget, in which adroit favourites knew how to find the equivalent of destroyed abbeys. Monsieur de Fontaine, who used once to boast of never having read the *Charte*, and shewed such indignation at the avidity of courtiers, was not

long in proving to his noble master that he understood as well as himself the spirit and resources of the representative system. Yet notwithstanding the security of the careers opened to his three sons, notwithstanding the pecuniary advantages resulting from the possession of four places, M. de Fontaine was at the head of too numerous a family easily or quickly to repair his fortune. His three sons were rich in favour, talent, and prospects; but he had three daughters, and feared to weary the monarch's kindness. He devised the plan of never speaking to him of more than one at a time of these virgins anxious to light their hymeneal torch. The king had too much good taste to leave his work unfinished. The marriage of the first with a receiver-general was settled by one of those royal phrases which cost nothing and are worth millions. One evening when the monarch was out of spirits, he smiled on learning the existence of another Demoiselle de Fontaine, whom he married to a young magistrate of *bourgeois* extraction, it is true, but rich, full of talent, and whom he created a baron. When in the following year, the Vendean mentioned Mademoiselle Emilie de Fontaine, the king replied in his sharp voice,—

"*Amicus Plato, sed magis amica natio!*"

From this time there was less amenity in his intercourse with Monsieur de Fontaine. The coolness of the monarch was the more painful to the count, because never was a marriage so difficult to arrange as this beloved daughter's. To conceive all the obstacles, we must penetrate into the handsome mansion in which the administrator was lodged at the expense of the civil list. Emilie had passed her childhood on the estate of Fontaine, enjoying that abundance which suffices for the first pleasures of youth. Her least wishes were laws to her sisters, brothers, mother, and even to her father. Her relations doted on her. Arriving at the age of reason precisely at the moment when her family was overwhelmed with the favours of fortune, the enchantment of her life continued. The luxury of Paris appeared to her quite as natural as the abundance of flowers and fruit, and the rustic

opulence which formed the delight of her early years. As she had never met with any contradiction in her infancy, so when she wanted to satisfy her desire of enjoyment, she found herself still obeyed when at the age of fourteen she threw herself into the whirlpool of the world's gaieties. Thus accustomed by degrees to the advantages of fortune, the cares of the toilet, the elegance of gilded saloons and equipages, became as necessary to her as the real or false compliments of flattery, and the balls and vanities of the court. Every thing smiled upon her: she saw interest excited for her in all eyes. Like most spoiled children, she tyrannised over those who loved her, and reserved her coquetries for those who were indifferent. Her defects only grew with her years, and her parents were soon to reap the bitter fruits of this fatal education. Arrived at the age of nineteen, Emilie de Fontaine had as yet refused to make any choice among the numerous young men whom M. de Fontaine's policy assembled in his parties. Although so young, she enjoyed in the world all the freedom of opinion which a woman can enjoy. Her beauty was so remarkable, that from the moment she appeared in a drawing-room she was supreme there. Like kings, she had no friend, and she saw herself every where the object of a complaisance which a better disposition than hers might not, perhaps, have withstood. No man, even an old one, had the will to contradict the opinions of a young girl from whom a glance revived love in the coldest heart. Educated with great care, she painted tolerably, spoke English and Italian, played divinely on the piano; her voice, perfected by the best masters, had a tone which lent irresistible seductions to her singing. Witty, and fed on all literatures, it might have been thought, as Mascarille says, that people of quality come into the world knowing every thing. She talked fluently upon Italian or Dutch painting, on the middle ages or the *renaissance*; judged both old and new books, and shewed up the defects of a work with most cruel wit. Her most simple words were received by the idolatrous crowd like the sultan's fetfa by the Turks. She thus dazzled

superficial people; as to profound people, her natural tact helped her to recognise them; and with them she displayed so much coquetry, that she escaped from their examination under favour of her attractions. This varnish concealed an indifferent heart, and the opinion common to a great number of young girls that no one inhabited a sphere sufficiently elevated to be able to comprehend the excellence of her soul, and a pride based as much on her birth as on her beauty. In the absence of the violent sentiment which sooner or later ravages the heart of a woman, she carried her youthful ardour into an immoderate love of distinction, and betrayed the most profound contempt for the plebeians. Excessively impertinent to the new nobility, she did her utmost to induce her parents to place themselves on an equality with the most illustrious families of the Faubourg Saint Germain.

These sentiments had not escaped the observant eye of Monsieur de Fontaine, who more than once, at the time of his two eldest daughters' marriages, sighed over Emilie's sarcasms and wit. Reflecting people will wonder to see the old Vendean giving his eldest daughter to a receiver-general who possessed, it is true, a few baronial lands, but whose name was not preceded by that particle (the *de*) to which the throne owed so many defenders, and the second to a magistrate too recently ennobled to allow any one to forget that his father had sold fagots. This notable change in the ideas of the noble, when he was about to attain his sixtieth year, a period of life at which men rarely alter their opinions, was not owing only to the habitation of the modern Babylon in which all country people end by rubbing off their asperities; the Count de Fontaine's new political conscience was again the result of the king's friendship and advice.

The new ideas of the chief of the Fontaine family and the wise alliances of his two eldest daughters which were their results, had met with strong resistance in the bosom of his family. The Comtesse de Fontaine remained faithful to the ancient ideas which could not be renounced by a woman belonging, on the mother's side, to the Rohans. Although

for a moment she opposed herself to the happiness and fortune which awaited her elder daughters, she yielded to those secret considerations which married people confide to each other at night when their heads repose on the same pillow. The countess yielded, but she declared that at least her daughter Emilie should be married so as to satisfy the pride which she had unfortunately contributed to develop in that young mind.

Thus the events which ought to have spread joy in the family introduced into it a slight leaven of discord. The receiver-general and the young magistrate were received with the most freezing ceremony the countess and Emilie could create. Their etiquette soon had ample means of exercising its domestic tyranny: the lieutenant-general married the only daughter of a banker; the president wisely married a girl whose father, a *millionnaire* two or three times over, had been a manufacturer of printed cottons; and the third brother remained faithful to these plebeian doctrines by taking his wife from the family of a rich notary in Paris. The three sisters-in-law and the two brothers-in-law found so much pleasure and personal advantage in remaining in the high sphere of political power, and in haunting the *salons* of the Faubourg Saint Germain, that they all agreed in forming a little court round the haughty Emilie. This compact between interest and pride was not so thoroughly cemented but that the young sovereign frequently excited revolutions in her little state. Scenes, which good taste would have disavowed, kept up between all the members of this powerful family a spirit of ridicule which, without sensibly diminishing the friendship displayed in public, sometimes degenerated in private into sentiments far from charitable. The air of ridicule with which the sisters and brothers-in-law sometimes greeted Mademoiselle de Fontaine's avowed pretensions, excited in her an anger hardly appeased by a shower of epigrams. When the chief of the family suffered some diminution of the tacit and precarious friendship of the monarch, he trembled the more, as, but for her sisters' challenges, his beloved daughter had never looked so high.

In the midst of these circumstances, and at the time when this little domestic broil was becoming serious, the monarch, with whom M. de Fontaine hoped he was regaining his former favour, was seized with the illness which carried him off. Uncertain of the favour to come, the Comte de Fontaine made the greatest efforts to assemble round his last daughter the *élite* of marrying young men.

Those who have endeavoured to solve the difficult problem which the establishment of a proud and fanciful girl presents, will, perhaps, understand the trouble taken by the poor Vendean. Accomplished to the satisfaction of his beloved child, this would worthily have completed the career of the count at Paris during the last ten years. Therefore the old Vendean was unwearied in his presentation of suitors, so much had he at heart the happiness of his daughter: but nothing was more amusing than the manner in which the impertinent creature pronounced her decisions and judged the merits of her adorers. It might have been thought that, similar to one of those princesses of the Thousand and one Nights, Emilie was sufficiently rich and beautiful to have a right to choose amidst all the princes of the world: her objections were all one more ridiculous than another. One had legs too large or knock-knees; another was short-sighted; the name of one was Durand; another limped; almost all were too fat. More lively, beautiful, and gay after rejecting two or three suitors, she entered into the pleasures of winter, and hastened to balls where her keen glances examined the celebrities of the day; where often, by means of her charming talk, she succeeded in guessing the secrets of the most mysterious heart, where she took pleasure in tormenting young men, and with instinctive coquetry inciting them to proposals which she always refused.

Nature had given her in profusion the advantages necessary to the part she played. Tall and elegant, Emilie de Fontaine possessed at will a dignified or lively carriage. Her rather long neck enabled her to assume charming attitudes of disdain and impertinence. She had a large collection of those turns of the head and unine gestures which explain so

cruelly or so happily syllables and smiles. Fine black hair, thick and strongly marked eyebrows, gave her physiognomy an expression of fierceness which coquetry, as well as her looking-glass, had taught her to render terrible or tender by the fixedness or the mildness of her look, by the immovability or the slight inflections of her lips, by the coldness or graciousness of her smile. When Emilie wanted to win a heart, her clear voice was not without melody; but she could also give it a sort of sharp distinctness when she undertook to paralyse the indiscreet tongue of a cavalier. Her pale face and marble brow were like the limpid surface of a lake which by turns becomes ruffled by a breeze, and regains its joyful serenity when the air is again calm. More than one young man, victims of her disdain, accused her of acting; but such fire glowed, such promises lurked in her black eyes, that she justified herself by making the hearts beat of so many of her partners. None knew better than herself how to assume a look of *hauteur* on receiving a bow from a man who had nothing but talent; or to display an insulting politeness towards persons whom she considered as her inferiors, and pour forth her impertinence on all those who endeavoured to be on a par with her. She seemed, wherever she went, to receive homages rather than compliments; and even before a princess, her appearance and manners would have converted the arm-chair in which she sat into an imperial throne. Monsieur de Fontaine discovered too late how much the education of his best loved daughter had been injured by the tenderness of the whole family. The admiration which the world at first shews a young person, but is not long in avenging, had still more increased Emilie's pride and self-confidence. General complaisance had developed in her the egotism natural to spoiled children. At that time, the grace of youth and the charm of talent concealed from all eyes those defects, all the more odious in a woman because devotion and abnegation are her greatest charms. The eyes of a father are so long in being opened, that the old Vendean needed more than one trial before he perceived

the air of condescension with which his daughter granted him rare caresses. She resembled those little children who seem to say to their mothers, "Make haste and kiss me, that I may go and play." But often by those sudden caprices which seem inexplicable, she isolated herself, and was only rarely to be seen; she complained of having to share her father's and mother's affection with too many people; she became jealous of every thing, even of her brothers and sisters. Then after taking a great deal of trouble to create a desert round herself, this singular girl accused the whole world of her factitious solitude and voluntary troubles. Armed with her twenty years' experience, she condemned fate, because not knowing that the first principle of happiness is within us, she required it from the things of this world. She would have fled to the end of the globe to avoid a marriage like those of her two sisters; and, nevertheless, she felt in her heart a fearful jealousy at seeing them married, rich, and happy. In fact she sometimes made her mother, who was as much her victim as M. de Fontaine, think she had a slight touch of madness. This aberration was easily explained; nothing is more common than that secret pride born in the heart of young women who belong to families high in the social scale, and whom nature has endowed with great beauty. Almost all are persuaded that their mothers, having reached the age of forty or fifty, can no longer sympathise with their young minds, nor conceive their fancies. They imagine that most mothers, jealous of their daughters, dress them according to their taste, with the premeditated design of eclipsing them, and depriving them of admiration. Thence frequently result secret tears or underhand revolts against the supposed maternal tyranny. Amidst these sorrows which become real, although founded on an imaginary basis, they still have the fancy of composing a theme for their existence, and draw a brilliant horoscope for themselves. Their magic consists in mistaking dreams for realities. They secretly resolve, in their long meditations, only to bestow their heart and hand on a man who possesses such or such an advantage. They

picture to themselves a type whom their future husband must resemble. After experiencing life, and making the serious reflections which years bring with them, seeing the world and its prosaic ways, and witnessing unhappy examples, the bright colours of their ideal fade; and they find themselves one fine day flowing down the stream of life, quite astonished at being happy without the nuptial poetry of their dreams. Following this custom, Mademoiselle Emilie de Fontaine had made out in her frail wisdom a programme to which her suitor must answer in order to be accepted. Hence her disdain and sarcasms. Although young and of ancient family, she said to herself, "He must be a peer of France, or the son of a peer!"

These qualities were useless, if this being did not likewise possess great amiability. He must have a nice figure, fine talents, and must be slim. Thinness, that grace of the body, however fugitive, was a necessary clause. Mademoiselle de Fontaine had a certain ideal measure, which served her as a model. The young man who, at the first glance, did not fulfil the required conditions, never obtained a second.

"See how fat that man is!" was, with her, the deepest expression of disdain.

Any one who heard her might have thought that people respectably corpulent were incapable of feeling, bad husbands, and unworthy to enter into a civilized society. Although a beauty sought after in the East, plumpness seemed to her a misfortune in woman, but a crime in man. The count felt that later, his daughter's pretensions, the ridicule of which would be visible to certain women as clear-sighted as uncharitable, would become a fatal subject for laughter. He feared that his daughter's singular ideas would become *mauvais ton*. He trembled lest the pitiless world already sneered at a person who remained so long before the public without ending the comedy she played there. More than one actor, displeased at a refusal, appeared to await the smallest unfortunate incident in order to revenge himself. The indifferent and idle spectators began to grow weary: admiration is always a fatigue to the human species. The

old Vendean knew better than any one that if you should choose with art the moment of entering on the boards of the world, on those of a court, in a drawing-room, or on a theatre, it is still more difficult to withdraw *à propos*.

Wearied of his daughter's conduct, he resolved upon a stroke of authority; and, not without some secret emotion, ordered his old valet to tell the proud girl to appear immediately before him.

"Joseph," said he, as the latter finished dressing his master's hair, "take off this napkin, draw the curtains, put these chairs in their places, shake the rug, and dust every thing. Give my room a little fresh air by opening the window."

The count multiplied his orders, put Joseph out of breath, who, guessing his master's intentions, restored a little freshness to this naturally the most neglected room in the house, and succeeded in giving a kind of harmony to the heaps of accounts, the papers, books, and furniture of this sanctuary in which the interests of the royal domain were debated. When Joseph had put this chaos in a little order, and brought into a prominent position the things which might be most agreeable to look at, or might, by their colours, produce a sort of bureaucratic poetry, he stopped in the midst of the labyrinth of papers spread about on the carpet, admired his work for a moment, nodded his head, and went out.

The poor sinecurist did not share his servant's good opinion. Before seating himself in his large arm-chair, he gave a suspicious glance round him, examined his dressing-gown with an air of hostility, shook off a few grains of snuff, arranged the shovel and tongs, poked the fire, pulled up the heels of his slippers, threw back his little pig-tail which lay horizontally between the roll of his waistcoat and that of his dressing-gown, and restored it to its perpendicular position. After giving a last look at the room, the old Vendean sat down, hoping that nothing in it would give rise to the lively but impertinent remarks with which his daughter was accustomed to reply to his sage advice. In this occurrence he did not wish to compromise his paternal dignity. He delicately took a pinch of snuff, and

coughed two or three times, as if preparing himself to demand a nominal summons. He heard the light footsteps of his daughter, who entered humming an air from *Il Barbière*.

"Good morning, papa! What do you want so early?"

After these words, uttered as carelessly as the ritornella of the air she sang, she kissed the count, not with that familiar tenderness which renders the filial sentiments so sweet a thing, but with the carelessness of a mistress, sure of pleasing, whatever she might do.

"My dear child," said Monsieur de Fontaine, gravely, "I sent for you to talk seriously about your prospects. The necessity which exists at this moment for your choosing a husband, so as to render your happiness durable —"

"My dear father," replied Emilie, interrupting him in her most caressing tones, "it seems to me that the armistice we made with regard to my suitors is not yet expired."

"Emilie, let us cease to-day to jest on so important a subject. For some time past the efforts of all who truly love you, my dear child, have been united in endeavouring to procure for you a suitable establishment, and you would be guilty of ingratitude if you received lightly the marks of interest which I am not alone in bestowing on you."

On hearing these words, and after giving a slyly investigatory glance at the furniture of the paternal room, the young girl went to the arm-chair which appeared to have been least used by petitioners, brought it herself to the other side of the chimney-piece, so as to place herself in front of her father, assumed so grave an appearance that it was impossible not to see in it symptoms of mischief, and crossed her arms over the rich trimmings of a *pèlerine à la neige*, the innumerable *tulle ruches* of which were pitilessly crushed. After giving a laughing side-glance at her old father's gloomy face, she broke silence:—

"I never heard you say, my dear father, that the government made its communications *en robe de chambre*; but," added she, smiling, "never mind, the people must not be fastidious. Let us, then, see your pro-

jects of laws, and official presentations."

"I shall not always have the power of making any, young mad-cap! Listen, Emilie! My intention is, no longer to compromise my character, which is a part of my children's fortune, by recruiting that regiment of dancers which you put to the rout every spring. You have already been the cause of many dangerous ruptures with certain families. I hope you will now understand better the difficulties of our and your position. You are twenty, my child, and you might have been married nearly three years. Your brothers and sisters are richly and happily settled; but, my child, the expenses which those marriages brought upon us, and the style of living you make your mother keep, have so absorbed our revenues, that I shall hardly be able to give you a wedding-portion of 100,000 francs. Henceforward I must look to the prospects of your mother, who must not be sacrificed to her children. Emilie, if I were to die, Madame de Fontaine must not be at any body's mercy, and must continue to enjoy the comforts by which I too late repaid her devotion to my misfortunes. You see, my child, that the smallness of your fortune cannot harmonise with your ideas of grandeur. Even that will be a sacrifice which I have made for no other of my children; but they have generously agreed not to object some day to the advantages given to a too-much-loved child."

"In their position!" said Emilie, ironically.

"My Emilie, do not thus depreciate those who love you. Know that the poor only are generous! The rich always have excellent reasons for not giving up 20,000 francs to a relation. Well, do not pout, my child, and let us talk reasonably. Among the marrying young men, have you not remarked Monsieur de Manerville?"

"Oh! he burrs his *r's*, always looks at his foot because he thinks it a small one, and gazes at himself in the glass. Besides, he is fair, and I do not like fair men!"

"Well, then, Monsieur de Beaudenord?"

"He is not noble. He is badly made and fat. He is dark, it is true.

These two gentlemen ought to unite their fortunes, and the first give his person and name to the second, who might keep his hair, and then—perhaps —"

"What can you say against Monsieur de Rastignac?"

"He is almost a banker!"

"And our relation, the Vicomte de Portenduère?"

"A child who dances ill, and, besides, is without fortune. In fact, papa, those people have no titles. I will, at least, be a countess like my mother!"

"You have, then, seen no one this winter who —"

"No, papa!"

"What do you then want?"

"The son of a peer of France!"

"My daughter, you are mad!" said Monsieur de Fontaine, rising.

But he suddenly raised his eyes to heaven, seemed to find new resignation in a religious thought; then, looking with fatherly pity on his child, who was touched, he took her hand, pressed it, and said, with emotion,—

"God is my witness, poor, misguided creature, that I have conscientiously fulfilled my duty as a father to you! Conscientiously, did I say? With love, my Emilie! Yes, God knows it. This winter, I brought to you more than one worthy man, whose qualities, principles, and character, were known to me; and all appeared worthy of you. My child, my task is done. Henceforth I make you the arbitrator of your own fate, feeling myself at once happy and unhappy at being relieved from the heaviest of paternal responsibilities. I know not if you will long hear a voice which, unfortunately, has never been severe; but remember that conjugal happiness is not founded so much on brilliant qualities or fortune as on mutual esteem. This happiness is, by its very nature, retiring and without *éclat*. Go, my child, my consent is given to him whom you present to me as a son-in-law; but, if you should be unhappy, remember that you will not have the right to accuse your father. I will not refuse to take any steps and to help you, only let your choice be a serious, a definite one. I will not twice compromise the respect due to my white hairs."

The affection her father testified for her, and the solemn accent with which he pronounced this gentle admonition, keenly touched Mademoiselle de Fontaine; but she dissembled her feelings, sprang on the knees of the count, who had reseated himself, bestowed on him the most gentle caresses, and coaxed him so gracefully that the old man's forehead smoothed itself. When Emilie considered that her father had recovered his painful emotion, she said to him, in a whisper,—

"I thank you sincerely for your graceful attention, my dear father. You had arranged your room to receive your beloved daughter. You did not expect, perhaps, to find her so wild and rebellious. But, papa, is it then very difficult to marry a peer of France? You used to say they were created by dozens. Ah! at least you will not refuse to advise me?"

"No, no, my poor child; and I will say to you more than once, 'Take care!' Consider that the peerage is too new a feature in our *gouvernementabilité*, as the late king used to say, for the peers to possess large fortunes. Those who are rich want to become more so. The richest of all the members of our peerage has not half the income of the poorest lord of the Upper House in England. Therefore, the peers of France will seek rich heiresses for their sons wherever they are to be found. The necessity they are in of making rich marriages will last more than two centuries. It is possible that, while expecting the happy chance you desire—a search which may cost you your best years—your charms (for love-matches are not uncommon in our century) may operate a miracle. When experience is concealed beneath so fresh a face as yours, wonders may be hoped from it. Have you not, moreover, the facility of discovering virtues according to the greater or smaller volume of bodies? It is not a small merit. Therefore, I need not caution so wise a person as yourself as to all the difficulties of the enterprise. I am certain you will never suppose an unknown to possess good sense on seeing his handsome face, or virtuous because he has a good figure. I am perfectly of your opinion respecting the obligation all sons of peers are under of possessing

an air peculiar to themselves, and perfectly distinctive manners. Although nothing now denotes high rank, those young men will, perhaps, have for you a *je ne sais quoi*, which will reveal them. Besides, you keep your heart in check like a good horseman, sure of not letting his steed stumble. My child, good luck to you!"

"You are making fun of me, papa. Well, I declare to you that I would sooner die in Mademoiselle de Condé's convent than not be the wife of a peer of France!"

She sprang from her father's knees, and, proud of being her own mistress, she walked away singing the air of "*Cara non dubitare*," from the *Matrimonio Segreto*. By chance, the family were that day celebrating the anniversary of some domestic event. At dessert, Madame Planat, the wife of the receiver-general and Emilie's eldest sister, spoke rather highly of a young American, the possessor of an immense fortune, who, having fallen passionately in love with her sister, had made her an extremely brilliant offer.

"He is a banker, I think," carelessly replied Emilie. "I do not like financial people."

"But, Emilie," replied the Baron de Villaine, the husband of Emilie's second sister, "you do not like the magistracy either; so that I do not see, if you repulse untitled landowners, in what class you will choose a husband."

"Especially, Emilie, with your system of thinness," added the lieutenant-general.

"I know," answered the young girl, "what I want."

"My sister wants a great name," said the Baronne de Fontaine, "and a hundred thousand francs a year. Monsieur de Marsay, for example."

"I know, my dear sister," replied Emilie, "that I shall not make a silly marriage, like so many I have seen. Besides, to avoid these nuptial discussions, I declare that I shall consider as the enemies of my repose those who speak to me of marriage."

An uncle of Emilie's, a vice-admiral, whose income had just been increased twenty thousand francs by the law of indemnity, an old man of seventy, with the power of saying

severe truths to his great niece, whom he worshipped, exclaimed, in order to dissipate the sharpness of this conversation,—

"Do not torment my poor Emilie! do not you see that she is waiting for the coming of age of the Duc de Bordeaux?"

An universal laugh greeted the old man's pleasantry.

"Take care lest I marry you, you silly old man!" retorted the young girl, whose last words were happily drowned by the noise.

"My children," said Madame de Fontaine, to soften this impertinence, "Emilie, like the rest of you, will only follow her mother's advice."

"Certainly not. I shall listen to no one but myself in an affair which concerns myself only," said Mademoiselle de Fontaine, very distinctly.

All eyes were then turned to the head of the family. Every one seemed curious to know how he would maintain his dignity. Not only did the venerable Vendean enjoy great consideration in the world, but, happier than many fathers, he was appreciated by his family, all the members of which recognised the solid qualities which had enabled him to make the fortunes of those who belonged to him. He was, therefore, surrounded with the profound respect which English families, and some continental aristocratic houses, bear to the representative of the genealogical tree. Profound silence followed; and the eyes of the guests glanced alternately at the sullen and haughty face of the spoiled child, and the severe countenances of Monsieur and Madame de Fontaine.

"I have left my daughter Emilie mistress of her fate," was the answer made by the count, in a solemn voice. The relations and guests then gazed at Mademoiselle de Fontaine with mingled curiosity and pity. Those words seemed to announce that paternal tenderness was weary of struggling against a character which the family knew to be incorrigible. The sons-in-law murmured, and the brothers smiled scornfully at their wives. Henceforth, every one ceased to interest himself in the haughty girl's marriage. Her old uncle was the only one who, in his quality of an old sailor, used to en-

counter her broadsides, and suffer from her whims, without any difficulty in returning fire for fire.

When the fine weather arrived, after the budget had been voted, this family, a true model of the parliamentary families on the other side of the Channel, who have a finger in every administration, and ten votes in the Commons, flew off like a nestful of birds towards the beautiful prospects of Aulnay, Antony, and Châtenay. The opulent receiver-general had recently bought a house in this neighbourhood for his wife, who only remained at Paris during the session. Although the fair Emilie despised the plebeians, this sentiment did not extend to the fortunes amassed by them. She therefore accompanied her sister to her magnificent villa, less from affection for those of her family who assembled there, than because fashion imperiously commands every woman who respects herself to quit Paris during the summer. The green meadows of Sceaux admirably fulfilled the conditions demanded by fashion, and the duty of public avocations.

The *bal champêtre* at Sceaux is celebrated: it is rare when the most *collets montés* proprietors of the neighbourhood do not emigrate once or twice in the season to this palace of the village Terpsichore. The hope of meeting there some women of the fashionable world, and of being seen by them; the hope less frequently deceived of seeing there young peasant girls as shrewd as judges, brings on a Sunday, to the ball of Sceaux, innumerable swarms of lawyers' clerks, of disciples of Esculapius, and of young men, whose pale complexions and freshness are kept up by the damp air of Parisian back shops. A great number of *bourgeois* marriages have been planned to the sounds of the orchestra, which occupies the centre of this circular room. If the roof could talk, how many love-affairs it could tell! This interesting medley makes the ball of Sceaux more piquant than two or three other balls in the environs of Paris, over which its rotunda, the beauty of its situation, and the charms of its garden, give it incontestable advantages. Emilie was the first who manifested the desire to go and *faire peuple* at this joyous ball, and

promised herself intense pleasure from such an assembly. Every one was astonished at her wish to wander about in the midst of such a crowd; but is not the incognito a very strong enjoyment to the great? Mademoiselle de Fontaine amused herself by imagining all the citizen figures; she saw herself leaving in more than one *bourgeois* heart the remembrance of an enchanting look and smile; already laughed at the affectations of the dancers, and cut her pencils for the scenes with which she expected to enrich the pages of her satirical album. Sunday could not arrive soon enough to satisfy her impatience. The company from the Pavillon Planat set out on foot, in order not to betray the rank of the persons who meant to honour the ball with their presence. They had dined early. The month of May favoured this aristocratic *escapade* by one of its finest evenings. Mademoiselle de Fontaine was quite surprised to find under the rotunda some quadrilles, formed of persons who appeared to belong to good society. She certainly saw here and there some young men who appeared to have employed the savings of a month to shine for one day, and discovered several couples whose too frank gaiety was decidedly not conjugal; but she had only to glean instead of to reap. She was astonished to see pleasure dressed in muslin so very like pleasure robed in satin; and the *bourgeoisie* dance as gracefully, and sometimes more so, than nobility. Most of the dresses were simple and worn gracefully.

Mademoiselle Emilie was even obliged to study the various elements which composed this assembly before she could find in it a subject for pleasantry. But she had neither the time to devote herself to her malicious criticisms, nor the leisure to hear many of those queer sayings which caricaturists joyfully collect. The haughty creature suddenly met in this vast field with a flower (the metaphor is an appropriate one), of which the brilliancy and colours acted on her imagination with the *prestige* of a novelty. We often look at a dress, a hanging, a blank paper, with so much carelessness, as not to perceive on them at once a stain, or some dazzling spot, which later sud-

denly strike our eye, as if they only appeared there at the moment we become conscious of them; by a tolerably similar species of moral phenomenon, Mademoiselle de Fontaine discovered in a young man the type of the external perfections which she had so long dreamed of.

Seated on one of the rough chairs which formed the boundary of the room, she had placed herself at the extremity of the group formed by her family, in order to get up or advance as she liked, behaving to the living pictures and groups presented by this room as if she were at the exhibition of the Musée. She impertinently put up her eye-glass at a person a few steps from her, and made her reflections as if she had criticised or praised a head in some study or *scène de genre*. Her eyes, after wandering over this vast, animated canvass, were suddenly arrested by this figure, which seemed to have been placed purposely in a corner of the picture, in the best light, like something out of all proportion with the rest. The unknown, pensive and alone, leaning against one of the columns which support the roof, had his arms folded, and stooped, as if he had placed himself there for a painter to take his picture. Although full of elegance and haughtiness, this attitude was free from affectation. No gesture indicated that he had placed his face, and slightly inclined his head to the right, like Alexander, Lord Byron, and some other great men, with the only view of attracting attention. His gaze followed the movements of a young girl who was dancing, and betrayed some profound sentiment. His well-made and graceful figure recalled the fine proportions of the Apollo. Beautiful black hair curled naturally over his high forehead. In one glance Mademoiselle de Fontaine remarked the fineness of his linen, the freshness of his kid gloves, evidently bought at the best maker's, and the smallness of a foot advantageously displayed by well-made boots. He wore none of those ignoble trinkets with which the dandies of the *garde nationale*, or the Adonises of the counter, adorn themselves. Nothing but a black riband, to which his eye-glass was suspended, hung over his well-cut waistcoat. Never

had the fastidious Emilie seen the eyes of a man shaded by such long and curled lashes. Melancholy and passion dwelt in this countenance, rendered more manly by an olive complexion. His mouth seemed always ready to smile, and curl the corners of two eloquent lips; but this disposition, far from indicating gaiety, rather betrayed a species of sad sweetness. There was too much thought in the head, too much distinction in the person, for any one to say,—There is a handsome man! You desired to know him. On seeing the unknown, the most perspicacious observer could not have avoided taking him for a man of superior talent, whom some powerful interest attracted to this village festival.

This mass of observations only cost Emilie a moment's attention, during which, this privileged man, submitted to a severe analysis, became the object of secret admiration. She did not say to herself, "He must be a peer of France!" but, "If he is noble, and he must be so——" Without finishing her thought she suddenly rose, and went, followed by her brother the lieutenant-general, towards the pillar, while appearing to look at the joyous quadrilles; but by an optical artifice familiar to women, she did not lose one single movement of the young man whom she was approaching. The unknown politely gave way to the new-comers, and leant on another column. Emilie, as piqued by the stranger's politeness as she would have been by an impertinence, began to talk to her brother in a much shriller tone than good taste allowed; she moved her head, multiplied her gestures, and laughed without much cause, less to amuse her brother than to attract the attention of the imperturbable unknown. None of these little artifices succeeded. Mademoiselle de Fontaine then followed the direction of the young man's eyes, and perceived the cause of this indifference.

In the midst of the quadrille before her, was a pale young girl, similar to those Scotch deities whom Girouet has placed in his immense

composition of the French warriors received by Ossian. Emilie thought she recognised an illustrious English lady, who had recently come to inhabit a neighbouring country-house. Her partner was a boy of fifteen, with red hands, nankin trousers, a blue coat, and white shoes, which proved that her love of dancing did not make her fastidious in the choice of her partners. Her movements did not correspond with her apparently delicate health; but a slight red tinge was already beginning to colour her pale cheeks, and her complexion was becoming brighter. Mademoiselle de Fontaine approached the quadrille, in order to examine the stranger when she returned to her place, while the *vis-à-vis* repeated the figure. But the unknown advanced, leant towards the pretty dancer, and the inquisitive Emilie distinctly heard these words, although pronounced in a voice at once gentle and decided,—

"Clara, my child, do not dance any more."

Clara pouted her lips, nodded in token of obedience, and ended by smiling. After the quadrille the young man took all the precautions of a lover, throwing a cashmere shawl over the girl's shoulders, and placing her on a seat sheltered from the wind. Mademoiselle de Fontaine, who saw them get up and walk round the enclosure, like people about to depart, soon found means of following them, under the pretext of admiring the scenery from the garden. Her brother lent himself with arch good nature to the caprices of this rambling walk. Emilie then perceived the handsome couple getting into an elegant tilbury, which a livery-servant on horseback was taking care of. At the moment the young man sat down, and endeavoured to equalise the reins, she obtained from him one of those looks which one carelessly bestows on large crowds; but she had the feeble satisfaction of seeing him look back two different times, and his companion imitated him. Was it jealousy?

PUBLIC PATRONAGE OF MEN OF LETTERS.

OUR literary men have not yet assumed, it is said, that position in society so pre-eminently due to them. Mr. Cobden, in the spirit we hope of a true prophet, foretels their future advancement. The destinies of the French nation are directed by literary men—by Guizot, who is in place, and by Thiers, who is out of it. Our literary men have no such rank in England. In short they have no rank or position at all. They are a scattered race, working in knots, or cliques, or single-handed, and exist as a body by name alone. The one-half are unknown, except by reputation, to the other half; and while other classes combine and at times cabal to extend their reputations, the most influential race of men, the directors of the minds and passions, and even prejudices of the people, are scattered throughout the three kingdoms, often at war with and too often unknown to one another.

This should not be! Literary men should no longer live aloof; they should combine in one common cause, the advance of their own respectability and standing in society, the growth of good letters, and the interchange of ideas. The sea of politics keeps too many apart. The editor of the *Quarterly* holds no communication with the critics of the *Edinburgh*, or the editor of *The Times* with the writers of the *Morning Chronicle*. The author of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* thinks very little of the editor of *Boswell*, and the editor of *Boswell* of the editor of the *Lays*. The sentiment is reciprocal. There is, therefore, very little hope of anything like an interchange of ideas between these doughty personages. They might meet and be perhaps more civil to one another than Dr. Johnson and Adam Smith were, but civility is all that would pass—the shrug of dislike would follow the bow of common politeness, and they would part only to renew hostilities.

The critics are a very numerous race, and literary men too often live on one another. Other grades and classes of intellectual men are without critics by profession, but litera-

ture cannot do, it would appear, without them. The corruption of an author is, we are told, the generation of a critic, and there is too much reason to believe that the saying is a true one. A disappointed poet seeks consolation in criticism—he has no other joy than to retaliate, while the successful critic is afraid to append his name to any publication of his own for fear of the *mousing owls* that haunt the purlieus of his trade. Yet jealousy is by no means a prominent feature in the literary character. Your Fellows of the Royal Society and Royal Academicians are still more jealous, but as few of them can write a style fit to appear in print they want a ready outlet for their venom. The pen is a fearful weapon. The opportunity of saying a good thing, of resenting an unfair criticism, or of pulling down a man of genius to your own level, are too tempting to be resisted. With young men this is too often the case—they aim at notoriety in this way, and hurl disappointed ambition with the satisfactory feeling of inflicting a stab in the dark.

The critics, we have said, are a prolific people, and we are, perhaps, to impute their number, and in some respects their existence, as a class, more to a want of combination among literary men than any particular appetite on the part of the public for the sour produce of the “ungentle craft.” The forty artists who are Royal Academicians stand firm to one another, through good and through evil report. An ill-natured or even severe criticism upon an individual member is viewed as an aspersion upon the whole body. This is in some degree the secret of the extraordinary influence of that well-organized association. It is one part of a member's creed to believe that the forty Royal Academicians are the forty best artists in the country, and that the best artist out of the Academy is the individual who will be elected a member on the next vacancy. This is a happy state of things; and what is the result?—that the rank of Royal Academician carries

an appendage of respectability with it. But the literary man has no such rank, he has no class to uphold him, he has no distinction to aspire to, he has no lay benefice to hope for. We look for our artists in the ranks of the Royal Academy, for our men of science in the ranks of the Royal Society, for our physicians in their College, for our lawyers, if not already ennobled, on the benches of their respective Inns, and for our authors in the columns of the daily, weekly, and monthly. Who are our literary men? The question would seem by many to be very easily answered. But each would answer for his set, and you would hear of classes, composed somewhat in this way — 1. Moore, Rogers, Hallam, and Macaulay; 2. Wordsworth, Wilson, Lockhart, Milman, and Wilson Croker; 3. Talfourd, Bulwer, Dickens, and Jerrold, with Tennyson and Monckton Milnes, Henry Taylor, and Mr. Browning.

But a union of literary men is not so hopeless as it at first would seem; a good writer will outlive an unfair criticism, "I never knew," says Dr. Johnson, "a man of merit neglected; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success." Look at the history of opinion, as written in the *Edinburgh Review*; read its early and its after criticisms on Wordsworth and Southey, on Coleridge and Lamb, on Byron and on Moore. The silly Mr. Wordsworth of its early volumes is the philosophical poet of its later numbers. It has had to do penance for its early mistakes, and its penance has been accepted. Lord Byron forgave, it is said, Mr. Brougham, and the author of *Lalla Rookh* lives in friendly intercourse with the Dennis of his early lucubrations. Literary resentments are not, therefore, so lasting as they would seem. But, then, there is this obstacle to the formation of a society of literary men. Criticism, as a profession, must necessarily cease. This, however, is not, let us hope, so formidable an obstacle as it at first would seem. A society of authors must have a limitation of numbers. The Royal Academy is honourably efficient on this account, and the Royal Society is notoriously defective because it is

not restricted. A society of forty of the best authors making common cause with one another, might treat with contempt the onset of the gadflies of criticism without; while every vacancy that occurred would afford an opportunity of strengthening your ranks and quieting the clamour of the ablest of your assailants.

Good authors need no protection from criticism. Your Milbournes and Dennises wither and rot of their own accord if left unnoticed. We would suggest the formation of a society of forty of the best authors, for a very distinct and different reason. We wish to bring our literary men together, to give them collectively that standing in society which a few of them individually possess, and to shew our own people, and our continental neighbours as well, that a society of literary men in England is no common body, that they are aware of their own strength, and can maintain that influential station in established society so pre-eminently due to them.

The history of letters in England is not without a record of several attempts at combination among literary men, but so imperfectly matured or inauspiciously started that it is perhaps unfair to speak of them as anything more than the mere spectres of attempts. Authors have been, and we believe are, still a friendly, even a convivial race. Your meetings at the Mermaid with Shakspeare and his "fellows," your suppers in the Apollo with Ben Jonson and his "sons," your late hours with Dryden at Wills', and still later at Button's with Addison and Steele, are among the most pleasing memories preserved to us of days gone by. It is not, however, to meetings of this kind that we wish to do more than refer at present. We allude, more particularly at this moment, to the formation of the Literary Club, the incorporation of the Royal Society of Literature, the establishment of the Athenæum Club, and the institution of the late Literary Union.

The Literary Club, or *the Club*, as it was first called, was founded by Samuel Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was Johnson's original intention that the number of the club should not exceed nine, but Samuel Dyer, — "the learned Mr.

Dyer," as Johnson calls him — who had been for some years abroad, made his appearance amongst them and was cordially received. The members met one evening in every week at seven for supper, and generally continued their conversation till a late hour. The club soon became distinguished, new members were admitted, and in the eighth year of their existence the supper was changed to a dinner. There was as yet no limitation in the number of members, but a limitation was found necessary, and it was resolved that the Club should never exceed forty. All elections took place by ballot, nor could it be said that the selection was an unfair one, when the Club had amongst its members the distinguished names of Burke and Fox, Gibbon and Goldsmith, Colman and Garrick, the elder and the younger Warton, Boswell and Sheridan, Adam Smith and Sir William Jones, Steevens and Malone, Bishop Percy, Sir Joseph Banks.

But the Club, strictly speaking, was hardly a literary club; for among the forty we find many distinguished by birth and station alone, and others who could make but slender claims to literary distinction. We are, however, to bear in mind, that this was a club framed for convivial purposes, and for an interchange of ideas over a glass of wine, not a society or academy formed solely of literary men, and for the encouragement of literature. The Club fell off when Johnson died; and though still in being, may be said rather to exist than flourish. Mr. Hallam is the last name of literary eminence on its list.

"The Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom," as it is called, is an establishment of twenty years' standing, with a royal charter and numerous pretensions. One of its foundation objects was the assignment of honorary rewards for works of great literary merit; a second and a much higher object was the establishment of a list of Royal Associates, ten in number, and each in the receipt, from the Society, of one hundred guineas a-year. The idea of this Society originated, it is said, with King George IV. The king certainly supplied out of his own privy purse the annual contribution of

one thousand guineas for the ten Royal Associates, and one hundred guineas for the medals assigned as honorary rewards to authors of distinction. The ten Royal Associates were the poet Coleridge; Dr. Jamieson, the author of the admirable *Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language*; Malthus, who wrote on Population; Mathias, the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*; the Rev. Henry John Todd, the editor of Johnson's *Dictionary*; Sharon Turner the historian; Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool; the Rev. Edward Davies, Mr. James Milligen, and Sir William Osely. Two medals were distributed annually; nor would it be easy to find fault with the selection of the individuals to whom they were awarded. The two first medals were assigned to Mitford the author of the *History of Greece*, and Signor Angelo Mai, librarian to the Vatican. The medals of the second year were awarded to Major Rennell, author of a *Memoir on Hindostan*; and Charles Wilkins the editor of the *Bhagvat-Geeta*. Of the third year, to Professor Schweighseuser, the editor of *Appian*, and Professor Dugald Stewart; of the fourth year, to Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Southey; of the fifth year, to Crabbe and Archdeacon Coxe; of the sixth year to William Roscoe and le Baron Antoine Isaac Silvestre de Sacy, a writer of repute on Persian antiquities; of the seventh, to Washington Irving and Mr. Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages.

There was a good deal of talk about the Royal Society of Literature, and what it was to effect, before it came into actual existence. Sir Walter Scott calls it, in a letter to the then Secretary of State (Lord Sidmouth), "a very ill-contrived project," and one which can only end "in something very unpleasant." "Let men of letters," he says, "fight their own way with the public, and let his Majesty honour with his patronage those who are able to distinguish themselves, and alleviate by his bounty the distresses of such as, with acknowledged merit, may yet have been unfortunate in procuring independence. The immediate and direct favour of the sovereign is," he adds, "worth the patronage of ten thousand societies." Scott's objections apply, it must be understood, to the principles

on which the first Society was to have been established. What this first Society was like, no one has as yet told us; something, it is said, resembling the French Academy. The original plan, whatever it was, went through many modifications; but Scott's opinion was unaltered. "I do not belong," he writes in his diary, "to the Royal Society of Literature, nor do I propose to enter it as a coadjutor. I do not like your Royal Academies of this kind; they almost always fall into jobs, and the members are seldom those who do credit to the literature of a country." But this Society really, at one time, effected a good—it rescued the last years of Coleridge's life from complete dependence on a friend, and it placed the learned Dr. Jamieson above the wants and necessities of a man fast sinking to the grave. The associateship was not in the nature of a charity, it was no literary almsgiving, it flowed from the bounty of the sovereign, and was a reward of merit. No author, independent in mind though poor in circumstances, would wish it to be said that he had been relieved by the Council of the Literary Fund; but the author surely might *boast* that his necessities had been relieved by the honourable position he held of Royal Associate in a Society under the direct patronage of his sovereign.

The palmy days of the Royal Society of Literature soon passed away, for William IV. withdrew, on his accession, the annual grant of eleven hundred guineas presented to the Society by his more generous brother. The Society had, therefore, to rely on its own sayings and the annual subscriptions of its members. Their funds were small, and they now sank into a Transaction Society, with a small library, large ideas, and poor and insignificant performances.

The Athenæum Club, in Pall Mall, was a pet with peers and persons of literary distinction, and the Literary Union, in Waterloo Place, a pet of poor Tom Campbell's. Both had the same primary object, the formation of a society of literary men, and both went to work in the same ineffectual manner. Good authors were found insufficient in number for a modern club. An author introduced a friend who was not an author;

but something he would add, with a laugh, much better — Dr. Johnson's definition of a good fellow, "a clubbable man." This friend introduced another friend of the same acceptable description. Both grew up in this way; but the Athenæum swelled in importance; a new site was thought of,—Mr. Decimus Burton must build them a house, and Mr. Henning copy the frieze of the Parthenon to shew the classic character of the members. The Literary Union no longer exists; it was any thing but a literary Club; all kinds and degrees of personages might have been found among its members, and so notorious had it become, that it was at length obliged to dissolve, to change its name, and start anew.

The Athenæum is one of the best of our London Clubs. Authors of eminence may be found among its members, and still adhering to its love for men distinguished by their genius, its council is empowered to admit annually from the list of candidates individuals of eminence in literature, art, and science. This is a wise law, for few authors of eminence would care to go through the tiresome ordeal of election, which is by ballot among the whole body of members.

When the Grey government was in power, and the passing of the Reform-bill a novelty in conversation, there was a talk of forming a Guelphic Order of Literary Merit, and of bringing Letters under the avowed and active encouragement of the Government. Lord Brougham, then lord chancellor, took the matter up very warmly, and Southey was written to by the chancellor for his opinion. The laureate's letter, in reply, is a noble specimen of his far-sighted seeking and admirable good sense on all occasions. "When better times shall arrive (whoever may live to see them)," writes the author of *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, "it will be worthy the consideration of any government whether the institution of an academy, with salaries for its members (in the nature of literary or lay benefices), might not be the means of retaining in *its* interests, as connected with their own, a certain number of influential men of letters, who should hold those benefices, and a much

greater number of aspirants who would look to them in their turn. A yearly grant of 10,000*l.* would endow ten such appointments of 500*l.* each for the elder class, and twenty-five of 200*l.* for younger men; these latter eligible, of course, and preferably, but not necessarily to be elected to the higher benefices as those fell vacant, and as they should have approved themselves. The good proposed by this as a political measure," Mr. Southey adds, "is not that of retaining such persons to act as pamphleteers and journalists, but that of preventing them from becoming such, in hostility to the established order of things; and of giving men of letters, as a class, something to look for beyond the precarious gains of literature; thereby inducing in them a desire to support the existing institutions of the country, on the stability of which their own welfare would depend."

We may add, that need makes many poets, and neediness makes men dangerous members of society, quite as often as affluence makes them worthless ones.

Another proposition much talked of at this time, and immediately connected with the former inquiry, was the distribution of *prizes* among authors of distinction. "With regard to *prizes*," says Southey, "methinks they are better left to schools and colleges. Honours are worth something to scientific men, because they are conferred upon such men in other countries; at home there are precedents for them in Newton and Davy, — and the physicians and surgeons have them. In my judgment, men of letters are better without them, unless they are rich enough to bequeath to their family a good estate, with the bloody hand, and sufficiently men of the world to think such distinctions appropriate. For myself, if we had a Guelphic order, I should choose to remain a Ghibelline." Some such idea as is here so admirably expressed by Mr. Southey must have crossed the mind of his friend Sir Robert Peel, when, in 1834, he spoke so strongly in the House of Commons against a proposition brought forward by Mr. Hume that our authors, artists, and men of science, should have assigned to them by Parliament some blue riband of

distinction. We recollect hearing Sir Robert Peel's speech on that occasion with a very great deal of pleasure. He thought, and with reason, that literary men should have more fruitful honours assigned them by Government than ribands and badges of distinction. Poets have the bays already. "The king," says Goldsmith, "has lately been pleased to make me Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Academy of Painting he has just established, *but there is no salary annexed*, and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt."

Before we stay to inquire how far Peel in power has realised the views of Peel out of power, and the position of literary men has been improved by the direct encouragement of the Crown, it may be as well to look through the postern of time, long elapsed, at the actual position of the literary character before ribands were talked about in the House of Commons, or medals were awarded from the purse of the sovereign.

In the infancy of civilisation, when all our thoughts were on wars abroad and broils and tournaments at home, we find the name of Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of our poetry, among the annuitants of King Edward III. and King Richard II. But literature, there is too much reason to believe, had little to do in procuring for the great poet the annuity from the Exchequer and the pitcher of wine from the royal cellar. We wish we could agree with those antiquaries who would trace the salary of the poet-laureate and his pipe of canary to Chaucer's pension and his pitcher of wine. No better original could well be had, but there is little or no authority, we fear, to support so ingenious a supposition. Be that as it may, it is pleasing to find that one of the greatest of our poets and the first English writer of any eminence in our tongue, was not altogether overlooked in so dark a century.

The long Lancastrian wars were detrimental to the growth of letters, but Caxton came among us, and found a friend in Earl Rivers. The nation now grew quiet for a time. Stephen Hawes, the author of a poem called

The Pastime of Pleasure (a kind of connecting link between Chaucer and Spenser), met with the patronage of the queen of Henry VII.; old John Heywood, the epigrammatist, was player on the virginals to Henry VII., with a fee of eightpence a-day. Henry VIII. was no great friend to letters. The rude, railing satirist, Skelton, was, it is true, a kind of poet-laureate to the crown; and Erasmus was received with favour: but literature in this reign suffered a severe loss in the cruel executions of the learned More and the poetic Earl of Surrey.

Queen Elizabeth distributed her bounty with the same sparing hand with which she bestowed her honours. Raleigh and Sidney, Vere, Norris, Drake, Walsingham, and Greville, were the new-made knights of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Poets came in for a portion of her bounty. Gascoigne and Churchyard were sent on missions abroad. Ronsard the poet received a present of forty French crowns, and Thomas Preston, the author of a tragedy "conteyning the Life of King Cambises," a pension of 20*l.* a-year. But the great scandal of her age was the fate of Spenser. Not that the poet was altogether overlooked. He received at one time a grant of confiscated property in Ireland, and subsequently a pension of fifty pounds a-year. But the land proved a ruinous affair, and the pension, there is reason to believe, was subsequently withdrawn. His end was melancholy—"He died," says Jonson, "for lack of bread;" and Waller, who lived not too late to be well informed, confirms his testimony:—

"to starve,
That Spenser knew."

A sad termination for a poet's life, nor is it without its lesson.

"Tell them how Spenser starved, how
Cowley mourn'd,
How Butler's faith and service was
return'd."

This was said by a poet who might have added his own name to the number of neglected poets. It was said by Otway.

Literature was not overlooked by the Stuarts in Scotland before their accession to the English throne. Dunbar (the Chaucer of his coun-

try) enjoyed by the bounty of King James IV. a yearly pension of considerable amount, at a time when the price of labour and provisions was very low. The sixth James was himself a poet, with the power to appreciate genius, and the inclination, it is said, to relieve its necessities. Raleigh, it is true, was imprisoned, and at length beheaded by him, but Jonson enjoyed a pension by his bounty. Daniel was patronised by his queen, Wotton was one of his ambassadors abroad, and Ayton was his wife's secretary.

It is incidentally observed by Farmer, and repeated by Mr. Gifford, that playwriting in Shakspeare's days "was scarcely thought a creditable employ." This may be easily accounted for. The poets who wrote for the stage were also actors; and the profession of an actor was viewed for a very long time as a kind of vagrant occupation. Yet the drama was at its height and most encouraged when apparently most looked down upon. King James was a great patron of the drama. He was the first of our kings who formed a company of actors; and such actors too as he had—Burbage, Shakspeare, Kemp, Heming, Condell, Lowen, Taylor. They were frequently summoned to play before him, and were always paid, and liberally too, for their performances. Nor did he confine his encouragement to his own servants; the queen's players (as they were called), the players of Prince Henry, and the players of the Prince Palatine, were summoned every Christmas to play before him. The usual rates of remuneration, we may add, were generally accompanied by a further sum by way of his majesty's reward.

A love of literature was hereditary in the family of the Stuarts. Henry prince of Wales, a boy of only eighteen when he died, had Owen the epigrammatist, Michael Drayton, and Joshua Sylvester, on his list of pensioners and annuitants. Authors presenting him with their books went away with some substantial mark of his good-will. Rowland Cotgrave, the learned author of the dictionary which bears his name, received his bounty; nor was the amusing Coryatt overlooked by the young and discerning prince.

King Charles I. would appear to have imbibed his love of art from his elder brother, for King James had no particular predilection that way. Nor was Charles without his brother Henry's taste for literature, or his sympathy with literary men. It would, perhaps, be difficult to name any author of eminence unprotected or unnoticed by the king. Ben Jonson was his poet laureat, and Davenant succeeded to the laurel at Jonson's death. The plays of Shirley, Massinger, and May, were read by him in M.S. and then acted at court before him. He altered passages, for he was a poet himself, and he suggested subjects. His taste was excellent. The tasteful Carew filled the office of sewer in ordinary; Quarles received a pension; Denham and Waller were about his court, Falkland, Fanshawe, and Suckling about his person. Nor were the elder poets overlooked; he quotes Chaucer in his letters, draws allusions from the drama, borrows a prayer from Sydney's *Arcadia*, and finds in Shakspeare a solace in his sufferings.

During the Commonwealth, literary men, rather than literature, found favour with Cromwell and his colleagues. The Protector wrote a graceless style, full of hard meaning, and disguised, like all he did, from common observation. He had little leisure for the refinements of language or the graces of composition; and less leisure to consider what authors were worthy of reward, or what they were worth to a government in need of support. He was not blind, however, to the beauties of art or the graces of literature; he retained the best pictures in the collection of Charles I. (the Cartoons of Raphael), for the furniture of his own apartments, and was reviving the drama under Davenant when he died. Good poets found employment in prose composition under the government of Cromwell. The history of the Long Parliament by May, written at the time, and under the patronage but not the influence of parliament, is one of the fairest histories ever written. It is clear and temperate in its views, calm and consistent in its style; so temperate indeed, that our present historians of the period of which it treats (writers on both

sides of the question) might derive a useful lesson from its study. Other poets found employment at this time, Milton and Marvell among the number. May was an apologist, Milton a defender, and Marvell an assistant under Milton in the office of secretary for the Latin tongue. But May had more authority than Milton; indeed nothing can well be more absurd than the views adopted by the hip and thigh admirers of the political conduct of the great poet. Biographers like Symmons, and writers of his class, contemplate the ill-paid secretary for the Latin tongue in the light of a secretary of state for home and foreign affairs. There is no reason to believe that Cromwell was guided by his counsel, or even asked his advice on any one occasion. This seems so clear, from the terms in which Whitelocke speaks of him on the solitary occasion in which he mentions his name, that blind and wilful prejudice alone could view (we are sorry to say) the political John Milton in the light of anything else than a translator from Latin in English, and from English into Latin. Whatever the real position of Milton may have been, his office ceased with the usurpation; and in the succeeding reign he fell, to use his own language, on evil days and evil times. "When *Paradise Lost* was first published," writes Swift to Sir Charles Wogan, "few liked, read, or understood it, and it gained ground merely by its merits." Milton had excluded himself by his politics from preferment or notice; his religious principles were obnoxious, and there was little in his poem to invite the attention of the gay and thoughtless thousands who witnessed the Restoration. If *Paradise Lost* had excited even ordinary attention at the time of its publication, Mr. Pepys would have been sure to have said something about it in his *Diary*. But he is silent, and there is too much reason to believe that it attracted little or no attention. Would it attract much now as a new publication? Mr. Hallam thinks not, and in these exciting times of railway speculation and corn-law abolition, few would have time to think what a new poem of this description was like. Yet when the repeal of the Copyright law was

an all-engrossing subject of conversation in literary circles, and Milton's poor reward for his divine epic was particularly insisted upon; Mr. Tegg, we remember, either in speech or by letter, ridiculed the idea of such a circumstance ever occurring again, and either exclaimed or wrote—"Only bring me a *Paradise Lost*, and see what I will give for it!" The intelligent publisher of Cheapside was safe in what he said, there is no occasion to suspect that a new epic reaching to the height of Milton's poem is likely to be produced again.

Charles II. condescended to talk familiarly with poets, but did little to foster their genius or better their condition. He fed them with kind words and fair promises, but his remembrance was not easily awakened. This "Unthinking king," as he was called by one of his court favourites, was not however wholly neglectful of letters. He gave the laurel on Davenant's death, and the office of historiographer on Howell's, to glorious John Dryden; recommended subjects for the employment of Dryden's muse; permitted his imperious mistresses to protect his plays; nominated his son to the Charterhouse School, and, shortly before he died, gave him a small sinecure situation in the Customs. But his salary was not very regularly paid. He was, moreover, employed by the king in party satire, and indifferently rewarded for what he did. Others, however, fared still worse. Cowley died at Chertsey, neglected by the court he had served in exile; and the king, who carried *Hudibras* about with him in his pocket, and quoted from it, it is said inimitably well, did nothing for the poet but grant a protection to him from the piratical booksellers of the period. Butler's end is well known; he lived for some years before his death in an obscure alley, and died at last disappointed and in want. "Which," asks Goldsmith, with infinite irony, "is the greatest scandal on his age, Butler's poem or Butler's fate?"

These sad lessons were not without their advantage to the poets who came after. "It is enough for one age," says Dryden, urging his claims for public employment on Hyde Lord Rochester, "it is enough for

one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and to have starved Mr. Butler." The lesson was of temporary use. Lord Rochester relieved his wants, and obtained for him the small sinecure situation in the Customs already alluded to.

In the short reign of King James II. poor Nat. Lee was supported while in Bedlam by the bounty of the king; but Otway died in want, choked, it is said, with the first mouthful of bread he had obtained for a very long time.

King William III. knew no more about poetry than he knew of St. Evremond, and exhibited his Dutch-garden taste in poetry in selecting the individual to whom he assigned the laurel, removed for political considerations from the brows of Dryden. He gave it to Shadwell. The then lord chamberlain, the witty Earl of Dorset, may have had something to do with this: Shadwell was a friend of his; he admired, and with reason, his comic powers, and wished, perhaps, to do something for him. But Shadwell was not a poet in any sense of the word, and his appointment carried a bad precedent with it, for though he was the first bad poet who wore the laurel, he was not the last. He was the poetic-father of a Tate, a Eusden, and a Pye. But William was essentially a soldier. We are not, therefore, to quarrel with him for his selection of Shadwell, or that he mistook Blackmore for a poet, and dubbed him Sir Richard for his bad epic called *King Arthur*.

"The hero William and the martyr Charles;

One knighted Blackmore and one pensioned Quarles."

But here the rhyme occasioned an injustice, for Quarles, though tedious at times, was a true poet; whereas Blackmore is one dead level of a bog throughout.

The age of Anne was an era in the history of letters. Literary men found ample and almost unexpected encouragement from the ministerial advisers of the crown. Whig and Tory leaders vied with each other in advancing the interests of such as could assist them. The battle of Blenheim was sung by a Whig and by a T. poet; and Addison's *Cato* was a p

play. The great Whig patron was Charles Montague, earl of Halifax; the great Tory patron, Harley, earl of Oxford. Halifax found a sinecure situation for Congreve, and Addison and Steele experienced his bounty. Pope kept aloof from the sea of politics; while Swift was the adviser of Harley, and Prior his ambassador at the Hague. The queen herself took very little interest in literature, and Whig encouragement ceased when Charles Montague died; for the great Duke of Marlborough, and his son-in-law the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, knew or cared very little about it. Yet the queen was not insensible to the wants of literary men. The infant children of Farquhar received a small annuity at her hand, and the widow of Betterton a pension of 100*l.* a-year.

The death of the queen and the accession of the house of Hanover brought the Whigs once more in office. Addison was for some time secretary of state; Steele received a patent for a new theatre; Rowe was sworn in as poet-laureate, and his widow, at his death, received a pension. But Addison was not very long in office, and Steele's pecuniary difficulties began anew. The king was a stranger to our language, and had no particular taste for the literature of the people he came amongst. His favourite Whigs encountered the ridicule of Swift and contemptuous irony of the splenetic St. John. The Whigs had no one to defend them. Addison was dead, and Steele idle and unwilling. They soon grew callous to what was said, and overlooked in indifference the cultivation of letters and the wants of literary men. Something, however, was done. By the interest and friendship of Dodington, the king was taught to find a poet in Dr. Young, and, better still, induced to settle a pension of 200*l.* a-year on the youthful satirist.

Swift has made a complaint in verse of the neglect of letters in his time, but his complaint is not altogether founded on justice. He accuses Halifax of neglecting Congreve, talks of the poet's "one poor office,"

and then, in his own inimitable way, raises a laugh at the expense of the most munificent patron of genius we had had as yet or have since had. The truth is, Congreve enjoyed a plurality of offices. He had no estate of his own; he did not make literature a profession; he lived like the gentleman he assumed to be, and he died rich. But Swift was too fond of saying any thing ill-natured against the Earl of Halifax, and we are told that,—

"Congreve spent in writing plays
And one poor office half his days;
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept."

Who keeps open table now? Who has kept an open table for poets since? But Halifax did not confine his patronage to poets; he knew and valued the great Sir Isaac Newton, and, by his interest, he was made Master of the Mint. The truth is, Swift was so disgusted with the Whigs of Walpole's time, that every Whig from the devil—who was the first Whig, according to Dr. Johnson's idea—came in for a share of his sarcastic condemnation. The change was, indeed, great between the regard entertained for letters in the reign of Queen Anne, and the light in which letters were held in the reign of her successor.

Swift pined and complained in a poor-paid Irish deanery. It is true that he had nothing to expect from a Whig administration. His wit was enlisted on the other side, and carried this serious evil with it, that the Whigs, in contemning Swift, extended their contempt to letters in general.

George II. was just such another as George I.*, and Sir Robert Walpole just such another as the Earl of Godolphin. The king left every thing to Walpole and his queen. And what a reign!

"Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear
the bays,
Cibber preside lord chancellor of plays."

* "O could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
But verse, alas, your majesty disdains!"

Poem to George II.

Walpole encouraged no kind of merit; the contempt of posterity was nothing to a man who had no cares, or wants, or anxieties beyond the exigencies of the year. Gay expressed, like Spenser, the sorrows of court expectancies; and every attempt to direct the current of patronage into the wide field of literature was wholly ineffectual,—

" Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never shew his face;
Where Young must torture his invention,
To flatter knaves or lose his pension."
SWIFT.

The whole patronage of the crown was engrossed by Walpole; and "Bob, the poet's foe," as he was called, felt a secret pleasure in overlooking the claims of literature and the necessities of literary men.

Gay got something, it is true, at last. He was offered the situation of gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, a girl of two years old.

" Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee than make a dry-nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side."

Great interest had been made for Gay. Mrs. Howard, the mistress of the king, used all her influence in his behalf; but Walpole stood in the way of his obtaining a pension or a post of honour. The "servile usher's place" was thought an insult, and as such was indignantly declined. Walpole, perhaps, suspected as much; and he knew that, in obstructing Gay's advancement, he angered Swift, whom he hated, and Bolingbroke, whom he detested. Gay had no second offer, and Pope complains that a poet of his reputation should die unpensioned,—

" Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends."

Caroline, queen of George II. felt or affected a sympathy with men of genius. She conversed with Newton and corresponded with Leibnitz.

To the widow of Dr. Clarke she assigned a yearly pension. Savage enlisted himself as her volunteer laureate, and enjoyed her bounty. He was, however, excluded at her death, and the only one excluded from the list of persons entitled to pensions from the crown. In Richmond garden she erected a Temple of Fame, containing the busts of four great men, Locke, Newton, Woolaston, and Clarke, and gave the key of the temple to Stephen Duck, the thrasher-poet. The wits played off their jokes at her majesty's expense. Pope accuses her of sneaking from living worth to dead; and Swift admires her parsimony in exalting heads that cannot eat.

Frederick prince of Wales, the father of George III., was to have had a niche in a new edition of the royal and noble authors. The prince, it appears, is the author of a French hunting song. He did not, however, exhibit any partiality for poets. Lord Lyttelton, his secretary, and a poet withal, saddled, it is true, some poetic pensioners upon him. Mallet was made assistant-secretary; the gentle elegiac Hammond filled the office of equerry to the prince; 100*l.* a-year was assigned to Gilbert West, and the same sum to Thomson, the poet of *The Seasons*. See by how slight a tenure they held their situations, and how little the prince, in reality, cared for the authors he had about him! He quarrelled with Lyttelton, and the poets were all routed in a day.

"The accession of George III. opened," says Boswell, "a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit, who had been honoured with no mark of royal favour in the preceding reign." The new minister, Lord Bute, gave a pension of 300*l.* a-year to Dr. Johnson, and the same sum to Home, the author of *Douglas*. Beattie and Mallet were pensioned by the crown. The king condescended to converse with Dr. Johnson. His minister recommended a literary work of great national importance to the pen of Walpole, and held out hopes that the work would meet with the encouragement of government. But Bute went out of power, and nothing was done. Small annuities to literary men still continued to be granted. Dr. Shubbeare

and Tom Sheridan each received a pension. The king, it was said, had pensioned a *he-bear*, meaning Dr. Johnson, as well as a *she-bear* (Dr. Shebbeare). No one knew why Tom Sheridan received a pension. "What!" said Johnson, "have they given *him* a pension? Then, it is time for me to give up mine."

The wisdom of rewarding literature in the person of Tom Sheridan may well be doubted. Mallet had no great claims upon the government as a literary man. His ballad, it is true, is very beautiful; but *William and Margaret* did nothing for him. He was pensioned for the dirty work he had executed for a ministry in want of support. Many writers of sterling reputation were in the meantime overlooked. The delightful author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* became, for very existence, a mere literary hack or drudge for booksellers. "In Ireland," says Goldsmith, "there has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen ware, than given in rewards to literary men since the time of Usher." Smollett sought the assistance of Lord Shelburne, then in power, but nothing was done for the entertaining novelist; and he was allowed to end his days in perpetual exile, pinched in his means, and enfeebled in body, from the incessant employment of his pen.* Burns was snatched from the sickle and the plough "to gauge ale firkins," and support a wife and family on the poor emoluments of an exciseman's office. A word to the Commissioners of Excise in Scotland, from one who quoted his poems to Mr. Addington with the highest approbation, would have given him a lift in his office, gladdened the hearth, and lengthened the life of a true-born poet. We refer to Mr. Pitt; when Mr.

Addington reminded that great statesman of the poet's genius, and the poor situation it was his lot to fill, Mr. Pitt promised to do something for him, pushed the bottle on, and remembered his promise, if he remembered it at all, when the fine-hearted poet of genuine nature,

"Who to the 'Illustrious' of his native land,
So properly did look for patronage,"

was, alas, no more!

If ever a poet deserved a pension from the British crown for the real service he had rendered his country, that poet was Charles Dibdin. His ballads and songs cheered up the heart of poor Jack in stormy times, maintained a manly and a loyal feeling throughout the British navy, and are working the same good still. They are the best exponents of the heart of an English sailor. But what was done for Dibdin? Something, we believe, at last, when he was old and unable to enjoy it—solitary, and could not impart it.

Pope went to sleep while Frederick prince of Wales talked about poetry to him at his own table; but George IV., while conversing accidentally on the same subject, could engage the ear of a poet as much inclined to quarrel with kings as Pope himself.

"He," (the Prince Regent) Lord Byron writes to Sir Walter Scott, "ordered me to be presented to him at a ball: and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the *Lay*. He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more the poet of princes, as *they*

* "But what is this you tell me of your perpetual exile, and of your never returning to this country? I hope that as this idea rose from the bad state of your health, it will vanish on your recovery, which, from your past experience, you may expect from those happier climates to which you are retiring: after which, the desire of revisiting your native country will probably return upon you, unless the superior cheapness of foreign countries prove an obstacle, and detain you there. I could wish that means had been fallen on to remove this objection; and that, at least, it might be equal to you to live any where, except when the consideration of your health gave you preference to one climate above another. But the indifference of ministers toward literature, which has been long, and indeed almost always the case in England, gives little prospect of any alteration in this particular."—DAVID HUME to SMOLLETT, 21st Sept. 1768.

never appeared more fascinating than in *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake*. He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses, as no less royal and poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well-acquainted with both."

This, it must be owned, is a very pleasing anecdote; but the prince was invariably kind to Scott. He offered him the laureateship, conferred a baronetcy upon him, gave him a gold snuffbox set in brilliants, "as a testimony of his esteem for his genius and merit;" made him a present of a splendid copy of Montfaucon's *Antiquities* richly bound in scarlet, and a set of the Variorum Classics, for the library at Abbotsford; appointed his son Charles to a clerkship in the Foreign Office; made up what he called "a snug little dinner for him" at Carlton House; called him by his Christian name of Walter; talked of his "tyrannical self;" quoted Tom Moore, "Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast?"—

" ' The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the *Morning Post* ; "

commanded him, on another occasion, to pass a day with him at Windsor, where he was received, he tells us, with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which always distinguished the king's conduct towards him.

If other testimony were wanted of King George IV.'s regard for letters, his annual gift to the Royal Society of Literature, already alluded to, would be proof sufficient. There is, however, a little picture, not so well known as it deserves to be, which exhibits him in a most pleasing light. The picture we refer to is contained in a letter written in 1826, and addressed by the king himself to the late Sir William Knighton:—

" Dear Friend,—A little charitable impulse induces me to desire you to inquire into the distressed circumstances of poor old O'Keefe, now ninety years of age and stone-blind, whom I knew a little of formerly, having occasionally met him at parties of my juvenile recreation and hilarity, to which he then contributed not a little. Should you really find him so low in the world, and so divested of all comfort as he is represented to be, then I do conceive that

there can be no objection to your offering him from me such immediate relief, or such a moderate annual stipend, as will enable him to close his hitherto long life in comfort,—at any rate, free from want and absolute beggary, which I greatly fear, at present, is but too truly his actual condition and situation. Perhaps, on many accounts and reasons, which I am sure I need not mention to you, this had best be effectuated by an immediate application, through you, to our lively little friend, G. Colman, whose good heart will, I am certain, lead him to give us all the assistance he can, especially as it is for the preservation of one of his oldest inviolated brothers and worshippers of the Thespian Muse. G. R."

This is very beautiful. Instances of this kind are of too rare an occurrence.

We have already alluded to a speech of Sir Robert Peel's in parliament, and when *out* of power, in reply to a proposition of Mr. Hume's that the leading characters of our country in literature, art, and science, should receive some badge or riband of distinction from the crown. He ridiculed the idea, and preferred the *solid pudding* of a pecuniary reward to the mere empty honours of a yard of riband. And well and nobly has he made good his sentiments. Here is a list of the pensions he granted during his two administrations of 1835 and 1841:—

	£
Mr. Southey	300
Mr. Wordsworth	300
Mrs. Somerville	200
James Montgomery	150
The widow of Pond the Astronomer	
Royal	200
Wife of Professor Airy	300
Professor Faraday	300
Mr. Tytler, the historian	200
Mr. Tennyson, the poet	200
Lady Shée	200
The widow of Thomas Hood	100

The Whigs copied the example set them by Sir Robert Peel. Here is a list of pensions granted by the members of Lord Melbourne's government, from April 1835, to August 1841:—

	£
Thomas Moore	300
Lady Morgan	300
John Banim, the novelist	150
Sir David Brewster	300
Colonel Gurwood	200

Widow of Dr. McCrie	100
Miss Mitford	100
Mrs. Somerville (additional)	100
Dr. Dalton (additional)	150

Lady Morgan's 300*l.* a-year, when contrasted with Miss Mitford's solitary 100*l.*, seems hardly fair; but "the lady" had a claim, it is understood, on one distinguished member of the administration, and the amount was measured by friendship rather than by genius. The wording of the warrant granting a pension to Colonel Gurwood deserves citation:—

"Victoria R.

"Whereas it hath been represented unto us, that Our Trusty and Well-beloved John Gurwood, Companion of the Bath, Lieutenant-Colonel in our Army, hath rendered Eminent Service to the public by the publication of the Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, and thus diffusing and perpetuating, both in this Country and among Foreign Nations, a knowledge of those achievements which have been effected by the British Armies under the direction of that Great Commander," &c.

The Whigs wished to pay a compliment to the Duke, so they gave a literary pension of 200*l.* a-year, to the editor of the Duke's Despatches. Nor was the pension undeserved. Far from it. Colonel Gurwood has rendered a lasting service to the military and political history, not of Britain alone, at the time, but of the whole civilised world.

"Could a man live by poetry, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet." The sentiment is not ours further than by adoption—it belongs to Goldsmith. The truth of it is beyond dispute. He who writes an heroic poem leaves an estate entailed, and gives a greater gift to posterity than to the present age. Love of fame, "and officiousness of conscience," are the great promotions to the toil of compiling books; not any idle expectation of riches, "for those that spend time," said Sir William Davenant, "in writing to instruct others may find leisure to inform themselves how *mean* the provisions are which busy or studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies." Surely, then, a government is to be commended that puts a literary man of merit above want, and keeps his

mind apart for the good of the public from the week-day world annoyances of life. We are not altogether in favour of a very extended list of pensions to literary men. Necessity is a sharp task-mistress; but sufficiency, while it puts the mind at ease, is apt to occasion indolence,—a common attendant on the literary character. Let us not, however, run into the other extreme, and starve our writers to sharpen their wits, as men put out nightingales' eyes to make them sing the better. What we should like to see set about would be the appropriation by parliament of an adequate annual grant for the advancement of works of great national importance, which can only be undertaken by co-operative labour. The formation of an English Etymological Dictionary is a work of this description; a History of England is a second; a *Biographia Britannica* a third; a kind of Camden's *Britannia* a fourth. In this way, as Southey remarks, literature might gain much by receiving national encouragement; but government, as he adds most properly, would gain a great deal more by bestowing it. Some abuse there would certainly be, as in the disposal of all preferments, civil, military, or ecclesiastical; but nothing so gross, we conceive, as the Record Commission, so positively bad as the British Museum Catalogue of Books, or so slow in publication, or priced so dear when published, as the quarto Collection of State Papers, issued under the authority of her majesty's government. The nation that gave the estate of Woodstock and the palace of Blenheim to the descendants of the great Duke of Marlborough has as yet no kind of record of the actions of the duke worthy of the name of history. We vote bronze statues and marble monuments to our heroes, but what are they worth? Lord Heathfield is seen in St. Paul's as a drunken sentinel; he has no such monument to his memory as Drinkwater's *Siege*.

King Charles I. bestowed the laurel on Jonson with an increased annuity (worth much more than it is now), "especially," it is said, "to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen which we have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him." But the two

Charleses selected their own laureates: their successors left the selection to the lord chamberlain for the time being. Only look at the list of laureates in succession from Ben Jonson to Mr. Wordsworth:—

Ben Jonson.	Laurence Eusden.
Sir W. Davenant.	Colley Cibber.
Dryden.	W. Whitehead.
Shadwell.	T. Warton.
Nahum Tate.	Pye.
Rowe.	Southey.
	Wordsworth.

Colley Cibber, when dying, is said to have recommended Henry Jones to the Duke of Grafton (the then lord chamberlain) as his successor in the laurel. But the duke had a fancy for Whitehead, and Whitehead got it. One thing is pretty certain, we shall never see such laureates again as Shadwell, Tate, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye:—

"What, what!
Pye come again! No more, no more of that!"

Gray and Sir Walter Scott declined the laurel when it was offered them; but the greatest of our poets hereafter will accept it with pride, redeemed from courtly stains and *Dunciad* strains as it has been, by Southey and by Wordsworth.

The office of historiographer to the crown has been still worse bestowed among historians than the laurel of the court among English poets. Howell, the entertaining letter-writer, enjoyed the office for some time, and was succeeded by Dryden, who could have made but a slender title to the distinction. Shadwell succeeded Dryden, and Rymer succeeded Shadwell. The compiler of the *Fædera* deserved the office, a compliment we are unwilling to pay to any one of his successors. Who has heard of Robert Stephens, Thomas Phillips, Richard Stonehewer, or even Mr. J. S. Clarke? For this same Mr. Clarke it was that Southey was refused the office. Both had written biographies of Nelson, but few have heard of Mr. Clarke's, while Southey's is, without question, the most faultless piece of biography in the language. The Prince Regent had something to do with this appointment. Mr. Clarke was his li-

brarian, and he was under a promise to exert his influence in his behalf. The prince expressed his regret, and, under the circumstances, he could do no more.

"God maketh poets," says Daniel to Lord Ellesmere, "but his creation would be in vain if patrons did not make them to live." Ben Jonson got but 20*l.* by all his works. Booksellers paid but a small purchase-money: there were few readers, and they could not afford to pay more. What was to be done? The poet relied on his patron for remuneration. Spenser has *seventeen dedicatory sonnets before his Faëry Queen*; Chapman, *sixteen* before his translation of Homer. Shakspeare addresses his two printed poems to Lord Southampton in the language of one who would be glad of a reward. Dryden, the great master of praise in prose, drew the arrow of adulation to the head. He has three distinct dedications to his *Virgil*; Dr. Young has a dedication before each *Satire* (this is what Swift calls flattering knaves), and Thomson four dedications in verse before his *Seasons*. Well might Walpole affirm, that nothing can exceed the flattery of a genealogist but that of a dedicatory. Let us, not, however, too severely condemn the poets who pursued the trade of flattery in a dedication.

But booksellers, as new readers arose, improved the price of literature. The patron was no longer a necessary part of a poet's existence. Dr. Johnson could do without Lord Chesterfield; could substitute in satire the *patron* for the *garret*:—

"There mark what ills the scholar's life
assail;
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the
gaol;"

could call Andrew Millar the bookseller the *Mæcenas* of his day, and add a compliment that was well deserved, "I respect Andrew Millar, sir, he raised the price of literature." But Millar, and his apprentice Cadell, did more than this,—they raised an author above the necessity of relying on a *patron*.

We trust that literary men will, before long, assume as a class a permanent position for themselves, and for the authors who come after them.

THE FIRST FLOWER-PAINTER.

A LEGEND OF SICYON.

"Life but repeats itself, all stale and worn ;
Sweet Phantasy alone is young for ever :
What ne'er and nowhere on this world is born
Alone grows aged never."—SCHILLER.

SICYON is among the most celebrated cities of ancient Greece, disputing the palm of superiority with Corinth itself, and laying claim to some of the most brilliant inventions of that much boasted capital, which it certainly excelled in its school of sculpture at least. Amid the names of those gifted ones who helped to make it famous, we find that of Pamphilus and Apelles, together with a long list of tradition-haunted appellations, whose peculiar claim to be remembered has faded almost entirely away in the dim chronicles of the past. Lysippus was also a native of Sicyon ; and Pausias, of whom is related a wild, sweet legend, well worth listening to.

He was the son of Bries, or Brietes, as some call it, and instructed by him in the first rudiments of an art in which he afterwards arrived at singular perfection, considering the age in which he lived, and subsequently studied encaustic in the school of Pamphilus. The word encaustic signifies a kind of painting, in which, by heating or burning in (as the Greek term implies), the colours are rendered permanent in all their original splendour. But as neither Vitruvius, nor any other ancient author has left a clear account of the method employed, it may be reasonably doubted whether, among the various processes adopted or recommended by the moderns, the right one has yet been discovered. With this, however, we have nothing to do, further than briefly alluding to the extraordinary progress made by Pausias under his gifted master, which left all future competitors far behind.

In every thing he undertook he was almost equally successful, and soon gained for himself a name engraven among the records of that bright land. And there it might have remained, covered with the dust of ages, blotted out with thousands

the dim and time-stained

annals of the past, or preserved only in dictionary lore, but for the halo of a sweet romance which circled round it like a glory, blending the classical and poetical together in the golden web of human sympathy and association. We can have but few thoughts and feelings in common with that young Greek artist, existing so many centuries back ; the city in which he dwelt retaining but the name of what it was then ; his style, the very means by which he achieved celebrity, long since passed away. But when we read that in his youth he loved and was beloved—ay, even as it is with the young in our own times—the past comes home, as it were, to the heart, and we long to hear more, imagination promptly supplying every broken link in the chain of bygone events.

History tells us that the maiden's name was Glycera, that she was a maker of garlands, and he became enamoured of her in early youth. Why the very announcement reads like a poem ! What a new perception of the beautiful broke over the mind of Pausias about this period, refining and idealising it in a strange manner ! One might have detected it in every thing he set about ; the harsh outline, and rude, unfinished conception which characterised some of his first productions, rapidly disappeared, and were succeeded by a delicacy and polish unrivalled at that period. About this time he first began to paint flowers.

How Glycera laughed, and clapped her little white hands joyfully together, when Pausias attempted to copy a wreath of roses which she was twining for a festival, laying the original down beside it, and smelling first to one and then to the other, as though she would fain have the young artist believe that she could not tell them apart ! But though Pausias laughed with her—who could help it ?—he felt that they might

have been better done, while with the feeling came the determination that they should be.

Meanwhile Glycera took away the wreath to sell—for it was thus she earned her simple livelihood—asking leave to keep the copy; and, as he never refused her any thing, it was set up in her little studio, for that garland-maker was an artist, too, in her way—at least, no one could dispute her rare taste in the blending together of those glowing colours which formed her picturesque employment. When Pausias came to see his picture surrounded by the real flowers themselves, in all their beauty and freshness, he grew painfully alive to its many faults; but as Glycera, with a pretty wilfulness, absolutely refused to have it removed until he painted her another to put in its place, he was forced to comply with her request. Certain it is that the second was a wonderful improvement, although the artist himself was still far from satisfied, resting not until he gradually arrived at the highest perfection in that new art, of which he may truly be said to be the inventor—the first flower-painter!

Glycera was, most likely, only a simple garland-wreather, and without much mind to comprehend the more ambitious aspirations of her gifted lover. But what did that matter, so she had the heart to love and reverence him as she must needs have done? But in this new pursuit, which he had learned of her, or to please her, the maiden dearly loved to play the connoisseur. First of all, it was ten to one she would own that there was any fault in her eyes; but when Pausias was urgent that she should try and find some—for well he knew that, from constant association with the original, her taste for the picturesque and beautiful was pure and judicious, and liking, perhaps, to be taught of her, if it was only for the very novelty of the thing—Glycera would draw up her little graceful figure to its utmost height, and fixing her dark eyes, half playfully, half deprecatingly, on his, as though wondering at her own temerity in schooling him, and looking ever gentlest when she chided, begin criticising with the softest voice and the sweetest smile imaginable. And when Pausias exclaimed that she was right, and he

had not noticed the defect before, would look so proud for a little moment, and then be quite angry at his fancying she meant to call it a defect, when it was nothing, positively nothing, or only what the least shade of colour would rectify in an instant. The alteration was made, and Pausias even thanked her for the suggestion; but Glycera, like a true woman, took care that this should not happen very often. After all, it is so much pleasanter to admire than criticise; so difficult to find any fault in the compositions of those we love.

"How strange!" said Glycera, one evening, as she sat among her flowers; "these roses fade even before I can well make use of them, while yours will live for ever!"

"Not quite," answered the artist, with a smile. "I wish it could be so."

"And what is there to hinder it?"

"Nothing," replied her lover, with a wild enthusiasm that seemed to defy all earthly obstacles. "There is no barrier between genius and immortality; not even death itself, so it allow us time only to achieve greatness!"

Glycera looked up wonderingly in her lover's face, without venturing to speak again, and it seemed to her like the countenance of a god.

"Have I frightened you, dear one?" asked he at length.

"No, I love to hear you talk thus. I, too, should like to be immortal."

"Yon, Glycera?" And there was something of pity in the fond smile of the young artist as he bent towards her.

"Yes, indeed, and it is in your power to make me so, if you will!"

"If—but you are talking idly now, my Glycera!"

"Why, what should hinder you drawing me, as well as yonder wreath? and then I, too, should live for ever through your genius!"

The artist was struck with the idea; and the girl's perfect and trusting reliance on his skill and power to bring it to pass, seemed to gift him with superhuman strength. After all, even if he failed, there would be no great harm done; and should he succeed, and something whispered that it would be so, how glorious a triumph would be his! Yes, Glycera should have her wish—immortality

through him, and their names be blended together throughout all ages!

"Pausias, speak to me!" exclaimed his companion, startled by the pale cheek and burning eyes of her enthusiastic lover. "You are not angry, surely? But, perhaps, you think me too presumptuous?"

"Not a whit—it shall be done! You believe that I can do this, Glycera?"

"I believe that you can do any thing!"

"And yet it is a difficult task," observed the painter, as his flashing glance rested on that young and beautiful face.

"Nay, I will sit so still and quiet—only try."

"We will begin to-morrow, then."

"So soon! oh, what happiness!"

Such was the origin of the famous "*Stephaneplocos*," or garland-weather, as it was afterwards called.

The following day Pausias commenced his labour of love; nor had all Glycera's little coquettish arts in the interim been entirely thrown away, for never did she look more beautiful; and the artist resolved to paint her as she was then, sitting among her flowers, and holding a wreath of them carelessly in her hand, as though she had just finished twining it. Truth to say, the original of that celebrated picture was charming enough to have inspired one even less gifted than the young Greek. The attitude, the timid consciousness of her own loveliness, beaming forth in that half-playful, half-bashful glance, although perfectly natural and unstudied, appeared the very perfection of artistic grace; and Pausias had only to suggest to his fair sitter—and it was a needless caution—the necessity of her keeping her attention fixed upon him.

Weeks passed on, and the picture grew in beauty beneath his master-touch. Glycera, in her wild delight, knew not which to admire most, herself or the flowers, and would persist in maintaining that the former was flattered—for the pleasure, perhaps, of being contradicted by her lover, as a matter of course; and told, for the hundredth time, how utterly impossible it was for any human artist ever even to hope to delineate the changeful beauty of that radiant face.

But Pausias had many other things to engage his attention, and, man-like, began to tire a little of being so constantly chained to one subject; and although he always hoped that the "*Stephaneplocos*" would be his *chef-d'œuvre*, and bestowed more pains upon it than upon all the rest of his works put together, he did not seem in any great hurry to get it finished, but lingered over the subject in a sort of playful dalliance, without making much visible progress.

Pausias has been accused by his contemporaries, and not without some shadow of truth, of being a slow painter; and although the censure was effectually silenced at the time by his famous "*Hemeresios*," or work of a day, that being the brief period in which he completed the picture of a boy, executed with wonderful taste and delicacy, taking into consideration the shortness of the time allotted to his self-imposed task, the satire was, nevertheless, not entirely without foundation. And what if it was so? The rivals who criticised him have passed into oblivion, while the artist is remembered still. All great things are born of time, and matured by study and reflection. But for that very slowness he might never have arrived at the eminence he afterwards attained in the skilful management of lights and shadows, for which the works of this great painter are peculiarly distinguished.

Glycera evinced, at length, so much impatience that the picture should be gone on with, that Pausias could not help inquiring with a smile, whether she was afraid all the flowers would fade away?

"It is not the flowers only that are mortal, my Pausias!" replied the girl, turning aside her head.

Struck by the sad tones of her voice, he gazed upon her more attentively. Surely she was much changed! Could it be the light which fell upon her? Or the crimson flowers wreathed amid her dark hair? They were enough to make any one look pale,—but not so thin, so strangely attenuated.

"You are ill!" said Pausias. It was the first time he had noticed it; but we often find it thus: those who love us best and truest are frequently the last to observe a change, long

ago perceptible to the glance of others less interested. Glycera's young companions had often mentioned it of late; but she only laughed and shook her head, saying, and perhaps believing then, that it was nothing, and she should soon be well again.

"You are ill!" repeated Pausias, once more; while she yet meditated how to answer, and whether to attempt any longer to conceal it from him.

"No; but I fear to be. It is this feeling that makes me impatient sometimes. Pausias, you promised me immortality!"

What mockery there was for him who loved her in those wild words! in the meek, trusting look with which she clung to him! How powerless, after all, is our vain, human worship!—Our purest affection! Is there nothing that we can do? If we were to lay down our very lives for them, of what avail would it be? None! In our strongest love we are as weak as little children to save the object of it from one corporeal pang. We can but pray for them. The young Greek repeated the word immortality with white lips.

"Let me owe it to you!" whispered Glycera, again; and she pressed closer to him, and rested her drooping head upon his shoulder. "It was too much happiness to be with you here on earth; but to live in the memory of your future fame is life enough for me."

Pausias interrupted her with passionate lamentations. It was a sad triumph for her to learn in them how dear she was to him, and how well content he would be to give up all other ties of hope and ambition which the world held for him, to preserve the young life rapidly ebbing away. To be sure, these were mere words; taken from his art, Pausias would have been the most miserable man alive, and even Glycera's love have utterly failed to satisfy or console. But he did not think so then; and she—oh, it was so natural!—believed every syllable he told her, feeling strangely happy in consequence. And yet there was no selfishness in the heart of the young garland-wreather. She would not for worlds have purchased life itself, precious as it seemed to her now, at such a sacrifice; but

it was sweet to die so loved and mourned.

After this, Pausias devoted himself almost entirely to the "*Stephaneplocos*." And it is said that Glycera not only attired herself with the most studied care, but even painted her face, in order the more effectually to conceal the fearful ravages of disease, lest the original freshness of the picture should be destroyed; or, perhaps, with the feminine desire of looking better in her lover's eyes, not only at the present moment, but when he should have nothing but that portrait left to remind him of the past. While deceived by this womanly device, Pausias continued to indulge a wild, vain hope, destined never to be realised. Sometimes he would advise the picture's being put aside for a few weeks, until she was better; looking into her dark eyes while he spoke with such earnest scrutiny, that Glycera, controlling the sudden impulse which she felt to fling herself upon his bosom, and tell him that would never be, answered only by light, playful words.

"Nay, idler! no excuse, or I shall think you have some other work on hand. And it is so nearly finished now, and so beautiful!—the flowers, I mean"—added the girl, with a smile and a blush.

"Not half beautiful enough; and I do not mean the flowers, my Glycera! But you must have your way, I suppose?"

"To be sure;" and she went and sat down in her usual place. It was a strange notion; but Pausias could not help thinking as he worked, how many flower-wreaths had faded away since the picture was first began.

It was a bright summer evening when the masterpiece of the young artist received its finishing touch; and he called to Glycera to come and play the critic as she used. But if there were any faults, she could not see them now for tears; while her grateful thanks, blended with sweet praise, fell soothingly on his ear. And yet she seemed strangely sad, as though her mission were at an end.

It was a wild supposition; but the Greek girl, looking back upon the past, felt that she had been born only for this purpose—to instil into the mind of her artist-lover a gentler

and more refined conception of the beautiful—to win him into a new and hitherto untrodden pathway to the temple of Fame—to be the poetry of his youth—the agent, the incentive, the day-star of future immortality! a portion of which would be reflected back upon herself. A romantic dream, passing early away, and idealising, rather than interfering with the sterner duties of an active and glorious manhood. What happiness!—what a privilege for Glycera, to live and die for him she loved! How many would fain do likewise, if they might! And who knows, thought the young dreamer, but what I may be yet permitted, invisible to mortal eyes, to be his ministering spirit still! A bright smile settled like a gleam of sunlight upon the brow of the maiden as she mused thus; so bright, that Pausias felt awe-stricken as he gazed, for there was a glory in it not of earth.

"Glycera," said he, very softly, "of whom are you thinking?"

"Need you ask?"

"But you smiled so strangely, and yet so happily."

"Did I? Ah, it was a glad thought!"

"May I not know it?"

"Not now; wait until it is realised, and then I will whisper it to you—it may be when you least expect it."

Pausias was pleased to hear her allude to the future, little dreaming how vague and uncertain a thing it was—how rayless, for the most part, wanting the Christian's hope of a reunion with the beloved in heaven, or that it was the unknown future to which she referred.

That night Glycera contrived by a thousand innocent and gentle wiles to detain her lover long after his usual time, and yet it only needed for her to have told him how ill she really was and he would never have quitted her again; but the girl had no heart to grieve him thus. Even after he was gone she called him back, and held up her sweet face again, that he might kiss her for the last time; and still Pausias never guessed the truth. How should he, when she looked so bright and beautiful? But as he walked homeward in the quiet moonlight, he began to think that, after all, Glycera did not

seem so very ill; and it might have been a mere womanly device to coax him into finishing the picture, upon the completion of which she seemed to have set her whole heart, and to laugh gladly within himself for having been so easily duped. Certainly she was much changed, but it might be only a trifling illness that would soon pass away again. How apt we are in believing what we hope! Even while he dreamed thus, Glycera was no more, and the poetry of his life died with her.

It is probable that the young garland-maker fell a sacrifice to the same fatal and cureless disease, which still continues, even in our own time, to mark out for its victims the gentlest and best-beloved of earth, gifting them with a treacherous beauty that mocks and deceives the fondest and most watchful affection, and, brightening ever towards its close, lures on the star of hope and joy only for it to set in tears and darkness over the grave!

Henceforth Pausias belonged solely to his country and his art, whose records speak of him from time to time. It is from them we trace the onward progress of this great artist. Pausanias mentions, in particular, two pictures of his at Epidaurus, of singular merit: one a Cupid with a lyre in his hand, his bow and arrows lying by his side; the other being the famous "Methe," or drunkenness. Subsequently, however, the debts of the state having obliged the Sicyonians to sell their pictures, those of Pausias were brought to Rome during the edileship of Scaurus, where, as we learn from a line in the *Satires* of Horace, they were a great object of veneration to the connoisseurs. Some idea of the value attached to the "Stephaneplocos," may be gathered from the fact of a mere copy of it being purchased by L. Lucullus at Athens, at the enormous price of two talents (about four hundred and thirty-two guineas).

Pausias undertook the restoration of the paintings of Polygnotus at Thebes, which had fallen greatly to decay. He was also the first who introduced the custom of painting the ceilings and walls of private apartments with historical and dramatic subjects, although the practice of de-

corating roofs and ceilings with stars or arabesque figures (particularly those of temples) was of very old date. To his skill in encaustic, in which he was the first who ever acquired much celebrity, we have already alluded; but, more than all, he was the first flower-painter! a branch of art which, under the magic touch of the great flower-painter of our own day, Mr. Valentine Bartholomew, has now attained to the highest state of perfection, almost ceasing to become one in its exquisite truthfulness to nature.

One historian only of that ancient period, the veracity of whose statements are not always to be relied upon, and whose single testimony we should be very careful in admitting, has ventured to hint that after Glycera's death, Pausias, manlike, was well content to solace himself with a new affection. Poor Glycera! And yet if it was so, and she could

have known it, her woman's heart must have joyed with an unselfish rejoicing in what made him happy too. But we will not believe it! In the romantic annals of Greece her name *alone* blends with that of her gifted lover. Fame points to the "Stephaneplocos," and will know no other! Reason whispers with her cold, mocking smile, that it might have been so, bringing a whole host of past and present experiences to corroborate her words; but they are scarcely heard amidst opposing multitudes of young voices, strong in their sweet and loving faith. Whether it be wiser we know not, but it is certainly far pleasanter to listen to the latter and believe, in spite of the sceptical historian before mentioned, that Glycera had no rival in the affections of Pausias save his art, which her presence, her love, and, it may be, even her early death, assisted to perfect and refine.

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

No. VI.

THE RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY.

THE popular voice places Mr. Macaulay in the very first rank of contemporary speakers. Those who are prepared to admit a distinction between the most distinguished and successful of untrained speakers and the confessed orators, include him, without hesitation, in the latter class. If they form their judgment merely from reading his speeches as reported in the papers, certainly they have ample ground for presuming that he must be a man of no ordinary eloquence, for he scarcely ever rises but to pour a flood of light upon the subject under discussion, which he handles with a masterly skill that brings out all the available points, and sets them off with such a grace of illustration, such a depth and readiness of historical knowledge, as are equalled by no other living orator. His speeches, indeed, looked at apart from all immediate political considerations, are admirable compositions, which may be read and read again with pleasure and profit, long after the party

feelings of the moment have subsided; and in this point of view they seem to be regarded by the general public. An equal interest and admiration are felt by that comparatively small and exclusive section who form the audience in the House of Commons. When it gets whispered about that Mr. Macaulay is likely to speak on a particular question, the intelligence acts like a talisman on the members. Those who may not take sufficient interest in the current business to be present in the house, may be seen hovering in its precincts, in the lobbies, in the library, or at Bellamy's, lest they should be out of the way at the right moment, and so lose a great intellectual treat; and it is no sooner known that the cause of all this interest has actually begun to speak, than the house becomes, as if by magic, as much crowded as when the leader for the time being is on his legs. So general an interest in one who has not rendered himself important or conspicuous by

any of the more ordinary or vulgar means of obtaining political distinction, or of exciting the popular mind, is of itself proof enough that he must possess very extraordinary claims. In this interest and admiration we most cordially concur. We are not going to question the accuracy of that verdict of the public which places Mr. Macaulay among the very first orators of the day; though, perhaps, we may be able to suggest grounds for a more discriminating criticism and judgment than he is generally subjected to; but, before proceeding to do so, it may be desirable to notice some peculiarities in Mr. Macaulay's political position, and of the means by which he has arrived at it, which illustrate in a very remarkable manner the working of the constitution, and exemplify the real freedom of our institutions.

The theory of the representative system in this country assumes that members of the House of Commons are elected by the free choice of the people, because of their peculiar fitness for the business of legislation. As a large and important portion of those who form the government are chosen from the representative body, the same theory, if followed out, would further assume that they were so selected because they were more distinguished than their compeers for the possession of those qualities of mind, and that general knowledge of the condition of the country, which would make them good administrative officers. This is the theory; but the practice is far different. It seems almost absurd to recapitulate what every politician assumes as the basis of his calculations, and every newspaper and annual register records. Yet this familiarity with the facts blinds us to their importance; and we are not a little startled when told, that under our representative system, which we are so ready to hold up to the world as faultless, intelligence, knowledge of the affairs of the country, and general fitness for the business of the government, are the very last things thought of in a candidate for the suffrages of the people.

Without pushing this view to the extreme conclusions which it will fully bear, it may be observed

that in practice the rank or property, or local influence, of a candidate, obtains more influence than is exactly consistent with the perfection of the abstract theory of representation. County members are more often returned by this kind of influence than any other. The son of the great local peer, or the head of the preponderating family in the county, is naturally looked to when a vacancy occurs; and he would be regarded as next door to a madman, who proposed a candidate, because he believed his intelligence, his experience, his talents in the House of Commons, qualified him for the post of member, unsupported by any particular local influence. In the boroughs, rules not very dissimilar prevail. In many cases, notwithstanding the Reform-bill, the nomination system still exists; and here, as under the old system, the young man of talent who has his political fortune to carve out, may find the door open which is to lead him into parliament. Where the boroughs are in this respect "open," the influence of property, direct or indirect, is very nearly as strong as in the counties. The leading banker, or brewer, or manufacturer here, stands in a position not very dissimilar to that of the man of family in the more extended electoral sphere. He is returned, either on account of his personal and local influence, or because he is the blind representative of some "interest;" but general legislative qualifications are here, as elsewhere, almost the last things required from him. It is true that the borough representation opens the door of parliament to commercial men of high standing, who come forward on their general reputation, and not on any local influence, and that it also ushers into parliament that very important body, the lawyers; but these are only a minority of the whole. There are also accidents of the system, where men like Mr. Wakley or Mr. Duncombe obtain the suffrages of large constituencies democratically disposed, by the usual arts and practices of mob-orators.

The selections made by the aristocratic, or governing body, whether Whig or Tory, of members to recruit from time to time the ranks of the administration, would appear to

be influenced by principles or habits not wholly different from those which guide the constituencies. The man of talent, but without an alliance with nobility, or ostensible wealth, has scarcely a fair chance against those who may combine those advantages with even far inferior abilities. Whether this be a good or a bad system is not in question, though that it should so universally prevail in the face of a watchful public is *prima facie* evidence in its favour. It does exist, however. A Sir Robert Peel or a Lord John Russell, forming a government, does not first look out for friendless and landless men, even though their lack of wealth might only obscure the genius of a Canning. No, they rather are disposed to patronise the Charles Woods or the Sidney Herberts—very clever men and excellent administrative officers, no doubt, but whose merits have the additional weight of their near relationship to two several earldoms. The heads of the aristocratic parties are accustomed to look to their own ranks for their pupils in the science of government and their successors as the inheritors of power, unless in those offices, limited in number, which are filled by practising barristers, whose professional position and success in the house have long since, in the eyes of the initiated, designated their future position as solicitor or attorney-general. For all these reasons, it is seldom indeed that one sees in the higher offices of government men who have not some relationship with the leading nobility, some hereditary political claim, or who are not great city or money lords, or barristers with an acknowledged standing and reputation, and who have already exhibited proofs of parliamentary ability.

Mr. Macaulay is an exception to all these rules. Although he is a barrister, he does not practise as one,—at least, his parliamentary standing in no way depends on his profession. Although indebted to the nomination system for his first admission to parliament, having first sat for the Marquess of Lansdowne's borough of Calne before the Reform-bill, yet he is in no way indebted to any Whig family connexion for the start this gave him at the very outset of the race. Still less is he, or has he

ever been, in that state of political servitude which might otherwise account for his rapid advance to the highest offices in the gift of an exclusive aristocratic party. He has boldly asserted the most ultra-liberal, almost democratic opinions, always tempered by the refinement of a highly cultivated and well-constituted mind, but still independent and uncompromising. It is to his parliamentary talents that he is almost exclusively indebted for his advancement, and in this respect he stands almost alone among his contemporaries. It is because he is a distinguished orator—an orator developing, perhaps, into a statesman—that he has attained the rank of privy-councillor and cabinet minister. To other great men of the day—to such men as Lord Stanley, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, or Sir Robert Peel, the ability to address assemblies of their fellow-men with skill and effect has been a powerful agent of their political success; but in their cases it has been auxiliary only, not, as in the instance of Mr. Macaulay, the sole means of coping with established reputations. They each and all had either birth, social position, or the advantage derived from professional triumphs at the bar, as an introduction to the notice of those who from time to time have been the dispensers of honour and the nominators to office.

The high political rank held by Mr. Macaulay, then,—secured as it has been by no subserviency to the aristocracy on the one hand nor any attempts to build power on democratic influence on the other—is a singular instance of the elasticity of our institutions, and of the opportunity afforded in the practical working of the constitution to men of talent and conduct of raising themselves to the highest positions in the state. Looked at with reference to the relative constitution of society in England and France, the elevation of Mr. Macaulay, by means so legitimate, is to be regarded as an infinitely greater triumph of mind over aristocratic exclusiveness than the prime-ministership of M. Thiers or of M. Guizot, however dazzling or flattering to literary pride, achieved as each was, in a greater or less degree, amidst the disorganisation of

society following a revolution. Mr. Macaulay's position, too, is of importance, not merely as regards the past, but also with a view to the future. Events seem pointing to a period when the aristocratic influence will be exercised less directly and generally over the representative system and in the legislature. If it is ever destined to be superseded by the commercial or even the popular influence, how desirable it is that constituencies so tending should choose for their representatives not the mere pledged advocates of rival "interests," or those coarser demagogues who live by pampering the worst appetites of the partially instructed, but men of well-trained minds, initiated in the business of government, and far surpassing their accidental competitors in those external arts and graces of the political adventurer, for which, strange to say, the least educated audiences display the keenest relish, while, by so doing, they mark their own just appreciation. The success achieved by Mr. Macaulay—more remarkable and significant that it was in opposition to the prejudices and remonstrances of some of the older members of the Whig party, opens the door to a new and an increasing class of public men, who would devote themselves to politics as the business of their lives, as others give themselves up to science or to the regular professions, who, from the very nature and origin of their influence would find favour with popular constituencies, anxious as were the aristocrats under the old system to secure talented and well-trained exponents of their wishes and opinions, so that they might become a real and active power in the state, and not merely puppets in the hands of intriguing and ambitious statesmen. It is a significant fact, as connected with this theory, that Mr. Macaulay should be the representative of the second metropolitan constituency in the empire.

The character of Mr. Macaulay's mind, as developed in his various speeches and acknowledged writings, eminently qualified him for the part he has already taken in the political history of his time, and that which he seems destined still to act. It is obvious that a man whom, speaking one may, without offence,

call an adventurer—a title which it will be seen is not in his case meant as a reproach, but rather as by comparison an honour—it is obvious that such a man must have some very peculiar qualities of mind, so to have overcome or disarmed the most jealous aristocratic prejudices, at the same time that he has made his country, and at least the literary world in general, ring with his name; while his conduct as a politician has by no means been characterised by that caution and dissimulation which sometimes carry a man safely through the difficulties of political warfare, till the hour has come when he conceives he may safely declare his real sentiments, and stand forth to the world the true man he is. Mr. Macaulay has, almost from the outset of his public life, boldly avowed the most extreme opinions ever countenanced even in the most desperate manœuvres of faction, by the heads of his party. By the side of landholders and men whose standing depends on elective influence, he has declared himself the open advocate of the ballot. He was always a head of his party on the Corn-laws; on all the other great popular questions with which, from time to time, they have tampered. Yet, be it ever remembered, as his political position was not created by, or dependent on, mob influence, but rather on the favour of those who were socially, though not intellectually, his superiors, he risked every thing by this frankness. He might have played a safer, but not so bold or glorious a game, if he were not far above the political meanness of disguising his opinions.

There is a fine spirit of philosophical statesmanship animating all the political thinking of Mr. Macaulay, which guides him safely in those dangerous tracks to which he is led by his intellectual propensities. His mind has been trained in the old forms, and in its full strength it does not repudiate them. In this respect he is more to be relied on as a politician by the cautious, than even the most obstinate adherent of the *status quo*; who, in most cases, gives a strength to the opinions he affects to shun, and stings to fresh energy opponents he pretends to despise. Mr. Macaulay neither shuns nor despises.

He is not to be deterred by warnings derived from the past, or predictions of evil in the future. He grapples with every proposition that comes in his way, meeting it fairly on its own ground. No fear of explosion withholds him from applying his intellectual test to the new element, or from appropriating it to the purposes of political science, if its properties or its facility of combination make it a desirable ally. A new opinion, or a new movement originating in opinion, is either discarded, crushed, disposed of at once, or it is now and for ever incorporated in the system he has raised for himself, and which he is always adding to, cementing, strengthening, never weakening or undermining. He looks at the present and the future with the light of the past. However prospective his purposes may be, his mind is retrospective in its organisation, and in the intellectual aliment on which it has fed with the most appropriating avidity. However new may be his propositions or his views, they are never crude. If he sometimes appears to question, and, by questioning, to undermine and destroy the most cherished and universally admitted principles, the chances are that he does it only to divorce them from fallacies which tend to weaken their efficacy. He separates the sound from the unsound, in order to unite it again to fresh and undecayed materials. He is a great reconciler of the new with the old. It is his delight to give new interpretations to old laws and forms of thought; and, by so doing, to restore their original integrity. With all his brilliancy, although it is one of his distinguishing traits to touch the most grave and important topics in that light and graceful spirit which has made him the most popular essayist of his time; notwithstanding that in his writings, and even in his speeches on congenial themes, he seems led captive by his imagination to an extent that might make the common dull herd fear to yield themselves to his guidance, there is not among the politicians of the day a more thoroughly practical man than Mr. Macaulay. Although he may adorn a subject with the lights afforded by his rare genius, he never trifles with it. The graceful flowers have strong props and

stems beneath, to bear them up against rough weather. His historical research renders him a living link with the old and uncorrupted constitution of the country. He can bring, most unexpectedly, old sanctions to the newest ideas. Thus to ally the present with the past, is the valuable instinct of his mind. It operates insensibly as a great guarantee with others not so quick and capable. It is also a living and active principle, the operation of which may be most beneficial in contemporary politics. By its antiquity conquers and absorbs novelty, which again reanimates the old. If the spirit of inquiry, or of innovation, or of change, or of indomitable English common-sense, suddenly breaks away the legislative barriers behind which an established system of political things has entrenched itself, it is a great source of confidence to those alarmed at defeat as well as those perhaps equally alarmed at success, to know that the invading is in reality older than the invaded; that what is supposed to be a revolution is, in truth, a restoration of something better than that which was swept away. Mr. Macaulay looks at political questions in this reconstructive spirit, and hence the favour with which he is regarded by his aristocratic allies. He has all the boldness, vigour, and originality which democratic opinions inspire, without that levelling spirit which makes them odious and dangerous.

It is this philosophic and statesman-like tone which gives the speeches of Mr. Macaulay their real interest and value. The more grave and important considerations which it educes from the political events of the hour are admirably intermingled and interwoven with them, so as to do away altogether with the appearance of pedantry and dry historical disquisition on the one hand, or of vague and useless political theory on the other. There is no speaker now before the public who so readily and usefully, and with so little appearance of effort, infuses the results of very extensive reading and very deep research into the common, every-day business of parliament. But his learning never tyrannises over his common sense. If he has a parallel ready for almost every great character or great

event, or an instance or a dictum from some acknowledged authority, his own reason does not, therefore, bow with implicit deference, making the one case a rule for all time. His speeches on the Reform-bill, more especially that on the third reading, were remarkable evidences of the skill and readiness with which he could bring historical instances to bear upon immediate political events, without being at all embarrassed by the precedents. His mind appears so admirably organised, his stores of memory so well filled and so instantaneously at hand, that the right idea or the most happy illustration seems to spring up at exactly the right moment; and the train of thinking thus aroused is dismissed again with equal ease, leaving him at liberty to pursue the general tenor of his argument. There is very great symmetry in his speeches. The subject is admirably handled for the purpose of instructing, delighting, or arousing; and learning, illustration, invective, or declamation, are used with such a happy art, and with so equally happy an abstinence, that, when the speech is concluded, you are left under the impression that every thing material to a just judgment has been said, and the whole theme exhausted. His speeches read like essays, as his essays read like speeches. It is impossible to doubt that they are prepared with the utmost care, and committed to memory before delivery. They bear internal evidences of this, and the mode of delivery confirms the suspicion.

The speeches made by Mr. Macaulay on the spur of the moment, when the subject has suddenly arisen, and preparation is impossible, confirm, by contrast, the belief that his great displays are carefully conned beforehand. There is almost a total absence of that historical allusion, that happy illustration, those antithetical sentences and paradoxical arguments, which characterise his formal orations. They are generally, when thus the spontaneous product of the moment, most able and vigorous arguments on the subject under discussion, which is, in most cases, placed in an entirely new light. After he has spoken on such occasions as these, the debate usually takes a new turn. Members on both sides of the house

and of all ranks are to be found shaping their remarks, either in confirmation or refutation of what Mr. Macaulay has said: so influential is his bold, vigorous, uncompromising mode of handling a question; so acute his analysis, so firm his grasp. So that we must not merely look at Mr. Macaulay, in the common point of view, as a "brilliant" speaker and accomplished orator, delivering essays on a given subject adorned by all the graces of style, and in which the imagination preponderates over all else; we must also regard him as a practical politician, ready at every emergency, and exercising by the superiority of his mind an ascendancy over the councils of the nation. He mingles in a remarkable manner the persuasiveness of the advocate with the impartiality of the judge. If a judge were to use eloquence to insinuate on the minds of his hearers the justice of his decision, he might treat his subject in much the same style as that adopted by Mr. Macaulay. His art in concealing the machinery with which he works on his hearers is perfect. There is no appearance of a plan, yet a careful study of his speeches will shew that they are constructed, and the subjects and trains of thought disposed, with the utmost skill. There is no apparent straining after graces of style or peculiarities of diction, as in the case of Mr. Sheil. You are thrown off your guard by the simplicity of the language, and the absence of all ambitious effort. He seems rather to trust to the clearness of his case, and the impetuosity and perseverance of his advocacy. Yet no opportunity for working up a "point" is neglected. Exquisite passages are here and there scattered through a speech, yet they seem to fall naturally into the argument, although really the result of the most careful preparation. His perorations, too, are remarkable, in general, for their declamatory energy, their sustained eloquence, and the manner in which they stamp, as it were, the argument or theme of the whole speech on the mind of the audience at parting. Grace of diction is throughout made secondary to vigour of thought. But Mr. Macaulay argues much in metaphor, though never for the metaphor's sake. He will put the whole

force of a position into an apt and simple illustration with a suddenness quite startling. These, and an occasional antithesis of the simplest kind, are almost his only departures from the style of ordinary level speaking. His language, at the same time, is always remarkably pure; and for elegance, it is unsurpassed. There are, however, faults in his speaking. For instance, he will sometimes spoil the effect of an eloquent passage by a sudden antithetical allusion, involving some vulgar idea, which catches him because of the opportunity it affords for alliteration or contrast, and which he thinks humorous. This is in bad taste, and is so far an evidence of his want of a keen sense of wit and humour. Yet it is seldom that there is even this slight and trivial drawback to the symmetry of his speeches.

Admirable as Mr. Macaulay's speeches are on paper, his delivery of them altogether belies that reputation which they are calculated to obtain for him. It is, perhaps, heightened expectation which causes the deep disappointment one feels on hearing him the first time; or it may be that his defects of manner and style would not be observed were the matter he utters of an inferior order. Whatever the cause, the spell is in a great measure broken. Nature has not gifted him, either in voice or in person, with those attributes of the orator which help to fascinate and kindle a popular assembly. With such a voice and aspect as Lord Denman, how infinitely greater would be the effect on his audience of his undoubted intellectual power! Mr. Macaulay, in his personal appearance, and in the material or physical part of his oratory, contradicts altogether the ideal portrait one has formed on reading his speeches. Every man would, of course, have his own especial hallucination; but the chances are ten to one that the majority would have associated with his subject every physical attribute of the intellectual—investing him in imagination with a noble and dignified presence, and especially with a voice fit to give utterance to those fine passages of declamation with which his speeches abound. The contrast of the reality is, in many respects, striking. Nature has grudged

Mr. Macaulay height and fine proportion, and his voice is one of the most monotonous and least agreeable of those which usually belong to our countrymen north of the Tweed—a voice well adapted to give utterance with precision to the conclusions of the intellect, but in no way naturally formed to express feeling or passion. Mr. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else, except the voice, is certainly in his favour. His face seems literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food.

In the House of Commons, the same abstraction is still his chief characteristic. He enters the house with a certain pole-star to guide him—his seat; how he reaches it seems as if it were a process unknown to him. Seated, he folds his arms and sits in silence, seldom speaking to his colleagues, or appearing to notice what is going forward. If he has prepared himself for a speech, it will be remarked that he comes down much earlier than usual, being very much addicted to speaking before the dinner-hour, when, of course, his memory would be more likely to serve him than at a later hour in the night, after having endured for hours the hot atmosphere of the house, and the disturbing influences of an animated debate. It is observable, too, that, on such occasions, a greater number of members than usual may be seen loitering about the house. An opening is made in the discussion, and he rises, or rather darts up from his seat, plunging at once into the very heart of his subject, without exordium or apologetic preface. In

fact, you have for a few seconds heard a voice, pitched in alto, monotonous, and rather shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity ere you have become aware that a new speaker, and one of no common order, has broken in upon the debate. A few seconds more, and cheers, perhaps from all parts of the house, rouse you completely from your apathy, compelling you to follow that extremely voluble and not very enticing voice in its rapid course through the subject on which the speaker is entering with a resolute determination, as it seems, never to pause. You think of an express train which does not stop even at the chief stations. On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant, even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as it proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted, and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him.

Yet, although you have been astonished, stimulated to intellectual exertion, thoroughly roused, and possibly even convinced, no impression whatever has been made by the orator upon your feelings; nor has he created any confidence in himself apart from the argument he has used. And yet, strange to say, perhaps it is because his oration has been too faultless. He exhibits none of the common weakness of even the greatest speakers. He never entices you, as it were, to help him by the confession of any difficulty. The intellectual preponderates too much. More heart and less mind would serve his turn better. How different is Lord John Russell! Though with a responsibility so much greater,

how often he appears to be in want of a thought, a word, or an illustration! He, as it were, lets you into the secret of his difficulties, and so a sort of friendship grows up. You see him making up for his part; he does not keep you before the curtain and then try to dazzle you with his spangles and fine feathers;—so you acquire a confidence in him. Not so Mr. Macaulay. He astonishes you, quells your faculties; but he, at the same time, keeps you at a distance. Always powerful and influential as he must be in the councils of his party, he would never have a following in the country. He is too didactic. He never thoroughly warms up his audience. It is not his defective voice, for Mr. Sheil is as badly, if not worse off in this respect; yet what a flame he can kindle! The cause lies in his inveterate habit of preparing his speeches, even to the very words and phrases, and committing them to memory long before the hour of delivery. Partial preparation is allowable in the greatest orators. Exordiums, and perorations, and the general sketch of the speech may well be arranged and shaped beforehand; but let some scope be left for the impulse of the moment. The greatest thoughts are often those struck out by the mind when at heat: in debate they are caught up by minds in a congenial state. Even a lower order of excellence will at such times produce a greater effect. It is wonderful, however, how well Mr. Macaulay contrives to adapt these cool productions of the closet to temperaments exerted by party. If a counterfeit could ever stand competition with the reality, these mock-heroics of Mr. Macaulay certainly would not have the worst chance. When he is called up suddenly, under circumstances forbidding all preparation, his speeches produce a much greater immediate effect. As compositions they may be inferior, but for practical purposes they are much better. On such occasions he has sometimes reached the height of real eloquence—not the eloquence of words and brilliant images, but that fervour and inspiring sincerity which comes direct from the heart and finds at once a kindred response.

TITMARSH'S TOUR THROUGH TURKEYDOM.*

THE year just expired will be ever memorable for its outburst of zeal in favour of locomotion; a wild and grand enthusiasm in the noble cause of cause-ways, was kindled in the general European bosom, and all our energetic spirits "took to the road." To bring out a new line was the favourite occupation of genius, as with the painter of old, *nulla dies sine linea*. Most of these projected itineraries have their plans and sections safely lodged behind the scaffolding in Whitehall; and there, when duly sifted, will perhaps be found excellent materials for a complete illustrated "hand-book" of Great Britain and the adjacent islands. As to those parties who, less fortunate, have broken down in their attempt to effect a lodgement for their contemplated roads, either at the Board of Trade or (sadder still) at the office of the Accountant-general, we would recommend them to write (if they have the genius to do it) a book like the present, descriptive of the country traversed, with all its engineering facilities and other attractions, adding anecdotes of levelling, active and passive, and of hospitalities enjoyed along the line. If they do, we shall peruse their narrative with curious interest: if they do not, why,

"Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men, let them lie."

We come to the subject before us. Projects of eastern itineraries have been pretty rife. Mr. Kinglake's great *Eöthen* line was early in the field, and a decided favourite with the public. They paid up freely upon it a third, and even a fourth call, which has just been made, is in the act of being responded to. Stimulated by honourable rivalry, Mr. ELIOT WARBURTON put forth early in the year a competing route from England eastwards; we allude, of course, to the "CROSS and CRESCENT" junction, which got its deposits readily enough, and still holds its ground.

A Mr. HILL subsequently submitted his scheme, the "TURBAN and TIARA;" but, in spite of that designation, it made but little head-way with capitalists. For this we could assign many reasons, were we inclined still farther to depreciate a concern already very low in the market, but we forbear; nor shall we notice harshly a meditated undertaking by a projector of our own metropolis, to be called "the CUT-LETT and EL KABOB," provisionally registered, which, while yet in embryo, had to be abandoned on the crash occasioned by *The Times*.

It would, in fact, seem madness to advertise a new project in the present state of a market deluged with Oriental scrip; but the very circumstance of the promoters, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, coming out at this juncture, seems to us a proof of their confidence in the soundness of the plan, and its perfect readiness to meet the eye of scrutiny. We have accordingly examined this route from "Cornhill to Cairo;" and we find, that though the termini are the same as with other undertakings in this direction, the average level is considerably higher. We farther discover, that it is a strictly atmospheric line, laughing gas being the *athmos* by which the train of thought is hurried forwards; some of the gradients being gracefully borrowed from the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, the curves approximating generally to HOGARTH'S "line of beauty;" and the gauge of the raillery being throughout of the broadest character.

But who is TITMARSH? Such is the ejaculatory formula in which public curiosity gives vent to its ignorant impatience of pseudonymous renown. Who is MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH? Such is the note of interrogation which has been heard at intervals these several seasons back, among groups of elderly loungers in that row of clubs, PALL MALL; from fairy lips, as the light wheels whirled

* A Tour from Cornhill to Cairo. By M. A. Titmarsh. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

along the row called "Rotten:" and oft amid keen-eyed men in that grand Father of rows which the children of literature call PATER NOSTER.

The inquiry is not irrelevant. Is he a man or a myth? a human or a hoax? Liveth he in the flesh among us *ἀνδρῶν βροτοῖσι*, taking his chop at the GARRICK, his omelette soufflée or vol-au-vent at the Reform?

"Superstne ac vescitur aurâ
Æthereâ!" *Æneid*, lib. iv.

Or like Isaac Bickerstaff, Junius, and Geoffrey Crayon, setting *habeas corpus* at defiance, is he but an umbratile, incorporeal sham, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare?"

This problem has been variously and conflictingly solved, as in the parallel case of the grim old *Stat nominis umbra*. There is a hint in both instances of some mysterious connexion with the remote regions of Bengal, and an erect old pigtail of the E.I.C.S. boasts in the "horizontal" jungle off Hanover Square, of having had the dubious advantage of his personal acquaintanceship in upper India, where his I.O.U.'s were signed MAJOR GOLIAH GAHAGAN; and several specimens of that documentary character, in good preservation, he offers at a low figure to amateurs.

This statement of old Mulligatwny must still, we apprehend, be taken with a grain of salt; for one of our own set swears to having met this writer, not long since, at Stutgard, in that rather slow gasthof, the Kœnig von Wirtemberg, whence he hailed as the Hon. AUGUSTUS FITZ-BOODLE, and went through a series of adventures of a purely æsthetic class. To have fascinated as he did the lovely and lively Fraulein von Göbbledück, he must (adopting the previous theory) not only have had two heads to his individual shoulders, like the black eagle of Austria, but also renewed his youth like the eagle of the Psalmist. Indeed, on this latter point his longevity would seem to rival that of Frederic Barbarossa, in Victor Hugo's *Trilogie*, if we are to credit a statement from the drunken old gatekeeper of the late venerable and recently demolished prison of her most gracious majesty, the FLEET.

In that *locale* this deponent sayeth that his own father and predecessor in office "had knowed his honour," and often had him in that establishment, his name on the books being entered BARRY LYNDON, Esquire. It appears his *luck* was various, but Mr. Justice Fielding frequently came to his assistance, from whom (and with whom) he imbibed much. The XX. ex-doorkeeper, who still hovers about the "dear ruin," and roams among the cabbages of Farringdon Market, "verdantly still," thinks he "seed his honor of late, by moonlight, a standing close by, quite seedy and sorrowful-like." Most probable tale! for was not the FLEET one of our ancient institutions? and so few are allowed to remain, that it must go to the heart of a true Briton to witness their successive and preconcerted downfall. Where is all this to end? Go, reader, to Farringdon Street, and there ponder on the perishability of what our forefathers thought indestructible! There, on that waste ground, there *was* the FLEET! *Classibus hic locus!* Drop a tear (*una furtiva lagrima*) on the truly classic spot! It helps one to go and see where the *Greeks* encamped for so many generations,—

"Juvat ire et Dorica castra
Desertosque videre locos litusque relic-
tum."

Yet, somehow, the place is sacred to its aboriginal traditions. Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground! The Greeks will stick by it still. The "DIRECT MANCHESTER (*Remington's* line)" have pounced upon it for the terminus of their "RAILWAY."

Let us back to *nos moutons*. But *which* mutton? *Cujum pecus?* to speak with the shepherd of Mantua. For, as if to thwart all efforts at establishing our author's individuality, lo! another deponent flings additional confusion on the inquiry. Ay, a liveried flunkey, at the Dowager Lady Winterbottom's, in Berkeley Square, is seen to give a knowing wink as he reads the announcement of this book in *The Times*. Can it all be true what is freely asserted in that neighbourhood concerning a FOOTMAN of the regulation stature, with a literary turn and keen habits of observation, a quondam correspondent of our own—AUTHOR, in

fact, of two epistolary volumes,* of which the publisher admits that, notwithstanding the vast demand for them at the fair of Leipsic, some few copies remain unsold? With these dim recollections, to which the prism of memory gives a yellowish tinge, is there not associated the phenomenon of the same author's recent appearance, in a fragmentary form, to wit, in a certain DIARY recording the astounding fortunes of JAMES DE LA PLUCHE, Esq., a personage who, in the recent ferment about railways, appears to have risen to the top, like the froth on a pot of porter? Here be abundant materials for bewilderment, and we are dumbfounded accordingly.

With all the "aids to reflection" supplied to a pensive public in the foregoing statements, is there not "much that may give us pause if pondered fittingly?" Does not the whole subject of pseudonymous authorship rise before one in its awful phantasmagory? Fain would we here talk of Tom Moore's VEILED PROPHET, and denounce with the philanthropist BUCKINGHAM, and the poet BUNN, those "hollow hearts that wear a mask," if our present and proper business were not just now to elucidate the mysteries of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. Have we not met this literary malefactor before, even under his present disguise?

We stoutly assert, that of a *Parisian Sketch-Book*, by this author, the usual number of copies were entered at Stationers' Hall as far back as 1839, when it was generally found to contain so many mischievous assertions and dangerous hints, that Mr. GRANT was compelled to rectify all these fallacies and misstatements in a subsequent work of his own, *Paris and its People*. To have suggested the subject to so eminent a pen was in itself some compensation for the malice of that book,—

"Bright things have their foil,
Tis to a Bentley that we owe a Boyle."

In further illustration of which, when this "Titmarsh" went, in 1842, to the sister island, and published an *Irish Sketch-Book*,† full of the most alarming views and startling para-

doxes, the indefatigable Mr. Grant doggedly pursued him thither with his *Impressions of Ireland* (1844),—

"Rarò antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede pœna claudo;"

that is to say, there is a prosaical as well as poetical justice; an evening of devilled turkey-legs and champagne is soberly followed by next morning's red herring and soda water.

Wild and reckless as TIT shewed himself in Ireland, yet, in one respect, his caution was exhibited. He did not fall into the fatal mistake as to the facial angle of the Celtic ladies, since then become so awful a matter with *The Times*' Commissioner, for whom the fate of Orpheus at the hands of the *spretæ matres* of Cunnemara would not be too much retributive revenge. Very different was his appreciation of Irish lasses.
Ex. gr. :—

"Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limnavaddy;
Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Serjeant TADDER,
'Tis then I'd strike the lyre,
For Peg of Limnavaddy!"

Nor was it in vain that he depicted and deplored the unutterable squalor of Maynooth. Spring Rice quoted him in the House of Lords in opposition to Mr. Grant's account read by Fox Maule in the Commons.

So far we have traced our author, but here another transformation occurs. The attendance on agricultural dinners, and the fattening effect of Irish provisions generally, with PETER PORCELL's particular hospitalities, seem to have combined to swell him into unusual dimensions; for, no longer recognisable as Titmarsh on his return, he burst upon the town as the "Fat Contributor" to *Punch*, in which capacity, when we last heard of him, he had determined to travel in the East, had "let his mustachios grow," and embarked on the Oriental Steam Company's vessel, the BURROMFOOTER.

Here a feeling of incredulity will naturally come upon the reader.

* The Yellowplush Correspondence. 2 vols. Cunningham and Mortimer.

† The Irish Sketch-Book. By M. A. Titmarsh. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Must he admit all this multiformity in single-handed authorship, and do not so many irreconcilable phases stagger belief in one persisting individuality? We refer the doubtful on this point to that celebrated work the *Vestiges of Creation*, in which the grand doctrine of PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT, long known to the initiated, is put in a popular shape. The famous "nebular theory" is there reproduced and expounded, and, as with the planet we inhabit, so various stages of pre-existence may be presumed to have been gone through by our author. That the fat contributor to *Punch*, now revolving in his full rotundity, may have previously existed in an attenuated and otherwise diluted form, is but a simple hypothesis, familiar in its process to the student of geodesical transmutation. The early rarefied and scatter-brain period has been only condensed into cohesion and comparative solidity. The primitive or Barry Lyndonian epoch, recognisable by traces of quartz, is succeeded by the Fitz-Boodle formation, amid broken strata and detritus. Major Goliath Gahagan is but a sort of mastodon or megatherium, dug up to bear evidence of a former intellectual organisation, while that peculiar stage, viz. the Yellowplush period, corresponds to the ichthosaurian or lizard era of animal life on our globe.

If this theory is not deemed conclusive, then must we take refuge in the books of Hindoo theology, and (as, in point of fact, our author is an *arrivé* of Calcutta) refer to the various incarnations of Vishnu, in imitation of whom this wayward genius may be supposed to incorporate himself in a variety of manifestations.

PUNCH himself, in whom he is now embodied as a most pinguinous contributor, was not always Punch.

"Dear Tom, this brown jug which now foams with mild ale
Was once Toby Philpot, a merry old soul."

He was once a Greek deity, and called PAN. Then, as now, he played on the pandean pipe, and wielded a truncheon, though as yet he had neither dog nor Judy; the essential feature, however, *i.e.* the aboriginal nose, was already developed. Long flourished he in early Greece, when

MUSIC, heavenly old maid! now presiding at the Ancient Concerts, was yet in her teens.—HE, no doubt, was among the "passions" who

"Thronged around her magic cell."

Of course, before his marriage with the present Mrs. P.

Suddenly, after many years of prosperous existence, a voice was heard among the Cyclopes, to the effect that PAN was dead,—*παράτεται*. (vide Plutarch); but was it so? The undying one, not he! 'Twas only a sham to cover his retreat from a numerous body of ruthless creditors. He simply changed his name and address, appearing at the imperial court of Rome under a variety of *aliases*—Plautus, Publius Syrus, Flaccus, nay, occasionally Naso: and how his influence was suddenly felt—how he himself improved on the transfer, is attested by the facetious Tully, a good judge. "*Romani sales salsiores sunt quam illi Atticorum*." The manner of his disappearance in the wreck of the Roman empire is probably explained in some of the Byzantine histories, though the circumstance is pretermitted by Mr. Gibbon. He turned up, however (we knew he would), at the revival of letters, in the shape of a distorted old statue in the *Piazza Navona*, and assumed the name of PASQUIN.

To Rome he stuck as long as that capital continued to be the brains-box as well as cash-box of Europe; but having his own misgivings of an approaching diminution in both respects, he crossed the Alps with RABELAIS. Awhile was he uncertain whether to fix in France or Spain, till the latter preponderating in the balance of power, we find him established on the other side of the Pyrenees, donkey-borne through the pleasant towns of Andalusia, under the form of Sancho PANZA. In that character he is (wrongfully) accused of having

"Laughed Spain's chivalry away."

The secret causes of Spanish downfall, and the melancholy lesson to be thence learned, being far removed from a laughing matter, most assuredly. Be that as it may, when the *grand monarque* came to rule the

roast, we find our friend Punch still at head-quarters, this time in the shape of SCARCON. As such, he kept the court alive till that old king became (as his wife Judy said) no longer *amusable*; whereupon he cast about for a change, alternating between England, Ireland, and France. In the son of a hatter, *mechant comme un diable*, and crooked as a note of interrogation, he found a fitting tabernacle, and out came the DUNCIAD of the day. In Swift he tenanted "the deanery" of St. Patrick's awhile, then after grinning for nearly a century from the grotesque lantern-jaws of Voltaire, was snuffed out at the French Revolution, as it was thought, but erroneously, for in the club-footed diplomatist TALLEYRAND, with grave buffoonery, he continued to emerge now and then, through each successive roar of that terrific mahlstrom, down to the quiet days of the umbelliferous Louis Philippe. Some thought he had died in blessed odour of Whiggery, a canon of St. Paul's, and pointed to the burial register of the Rev. Sidney Smith; but just then, at the bottom of Ludgate Hill, he flung aside the long-worn trammels of *alias* and *incognito*, and in his own proper character,—as PUNCH—*il vero pulcinello*, re-asserting his ancient dominion, indisputable monarch of all JOKE-dom, burst upon the world.

Of this Potentate or of his staff it won't do to say aught in disparagement. Here, in sooth, is a brotherhood of writers whose tremendous power is only now beginning to be recognised. The wits and sages of Port Royal had no such influence in their day, nor had the provincial pleasantries of Pascal half such circulation.

To the EAST, then, let us off with TITMARSH! To the dull, dreary, desolate East, land of the cypress, marriage-portion of the owl, where in our time holyday walks used to be taken in cemeteries, women glided by in winding-sheets, banded hounds disputed the broken causeway with men, and the tall minaret lifted its crescent against the blue sky above a landscape strewn with dunghills and dead dogs, with here and there a donkey, a howling Dervish, a dromedary, and if aught else there be that is dismal.

And shall we have our laugh in the midst of all this desolation? Ay shall ye! and all the more brilliant, because of the surrounding gloom, shall be the flash of wit and the glitter of fancy; not unlike (pity 'tis 'tis true!) the bright silver *plaque* on the black velvet coffin. Even such is the curious temperament of our tourist, such the buoyancy of his indomitable hilarity, that though full often during the progress of this journey doth his bosom swell with indignant emotions, and the big tear gather in his manly eye, at the sight of misery and wrong, though the truest and tenderest human sympathies hallow many an eloquent page in his book, yet somehow the ever-lurking laugh brings a line (turned topsy-turvy) of Lucretius to one's memory:—

" Medio de fonte dolorum
Ecce jocosum aliquid vel in ipsis sletibus
afflat!

But what of that, if the result be a delightful compound of mirth and melancholy, an *agro dolce* of sagacity and fun, never lagging for one moment, yielding to no adverse influence of time or place, land or sea, finding utterance at every emergency for some pleasant sally in a continued series; beginning off the Needles of the Isle of Wight, and ending with that of Cleopatra?

As Sterne, in the outset of *his* journey, fell in with a poor monk at Calais, Titmarsh, not to be outdone, picks up a bishop off Vigo Bay. The gentle bearing of the holy man is given with particular unction, quite a contrast is he to our episcopal "lions of the fold" of Tuam or Exeter. The parting scene thus:—

"Then came the bishop's turn; but he couldn't do it for a long while. He went from one passenger to another, sadly shaking them by the hand, often taking leave, and seeming loth to depart, until Captain Cooper, in a stern but respectful tone, touched him on the shoulder, and said, I know not with what correctness, being ignorant of the Spanish language, 'Senor Bispo! Senor Bispo!' on which summons the poor old man, looking ruefully round him once more, put his square cap under his arm, tucked up his long black petticoats, so as to shew his purple stockings and jolly fat calves, and went trembling down the

steps towards the boat. The good old man! I wish I had had a shake of that trembling, podgy hand, somehow, before he went upon his sea martyrdom. I felt a love for that soft-hearted old Christian. Ah! let us hope his governante tucked him comfortably in bed when he got to Faro that night; and made him warm gruel, and put his feet in warm water. The men clung around him, and almost kissed him as they popped him into the boat, but he did not heed their caresses. Away went the boat scudding madly before the winds. Bang! another lateen-sailed boat in the distance fired a gun in his honour; but the wind was blowing away from the shore, and who knows when that meek bishop got home to his gruel?"

Thou art a sad dog, O Tit! a bishop in a boat ought to have suggested more reverent fancies to a palmer about to visit the shores of Palestine. Not only is that rude bark of a fisherman with its lateen-sail a picturesque object in itself, and as such fit to figure in a cartoon of Raphael; but the worthy man on board should not be made to look so very much out of his element, he having, by succession, a clear right to be there. A barge is not exactly a pulpit, 'tis true, though we might refer to our Chrysostom, in allusion to a memorable scene on the lake of Gennesareth, for a pleasant conceit which we never saw noticed by any patriotic student—*ἦν ξινὸν διαμα τὸν Σωτῆρα ἰδίῳ ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ καὶ τοὺς διδασκαλικοὺς παρὰ τὸ αἰγύλλιον, ξινὸν πρῶγμα, οἱ ἰχθύες ἔσι τὴν γῆν καὶ ὁ ἀλιεύς ἐν θαλάττῃ* (*de Nov. et Vet. Test.*).

But we soon forgive the thoughtless levity with which he dismisses the poor old bispo, when we read his touching account of the veteran lieutenant R.N. in charge of her majesty's peninsular mail. 'Tis a sad tale, and as well told, if not better than (Sterne again) the story of Captain Lefebvre. Such is the geniality of our traveller's soul, that he cannot help taking a personal interest in every passenger in the steamer, a feeling which he curiously insists on representing as quite reciprocal, for he thus puts his infatuation on record, when about to be transhipped at the Rock:—

"I have a regard for every man on board that ship, from the captain down to the crew—down even to the cook,

with tattooed arms, sweating among the saucepans in the galley, who used (with a touching affection) to send me locks of his hair in the soup."—P. 41.

Of course he has his gibe at Gibraltar. With a few dashes of his random pencil, out he brings the most vivid and grotesque image of the fortress and its denizens; such, in fact, as to make it appear in its peculiar geographical position, as an appendage to the rest of Europe, what the merrythought is to the remainder of the turkey. The "rock" can bear it all; *λαὸς ἀνάνδης*, its stony cheek has no blush in it: in good sooth, it has had little reason to blush in its present custody. Onwards! on the next great stepping-stone at Malta forth steps Titmarsh, putting his best foot foremost, with graceful and chivalric bearing. He feels at home in a city built by and for gentlemen. Great is he at the mess-table, and deep in scientific gunnery. But we are pressed for time.

Of GREECE we are pained to find Tit speak in terms of disappointment, which he accounts for by the old and often-refuted theory of school recollections—the birch and the ferula. He pretends that he was flogged as a dunce at college, and affects to remember Greek only as he recalls the flavour of castor-oil. This is all palpable sham, and sheer ingratitude to boot; but of some visitors and tourists "who think proper to be enthusiastic about a country of which they know nothing, the mere physical beauty of which they cannot for the most part comprehend," and who come here "all because certain characters lived in it 2400 years ago," thus reasons shrewdly in his way our author:—

"What have these people in common with Pericles? what have these ladies in common with Aspasia? (Oli, fie!) Of the race of Englishmen who come wondering about the tomb of Socrates, do you think the majority would not have voted to hemlock him? Yes; for the very same superstition which leads men by the nose now, drove them onward in the days when the lowly husband of Xantippe died for daring to think simply and speak the truth. I know of no quality more magnificent in fools than their faith; that perfect consciousness they have that they are doing virtuous and meritorious actions, when they are performing acts

of folly, murdering Socrates, or pelting Aristides with holy oyster-shells, all for Virtue's sake; and a *History of Dullness in all Ages of the World*, is a book which a philosopher would surely be banged, but as certainly blessed, for writing."

Such being his theory of ancient Greece, equally distinct and positive is the opinion he entertains concerning the modern kingdom:—

"Behold we are in the capital of king Otho. I swear solemnly that I would rather have two hundred a-year in Fleet Street, than be king of the Greeks, with Basileus written before my name round their beggarly coin; with the bother of perpetual revolutions in my huge plaster of Paris palace, with no amusement but a drive in the afternoon over a wretched arid country, where roads are not made, with ambassadors (the deuce knows why, for what good can the English, or the French, or the Russian party get out of such a bankrupt alliance as this?) perpetually pulling and tugging at me, away from honest Germany, where there is beer and æsthetic conversation, and operas at a small cost. The shabbiness of this place actually beats Ireland, and that is a strong word. How could people who knew Leopold fancy he would be so 'jolly green,' as to take such a berth? It was only a gobemouch of a Bavarian that could ever have been induced to accept it.

"I beseech you to believe that it was not the bill and the bugs at the inn which induced the writer hereof to speak so slightly of the residence of Basileus. Those evils are now cured and forgotten. This is written off the leaden flats and mounds which they call the Troad. It is stern justice alone which pronounces this excruciating sentence. It was a farce to make this place into a kingly capital; and I make no manner of doubt that King Otho, the very day he can get away unperceived, and get together the passage-money, will be off for dear old Deutschland, Fatherland, Beerland!"

The Italics are our own. In that passage consists, we trust, sufficient guarantee for the stability of the Hellenic constitution. And yet, concerning this same tumble-down place and its hopeless prospects, as set forth in these pages, how came it to pass that when some enthusiastic philhellènes, two months ago here in London, set on foot a project of railway between Athens and the Piræus, encouraged thereunto by the luminous (not *humorous*, as wickedly

misprinted in the *Morning Chronicle*) speech of the president of the Areopagus Masson, among the applicants for shares was one Michael Angelo Titmarsh?

Oh! was it well to sneer after that at their broken-down cabs, and rude attempt at an omnibus? Why talk lightly of their humble industry displaying itself, not indeed in the tall Birmingham steam-chimney, but, as he truly says, in the form of "dumpy little windmills whirling round on the sunburnt heights?" Ought he not rather approvingly sing thereupon,—

"La colline qui vers le pole
Borne nos modestes guèrets,
Occupe les enfans d'ÉOLE
A broyer les dons de CÈRES?"

But thus far we have busied ourselves with mere preliminaries. All up to this point has been but a sort of overture to the grand eastern opera buffa of Titmarsh. We are now on the threshold of that ORIENT which he has come out to explore. At SMYRNA he spies the first camel, hails the man up in the minaret, eats his first kabob; from that moment, at the first glimpse of the Crescent off Vourlah Bay, the curtain may be said to rise in earnest, and the comedy begins.

Did we say comedy? Let there be no hallucination here. The thoughtless reader must not mistake our author for an ordinary *farçeur*: to the intelligent mind the true character of his performance in all its refined subtlety will be obvious at a glance; and it will quickly appear that not even the *Divina Commedia* of the Florentine unfolds a deeper insight into the business and bosoms of mankind.

We repeat it. His book, though apparently jocular, is in truth profoundly suggestive; nor has it been the first time in our experience, as reviewers, that the solemnity of the impression made on our minds was in inverse ratio to the assumed gravity of the work placed before us. The late Tom Hood (blessed be his memory!) has affected our soul, many a time and oft, more deeply and durably than the collected mass of *Bridgewater Treatises*; and shall we be ashamed to own that we have derived more moral benefit, as well

[January,

as enjoyment, from the perusal of the Eastern Tour of Titmarsh, though a contributor to *Punch*, than from the Oriental travels either of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, or even—will he permit us to say so?—of Mr. J. S. Buckingham?

The donkeys of earth will never admit this, we know; but all we re-

quire is, to be allowed our own belief in the matter. We grant them free pasturage on their thistle, but we can't allow them to trample on the plants we prefer. The attempt would be haply a failure, for the growth of wit is indestructible, as Mr. Buckingham will find.

Καν μι φάρης εις ειζον οπής εις καρποφορεσαν
Οσσαν ιασησπισαι σοι τρυφαι δαυμινον

which we thus expound for the benefit of the British and foreign reader:—

Of a grave old goat, runs the anecdote, that he warred with the goodly grape;
On the vine he'd browse, his fell carouse no tendril could escape.
Now "leafless plant, mature it shan't, those clusters I abhor;"
So cropping said this quadruped, grave, grey-bearded signor.

A comie bard got for reward, next year, that very goat,
Which, for a feast, the poet-priest before PAN's altar smote.
(Tough food, I ween), but first between his horns the hierophant
Emptied a red libation-cup brewed from that very plant!

It would not be doing justice to our author to quote any isolated passage in his views of Asia Minor. A brick from NINEVEH, though marked with arrow-headed characters, cannot give any notion of the pervading style of a Babylonian structure; neither would the choicest *morceau* of description or dialogue, though bearing its unequivocal mark of keen intellect, suffice to convey an adequate image of Titmarshian magnificence in sense and sentiment, in satire and in sympathy.

Though impossible to supply a notion of our author on shore, we will give a faint idea of him on shipboard; and for this purpose we will avail ourselves of a storm which caught him off Rhodes:—

"The White Squall."

"On deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the grey of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.

So I lay and wondered why light
Came not, and watch'd the twilight,
And the red glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy,
That whirl'd from the chimney neck.

In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbour'd;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwash'd, uncomb'd, unbarber'd,
Jews black, and brown, and grey;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did nought but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking,
Their dirty saucepans cooking,
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were,
Whisker'd and brown their cheeks were,
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted,
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling,
Went the brave Iberia bowling
Before the break of day.
When a SQUALL upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lash'd to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jump'd and tumbled,
And the ship and all the ocean
Woke up in wild commotion.

Then the wind set up a howling,
 And the poodle-dog a yowling,
 And the cocks began a crowing,
 And the old cow raised a lowing;
 As she heard the tempest blowing;
 And fowls and geese did cackle,
 And the cordage and the tackle
 Began to shriek and crackle;
 And the spray dash'd o'er the funnels,
 And down the deck in runnels;
 And the rushing water soaks all,
 From the seaman in the fo'ksal,
 To the stokers, whose black faces
 Peer out of their bed-places;
 And the captain he was bawling,
 And the sailors, pulling, hauling;
 And the quarter-deck tarpauling
 Was shiver'd in the squalling;
 And the passengers awaken,
 Most pitifully shaken;
 And the steward jumps up, and hastens
 For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groan'd and
 quiver'd,
 And they knelt, and moan'd, and shiver'd,
 As the plunging waters met them,
 And splash'd and overset them;
 And they call in their emergence
 Upon countless saints and virgins;
 And their marrowbones are bended,
 And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish people for'ard
 Were frighten'd and beborror'd;
 And, shrieking and bewildering,
 The mothers clutch'd their children;
 The men sung, 'Allah! Allah!
 Mashallah and Bismillah!'

Then all the fleas in Jewry
 Jump'd up and bit like fury;
 And the progeny of Jacob
 Did on the main deck wake up
 (I wot those greasy Rabbins
 Would never pay for cabins);
 And each man moan'd and jabber'd in
 His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
 In woe and lamentation,
 A howling consternation.
 And the splashing water drenches
 Their dirty brats and wenches;
 And they crawl'd from bales and benches
 In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,
 Which then and there o'ercame us,
 But we look'd at Captain Lewis,
 Who calmly stood and blew his
 Cigar in all the bustle,
 And scorn'd the tempest's tussle.
 And oft we've thought hereafter,
 How he beat the storm to laughter;
 For well he knew his vessel
 With that vain wind could wrestle;

And when a wreck we thought her,
 And doom'd ourselves to slaughter,
 How gallantly he fought her,
 And through the hubbub brought her,
 And, as the tempest caught her,
 Cried, 'GEORGE, SOME BRANDY AND WA-
 TER!'

And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And, as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea,
 I thought, as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling then and making
 A prayer at home for me.'

In the simple and tender pathos
 of the concluding lines outspoke
 the true heart of the man. Of
 him may be rightly predicated, as
 of Archdeacon Paley by his bio-
 grapher, that

"An enemy to all kinds of moroseness
 or austerity in every relation of life, either
 as a father, a husband, or a friend, he was
 as remarkable for a generous warmth of
 feeling, as for a liveliness of disposition.
 It was one of his apophthegms that a man
 who is not sometimes a fool, is always one.
 This reminds us of Rochefoucault's
 maxim, that gravity is a mysterious car-
 riage of the body, invented to cover the
 defects of the mind. The grave man may,
 therefore, choose the description of his
 character from the English or from the
 French philosopher. Paley accuses him
 of stupidity, Rochefoucault of knavery.
 Paley was never grave, but on grave
 occasions; in company his vivacity ex-
 hilarated all around him."—See *Life of*
Paley prefixed to the *Horæ Paulinæ*.

If ever there was a grave occasion,
 it would be that of a visit to the Holy
 Land: and we do solemnly declare
 that the impression which these pages
 have made on us concerning Jerusa-
 lem and its awful memories, is one
 of the finest triumphs of heartfelt
 eloquence we can recall. Other
 travellers seem somehow to be play-
 ing a part: this writer is terribly in
 earnest. We say no more.

Yet have the people about this
 hallowed spot confessedly done all in
 their poor power to degrade and bring
 down the tone of the pilgrim's feel-
 ings to the level of their own; and
 what that level is (*ahi me!*), must it
 be told in Gath?

"Jarred and distracted by these strange
 rites and ceremonies, that almost con-
 fessed imposture, the Church of the Holy

Tilmarsh's Tour through Turkeydom.

[January.]

Sepulchre, for some time, seems to an Englishman the least sacred spot about Jerusalem. The lies, and the legends, and the priests, and their quarrels, and their ceremonies, keep the Holy Place out of sight. A man has not leisure to view it, for the brawling of the guardians of the spot. The Roman conquerors, they say, raised up a statue of Venus in this sacred place, intending to destroy all memory of it. I don't think the heathen was as criminal as the Christian is now. To deny and disbelieve, is not so bad as to make belief a ground to cheat upon. The liar Ananias perished for that; and yet out of these gates, where angels may have kept watch — out of the tomb of Christ — Christian priests issue with a choose for imposture, good God! to sully, with brutal struggles for self-aggrandisement or shameful schemes of

"The situation of the Tomb (into which, be it authentic or not, no man can enter without a shock of breathless fear, and deep and awful self-humiliation) must have struck all travellers. It stands in the centre of the arched rotunda, which is common to all denominations, and from which branch off the various chapels belonging to each particular sect. In the Coptic chapel I saw one coal-black Copt, in his blue robes, cowering in the little cabin, surrounded by dingy lamps, barbarous pictures, and cheap, faded trumpery. In the Latin church there was no service going on, only two fathers dusting the mouldy gew-gaws along the brown walls, and laughing to one another. The gorgeous church of the Fire-impostors, hard by, was always more fully attended; as was that of their wealthy neighbours, the Armenians. These three main sects hate each other: their quarrels are interminable: each bribes and intrigues with the heathen lords of the soil, to the prejudice of his neighbour. Now it is the Latins who interfere, and allow the common church to go to ruin, because the Greeks purpose to roof it: now the Greeks demolish a monastery on Mount Olivet, and leave the ground to the Turks, rather than allow the Armenians to possess it. On another occasion, the Greeks having mended the Armenian steps, which led to the (so called) Cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the latter asked for permission to destroy the work of the Greeks, and did so. And so round this sacred spot, the centre of Christendom, the representatives of the three great sects worship under one roof, and hate each other!"

"By far the most comfortable quarters in Jerusalem are those of the Armenians,

in their convent of St. James. Wherever we have been, these Eastern Quakers look grave, and jolly, and sleek. This convent at Mount Zion is big enough to contain two or three thousand of the faithful; and their church is ornamented by the most rich and hideous gifts ever devised by uncouth piety. Instead of huge noises on a board, and drubbing more lazy and rosy than these reverend fathers, kneeling in their comfortable matted church, or sitting in easy devotion. Pictures, images, gilding, tinsel, waxes, candles, twinkle all over the place; and ten thousand ostriches' eggs (or any lesser number you may allot) dangle from the vaulted ceiling. There were great numbers of people at worship in this gorgeous church; they went on their knees, kissing the walls with much fervour, and paying reverence to the most precious relic of the convent — the chair of St. James, the patron, the first bishop of Jerusalem.

"The chair pointed out with greatest pride in the church of the Latin Convent, is that shabby red damask one appropriated to the French consul, the representative of the king of that nation, and the protection which it has from time immemorial accorded to the Christians of the Latin rite in Syria. All French writers and travellers speak of this protection with delightful complacency. Consult the French books of travel on the subject, and any Frenchman whom you may meet; he says, 'La France, mon sieur, de tous les temps protège les Chrétiens d'Orient'; and the little fellow looks round the church with a sweep of the arm, and protects it accordingly."

Shall we go with him down into Egypt? There, indeed, is he great. The forty centuries that have been officially gazetted as squatting on the Pyramids, on the look-out for eventualities, never beheld a droller visitant. Does the reader remember how Gulliver lost his awe of the tremendous Brobdignag ladies? . . . Then, how touching his apology for not, on so grand a topic, coming up to the expected mark of fine writing! —

"Be that work for great geniuses, great painters, great poets! This quill was never made to take such flights; it comes of the wing of a humble domestic bird, who walks a common; who talks a great deal (and hisses sometimes); who can't fly far or high, and drops always very quickly; and whose unromantic end is, to be laid on a Michaelmas or

Christmas table, and there to be discussed for half-an-hour—let us hope, with some relish.”

One remark of his, *en passant*, we notice, as it may guide the geologist to whom, in some remote age of futurity, will fall the task of elucidating Egyptian strata from the occurring *debris*,—

“ We don't know the luxury of thirst in English climes. Sedentary men in cities, at least, have seldom ascertained it; but, when they travel, our countrymen guard against it well. The road between Cairo and Suez is *jouhé* with soda-water corks. Tom Thumb and his brothers might track their way across the desert by those land-marks.”

To the artist world of London the most interesting of his Egyptian rencontres will, probably, be his *aboccamento* with a well-known brother craftsman, an aquarellist of distinguished genius, whose strange fancy it is to lie *perdu* in the unintellectual wilderness of Cairo. Here he appears to have found out the grand arcanum of human happiness, leading the dreamy, lazy, hazy, tobaccified life of the languid lotus-eater. In not unattractive colours does his London visitor depicture the dwelling-place of the self-exiled anchorite; there is a sort of fascination at work on him under the roof-tree of this gifted recluse; he is almost persuaded to remain. The public, who by this time justly look on him as their property, little knew what risk they ran. He sat for his portrait to this mysterious hermit: it will be found at a charming page of the book; it will be valued by numerous admirers of the artist, as well as of the subject; prized with all the jealous care of Othello for the Kerchief he got of an Egyptian woman.

We were about closing the volume with a general expression of admiration and approval of its varied beauties, and of that wondrous versatility (true test of genius) with which the author leads us through the mazy paths of philosophy, pleasantry, and pathos, equally entertaining in all, when the following patriotic reflections caught our eye concerning “Cleopatra's needle,” the property of the British public, and which the unaccountable *nonchalance*

of government allows to remain in a most unseemly state. Who is to blame here? Is it the Board of Trade, or the Woods and Forests? We pause for a reply.

“ Then we went to see the famous obelisk presented to the British government by Mehemet Ali, who have not shewn a particular alacrity to accept this ponderous present. The huge shaft lies on the ground prostrate, and desecrated by all sorts of abominations. Children were sprawling about, attracted by the dirt there. Arabs, negroes, and donkey-boys, were passing, quite indifferent, by the fallen monster of a stone,—as indifferent as the British government, who don't care for recording the glorious termination of their Egyptian campaign of 1801. If our country takes the compliment so coolly, surely it would be disloyal upon our parts to be so enthusiastic. I wish they would offer the Trafalgar Square Pillar to the Egyptians; and that both of the huge, ugly monsters were lying in the dirt there, side by side.”

England appears, from her apparent bewilderment about the matter, to be in the position of the elderly lady who won an elephant in a lottery.

Ten years ago there was spread a rumour that some wealthy tourist—Lord Prudhoe or Col. Vyse—had ordered the shipment of this monument at his private expense, with a view to its erection at the bottom of Regent Street. The invoice was said to be in town. The shareholders of Waterloo Bridge were on the alert, and a meeting was called to petition Lord Melbourne that it might be placed on the centre arch of that hitherto unprofitable structure. It was soon ascertained, however, that the project was premature; the whole affair having originated (we were present) in a hoax of Charles Philipps on the late Tom Hill, who went, hot fool, with the story to Dr. Black of the *Chronicle*. The paragraph, however, duly “went the rounds” not only of our provincial but of the continental press. As, at that period, we happened to be in frequent communication with J. P. Béranger, with whom *Fraser's Magazine* has ever since been a favourite, we were both surprised and flattered to receive from him some complimentary verses thereupon, which our modesty engaged us to suppress at the time, but

which the recurrence of this topic has brought to our recollection. We make no scruple of printing them here, as a fitting terminus to the tour of Titmarsh; and that the ge-

neral public may enter into of the thing, we have appointed an eminent firm of tailors in for a loan of their profess to render the ode intelligib

LES DEUX REINES.

TRANSLATION.

(Chanson inédite de Béranger.)

(By the Poet of MM. Moses a

VIVE CLÉOPATRE,
Cette reine du NIL !
Au corps d'albâtre
A l'esprit subtil,
Qui sût moins se battre
Que coudre avec du fil.

FOR EGYPT'S QUEEN
Come, scrape the fid
Soon may be seen
In town, her NEEDLE
But where and when
Is yet a riddle.

Son aiguille antique
Qui perçait le ciel,
Transportée d'Afrique,
Je puis voir sans fiel
Au bord Britannique,
Pays industriel.

On EGYPT'S strand
It lay forgotten,
Soon may it stand
(Meetly I wot) on
Our busy land
Of looms and cotton

Qu'elle orne à Londres,
La rue du Regent,
L'Anglais hypocondre
En l'envisageant,
Pourra se morfondre
Sans payer d'argent.

At ALI's gift
John Bull looks sull
And, full of thrift,
Asks, in a dull key,
" Who is to shift
A thing so bulky ? "

Mais, O Cléopâtre !
De ton beau minois,
Quelque idolâtre
Perdi, que je sois
Princesse folâtre,
Je me sens, parfois,

'Tis true, if most
Nations don't flatter
SHEFFIELD may boast
Wares, for that matt
Good at the cost
As CLEOPATRA'S.

Fol d'une autre Reine
D'un esprit plus fin,
Beauté souveraine,
Je la nomme enfin,
C'est la châtelaine
Du FRASER-MAGAZIN.

Nor lives a QUEEN
From this to China
Who wields, I ween,
So sharp or fine a
Needle of sheen
As one " REGINA."

Un mot de sa bouche
Donne un subit éclat,
Quand elle est farouche,
Pedants et sots ! hola !
Gare à qui la touche,
Car son aiguille est là.

She, for the nonce,
With a mere nod can
Give fame at once ;
She with a prod can
" Do for " a dunce ;
BEWARE HER BODKIN

OF RAILWAYS.

BY MORGAN RATTLER, ESQ. M.A. AN APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

LAST month, my old friend, OLIVER YORKE, was obliged by the pressure of Time and Space—of Circumstance, the unspiritual, and Expediency, the shabby divinity, to put the *break* upon my article in the middle of a sentence, and run me to a dead stop. But I reclaim the printed and published portion of my sentence; I assert my right to reduce it once more to manuscript, and amalgamate it with the remaining part. The passage will then run thus:—

Obviously these schemes for short railways, which are not, in the least, of national or imperial importance, *ought* to be carried out, and, when brought forward *bonâ fide* and wisely, *will* be carried out eventually by local proprietors, who *invest* their money; and this less with a view to the interest the capital may yield, than to the benefits they expect to derive from the work when constructed, and who have no design of gambling, or *staggering*, or *bulling*, or *bearing*, or practising any other kind of shabby trickery in the market. Such, I say, will be found to be the result, whatever the swindling, the letter-selling, the stock-jobbing, or *agiotage*, may have been in the beginning. Every railway bill, as Arago has justly observed, is, at bottom, a financial measure;* but long lines—main trunk lines—are the affair of the empire, which cares comparatively nothing if there be a loss upon them as commercial speculations, so mighty and so multitudinous are the political and economic advantages they afford. But short lines, except in some very rare and peculiar instance, never, at the best, can, and never will, be more than mere commercial speculations for the investment of money, from which, directly or indirectly, an adequate

return is expected. This distinction the statesman and the philosopher ought always to keep in view. The test to be applied to the value of every short line and every branch line, at bottom, amounts simply to this, "Will it pay?"—an absolute test that is in no sort to be applied to a main trunk line. The short line may be swept off the surface of the earth, and the removal of it will very slightly affect any portion of the country, save that which it traversed; will hardly concern any body, save the inhabitants and such other persons as may have invested their money in it. The traffic is never stopped or impeded for an hour; the transit alone is made slower, and the shorter the line the less material and delay. Destroy a main trunk line, and you, on the contrary, smite the internal commerce of the kingdom, as though it were with a stroke of paralysis. The relative importance in the reticulated system between short lines and long main lines is precisely similar to that which exists between the great arteries and the smaller veins in the human body.

But to resume my more immediate subject, which, I trust, it will be recollected, was the inverted course pursued in Ireland as to the establishment and formation of channels of intercommunication. England, before she took to making railways, had, by canals and navigable rivers, 4000 miles of inland navigation. Ireland, with infinitely greater natural facilities, has only 400. Yet Ireland will forthwith have a reticulated system of railways! So be it! And, undoubtedly, whatever may be the result as regards the payment and amount of interest on the capital expended, they must

* Arago, moreover, in his admirable Report, as chairman of the committee appointed in 1838 by the Chamber of Deputies to consider the plan for a reticulated system of railways in France proposed by the government, observes:—"Laws of finance—and fundamentally it is a financial law we are about to discuss—should be established on firm grounds. Enthusiasm and the freaks of Imagination have, no doubt, their bright side; but let us be careful that they seduce us not into fiscal measures, from which the most numerous classes of society, already smitten by taxation on mere necessities, may have to suffer." There is as much need for the caution in 1845 as in 1838—in Great Britain as in France.

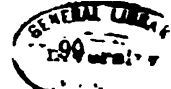
and will do much good in affording employment to the people, and introducing a knowledge of skilled labour into the country. And, perhaps, in this land of anomalies, railways, the last result of civilisation in a small country, may lead back the Irish to the use and enjoyment of some of its earlier and easier means and blessings,*—if, indeed, the Irish should not think fit to follow the advice of the blustering organ of Young Ireland, in tearing up the rails to make pikes, and destroying tunnels and bridges, in the attempt to massacre the Saxon soldiery. Ay, and the Highlands of Scotland will have their railways; in short, every region and every district will have its railway. Early copies of a magnificent map, in four large sheets, is now spread on the carpet before me: it is a "Railway Map of England, Wales, and Scotland, drawn from the Triangulation of the Ordnance Survey, the Survey of the Railway Companies, and other information; shewing the Lines of Railways, with their Stations, and Sections of Railways, the Inland Navigation, Great and Cross Roads, Cities, Market-towns, and Villages. By James Wyld, Geographer to the Queen and Prince Albert, Charing Cross East, London." This is the title of a noble piece of work. As I look down upon it, one is amazed to see what ample provision there already is in the United Kingdom for intercourse and intercommunication. I turn to a smaller map, on which the projected lines are laid down, as well as those actually made, or in progress, and I find the reticulated system thereon laid down as contemplated for Great Britain, startling at once in its mag-

nitude and its minuteness. And then, if the propulsion of carriages on railways upon any atmospheric principle (I say any, because I understand no less than ten new patents have been lately granted) should be found to answer practically and commercially, the most mountainous regions will be scaled, and forced into communication with the existing groups of railways. But, vast as the prospect of iron roads is, a still more extensive vision opens before the eyes of a writer in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. His notion is, that the change now in progress is that of *superceding* stone roads by iron roads. He says,—

"The first road was a track; the second one made with rough and hard materials, sometimes paved, and more frequently thrown loose upon the ground; the third a macadamised road; and the number of private bills applied for between 1839 and 1853 for roads of this construction was 340. There are 27,000 miles of turnpike roads in Great Britain alone; and the public roads of all kinds, including both cross roads and turnpike roads, in Great Britain and Ireland, extend to a length of somewhere about 150,000 miles! We have now to convert these stone roads, or the greater part of them, into iron roads, as speedily as may be practicable, and possibly (as the disposition to travel increases with facilities of travel) find room for twice the number. This is the work Englishmen have set themselves to do, and in this generation or the next they will do it."

Indeed they will not, my fine fellow, either in this generation, or the next generation, or any generation yet to come. Here is a specimen of the wild fancies that in this season of

* Count Lally-Tolendal, in his essay on the life of the murdered Strafford—murdered for his courage and genius—makes an observation about the condition of the Irish which is in great part true, and applicable still:—"La liberté politique n'est pour les hommes qu'un besoin secondaire et relatif. Le premier, l'absolu besoin, c'est la liberté personnelle, c'est la sécurité de son repos, de son toit, de ses moissons: or depuis long temps les habitans de l'Irlande en étaient privés." That a vast multitude of them are still deprived of these primal blessings is well known to all who are acquainted with the country, and dare to speak the truth. In fact, the history of the Irish people, from our first acquaintance with the island to the present hour, is frightful and appalling. It is the history of the only populace in Europe to which the practical benefits of civilisation never have descended,—to which a peaceful enjoyment of any thing like comfort never has occurred,—to which security of life and property have been most rare, brief, and transient blessings, to which, in a word (say what you will of political, civil, and religious liberty), personal freedom has never yet been known. In this they are worse off than the cognate Celt of the Peninsula.



railway frenzy haunt the brains of even clever and intelligent men! Why, it is as monstrous as a sick man's dream,—the *egroti somnium vatum*. Stone roads, high and bye, *never* will be superseded so long as there are stones to be found upon the earth. You will have no main trunk stone roads, it is true,—no roads serving the purposes of arteries in the system of circulation by which travellers throughout the United Kingdom are conveyed; but roads from the humble pathway to the admirably constructed highway: ay, and canals, too, you always will, always must, have. Again and again be it enforced, that the question of the mere conveyance of goods and passengers from place to place is purely a financial question; and when only short, or comparatively short, distances have to be performed, such as may be got over in an hour or two, or a few hours, or half a day, or a whole night, the cheapest mode of conveyance for the vast multitude of the people always will be the best, and that which they will never fail to adopt. Now, it is utterly and absolutely impossible that railroads ever can, by any device or ingenuity of man, compete in cheapness of conveyance with rivers, or highroads, or even with canals. I recollect, that when the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway-bill passed, the liveliest apprehensions were entertained that the Forth and Clyde and Union Canals would be ruined. But what was the result? The speed of the fly-boats was increased, and the fares diminished; and the traffic, instead of dwindling away, has become greater than it was before the railway was constructed. And here, be it remembered, the distance traversed between the two termini will not fairly come under the denomination of a short distance; it took the mail coach upwards of four hours and a half to accomplish it. We must recollect, too, that if the canal be unaffected in its passenger-traffic, much more must it necessarily remain uninjured in the traffic in goods, and especially heavy goods. The favourite adage of the Americans—that which as a moral sentence is inscribed on the dials of their clocks, and inculcated as the earliest and most important lesson upon the

minds of their children—is, "*Time is money.*" But this, though true, is not a truth of universal application. Hundreds in our own country—the *fruges consumere natos*—the lily-like gentlemen, "who toil not, neither do they spin," so far from converting time into money, spend largely in their efforts to kill the old enemy. When, however, the individual has remunerative occupation for the whole of his time not devoted to sleep, nourishment, exercise, and whatever else may be essentially necessary for the health of body and mind, then is time money in one sense of the word, because it may be figuratively said to be convertible into money. But then it is money of every denomination of value, and the worth of this time decreases directly as the distance for the traversing of which it is to be expended. During the parliamentary session, Mr. Austin's time, taking the whole of the twenty-four hours, is probably worth two guineas an hour, and to him very speedy transit, when he may desire it, is very valuable; but the Irish peasant, for whom you are providing steamroads, earns sixpence, eightpence, tennence, and, at the utmost, one shilling a-day. Take the highest figure, and then the value of his time will be one half-penny an hour. Say he works twelve hours. Allow him seven hours for sleep, and two for taking his meals and smoking his pipe,—his *dhudeen*, or *brulegule*. He has three to spare. Now is it not clear that he cannot afford to pay and ought not to pay one farthing for being rapidly conveyed over any distance which he can accomplish in three hours on a cart, or horse, or on foot, or in any way so it be without cost, or, at all events, with no greater cost than the three-halfpence which represent the value of his three hours, and constitute one-eighth of his revenue for the day,—that surplus which, after the necessities of the day are provided for, the soldier has to spend out of his pay, but which Paddy is not in a condition to afford to lay out for anything save an absolute want, as his military friend may, who is housed and clad at the public expense? Would it not be not alone foolish but sinful for him to pay his three-halfpence a-mile, half, or his penny

as speedily as may be practicable, and that, in this generation or the next, they will do it.

Railroads, by their speed of transit, will effect great marvels, and cause wonderful revolutions, moral, social, and politico-economic; but they never will cause us to dispense with all or any of the other modes of conveyance now in use, nor will they be forced into construction with the rapidity, and in the number with which Spackman's list threatened us. Of the real position and prospects of railways, and intercommunication by them, I propose to say something hereafter. Meantime, let me observe, that, as I predicted last month, multitudes of projects have disappeared. Of these, some perished of inanition, some of spontaneous combustion, some of exhaustion. Some lost their separate locality and name by amalgamation; many were too late with their plans and sections; some from lack of coin to pay engineers and surveyors, others who, as they allege, paid these functionaries most lavishly, from the falsehood and treachery (as they state) of the aforesaid engineers and surveyors who sold them to their rivals. Very many of the later schemes were brought to a dead stand-still, from the circumstance of not more than three or four of those who had applied for shares being found just, or silly enough, to pay their deposits. I know one case in which only 60*l.* altogether were paid in the way of deposit, on a project that was to have cost 700,000*l.* Lastly, the promoters of a good many *bonâ fide* projects have relegated them until the next, or some succeeding session of parliament; and the contrivers of a multitude of plausible schemes, whose real object was to rob the public, have been compelled to put them off (alas! the while, for all concerned, directly or

indirectly) to the Greek Kalends—the to-morrow-come-never of the ancients.

"Oh! many a stag late blithe and brave,
Forlorn 'mounts the ocean wave';*
And many 'a letter' has been torn,†
And countless scrip to trunks been borne;
And many an antlered head lies low,‡
Which whilom made a gorgeous show!
And many a fast coach now 'crawls'
slow!

And many a gent doth limping go,
Who, ruthless, erst, sprang on his prey.
A proud Gent, One, &cetera."

In the last-mentioned cases the individuality which few would be disposed to envy, remains in the recognised possession of these foiled and rapacious gents, one, &c., so does the identity which metaphysically (*vide* John Locke, gentleman, *in loco*) consists in consciousness, but which, in carrying out the requirements of the law, is practically reduced by the sheriff's respectable representatives to certain peculiarities of countenance, and of habiliments. But as to the &ceteras, which mainly constitute the attorney, they are all, except the liabilities, pretty nearly gone. For myself, I do not in the least pity them. I dislike equally fools and knaves, but I hate the individuals who are the representatives of a cross between both. If these vermin are forced to vanish from society with their baffled projects, it will be a great purification, and a great blessing for straightforward and honest men. A large number of them, at all events, have been sorely mauled, maimed, and crippled by the blowing up of their rascally schemes; and the collapse of the once terrific list has been consequently most satisfactory. At the worst, though the thing really never was one-hundredth part as bad as it was represented to be by the alarmists, there was no reason for the sor-

* "Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banish'd forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?"
CAMPBELL'S *Lochiel*.

† "And many a banner shall be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne;
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's king shall pass the Trent."
SCOTT'S *Marmion*.

‡ *καὶν ὁ δ' ἄρα το νομίζω*
Καὶ το παρὰς χαλκίω."—PAY. X.

did fright that was displayed. I have before me a curious "history of panics," published in the *Liverpool Journal*. In this I find a fact of importance set forth, which is enhanced by the consideration that Liverpool, ever since it rose to commercial eminence, has been notoriously one of the most gambling places in the world.

The writer says,—

"If we take the Liverpool list, published by Hall and Co., we find that at no time has the number of railway companies in operation, making or projected, whose shares were saleable in this, the largest and wildest market in the kingdom, for these securities numbered 209, divided thus:—

Railways in operation	34
New railways in progress	8
Bills passed, 1844 :	
Railway bills passed, 1845	39
Decision deferred on	5
Have been before parliament ..	14
New railways for next session ..	109
Total	209

Making every allowance for accidental omissions, it is very evident that buying and selling, speculation and gambling, have been confined to little more than 200 lines, 34 of which were in operation; and that, however many prospectuses may have been issued, the real risk consists in the loss that may be sustained on that number."

This calculation, of course, does not include the stags of Capel Court, and the other offshoots of society, who gambled in letters, in imaginary shares, and occasionally in shares themselves, but out of the money market; and it is not necessary, for their gains and losses are really of no more public importance than if they took place in a silver or copper hell. We may conclude, accordingly, that the pressure though great next session upon committees, with respect to new railway-bills, will not be overwhelming; and the events of the last few days will tend to reduce it. For the uncertainty with regard to the promotion of railway bills in the next session is fearfully increased. No wise man, in fact, will continue to spend money in preparing a bill for parliament, which he has not good reason to presume is in a position to be brought forward *this session* amongst the foremost, after the *remanets*. The Standing Orders Committee, too, will Jugernaut

multitudes of projects that do, indeed, venture to come before it, but whose surveys were made,—

"By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning."

The work, however, under all circumstances, will be heavy enough to be onerous and irksome; and I fear much of it will be done in an unwilling and distracted spirit, and in a superficial, slap-dash, lazy manner. Vast and mighty, however, are the questions this parliament will have to try and determine, unless that extremely improbable event should take place—a summary and desperate dissolution. In legislating about the projects which will otherwise assuredly come before the two houses this session, independent of the ordinary and prescribed inquiries which in every case have to be satisfied, the momentous question touching the proposed direct railways will have to be determined. The question, too, between the broad and narrow gauge will have to be decided. And accidents upon railways, chiefly from collisions, have been during the past year, so numerous, and so fearful, that it will be the duty of parliament to see whether some means cannot be devised for more effectually providing for the safety of travellers. Lastly, it would be desirable for committees to consider whether it would not be advisable, with such a multiplicity of costly projects brought forth, strongly to encourage in all branches and short lines, the most economical form of construction. In the old lines vast expenses were incurred for the sake of peculiarly good gradients, to avoid curves, with a radius less than a prescribed length; and that, as experience has shewn, very unnecessarily long, to escape the necessity of crossing turnpike-roads on a level, and so on. Then bridges, and viaducts, and all works of art were, at least, three times as costly as they need have been; and tunnels were made wantonly, it would seem, where none were required. Look at the Box tunnel, which is as much a monument of folly as it is of triumphant art. A lady assured Dr. Johnson that a sonata just inflicted on him by her daughter was very difficult. "I wish to God, madam,"

quoth the Doctor, "that it was impossible!" Every body admits the Box tunnel was very difficult—no-body ever passed through it that did not wish it had been impossible. Yet all need for it might have been escaped by making the line sweep three or four miles round on the lower ground. Then again, the whole of the costly works on the line from Bristol to Bridgewater, throughout the long round-about course on which "a goat would break his neck sooner than his fast," are monstrous absurdities. The line itself is an absurdity. Extensive utility, economical execution, immediate returns—these are the great *desiderata* of American engineering.

So says Mr. Weale in his useful and excellent work, *Ensamples of Railway Making*. And such, say I, ought also to be the *desiderata* of the British engineer. One of the greatest pieces of economy Mr. Weale considers would be to substitute wooden bridges for stone bridges (the cost being only one-third); and again, in crossing valleys or marshy ground, to substitute wooden bridges for embankments, or viaducts of stone. For example, say,—

"The timber bridge costs 1000*l.*, lasts twenty years, and requires an occasional coat of paint: the stone would cost 3000*l.*. Suppose this sum of 3000*l.* in the hands of the proprietor, and he prefers the timber bridge at 1000*l.*, placing the remaining sum of 2000*l.* in the funds. At the end of twenty years he finds that the accumulated interest has not only doubled his capital of 2000*l.* and made it 4000*l.*, but has also paid for the painting and slight repairs of his bridge; and with his 4000*l.* he may now build, if requisite, a new timber bridge at an expense of 1000*l.*, and replace untouched the whole of his original capital. In like manner it will follow that a timber bridge costing only half of a stone one, and lasting twenty years, will be cheaper in the end than a stone bridge lasting for ever, because the other half of the capital thus saved would, in twenty years, more than double itself, or reproduce the whole sum of the original investment."*

Again it is observed:—

"The timber bridges of America are

celebrated for their magnitude and strength. By their means the railways of America have spread widely and extended rapidly. We have no doubt that by the greater introduction of the same material at home, the benefits of railway intercourse may receive a much wider extension than under the present system we can venture to hope."

This surely is worth consideration at a time when so much money will be needed for the construction of railways, for the fortification of our ports, for harbours of refuge, and other great works. Committees, however, will be greatly pressed for time, when they get their groups from A to X before them, and infinitely have increased their work by a regulation that prevailed last session. A bill, we will say, for a main line and eight branches was brought in; if any one branch was defeated or thrown out, the whole project was lost. Well, what is the consequence? Why, that this session the solicitor to such a project would bring in eight separate bills.

It is probable, then, that committees will have neither leisure nor inclination, if they had the ability, to inquire into a principle which does not come absolutely and inevitably before them; but there has been talk of a commission of inquiry to smooth the way on certain paths for the committees; and if such there should be, I think its attention might be wisely and worthily directed to the inquiry as to whether on all lines the cost of earth-work and works of art might not be materially reduced; and upon lines where the traffic did not happen to be large and heavy, reduced by one-half, or perhaps nearly by two-thirds. The great element of expense in the construction of the London and Birmingham Railway, the potential cause of the enormous excess of the actual cost above the estimate, was the miscalculation in respect of the expense of the earth-work. Indeed, upon well-nigh every line the cost of the earth-work has been much greater than it need have been; and so likewise has been, and to a lamentable extent, the expense of the masonry, and of the works of

* *Ensamples of Railway Making*, which, although not of English Practice, are submitted with Practical Illustrations to the Civil Engineer and the British and Irish Public. London, 1843. John Weale, 39 High Holborn.

art generally. The average cost per mile of the railways executed in Great Britain and Ireland may be taken at about 20,000*l.*; of the Belgian, 15,000*l.*; and of the Prussian, 9000*l.*; these last, however, being generally laid with only a single track. Now, on the other hand, the total aggregate cost of the American railways was estimated in 1839 at 4000*l.* a mile, including all buildings and apparatus. The line from Utica to Syracuse (of the grand, simple, and economic works of art on which a most interesting account is given in Mr. Weale's book already cited), has been constructed and appointed at an average cost of 3000*l.* a mile.* It is difficult to say why, if a cheap and wise mode of construction were adopted, single lines in Ireland (which, except on one or two main lines, would for many years to come be sufficient for the traffic), and single lines in the remoter parts of Scotland and Wales, ay, and of England, should not be constructed and appointed for a sum not exceeding 5000*l.* a mile. Experience, even in our own country, has shewn how much cheaper wooden bridges are than bridges of stone, and how admirably they supply the place of the latter.

Again, timber viaducts raised upon piles in marshy or boggy land, may be used with perfect efficiency and great economy; and still more in spanning short but deep and abrupt valleys. Here the land below might continue to be tilled or grazed upon, or, if it were felt desirable during the five-and-twenty years the wooden viaduct would continue to do its

work, an embankment might be gradually and cheaply made by the use of "spoil," and other materials conveyed by spare engines, and so prepared ultimately to take the place of the timber structure. Mr. Weale observes,—

"It will often happen, especially in rugged and mountainous districts, that a favourable line must be sacrificed on account of the expense of crossing the lateral valleys; or that miles of deep cutting are undertaken for the purpose of crossing a deep valley at such a level as will render the construction of a viaduct practicable at a moderate expense. The small cost of timber constructions as compared with those of stone, and the comparative facility with which viaducts on the American system can be carried across the steepest ravines, in situations where the cost of stone bridges would totally preclude their construction, offer a ready means for avoiding in future lines the enormous outlay which has attended the execution of the earth-works on the majority of the English railways."†

These matters, I submit, are well worthy of consideration by a commission (if one be appointed); and if not, by the government, when it is remembered that that which is of the most essential importance, national and local, public and private, namely, the cost of transport on a railway does (in the words of Navier) mainly "depend upon two principal points. *The first of these is the expense of constructing the railway, and the second is the expense of conveying the goods on the railway when it is constructed.*"‡

Now the expense of the railway is independent of the quantity of mer-

* This is, for the most part of the way, a single line.

† In 1842 Professor Vignolles, in the course of a lecture, estimated the cost of brick or stone viaducts, averaging about 100 feet in height, to be from 60*l.* to 70*l.* per yard forward, or about 33*s.* per foot in height; and stated the cost of those formed of timber arches on stone piers, constructed by him on the Sheffield and Manchester and other railways, which averaged from 70 to 130 feet in height, to have been from 35*l.* to 80*l.* per yard forward; the first-named price being the minimum and the latter the maximum cost, which is equal to an average of about 11*s.* per yard forward, per foot in height. Now viaducts constructed on the principle of a trussed beam, and in which the piers have no thrust to sustain, cost much less than those formed of arches, and the former could and have been executed as cheaply in Great Britain as in America, the cheapness of timber in America being counterbalanced by the high price of labour. Sir John Macneill has constructed several of these timber viaducts on his lines in Scotland; and so has Mr. Vignolles in the north of England.

‡ On the Means of Comparing the Respective Advantages of Different Lines of Railway, and on the Use of Locomotive Engines. Translated from the French of M. Navier, Ingénieur en Chef de Ponts et Chaussées, Paris. By John Macneill (now Sir John Macneill, LL.D., F.R.S.), C.E., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., &c. London, 1836. Roake and Varty, 31 Strand.

chandise or of passengers that will pass over it; and this, consequently, the engineer and managing body have altogether in their own hands. The expense of transport, on the contrary (the road once made), depends upon the quantity of merchandise and of passengers; "that is to say," quoth Navier, "of the tonnage; all other things being equal, the expense will evidently be proportional to the tonnage."

"As to the secondary expenses, such as the annual cost of repairs and management, it may be said they are partly in proportion to the expense of the construction, and partly to the amount of tonnage."

"We may, therefore, admit, without falling into any serious error, that the annual cost of transport on a railway is in all cases formed of two parts,—the one proportional to the expense of the construction of the way, and the other proportional to the amount of tonnage."

From this the vital importance of the primary cost of construction to the prosperity and utility of a line is clear, and the advantage of reducing it as much as in sound practical wisdom it can be reduced, apparent. I now pass on, however, to the other questions with which parliament and its committees must occupy themselves next session.

The question of the gauges lies, really, in a narrow compass. One might determine it perhaps not improperly by saying, the broad gauge is the better of the two for the public, the narrow is the better for those companies who have laid it down. For the present I turn to that which is the most transcendantly important question regarding the railway system in England, and indeed all over the world, that has yet been raised, and one, for commercial and other reasons, exceedingly difficult of solution; but which indisputably will be raised next session, and *must* be determined. It will be raised by the schemes promoted for direct lines of railway as the main trunk lines of the reticulated system of the country. There were thirty-two such projects, and I know not how many, but certainly a very large majority of them, are in

a condition to go before parliament, and will do it. But if there were no more than three, such as the Direct Western, the Direct Northern, and the Direct Manchester, standing so decidedly in opposition to the old companies and their constructed lines as they do, parliament would be compelled to pronounce a decision involving a great principle, and virtually declaring whether henceforth the superior claims of the new lines or the vested interests of the old were to be preferred; or, in other words, whether in the reticulated system of railways for Great Britain the main trunk lines are to be direct or devious. This is indeed a question affecting mighty interests, and appealing to delicate sympathies and lofty considerations. Millions of money have been expended,—roads that are miracles of art have been constructed—roads which in their new and nice devices, and in the subtle science of their structure and arrangements, transcend, as monuments of human ingenuity, and human will, and human power, the gigantic, the sternly majestic, works of the Roman—roads that are the symbols of the genius, the feelings, the passions, the hopes, the aspirations of the nineteenth century, as our cathedrals were of the fourteenth—roads that are the visible and substantial exposition to future times of the *idea** of an Age, and that a grand and victorious Age, in the earth's history.

There has been, in the promotion, and construction, and management of these works, great, and not unfrequently generous, enterprise, and high and pure enthusiasm; the fortunes of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, the very means of existence of many, are dependent upon the continued prosperity of these undertakings. It is, no doubt, lamentable that this prosperity should be compromised,—these means of existence imperilled,—these fortunes placed in present jeopardy, and threatened with imminent decay. It is painful to think that the full flow of the vital current of traffic may before long be withdrawn from these grand exemplifications of persevering and successful enterprise. But, as

* Dear young reader, if you do not happen to know the real meaning of "idea," you will find it lucidly explained in Coleridge's *Treatise on Method*.

the motto of Lord John Russell said of old, while it curiously enunciates the fact of his present position, "*Che sarà, sarà*" The ever-changing sea, ever destroying and ever creating, rejoiced at the appearance of Poseidon, and rippled in sparkling gladness whilst contemplating his onward course,—the solid earth shook beneath his tread. So it is with improvement borne buoyant on the waves of time, and directing its irresistible and devastating march over these things which a little ago we vain mortals regarded as fixed and settled. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*. All is in a circle. Infinite injury to private interests was inflicted by the revolution in the mode of intercourse and intercommunication caused by the existing railways; and if it should be their fate to suffer in their turn by the introduction of a sound and potential modification of the system on which they have been laid down, why, it is only one of those events "which has been and must be" in this world of ours, where every thing physical and moral is in a state of constant transition. The abstract question in this instance is simple and easy enough, but certainly the vast and manifold interests involved and considerations evoked make the determinate enunciation of its solution pitiful and embarrassing in the extreme. It cannot be concealed for one moment from the mind of the calm, unprejudiced thinker, that in the approaching contest the direct lines (I mean, of course, direct lines discreetly and wisely projected as main trunk lines, and I speak not at all of secondary lines, branches, short lines, and so forth, which are governed altogether by the conditions of different laws)—the direct lines, as I say, such as I understand them to be, start with vast advantages over their devious rivals, whether standing forth as competing lines projected and promoted, or as lines actually constructed. Over the latter they have clearly the power of being able to surpass them in the one and most essential point upon which the cost of transport depends, namely, cheapness of construction. They have to the furtherance of this end the aid of the experience and enlightenment of years, into which the pith of cen-

turies is practically curdled, as it always must be from short time to short time, in the progress of a scientific art, which makes its advances by the results of isolated and often fortuitous experiments, without the guidance of a prescribed system of research, and without the aid of mathematical analysis. The advantages of proposed direct lines in a competition with devious ones yet unconstructed I shall have no difficulty in making very obvious, when I come to argue the point, and rest upon grounds of scientific results, authority, and experience. But I begin with the practical and popular view of the question, and I find that the universal public, from Sir Robert Peel down to the representatives of the multitude through the press, have jumped to a conclusion upon it. Of course my judicious reader will exclude from the sweep and bearing of this assertion of mine individuals who, like Mr. Hudson, are pecuniarily or personally interested in old lines or rival projects. But Sir Robert Peel, the other day, on turning up the first sod of the Trent Valley line, made one of the wisest and most genial speeches he ever uttered or I ever read, and from this I make the following extracts:—

"I thought that the public welfare would be promoted by the establishment of a more direct and immediate communication between the metropolis, on the one hand, and Dublin and a great part of Ireland on the other; between the metropolis, too, and the west of Scotland; between the metropolis and that great commercial and manufacturing district, of which Liverpool and Manchester are the capitals. It is probable that, on the completion of this railway, Dublin will be brought, in point of time, within fourteen or fifteen hours' distance of London; that a letter posted in London on the evening of one day may be answered from Dublin on the morning but one afterwards,—that is to say, that Dublin, in respect to post-office communication, will be exactly in the same position as this town occupies at present. I have every reason to believe, too, that Manchester will be brought within six or seven hours of London. I said, on a former occasion, that Manchester might be brought within eight hours of London, and I remember the incredulity with which that statement was received; but I am sure that I am not guilty of exaggeration when I state that Manchester and

Liverpool will soon be brought within six hours of London. It was a conviction, therefore, on my part, that great public benefit would result from this undertaking that induced me to give it a warm and unremitting support. I gave it my support on account of my connexion with this borough, and I supported it from the belief that it is impossible but that if you place a town on the immediate line of communication between London and the most important parts of Great Britain—the most important in point of wealth, population, and enterprise—you must benefit that town. I know it is said that the passage of a railroad confers no immediate benefit on a locality; indeed, that the passage of a railroad may and does produce, and in this I cannot but agree, a certain amount of particular and personal disadvantage; that inns, for example, may complain of a diminution in their traffic, some retail dealers of a falling off in their profits. It is, I admit, impossible not to deny this, and equally impossible is it not to regret it. But what does all that amount to but saying, that, for the great body of the community, you have substituted a cheaper and better mode of communication, at the same time, that you have opened to them a wider market? So far as the great body of the community goes, there is no question but that to be placed in the direct line of communication between London and Dublin, Liverpool and Glasgow, can be other than conducive to the prosperity of the place so circumstanced."

After some high-souled admonition to the directors respecting the trust and confidence reposed in them by the landowners and shareholders, and an expression of the belief that the present project was not "one of the ephemeral schemes proposed for mere gambling speculation or cupidity of gain," he went on to say,—

"Now the promoters of this scheme will be exposed to formidable competition. If this be not the best railway between London and Manchester—if this be not the most direct communication—I fairly say, in the face of my constituents, that no consideration of local benefit would prevent me from supporting another line."

There is no mistaking the drift of these straightforward observations put forth by a singularly reserved and cautious man. Again, the Whigs were decidedly in favour of direct main trunk lines; and every body who remembers Lord Morpeth's speech on proposing the construction

of a reticulated system of railways in Ireland will be aware that the party of which this good-natured nobleman is an ornament are pledged to the principle. The vast majority of the people are for it on the ground of common-sense, while those who would fain support existing interests or local projects cannot shut their eyes to the fact, that if the voice of the existing parliament be against direct main trunk lines, nothing daunted, their projectors will bring them on again; but if, on the contrary, the decision be in favour of direct main trunk lines as against devious, the manifest result must be, that there will be no security for investment except in direct lines. With the devious main trunk lines it is all up. *Conclamatum est!* For, see, if you make a line between the metropolis and any other important terminus, and it be the shortest and straightest that can be made, the proposition of any competing line would be an ebullition of insanity which the legislature could never dream of countenancing. For instance, there is the railway from London to Brighton; it was made well and wisely, in conformity with the recommendation of a commission of scientific men. It is consequently as straight and short as may be. There are thirty-two projects for direct lines between point and point. But Brighton is *tabooed*. Nobody ever had the vain fancy of projecting another line, and nobody ever will. The value of the money, therefore, invested in that direct line never can be affected by any rival project. If any railways, then, afford a good security for permanent and remunerative investment, direct main trunk lines must afford the best. This is the breeches-pocket view of the question. Let us contemplate it in another light! We have the example of the Romans before us, the greatest of ancient engineers as they were the wariest and wisest of conquerors; we know how they laid down their gigantic main trunk lines of intercommunication. Gibbon tells us, in his history—one of the very noblest monuments of human learning, human genius, and human will ever yet raised, let old Brougham, *homo omnium insulsissimus*, say what he please—Gibbon tells us:—

"The public roads were accurately divided by milestones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or of private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams."

Enough of the grand routes of the Roman remain in our own country to point out to the engineer upon what system the lord of earth ran his main trunk lines. Again: simple observation of the plan nature has pursued in providing for the circulation of the blood in that most wonderful of all mechanical structures the human body, might have served to give a hint to a capable board of persons intrusted with the laying down of a reticulated system of railways in these kingdoms, as to the stringent expediency of having main trunk lines as straight as practicable, and branches to extend from them in desirable directions. Here are the arteries, the rivers of our little world, that, striking out into numberless small canals, visit every street, yea every apartment in the vital city, says an old physiologist. Nothing in nature can be more beautiful than the system by which the circulation of the blood is carried on, or in my mind more suggestive of leading ideas for a system of intercommunication in a country. But the fact is, that heretofore the railways of Great Britain have been laid down without any system at all. They were left altogether to private enterprise and commercial speculation. They were made accordingly by isolated efforts, and without any combined plan or object. In America, on the contrary, and in France and other European countries, it was only after a scheme of intercommunication had been well weighed and determined on by commissions consisting of statesmen, men of science, abstract and practical, and scholars generally, and philosophers, that a single sod of a main trunk line was turned up. But a strong disposition appears to exist now in all patriotic and enlightened minds to redress, without undue or even any embarrassing amount of regard to private and particular interests, this error, as far and as speedily as it fairly and wisely can be done.

It is amusing to remember that the premier's emphatic declaration—"If this be not the best railway between London and Manchester, and the most direct communication, I fairly say, that no consideration of local benefit would prevent me from giving my support to another line"—was delivered in the presence of his guest King Hudson, the great champion and exemplar, moreover, of railway monopoly and circuitous routes. Certainly, this statement so positive and terse must have conveyed a significant hint to the modern Mulciber, that his host looked with no favourable eye upon sundry of his gigantic schemes, for devious, nay, one might say, erratic main trunk lines. The chairman of the Great Western of Canada project, which was destroyed by the spontaneous combustion of its management, could hardly have heard the following remarks without having his equanimity a little affected. Sir R. Peel said to the directors of the Trent Valley project,—

"I assure them that there are many persons in this neighbourhood who have not scrupled to sacrifice private feeling and comfort, by consenting to their land being appropriated to the Trent Valley Railway. They have given that consent from a conviction that this undertaking was one conducive to the public benefit, and that consideration of private interest should not obstruct the great one of the public good. But they have given their consent also in the confidence that this is not one of the ephemeral schemes proposed for mere gambling speculation, or from cupidity of gain. They have given their consent in the confidence and belief that the directors of this railroad are men influenced by the honourable ambition of conferring a public benefit on the district with which they are immediately connected, and that they look for reward, not so much to immediate pecuniary gain as to the grateful acknowledgments of their fellow-citizens for a service rendered to them. On these grounds there has been accorded a willing consent to the passage of the railway through this locality."

If Sir Robert's object had been to rebuke the colossal speculator, in districts at home, and abroad, in many countries of the world, he could scarcely have used words more appropriate or more stinging. He is to my eye the living exemplar in flesh and blood of the railway

mania of 1845; and I consider, that the testimonial about to be presented to him will pass to the notice of posterity, not as a token of his worth and merits, but as a monument of the cupidity and stupidity, the reckless folly and wide-spread insanity, which prevailed in England during the year which has just drawn to a close. Nothing can be more gross and palpable to the informed and capable mind, than the fallacies he has most industriously put forth, by speech and letter, and through the pens of his adherents, about the question as to the preferableness of direct or devious main trunk lines. The fact is, that when a main trunk line has to be made, such as that between London and Exeter, or London and Manchester, or London and York, the whole empire has an interest in it. Now, clearly it is the interest of the universal public that the line should be short and straight as practicable. But to argue, as Mr. Hudson does, that because such or such a town lies out of the direct line, and will not be so much benefited by hooking on with a branch as it would by a main line approaching it actually, it is, therefore, meet and proper that the line should, to accommodate these places, meander some five-and-twenty, or two-and-forty miles out of the straight road, leads palpably to this absurdity, namely, that the interests of a town or two are to be preferred to the immediate interests of Great Britain, and to the more remote interests of all persons from the colonies or foreign parts, who want to use the road. For example, by one of Mr. Hudson's schemes for communication between London and York (and the least objectionable of the two, for the other is preposterous), in order that Cambridge may be on a main line, all the goods and passengers passing from and through the metropolis to the north of England are to be carried twenty-five miles out of their way; and, on the other side, the whole kingdom of Scotland and north of England is to be put to like inconvenience, expense, and delay, in their relations with the metropolis. Another absurdity, moreover, is involved in this proposition. It is that you are to look only at the state of the country, the position

and importance of the various towns that may lie between terminus and terminus at the actual moment when you trace the line on your map. But it is not so. If it were, how many miles of main trunk lines would there be in America? No, according to every dictate of sound policy and of science, select good termini for your project in the first instance, and then run your line between them as straightforward as you can. It is not even necessary (in America, for obvious reasons) that there should be a single house upon the route, or at the terminus to which you push forth your line, provided it only, in site and other circumstances, be well chosen. Open your line, and it will stand much in the position of the primal highway for travellers—a long river. Inhabitants will flock to its banks, and communications from all sides will be opened with it; houses will, as if by magic, spring up in the wilderness and swell into villages, while at your remote terminus, an important, rich, and flourishing, and increasing town, like Buffalo, will, in the course of some ten years, have burst and grown into a vigorous existence. The drowsy, dreamy, purblind optimist will then be in a condition to speak of the railroad in the same pious and philosophic spirit he is reported to have spoken of the river: "How admirable is Providence! Behold He has caused all the rivers to run by the great towns!" To a smaller extent, certainly, but still to an extent which must have effect upon the state and relations of the country, this must take place in the most thickly populated and settled countries—England, Belgium, Holland. Wherever you make a long main trunk line (long in itself, or as joining on to other long lines), towns and villages will spring up, and that before the lapse of many years. And thus, before the end of such a period of time, the direct line, in which there is no original error to correct, will pass through a large and rich population which it has itself attracted; will have feeders by branches to all those towns that stood out of its route when projected; and there will be no more notion of a competing line to it than there would have been in former times to the Appian Way.

I will next approach the fallacy which Mr. Hudson makes his great *cheval de bataille*—his *destrier*. But first it is necessary to remind the reader, that the question respecting direct or devious lines will be tried, amongst the earliest next session, in deciding on the relative merits of the competing lines from London to York; and this, whether one of those schemes has to go again before a committee of the Commons, or, as the chairman affects to imagine, will at once get to the Lords. The decision will assuredly make a leading case, and exercise vast influence on all the other cases to be tried. There are three schemes; the London and York, Eastern Counties Extension (Hudson's), and the Direct Northern. The last-mentioned goes as straight as possible from point to point; the London and York zig-zags to accommodate towns and villages; and Hudson's sweeps round far a-field to carry out a project for the benefit of an existing railway and its directors, of whom he is the chosen chairman and champion. The distance from London to York by his line would be 200 miles; by the London and York, 186 miles; and by the Direct Northern, 176. The first has the best gradients; the second the worst, and the most embankment, cutting, and tunnelling. Mr. Hudson is labouring to induce the shareholders of the London and York to repudiate the directors (who are only M.P.s and gentlemen of property on their line, and not professional speculators in railways), and to take shares, on amalgamation, in his scheme. The papers are full of correspondence on the subject, and no art is neglected to seduce or intimidate those same shareholders. Their chairman, Mr. Astell, writes to him, saying,—

"To the public you propose a scheme repudiated by a select committee in 1845, a scheme avoiding nearly every town that ours would serve, and longer than ours from twelve to fifteen miles, leaving the district bordering on the great north road from London to York without railway accommodation."

And then, after characterising his project as merely a daring attempt to raise the value of Eastern Counties stock and rid the Midlands of a rival, he says :—

"Again, let me ask you why, in your new position of chairman to the Eastern Counties, you should be so jealous of a line passing through Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, while you proclaim that the Eastern Counties Railway, with its present lines and branches, may be made to pay ten per cent.—that portion of the kingdom lying upon and east of the London and Cambridge line, forming a district quite as extensive as the one proposed for the London and York?"

"Why should you wish to compel passengers to go even twelve miles round by Cambridge, while that town will certainly have its railway to the east, west, north, and south? Why, then, endeavour to prevent Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire from similar advantages?"

Yet though it might not be easy to answer those questions, yet Mr. H. has his objections. At a meeting at Cambridge, he said,—

"I tell the parties promoting the London and York line that it will be as great a blunder as ever disgraced a railway management. The honourable gentleman tells you his line will effect a saving of ten miles; but he ought to have measured that ten miles by time, and not by distance. A railway ought not to be measured by distance, but by the time it takes in accomplishing that distance. Any one knowing any thing of what railway travelling is, must be fully aware of what it is to get bad gradients and a quantity of tunnels. There may be a large parallel case (but I hope there are not any) in which there is a tunnel having gradients of one in a hundred."

This is an instance of a gross *ponderation*. The Report of the Board of Trade admits that the gradients of the London and York "are for moderate lengths, and have nothing in themselves that can be considered as objectionable." But here is the proposition on which Mr. H. relies: "A railway ought to be measured not by distance, but by the time it takes in accomplishing that distance." Now if trains of equal weight, drawn by engines of equal power, were always to run at the greatest possible speed they could command and attain, this would be true; but, as these circumstances do not and never can exist, practically, the proposition is a fallacy, involving the assumption that the line, with better gradients, will be, in its ordinary traffic, traversed at a greater rate of speed than one with these less favourable. But this

is not true. The speed will be kept up on both lines alike up to the point which will afford fair profit and satisfy the just requirements of the public — up to, in Stephenson's phrase, the commercial limit. But the speed will *cost* less on the better graded line than it does upon the other; and thus in so far as the difference may be in amounts respectively of cost it will affect one of the points on which the cost of transport mainly depends, namely, cost of conveyance. This, in the annual expenses of working a line, would not, under any circumstances, unless the gradients were outrageously bad, make a very large item. But how would it be with respect to the longer line with the better gradients as to the other principal point on which cost of transport depends, namely, cost of construction? Why, for every mile it exceeds in length, there will be an annual expense for working it of, according to the Board of Trade's Report, 1000*l.* a mile, and capital, at a minimum of 12,000*l.* per mile sunk, together with its interest and compound interest, for ever.

Let us, however, examine this matter a little farther. Taking for granted that there must always be a commercial limit of speed on railways, I say that the fundamental distinction between two lines of equal length, and still more of unequal length, will be found to result in the relative cost of transport. In other words, the respective cost of transport is the ultimate exponent of the relative value of competing lines. Now that cost depends, 1st. upon the cost of construction, to which is to be added, a part of the cost of management and repairs; 2d. on the cost of conveyance properly so called, to which is also to be added a part of these same secondary expenses. In fact, the total expense of transporting a ton from one extremity of a railway to the other consists of four elements. 1st. The annual interest of the expenses of construction, and the annual expenses of management and repairs divided by the number of tons transported annually; 2d. The expenses of the locomotive engine expressed by a formula given by Navier; 3d. the expense of the wagons, carriages, &c. which is proportional to the length of the railway;

4th. the expense of warehousing and despatching, which we shall also consider as proportionate to the length of the railway.

We then see, says Navier, that the valuation of the total price is thus reduced in each particular case to the determination of a very small number of elements; that is to say, the expense of construction and repairs, for which data are given by the formation of the project, the estimate of the annual tonnage, the determination of the weight of the train, which should be drawn by a locomotive engine of a given power, and, lastly, the length of the line of railway. It will be at once perceived and acknowledged that the vitally important elements are the cost of construction and the length of the line.

If, then, Hudson's line be twelve miles longer than the London and York, while he will have little to take off for his cheaper working, he will have a great deal to put on for the additional length to increase the cost of transport. But when the excess of length, as in Hudson's over the Direct Northern, comes to be twenty-five miles, the argument about performing the journey in equal time becomes ridiculous; so much would the cost of construction, &c., and of working increase the cost of transport. And if the shorter line have as good working gradients as need be well desired, a comparison between the two projects becomes preposterous.

Mr. Hudson, it is true, never alluded in the course of his philippic against the London and York to the Direct Northern. One would not have imagined from his discourse that there was any such project in the field. Why was this? Simply because his engineering argument in favour of his line would not have then been worth a rush! On the Direct Northern the whole amount of tunnelling is short of 4000 yards. There is only one viaduct. Sixty-nine miles are on a level, and there is no acclivity or declivity above 1 in 200, — a most excellent working gradient when properly distributed over the line. Now 1 in 200 is that clivity which forms the limit between those clivities in descending which there is, and

those in descending which there *is not*, a saving of power.

The objections, then, to the steep gradients of the London and York and the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles of tunnelling would not apply, while the additional length of twenty-five miles presses against his own line with full force. In fact, though even as against the London and York, his only serious argument was its inefficient estimate. It cannot be the project is not supported with money, or Mr. Hudson would not wear the aspect of so determined a wooer. But if the Direct Northern and the London and York amalgamated, as they ought to do, this objection would be obviated by the amount of combined capital. The main line, then, should be the direct one, and satisfactory arrangements might be concluded about the numerous branches. If this were done the triumph of the

direct principle against the circuitous would in this, the first great contest of the session, be undoubted.

And now one short observation, and then I shall have done.

As to better provision for the safety of passengers, I see no means so certain as laying down a set of rails by the sides of the others for the use of goods and luggage only, which might be carried at a rate of fifteen miles an hour, at a farthing per ton per mile. Nine out of ten accidents occur through the presence of luggage-trains on the same rails with passenger-trains. A good deal of expense might be spared in construction by devoting certain lines of rail to the transport of passengers alone, as the steepness of gradients would not be so material. The cost for the additional route would be about 4000*l.* a mile.

THE LADY OF ELM-WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE evening shadows were stealing on, at the close of a cold, bright winter's day. Stretched on a bed of sickness, pale, wasted, silent, lay the lady of Elm-wood. The curtains of purple velvet, dark and gloomy in the fading light, hung heavily round her, and through an opening, at the foot of the bed, a gleam of red light from the blazing fire now and then fell on her face, but did not rouse her from the deep thought in which she seemed plunged. There was much beauty even yet in her large, dark eyes and delicately formed features; but her cheek was hollow, and the tightly closed lips looked as if no smile of joy had ever parted them.

A hired nurse, the only watcher by that sick-bed, was dozing in an arm-chair before the fire, rousing herself now and then to glance at the lady, who was totally regardless of her presence. The old woman began to feel chilly as the evening closed in, and she was rising to draw the curtains before the window, when the clear, gay laughter of a child rang on the frosty air, floating up from the garden below. A look of misery

passed across the lady's face, and she sighed heavily.

"Did you speak, my lady?" asked the nurse, moving to the bedside.

"No, nurse," answered a sweet, yet feeble voice; "I want nothing—nothing that you can give me," she murmured, as the old woman turned away. "Oh, for a loving voice to cheer me in this dark hour!"

Again she lay, silent and thoughtful as before; but, after a time, she called the nurse, and, as if by a strong effort, said, "Go to him—to my husband—and tell him I am very, very ill. Say that, for the love of Heaven, I entreat him to come to me!"

She half raised her head from the pillow to listen to the old woman's slow footsteps, till the sound died away in the long and distant corridors. The slamming of a door gave her notice when the nurse had reached her destination, and she clasped her thin hands in an agony of impatience, as it seemed, to know the result of her mission.

"Surely, surely he will come now," she said; "he does not love me; he has taught my child to scoff at me;

and yet, now, surely he will feel something for me!"

The door was heard again, the nurse tottered back, and stood once more beside her charge.

"My lord bids me say, he is engaged now, but will come by and by."

The lady's head fell back on the pillow, and the colour that had risen to her cheek for a moment faded away. The nurse had been used to look on scenes of suffering and sorrow, and perhaps age, too, had blunted her feelings, for she re-established herself in her comfortable chair, and sank into a doze. The lady's voice once more roused her.

"Go to him again, nurse! say, that I am dying—you see I am;—tell him, I entreat him to send for Mr. Paterson to pray for my departing soul. Beg him earnestly to grant me this, only this!"

Again the messenger departed, and again the lady listened anxiously for her return, yet with less hope in her sorrowful eyes than before. Her heart sank evidently when she heard the nurse returning immediately.

"My lord says," said the old woman, "it is only your fancy that is sick."

"And did you tell him, nurse, that you knew I was dying?" interrupted her listener.

"Yes, my lady; but he said, of course I should swear to any thing you bid me say."

"And Mr. Paterson?" inquired the lady. "May I send for him?"

"My lord said, 'No, he would have no canting priests here.'"

The old woman hobbled back to her seat, and the lady, covering her face, sobbed aloud.

"Cruel, even to the last!" she said at length. "This life, that some call so happy, how dreary has it been to me! long, miserable years, ending in a death like this!" And words of long-suppressed anguish, thoughts that had burdened the heart with a weight of misery for years, burst from her dying lips.

"Poor lady!" muttered the nurse, "her mind wanders. I've heard strange stories about her. To be sure, there was something wrong, or my lord would never have kept her wed up so close; and I dare say the sight of it troubles her now."

"To be sure there was something wrong!" The words had been in many mouths, till it came to be believed that some dark secret, some hidden error, was the cause of the seclusion in which she was kept by her husband. The sadness of her countenance was held to be occasioned by remorse, and the tears that were sometimes seen to fall, as she knelt in prayer in the house of God, were looked upon as tears of penitence. The patience and meekness with which she bore the impertinence of some, who hinted, even in her presence, at the suspicions they entertained, only confirmed them in their belief that, in some way, she had erred grievously. "And then, my lord," they said, "is so easy and good-humoured, any body might be happy with him!" So by degrees a belief had gained ground that all was not as it should be with the beautiful lady of Elm-wood, and some dared to speak scornfully of her, even those who were unworthy to wipe the dust from her feet.

For the suspicions that had gone abroad, the undefined mysterious whispers against her, were unjust as they were cruel. There was nothing of shame, though, God knows, there was enough of bitter sorrow in her blushes and her tears. Her spirit was too utterly broken by daily and hourly trials, of which the coarse world knew nothing, to resent insult or reply to impertinence. None knew—how should they know?—how a course of petty oppression, beginning in her earliest years, had conquered all cheerfulness and crushed all hope; and, during her married life, to none but to her God did she breathe a word of the troubles which subdued her, and to which she submitted without a struggle. The little world about Elm-wood had only seen her brought—in triumph, as it seemed—as a bride to her husband's ancestral home. They had seen, at first, a gay succession of guests at the old hall, and the young bride presiding at brilliant entertainments. But the number of guests fell off by degrees, ladies ceased to be among the few remaining visitors, and, when an occasional party met at Elm-wood, the lady was no longer seen among them. Her husband thought it necessary, at first, to excuse her absence

on the plea of ill health, but it was soon understood that there were other reasons (although none knew what such reasons were) why she appeared no more, and her name was never mentioned.

She was sometimes seen by persons who visited Elm-wood on business, wandering alone in the woods near the house, like a pale yet beautiful spirit, or tending the flowers in a small garden sheltered by the far-stretching walls of the old hall. Some, who had purposely thrown themselves in her way, said, that she replied gently to their greeting, but always in a tone of sadness. On Sunday she never failed, unless when detained at home by severe illness, to walk to the church in the neighbouring village. It was built upon the edge of her husband's park, and a little path led to it from the great house, through old dark woods, and by a little stream, that stole away at last singing as it went, into the fields below the churchyard. The whole village was part of the Elm-wood property, and the church contained many monuments to the memory of its possessors. The family pew had still its velvet cushions and draperies, faded though they were, and here the lady knelt alone Sunday after Sunday. Rain and cold, frost and snow, all seemed alike to her. The good rector, who soon learned to take an interest in her pale and melancholy face, never failed to glance at that humble worshipper, so constant in her attendance. Sometimes he saw that she was weeping, and his kind heart longed to breathe comfort to her evidently wounded spirit. His attempts to make her acquaintance at her own house had all proved vain. Her husband, whose manner to the good old priest was full of scarcely suppressed contempt, always replied to his inquiries about the lady, by saying, she received no visitors. To speak to her on her way to or from the church was his only chance of proving to her how much he felt interested in her welfare. She always waited till all others had left the church, and then stole quietly across the graveyard, and through the little gate into the park. One wet and stormy Sunday, when the congregation was very scanty, the

clergyman, Mr. Paterson, to his surprise, saw the delicate form of the lady of Elm-wood kneeling in her usual place, her meek head bowed in prayer. When the service was over, he went to her, and offered to assist her in getting home. She took his arm in silence, and, feeling that she was trembling with cold, he led her towards the rectory, whither his wife and daughter had preceded him. He looked compassionately upon her, as he endeavoured to shield her from the beating rain, for she appeared so feeble, that without his help she must have fallen.

"This is trying weather for one who seems so delicate and weak as you," he said gently. "Surely you should not venture to leave home on a day like this."

"I come here for consolation," she answered sadly; "you know not how much I need it."

"But God is in every place, dear lady. From your secret chamber, He hears your prayer arise, and surely it is not well to risk your life thus."

"*My life!*" she exclaimed, in a tone of grief that brought tears into the old man's eyes; "*my life!* Why should I nurse and cherish it, as if it were a precious thing? Who would miss me if I were gone? Forgive me! oh, forgive me!" she added, after a short silence; "I know these are wild and sinful words. Forget that I have spoken them. Think of me only as of one sorely tried, to whom your ministrations have given more comfort than sought else on earth. Good and kind I know you are. Let my name be sometimes on your lips when you pray to your God. We are told the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Will you do this?" she said, earnestly, raising her eyes to his face.

"As I hope for peace I will," answered he, with much emotion.

"And when you hear that I am dead, do not grieve for me, but thank God that a wounded spirit has found peace."

"Do not speak so sadly, dear lady," said the rector. "You must be familiar with God's Word; you have read there, that He who made the worlds, even He, 'healeth the broken in heart.'"

"Yes, I feel it," she replied. "He,

and yet, now, surely he will feel something for me!"

The door was heard again, the nurse tottered back, and stood once more beside her charge.

"My lord bids me say, he is engaged now, but will come by and by."

The lady's head fell back on the pillow, and the colour that had risen to her cheek for a moment faded away. The nurse had been used to look on scenes of suffering and sorrow, and perhaps age, too, had blunted her feelings, for she re-established herself in her comfortable chair, and sank into a doze. The lady's voice once more roused her.

"Go to him again, nurse! say, that I am dying—you see I am;—tell him, I entreat him to send for Mr. Paterson to pray for my departing soul. Beg him earnestly to grant me this, only this!"

Again the messenger departed, and again the lady listened anxiously for her return, yet with less hope in her sorrowful eyes than before. Her heart sank evidently when she heard the nurse returning immediately.

"My lord says," said the old woman, "it is only your fancy that is sick."

"And did you tell him, nurse, that you knew I was dying?" interrupted her listener.

"Yes, my lady; but he said, of course I should swear to any thing you bid me say."

"And Mr. Paterson?" inquired the lady. "May I send for him?"

"My lord said, 'No, he would have no canting priests here.'"

The old woman hobbled back to her seat, and the lady, covering her face, sobbed aloud.

"Cruel, even to the last!" she said at length. "This life, that some call so happy, how dreary has it been to me! long, miserable years, ending in a death like this!" And words of long-suppressed anguish, thoughts that had burdened the heart with a weight of misery for years, burst from her dying lips.

"Poor lady!" muttered the nurse, "her mind wanders. I've heard strange stories about her. To be sure, there was something wrong, or my lord would never have kept her mewed up so close; and I dare say the thought of it troubles her now."

"To be sure there was something wrong!" The words had been in many mouths, till it came to be believed that some dark secret, some hidden error, was the cause of the seclusion in which she was kept by her husband. The sadness of her countenance was held to be occasioned by remorse, and the tears that were sometimes seen to fall, as she knelt in prayer in the house of God, were looked upon as tears of penitence. The patience and meekness with which she bore the impertinence of some, who hinted, even in her presence, at the suspicions they entertained, only confirmed them in their belief that, in some way, she had erred grievously. "And then, my lord," they said, "is so easy and good-humoured, any body might be happy with him!" So by degrees a belief had gained ground that all was not as it should be with the beautiful lady of Elm-wood, and some dared to speak scornfully of her, even those who were unworthy to wipe the dust from her feet.

For the suspicions that had gone abroad, the undefined mysterious whispers against her, were unjust as they were cruel. There was nothing of shame, though, God knows, there was enough of bitter sorrow in her blushes and her tears. Her spirit was too utterly broken by daily and hourly trials, of which the coarse world knew nothing, to resent insult or reply to impertinence. None knew—how should they know?—how a course of petty oppression, beginning in her earliest years, had conquered all cheerfulness and crushed all hope; and, during her married life, to none but to her God did she breathe a word of the troubles which subdued her, and to which she submitted without a struggle. The little world about Elm-wood had only seen her brought—in triumph, as it seemed—as a bride to her husband's ancestral home. They had seen, at first, a gay succession of guests at the old hall, and the young bride presiding at brilliant entertainments. But the number of guests fell off by degrees, ladies ceased to be among the few remaining visitors, and, when an occasional party met at Elm-wood, the lady was no longer seen among them. Her husband thought it necessary, at first, to excuse her absence

on the plea of ill health, but it was soon understood that there were other reasons (although none knew what such reasons were) why she appeared no more, and her name was never mentioned.

She was sometimes seen by persons who visited Elm-wood on business, wandering alone in the woods near the house, like a pale yet beautiful spirit, or tending the flowers in a small garden sheltered by the far-stretching walls of the old hall. Some, who had purposely thrown themselves in her way, said, that she replied gently to their greeting, but always in a tone of sadness. On Sunday she never failed, unless when detained at home by severe illness, to walk to the church in the neighbouring village. It was built upon the edge of her husband's park, and a little path led to it from the great house, through old dark woods, and by a little stream, that stole away at last singing as it went, into the fields below the churchyard. The whole village was part of the Elm-wood property, and the church contained many monuments to the memory of its possessors. The family pew had still its velvet cushions and draperies, faded though they were, and here the lady knelt alone Sunday after Sunday. Rain and cold, frost and snow, all seemed alike to her. The good rector, who soon learned to take an interest in her pale and melancholy face, never failed to glance at that humble worshipper, so constant in her attendance. Sometimes he saw that she was weeping, and his kind heart longed to breathe comfort to her evidently wounded spirit. His attempts to make her acquaintance at her own house had all proved vain. Her husband, whose manner to the good old priest was full of scarcely suppressed contempt, always replied to his inquiries about the lady, by saying, she received no visitors. To speak to her on her way to or from the church was his only chance of proving to her how much he felt interested in her welfare. She always waited till all others had left the church, and then stole quietly across the graveyard, and through the little gate into the park. One wet and stormy Sunday, when the congregation was very scanty, the

clergyman, Mr. Paterson, to his surprise, saw the delicate form of the lady of Elm-wood kneeling in her usual place, her meek head bowed in prayer. When the service was over, he went to her, and offered to assist her in getting home. She took his arm in silence, and, feeling that she was trembling with cold, he led her towards the rectory, whither his wife and daughter had preceded him. He looked compassionately upon her, as he endeavoured to shield her from the beating rain, for she appeared so feeble, that without his help she must have fallen.

"This is trying weather for one who seems so delicate and weak as you," he said gently. "Surely you should not venture to leave home on a day like this."

"I come here for consolation," she answered sadly; "you know not how much I need it."

"But God is in every place, dear lady. From your secret chamber, He hears your prayer arise, and surely it is not well to risk your life thus."

"*My life!*" she exclaimed, in a tone of grief that brought tears into the old man's eyes; "*my life!* Why should I nurse and cherish it, as if it were a precious thing? Who would miss me if I were gone? Forgive me! oh, forgive me!" she added, after a short silence; "I know these are wild and sinful words. Forget that I have spoken them. Think of me only as of one sorely tried, to whom your ministrations have given more comfort than aught else on earth. Good and kind I know you are. Let my name be sometimes on your lips when you pray to your God. We are told the prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Will you do this?" she said, earnestly, raising her eyes to his face.

"As I hope for peace I will," answered he, with much emotion.

"And when you hear that I am dead, do not grieve for me, but thank God that a wounded spirit has found peace."

"Do not speak so sadly, dear lady," said the rector. "You must be familiar with God's Word; you have read there, that He who made the worlds, even He, 'healeth the broken in heart.'"

"Yes, I feel it," she replied. "He

indeed, healeth them, but it is by taking them to himself. I have looked round me here," she continued, pointing to the graves by which they were surrounded, "and envied those who have gone before me to that home where the weary are at rest."

Some few words of comfort the good rector spoke, as he approached his own house, and opened the glass door that led into the little study where his daughter awaited him. The lady hesitated, and seemed half fearful of entering, but he led her in, and seated her beside the fire, while his daughter divested her of some of her damp garments, and insisted on wrapping her in her own cloak.

There was something so humble in the lady's gratitude, something so sorrowful even in her extreme beauty, uncared for and neglected as she seemed, that the kind-hearted family at the rectory could not but feel a touching interest in her; and when

at length her carriage, for which a messenger had been despatched, arrived to convey her home, many kind words were spoken, and none could have supposed that, till that day, the lady had been a stranger.

The next Sunday was fine and bright, but the lady was not in her usual place. She was seen no more even in her garden; and the rector, who made several vain attempts to be admitted to her presence, heard that she was very ill. He doubted not, remembering her weakness and her wan looks, that the hour for which she longed was approaching, and gladly would he have endeavoured, as the minister of God, to smooth the way before her to the grave. We have seen that she, too, wished for the comfort of his presence, but even this was denied to her. Young (for she was only in her twenty-sixth year), innocent, beautiful, yet broken-hearted, she was left to meet her death alone.

CHAPTER II.

It is time that we say something of the cause of that grief which oppressed the lady of Elm-wood, and which the ignorant and unkind attributed to some error of her past life. For this purpose, it is necessary to turn to the history of her early years. Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father, a man of extravagant habits, married a second time within a year of his first wife's death. His marriage with a wealthy heiress freed him for a while from pecuniary embarrassments, but destroyed for ever the peace of his home. His bride was haughty, vain, and ill-tempered, and the indifference he had felt for her at first quickly deepened into positive dislike. For a time, he seemed to find in the caresses of his child a consolation for the disagreeables of his domestic life; but his weak mind soon thirsted for excitement, and he found it at the gaming-table. By degrees a passion for play absorbed every other feeling. The birth of an heir, though it appeared to give him pleasure, did not long keep him from his darling pursuit, and, as years passed by, he saw less and less of his family, and appeared to become totally indifferent as to their welfare.

Thus his daughter was left a victim to the caprice and ill-humour of her vain and frivolous step-mother. Few were the remembrances of her childhood, which she, even in the deeper trials of her after-life, could recall with any thing of pleasure. The spoiled and petted son of her step-mother, imitating the small tyranny of his parent, on every occasion asserted his superiority over the gentle girl, whose spirit was already learning its lesson of humility and submission. When she had grown to womanhood, her extraordinary beauty, though it did not increase the good-will of her step-mother, was yet looked upon by her father with something of selfish pride, and he already calculated the advantages which might accrue to himself from her making what is termed a good match.

It was while these thoughts were maturing into plans for the accomplishment of his object, that he made acquaintance with the lordly owner of Elm-wood—a man in the prime of life, yet, like himself, an habitual gambler. In their frequent meetings, these two men became intimate, and frequently played together—up to a certain time, with about equal

success. At length the younger gambler began to lose; one by one he pledged all his possessions, and, in the end, rose from the table a ruined man. He might raise the money to pay his debt, but only by injuring his property past the hope of recovery. His companion observed the struggle in his mind; he balanced the advantages and disadvantages of insisting on the payment of the debt; for, while he wanted money, he yet did not wish for the publicity which the present affair, if persevered in, must give to the nature of his resources.

"Come!" he said, after some reflexion, "I know it would be inconvenient to you to pay a sum like this. Let us compromise the matter. I have a daughter, beautiful as an angel: marry her, and I will take your doing so as three quarters' payment of your debt."

"You must be very fond of your daughter," said his auditor, sarcastically, "very fond indeed. Does she at all resemble yourself?"

"I have told you she is beautiful," was the reply. "You may even see her, if you will, before you decide."

The young man remained for awhile in a state of moody abstraction, and then exclaimed, "No, no! I don't want to see her. I'll marry her, if she is as ugly as Sin. There's my hand upon it!"

They sat down again, called for writing-materials, and wrote,—the one a promise of marriage to a woman he had never seen; the other, a discharge of three-fourths of the debt due to him, on condition of the fulfilment of the pledge agreed upon. The two papers were duly signed; and the parties separated. And thus the father bartered away his child—thus the lord of Elm-wood obtained his bride! She was told to prepare to receive her future husband, and she obeyed; for she knew resistance would be in vain. Her father had become so entirely estranged from her, that she dared say nothing in opposition to his commands; and her step-mother shewed too openly the joy she felt in the prospect of being rid of one, whose very patience was a tacit reproach to her conscience for the poor girl to entertain a hope that she would intercede for her.

The future husband came, and was not slow to perceive the repugnance of his betrothed. His pride and self-love were interested at once; and he devoted his attentions to the hitherto neglected girl, filling her ear with the sweet voice of praise and seeming love, till he won not only her gratitude but her affection. In a very few weeks she became his bride, and went with him to his stately home, where, for awhile, she deemed herself happier than she had ever been before. But he soon slackened in his attentions, and sometimes betrayed the bitterness and violence of his temper even to her. One day, when he had spoken to her with cruel, and, as she felt, undeserved harshness, the feelings that had for some time been gathering strength in her heart found utterance, and she passionately entreated to know what she had done to forfeit his love.

"My love!" he said, contemptuously, "did you never hear why I married you?"

"I thought—I hoped you loved me," she answered, in a low, timid voice.

"You thought—you hoped! Did your father never tell you of our bargain? I gave you my hand in payment of a gambling debt to your excellent and respected father. Mighty innocent you are, no doubt, and never knew that you were forced upon me; and that now your every look reminds me of the most hateful hours of my life! There,—dry your eyes. Your revered parent has, no doubt, made you a capital actress; but we need not pretend to misunderstand each other. We have each won our reward in this blest union: you are mistress of Elm-wood, and I am saved from ruin, which would be bad enough, and exposure, which would be worse."

"My father!" stammered the lady.

"Yes. No doubt his conduct proceeded from the purest affection for yourself. He had, of course, every reason to believe I should make an excellent husband. There was nothing of self-interest in what he did—no desire to make use of my house and fortune, or to make a tool of myself. It matters not," he added, with increased bitterness, "I have made myself a promise that he shall

never cross my threshold; and I never broke my word yet, as you know," bowing to her with mock civility.

He left the room, and his bewildered hearer remained long standing in the same attitude, utterly confounded by the words he had spoken. "Was it true? Had he, indeed, said he did not love her? Was every hope gone from her for ever? Was her very presence hateful to him? Oh, that she had died in the blessed belief that he loved her! Where could she turn for help, for advice? Her dream of happiness was past; nothing could restore it." Such were the thoughts that passed across her mind again and again; and, in truth, it was a hard thing for a heart so young, and so loving, to feel itself desolate and forsaken.

After a time, the hope of winning his affection rose within her, and long and patiently she strove to realise it; but alas, in vain! Months passed on, and the hour drew near in which she expected to become a mother. When a son was born to her, once more her hope revived. "Surely," she thought, "for the sake of his child he will love me." But again she was disappointed. He had returned to his old friends, and to his old amusements; and she felt at last, however unwillingly, that she could never fill a place in his heart.

Eight years elapsed between the time of her marriage and the scene with which our tale opened. All that she had endured in that interval, none may know. Her eldest boy, as soon as he was able to talk, became his father's plaything, and quickly learned to laugh at his mother's authority. A second son, who was still dearer to her than the first, because she was still more unhappy at the time of his birth, lived only a few months; and she wept alone beside his grave. Her youngest darling, a bright, rosy girl, with dimpled smile, and eyes full of gladness, was little more than a year old at the time the lady of Elm-wood lay on her death-bed.

We return to that death-bed, where we left the dying sufferer breathing aloud the sorrows that had weighed down her spirit for years. Exhausted at length, she had once more sunk into silence, when a light knock was

heard at the door, and, in a few moments, the nurse admitted a woman carrying a lovely infant. The lady clasped the child in her arms, kissed again and again its cheeks and lips, and almost smiled when she felt the touch of its cool hand on her brow. "You must leave her with me to-night, Alice," she said, turning to the young woman who had carried the child. "I will undress her. Nurse, help me to get up."

It was in vain that the old nurse remonstrated, the lady persisted; and, supported by pillows, she sat up in her bed, and tenderly loosened the baby's clothes, and wrapped it in its little night-dress. She even played with it as of old, and smiled to hear its merry laughter. She dismissed Alice, but, recalling her as she was leaving the room, said, earnestly,—"Alice, you love this child: she will soon be motherless, there will be none to care for her. Oh, be faithful to your charge! Cherish her, do not desert her; and may the blessing of her dying mother be with you to your last hour!"

The young woman left the room in tears, the nurse sighed as she turned away; and the lady lay down with her beautiful baby on her bosom. Her heart was full of prayer, though her voice was hushed, lest she should disturb the slumber that was stealing over the child. Its calm, regular breathing was music to her ear; the smiles that broke, like gleams of sunshine, on its sweet, sleeping face soothed her, and stole into her thoughts. Full of faith and hope, she commended that precious one to the care of her Saviour; and when some struggling wish would arise, that she might have lived to protect and cherish it, still she could say in sincerity, "In Him is my trust."

Long past midnight, the old nurse was awakened from a deep sleep by a hasty step advancing across the apartment. It was the lord of Elm-wood, who thus tardily—his evening's amusement being concluded—answered his wife's summons.

"I am here, Eleanor," he said, withdrawing the curtain; "why did you send for me?" No voice replied; and he moved the lamp, so as to throw its light on the bed. The light that met his eyes touched even him. There lay his wife, *dead*; and,

on her bosom, its rosy cheek touching her cold lips, its round arm thrown about her neck, lay her infant, in its calm, happy sleep. He bent over them—he gazed upon that faded form, now awful in its stillness, and on that joyful infant so full of life and happiness. He remembered, as he looked on the dead, her patience, her humility, her unflinching submission to his capricious will; he remembered to what a life of solitude he had condemned her, and then he thought of her as she was when he first saw her, and when those eyes looked lovingly upon him. Only a few hours ago, she was even as his slave, trembling at his word, obedient to his will. Now, perhaps, she was pleading her cause against him before the throne of God. Oh, if he had but come earlier! if he could only have heard one word of forgiveness from those lips, which, in their silence, seemed yet to whisper that he had been a murderer!

He turned away: "Take the child," he said, hoarsely. "Take it away from her,—she is dead." He left the room. The nurse followed, and put a paper into his hand:—

"My lady bade me give you this after she should be gone," she said.

He thrust it into his bosom, and hurried into his study, where, having carefully closed the door, he again drew it forth, and began to read. It was a short letter, dated but two days back.

"Something I must say to you,"—so it was worded,—*"something I must say, of all the thoughts that now, in my last hours, crowd upon my brain. I have no friend to sit beside my death-bed, and listen to my last words; no friend to go with me to the threshold of the grave, and uphold me when my faith falters."*

"Alone, and uncared for, I wait for death; sometimes full of fear, sometimes eagerly longing for its coming. For years I have had no friend but my God; He alone has heard the voice of my sorrows, and He alone is with me now.

"Do not fear a word of reproach from me. My short life has been a sad one; but it is to you I owe the only dream of gladness that has cheered it. For those few months, during which I believed I was dear to you, I was perfectly happy. I know my belief was vain; but I do not blame you. Our love is not our own to give and take back as we will.

"It is strange, that though years have

passed since I was undecieved—years in which you have repulsed all my efforts to win your confidence, and to be to you even but a companion, when others failed you, yet now, all that long interval of grief is forgotten; and every kind word you spoke in that happier time seems sounding in my ear once more.

"But, why do I say this to you? Those kind words came not from your heart; and I am nothing to you now. I can appeal to you only as a dying woman, and pray you, by Heaven's mercy, to attend to my last wish. My baby, my fair, happy baby! Oh, look with pity upon her when she is motherless! Do not let her grow up among those who will not love her! It is a dreadful thing to live on year by year with a heart full of love, and yet to have that love despised and rejected. If I might dare ask of you compliance with my last wish, I would say, let her be placed with Mrs. Paterson, I am sure she will be happy in that home of peace.

"Farewell! I linger over these last words. Would that I might lay my head on your bosom, and breathe away my life, dreaming once more that you loved me! My presence has been a burden to you. Even now you will not come to me. It is almost over!

"Once more, I commend to you my child. You surely will love her. There is nothing in her sunny face to remind you of me. I am weary, and can write no more; perhaps, even now, I have said too much; but my poor heart was full, and I had none to comfort me. May God bless you!"

The letter fell from his hand, and he wept like a child. A change had come over his feelings towards his wife, but it was *too late*.

Some days after the lady had been laid in her grave, a group of villagers gathered round the old nurse, questioning her as to all that had happened at Elm-wood.

"You see he must have been very fond of her after all," said one. "He has asked Mrs. Paterson to take the baby, as my lady wished; and did you see how he cried at the funeral?"

"Bah! don't talk to me of such love," said the old nurse, impatiently. "If he'd shewn but a quarter of the kindness towards her a year ago that he's shewn since she was dead, and could feel it no longer, she'd have been a happy living woman this day. Heaven preserve us from love like his!"

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

“ Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle
 Assise auprès du feu dévisant et filant
 Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant
 Ronsard m'a célébré au temps que j'étois belle.”

SOME winter night, shut snugly in
 Beside the fagot in the hall,
 I think I see you sit and spin,
 Surrounded by your maidens all.
 Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
 Old days come back to memory;
 You say, “ When I was fair and young,
 A poet sang of me !”

There's not a maiden in your hall,
 Though tired and sleepy ever so,
 But wakes as you my name recall,
 And longs the history to know.
 And as the piteous tale is said
 Of lady cold and lover true,
 Each, musing, carries it to bed,
 And sighs and envies you !

“ Our lady's old and feeble now,”
 They'll say, “ she once was fresh and fair,
 And yet she spurned her lover's vow,
 And heartless left him to despair ;
 The lover lies in silent earth,
 No kindly mate the lady cheers ;
 She sits beside a lonely hearth,
 With threescore and ten years !”

Ah ! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
 But wherefore yield me to despair,
 While yet the poet's bosom glows,
 While yet the dame is peerless fair !
 Sweet lady mine ! while yet 't is time,
 Requite my passion and my truth,
 And gather in their blushing prime
 The roses of your youth !

MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABINET.

IF our readers expect that we are going to help them to an explanation of the harlequin tricks that have been played of late in the highest political circles, we beg, at the outset of this paper, to undeceive them. The whole series of events is a mystery to us. We cannot even guess why Sir Robert Peel's government should have come to a dead-lock at all, far less assign a plausible reason for the resignation by *all* its members of their offices. It is the ordinary practice, we believe, when differences occur in cabinets, that the minority shall give way to the majority, whosoever the individuals composing the adverse factions may be; and it sometimes happens, if the dispute run very high, or the point under discussion be regarded as a vital one, that the dissentients retire. So it was with Mr. Huskisson and his friends in the famous East Retford case; so with Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, who quitted Lord Melbourne's administration rather than be parties in any way to the spoliation of the church's property in Ireland. Neither is the secession of the head of the government, if he find himself at issue with his colleagues, by any means unprecedented. The late Earl Grey gave place among the Whigs to Lord Melbourne, not because he found himself unable to do the work of premier, but because his suggestions were resisted by the younger members of his cabinet. And if we go back to the days of the Butes, and the Rockinghams, and the Portlands, we shall discover cases of the kind befalling continually. But the sudden abandonment of their posts by a body of noblemen and gentlemen whom the sovereign had called to her councils, and the nation trusted to an extent unparalleled in modern times, that was an occurrence for which people were unprepared. Moreover, as if the measure of the people's astonishment required some farther filling up, it turns out, after all, that this fugitive cabinet is forced back again, bodily, into power, not through any intrigue on the part of the statesmen composing it, nor yet by a vote of the House of Commons, or the results of a general election, but through the sheer inability of

their rivals to undertake the task which Sir Robert Peel and Co. had voluntarily assigned to them. If our readers expect that we are going to account for all this,—to explain why the Conservatives broke down, or how they have contrived to set the state omnibus in motion again, they give us credit for an amount either of intelligence or ingenuity to which we cannot lay claim. But though we be unable to trace recent events to their causes, there is nothing, as far as we can see, to prevent us, or any other of her majesty's reflecting subjects, from gathering out of the circumstances by which we seem to be surrounded a lesson which it may be worth while to remember. Let us see whether our notions in regard to the general position of affairs be either rational in themselves, or likely to find an echo in the opinions of those on whose judgments in such matters we have hereto been accustomed to place some reliance.

And, first, it may be necessary to notice the rumours which are floating about on the surface of society, some of which, we must confess, appear to us almost too ridiculous to be gravely entertained. These are not days for the creation of kings-consort, or even for the appointment to the command of the English army of a young foreign prince, however amiable. It may be distressing to the feelings of an exalted personage, that one whom she has honoured with her hand should not be permitted to claim at the courts of other nations the foremost place, which is freely conceded to him here. And with all our hearts we wish that the grievance could be got rid of. But to suppose that on ground so silly, for a reason so puerile, the idea of seeking a crown matrimonial could have been entertained is to outrage all decency, and to offer to the illustrious individuals most deeply concerned in the supposed arrangement a direct insult. No minister, Tory, Whig, or Radical, would dare to propose such a thing to a British parliament; no parliament, if any minister were found hardy enough to broach the project, would entertain it for a moment. There is neither scope nor pliability in the constitution for

such an interpolation on the rights of the royal family; and we are altogether without a precedent which might help us to bend it to our purpose, were it desirable to do so. The case of William and Mary is not a case in point. They came in, conjointly, to fill up a breach, or an assumed breach, in the regular line of succession. They were elected by the people of England acting through a convention, which convention did not become a parliament till after William, equally with Mary, had been offered and had accepted the crown. Moreover, the act of convention which thus disposed of the crown decreed, that in the lifetime of Mary, the "sole and full regal power should be in the prince;" yet that, in the event of the death of Mary without issue, the succession should be in the Princess of Denmark and her children. To look, therefore, to the Revolution of 1688 as affording any sanction or precedent for the engrafting of a new branch on the old royal stock would be ridiculous. We have, however, a case in point of not much more than a century's standing. Prince George of Denmark, though the husband of Queen Anne, continued Prince George to the end of his days, without so much as a patent of precedency having been made out for him, or any other step taken to place him at the head of society even in England.

So much for one rumour, which seems to carry the refutation of its truth upon the face of it; neither are we inclined to allow greater credit to another, which is likewise going about. With all possible respect for Prince Albert, we must use the freedom to say, that he is every way unfit to be placed at the head of the English army. His royal highness is, we believe, a good man in all the relations of life; nor is it because we distrust his talents, whether as a tactician or as the administrator of a machine, however great, which he understands, that we thus express ourselves. But he does not understand—indeed it would be miraculous if he did—the construction of the British army. Put him at the head of his father's forces, and we are persuaded that he would manage them well; but the British army is so different from all the other armies of the world, both in the materials of

which it is composed and the order of the duties which it is required to perform, that we defy any man, except a native born Englishman, be his natural and acquired powers what they may, to command it properly. This was conspicuously shewn in the instance of William III. William was a soldier, and a tried one, too: yet his manner of conducting the affairs of the English army was such as to produce universal discontent, and here and there to provoke mutiny. Now, we do not suppose that Prince Albert would act with the sternness of precipitation which more than once characterised the proceedings of the Prince of Orange. His physical temperament is milder, and he is a younger man—too young, indeed, even if all the other requisites were present with him for so grave an office; and youth, and a temper constitutionally gentle, would restrain him from outraging the feelings, or even jarring the prejudices of veterans old enough, many of them, to be his grandfather. But he lacks that intimate acquaintance with the tastes, habits, manners, and capabilities of all ranks and orders in the British community, which no foreigner can acquire were he resident among us twice as long as the Prince has been; and without which it would be fatal in any man, be his position what it might, to attempt the establishment of any degree of authority over our army. For the British army is governed now,—and every day will but confirm and strengthen the system, much more by moral than by physical influence. A commander-in-chief among us, must not only know how to issue orders and come to decisions which are wise, but he must be able to satisfy the country that they are the wisest that could have been attained to; and that they deserve to be respected because of their perfect adaptation to the circumstances of the parties to which they apply. And his royal highness, with the utmost deference be it written, is very little familiar with the habits of any circle of society, beyond that of the palace. He never mixes, as far as we know, with the gentlemen of the land. He speaks the English language but imperfectly. We doubt whether he could put a battalion of the Guards through the simplest

sanction what the Lower had proposed to them, the bill was thrown out by an inconsiderable majority of fifteen. Moreover, of these fifteen peers several avowed their intention of voting, when next it should be brought forward, in favour of the measure. It cannot, therefore, be said, that however daringly he may have outraged the religious prejudices of the British people, even the Duke of Wellington put any unnecessary restraint upon the two Houses of Parliament in carrying his Catholic Emancipation Act. And as to Peel, it is no longer a secret that he resisted the making a cabinet question of the measure as long as he could; that he would have withdrawn from the cabinet sooner than be a party to the plan, had not the Duke in some measure constrained him to abide. But how stands the case now? Whatever may be the opinions of men out of doors, there is no disputing the fact that the present House of Commons is, by a great majority, made up of members who stand pledged to their constituencies to protect the agricultural interests. The Lords, likewise, are, almost to a man, opposed to any further interference with the Corn-laws; indeed, there needed all the skill of Peel and all the moral influence of Wellington to lead their lordships forward, even amid the dangers of 1842, to the point at which they no longer make a secret that they are determined to stop. Are we to suppose that Sir Robert Peel, knowing all this, knowing that it was the agricultural constituencies which brought him into office—his fixed duty scheme and nothing else having sent Lord John Russell into opposition—are we to suppose that Sir Robert Peel, with these truths patent before him, has ever meditated a step so wild as the recommendation by the crown of an unconditional and immediate repeal of the Corn-laws? The idea is quite monstrous. Sir Robert may regret, as many other good and wise men do, that such laws ever had existence. He may wish that it were possible to get rid of them, and cherish the belief that their repeal would effect changes neither so ruinous as their advocates apprehend, nor so advantageous for commerce as is asserted by their assailants. But

he cannot fail to be aware, that to repeal them in the lump is not possible, except on peril of the very existence of the constitution. Now Sir Robert Peel may be as resolute a politician as you please, but he is not a revolutionist. He is not prepared to array one House of Parliament against the other, even if he were sure of carrying the Commons along with him, far less to coerce the Lords by pitchforking or threatening to pitchfork 100 members at the least into the chamber. Yet, without some such procedure, we question whether any minister would be able to carry a bill for free trade in corn: for we know that a good hundred peers at least would be necessary to equalise the strength of parties in the upper house of parliament.

Again, it is no secret to Sir Robert Peel, that however free he may stand in his own person from all pledges one way or another, his party accepted him for their leader, and followed him with an enthusiasm which has no parallel in the history of political warfare—for this single reason, that they put faith in him as the advocate of the views—fiscal, religious, and economic—which they themselves entertained. Had their confidence in regard to these matters been less surely fixed, there would have been no rally worth the name from the defeat of 1833. Doubtless the incapacity of the Melbourne administration to carry on the detail business of the country must have made itself felt sooner or later; and, in the common course of things, the powers of the executive would have passed from one set of hands to another, till somebody was found of sufficient judgment to wield them. But there would have been no such industry or ready expenditure of time and money in watching the registration courts, and seeing that the lists of voters were full, as has brought us round, in point of public feeling, well-nigh to what we used to be ere the Reform Act passed. Sir Robert Peel cannot forget this; no, nor the one great rallying cry which achieved it. He has tried his party pretty well, it must be confessed. They have given up much for him in various ways—much of Protestant prejudice, since it is the fashion so to speak of that which our fathers used

to call a holy principle; consenting to his Charitable Bequests-bill, to his Maynooth Endowment-bill, and bearing with astonishing fortitude the liberalism which dismisses gentlemen from the bench of magistrates on no other grounds than that their attachment to the constitution in Church and State is excessive. They have seen the amount of protection offered to the British corn-grower cut down to a figure which no other statesman than he could have presented, and are suffering, some of them not very patiently, under the pressure of an income-tax which they owe to his boldness. Let them have reason to apprehend that he means to go farther, and there will be an end at once to their confidence. And then where is he—ay, and where is the country? Sir Robert Peel knows all this. He may regret that the public temper should be what it is. He may feel the restraints of party gall and hamper him sorely, and, in his more earnest moments, he may come to the determination of breaking through them. But he cannot break through them. Neither he nor any other man living can govern this great country except by a party, for the attempt to do otherwise will overwhelm in one common ruin both the individual who makes it and the constitution.

Lastly, Sir Robert Peel has some knowledge of human nature, and does not, therefore, need us to tell him that men who cannot be brought to fight for any thing else, will fight like lions for their breeches-pockets. Now the agriculturists may be right or they may be wrong, but it is past dispute that the conviction has established itself among them, that the repeal of the Corn-laws would reduce the incomes of landowners by one-third at the least, besides throwing an immense quantity of the land of the country out of cultivation. We know, indeed, of our own personal knowledge, many tenants-at-will, the occupiers of enormous farms, who are so satisfied of the mischievous working of a repeal measure, that nothing would induce them to accept at this moment leases from their landlords. Their argument is this, "We are doing well enough now; and, if we could be insured against any further tampering with the Corn-laws, we should

be happy to engage to pay the same amount of rent that we are paying now, for as many years as our landlords might propose; but, whether rightly or wrongly, we are convinced of the impossibility of competing, on our present terms, with the foreign grower, and are, therefore, prepared to throw up our farms the moment the ports are opened, and to live in idleness till things find their level." Now, with such a prospect before them, is it reasonable to expect that the landlords of England will consent, whether they be peers or commoners, to an immediate and total repeal of the Corn-laws? Can they afford to exist on two-thirds of their present income, making good the engagements to which their estates are liable? and if they could, who will undertake to guarantee even two-thirds of their income from the outset? No one. A sudden opening of the ports, an abrupt repeal of the Corn-laws, would tend as surely to anarchy for awhile as the wiping out of the national debt; and five years of anarchy, through the throwing up of leases or the breaking of tenants—and we cannot anticipate less—would suffice to make beggars of the representatives of all the best families in the kingdom. Can it surprise us to learn that the landlords are determined to resist a sudden repeal to the death? and seeing that in their ruin the ruin of the peasants, at all events, must be involved, is the driving of such a body of men to desperate measures a contingency to be thought of without horror?

Whatever changes Sir Robert Peel's plan may involve—that is, supposing him to have a plan in preparation—we are on these grounds satisfied that he cannot contemplate either the unconditional or the immediate repeal of laws amid which all the domestic arrangements of all the landed proprietors and cultivators of the kingdom have for the last five-and-thirty years been formed. And we come to this conclusion, not only from contemplating the effects which such a procedure must have upon the social condition of a very large portion of our population, but from a perusal of the arguments—those who endeavour, by fair and by foul, to push the chances. Whatever our private

nions may be in regard to the wisdom of a protective system in connexion with the corn-trade, we can never consent that the policy of England's prime minister shall be forced upon him by the Anti-Corn-Law League; and we are inclined to believe that the majority of the aristocracy—of the Whig aristocracy not less than of the Tory—are of our way of thinking. Messrs. Cobden and Bright, in the fervour of their anticipated triumph, let out a little too much for the good of the cause which they advocate, at the great Covent Garden meeting. The English people entertain a profound respect for the hereditary peerage; they would not exchange so noble an institution even for Mr. Cobden's services, were he called to the queen's councils, and invited to bring in an abolition-bill as Secretary of State for the Home Department to-morrow. Besides, the people of England must be more gullable than we take them to be, if they are persuaded to believe that an order of things can be very injurious to trade and manufactures under which the great apostle of the repeal of the Corn-laws has contrived to work his way from the condition of a poor farmer's son in Sussex, to the ownership of mills, the profits on which are rated to the income-tax at an amount so enormous, that we are really afraid to particularise it.

And now a word or two to all right thinking men,—to those among our readers who value the country's well-being above such minor considerations as the question who shall or who shall not preside in her majesty's councils, and be called prime minister. We witnessed with regret the unbecoming haste with which, immediately *The Times'* rumour got afloat, some who ought to have known better proceeded at once to condemn and denounce the recreant premier. This was neither just nor wise. Sir John Tyrrell, and other equally respectable, though somewhat hot-tempered gentlemen, have no ground as yet—none with which we, at least are acquainted—for coming to the conclusions at which, with extraordinary precipitation, they arrived. They would have done

better had they waited, as we recommended others of the party to do, till Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues—who continue in office, and their friends who quit it—shall have made their explanations. If, indeed, *The Times* be correct in its assumptions, then each man, whether a member of parliament or not, will be free to take his own line. The unflinching advocates for protection will, of course, resist whatever attempts are made to diminish or in any other way to interfere with it; while such of them as take pleasure in dealing out hard names and bitter words may, with a better grace than now, give license both to their pens and to their tongues. At the same time one point there is peculiar to the crisis at which we have arrived, which seems to demand their serious attention. Supposing they defeat Sir Robert Peel, and drive him out of office (no hard matter to do, it would appear, seeing that he would have voluntarily resigned, if he had been permitted), are they prepared with any one to take his place, who shall prove at once acceptable to the crown, and of sufficient weight, personal or otherwise, to go down with the constituencies? They cannot look to the Whigs, that is clear. The Whigs have done their best to form an administration, and failed; neither, we presume, will they condescend to make terms with Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Bright, or Mr. O'Connell. Will the Duke of Richmond be invited to form an administration? and if he do, will the country support him?

We cannot tell, but this much we venture to hope, that the actual measures of the existing cabinet will be found much less alarming than the sanguine on either side anticipate; and, at all events, we advise our readers to suspend their judgments, as we here undertake to suspend our own, till the mystery in which the proceedings of the last month are involved shall be dispelled; and there are some sure grounds on which either to support or to condemn the man whom, for ten years and more, the great Conservative party has, both in opposition and in power, honoured as its champion.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CXCIV. FEBRUARY, 1846. Vol. XXXIII.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE CHAPTER ON STRAWS.

BEING THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF A NEW DICTIONARY.

"Pleased with a feather, tickled by a straw."—POPE.

IN one of Lord Byron's MS. diaries, begun at Ravenna, May 1821, he makes this entry,—“What shall I write? Another journal? Any thing that comes uppermost, and call it ‘*My Dictionary*.’” The project died in the thinking. Whether the bow was not well bent, or the quiver had been exhausted in other forays, we know not, but the author never carried his incursion beyond A. Like other bold invaders, he was stopped by the elements. The interruption of the plan is certainly to be regretted. We should have received many brilliant sayings and much hardihood of criticism and philosophy. The prose of Byron was very often better than his verse, more fluent, natural, and idiomatic; vigorous, yet elastic; and masculine, yet musical. The framework, moreover, was well adapted to his pencil. He could stretch or contract it to his canvass. Every letter might be a picture, copious and magnificent as a Veronese, or minute and delicate as a Mieris. Lockhart once recommended a similar shape to his excursive friend Sir Egerton Brydges. He might have adopted it with advantage, and given us, to our delight and improvement, the gossip of Wal-

pole, the criticism of Warton, and the fancy of Collins.

It seems difficult to brand any article save *one* with the mark of utter exclusion, and that is *dulness*, in every form and under every aspect, from the beginning to the end of the alphabet. It must not be suffered to creep in through D, or steal upon us with a sweet surprise in the murmurs of S. No column will keep the field with this symbolical letter in the ranks. Miserable in itself, it is fatal to its companions. It will ensure the defeat of a whole army of eloquence and learning. The most brilliant music of the fancy fails to attract our attention when it has been completely benumbed. Pope might have read in vain the rape of Mrs. Fermor's lock to an audience whom Dennis had been lecturing upon poetry. The saying of Haller is true in literature, whatever it may be in physics, and we are assuredly deaf when we are yawning.

There can be no doubt that Byron was in the full enjoyment of the prophetic eye of taste when he sketched this faint image of a new dictionary. Writing at Ravenna, he was really in Regent Street. The doctrine of

developement, with all its wonders of imagination, was present to his mind, and he felt a deep but delicious sentiment of delight in the conviction that the suggestion, thus idly thrown out, was only a germ which would subsequently take root, and grow, and blossom, and bear fruit; and that while the first seed—small, barren, and insignificant,—might indeed be imbedded in his own writings, the verdure, and foliage, and fragrance, and fruit, would be found, after the lapse of twenty years, in the garden of *Fraser's Magazine*. And where can any good or salutary thought be planted with a richer promise and hope of ripeness and abundance? REGINA is above all little jealousies; safe in the unapproached splendour of her charms, she has no sneer for her rival:—

"No Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whisp'ring that Sappho's hair is red."

The idea of a dictionary implies universality; in dragging the stream from A to Z, you enclose every thing: the largest and the smallest, Homer or Ilume, Demosthenes or Duncombe, the Sophist or the Sonneteer. And this variety is only the reflection of every scholar's experience. It was the agreeable confession of Gray, that his studies ranged from Pausanias to Pindar, and that he mixed Aristotle with Ovid; just as the hand wanders from the bread to the cheese, and provides the appetite with refreshment from both. The image is his own. But the habit can plead still higher authority in its behalf. Lord Bacon long ago urged the importance of being able to *contract* or *dilate* the eyesight of the understanding. He regarded that power as essential to the healthfulness of the organ. And justly so. Every one knows that the natural eye is injured by gazing too steadfastly or too long upon a brilliant body; the dilation, which that protracted scrutiny occasions, impedes the necessary and restorative contraction. Any reader can make the experiment for himself. Let him, on some gorgeous summer-day, wind out gradually from the beeches of Knowle, or the chestnuts of Penshurst, until he comes full upon the sun, then riding in its state above the trees; let him fix his eye upon

the burning orb for an instant, and then look down unto the grass; he will perceive that every blade is tinged with a reddish glare, and that a flickering lustre is shed over the turf, as if a fairy procession had just gone by. And this peculiarity will not be really in the grass, but in his own eye. When it is refreshed by the contrast, the light will fade. We will endeavour to apply this phenomenon.

The analogy between the natural and intellectual sight—the eye of the body and the mind—is very close and interesting. If, after a prolonged and earnest examination of the dim recesses of early eloquence or poetry, the inward eye of thought be suddenly turned upon the broad, central, glowing orbs of Cicero, Shakspeare, Thucydides, or Milton, and be then cast down into the common surface of daily life, and the low growth of everyday thoughts and feelings, it becomes not only dazed and confused, but even pained by the discolouring hues that seem to float over every object. In both cases the phenomenon admits of a similar explanation. The blaze of light and the intensity of attention have dilated the eye beyond the healthful expansion; the continued exposure of the nerve, either natural or intellectual, is attended with results of peculiar inconvenience and injury.

The nerve of vision gradually loses much of its susceptibility to the finer gradations of light and shade; and, for a transient gratification, undergoes a permanent damage. On the other hand, a careful education of the eye refines and strengthens it; it makes the astronomer or the critic, the naturalist or the painter. The Nogay Tartar can resolve what appear to be only dark spots in the remote horizon into horses, sheep, or oxen; and, throwing himself on the ground, the quick sensibility of his ear distinguishes the neighing and bleating of his own cattle. This is the fruit of instruction and habit. In like manner, the intellectual eye arranges what to the uncultivated faculty seem to be rude and unshapen images into the elements of a charming landscape of poetry and taste.

We shall not forget the physiology of the mental vision in our Dictionary,—"from grave to gay, from lively to

severe," is a wise precaution in a moral, as well as in a literary sense. We shall follow it. Things great and small will pass before us, and after the magnificence of the upward gaze into the sun, we shall be ever looking down into the fragrant sequesterment of the daisy.

Our philosophy will be related to our poetry—truth, but upon its sunny side—as it is best calculated to cheer and warm the traveller under the burden and storm of life. Philosophy, thus illuminated by poetry, will be a powerful shield in the warfare of existence.

He who cultivates Literature in a pure and trusting spirit will never find himself forsaken or forlorn. Much she loves, if much she be loved. Other friends fail us, she never; alike beautiful and fond, when the lamps of our fortune are full of oil, and when the embers upon our hearth are mouldering away. The Greek poet's description of Venus concealing her favourite from the attack of the enemy, is only the allegory of Literature protecting her children. Now as then, on a British as on a Trojan field,—

Πρὸς δὲ οἱ πικρὰ φαινοῦ πτερυγ'
ἱκανυφίη.

She does not wrap him in her veil, but only interposes it when the danger is imminent and the arrow is abroad. She, who helps him most, teaches him also to help himself. Slight revelations only of her beauty and her face does she vouchsafe; a faint gleam of her garment, a vanishing flash of her eye, a parting whisper of her voice, that is all, but it is enough; the celestial visitor is sooner recognised in her departure than in her approach. Who shall despise these glimpses? In the stoniest wilderness they come oftenest, and the Olympian friends of the poet or the philosopher make the clouds of trial to be their ladder of descent:—

"Voices are heard; a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot-wheels, the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows,

It thunders, the resplendent gates unclose;
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height,
Rise fiery waving wings and star-crown'd brows,
Rank'd by their millions brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme unmingled light."

Who does not know the enchantment of small circumstances, in any terrible crisis of our destiny? When the packet-ship, *Lady Hobart*, was driving before the tempest, a white bird, like a dove, suddenly hovered over the mast; and, amid all the consternation of the elements, the hearts of the crew were cheered by the spectacle. One bright thought in our storm is the dove upon our mast. Seek not great comforts or great hopes, but be content with small. These blossom under your feet. There grows among the Indian jungle-grass a phosphorescent plant that emits a clear brilliancy in the night. "To husbands, who rove about the Himalaya mountains with their wives, and enter its caves, these plants serve in the night as lamps, burning without oil." This is an Indian tale, but what a deep and affecting moral it enfolds! This luminous grass makes green our English villages and skirts the highways of our swarming cities, if we only look for it with the patient and the trusting eye. Every where has the seed of happiness and hope been scattered, every where may its shining blade be seen, slowly rising up in the darkest weather. But men trample this grass down in their impatience to reach some broader turning of their road. They scorn their little and illuminating blessings, because they think they might be favoured with others, larger and brighter.

"To the man of the studious turn that *Tranquillus* is, it is sufficient if he has but a small spot to relieve the mind and divert the eye, where he may saunter round his grounds, traverse his single walk, grow familiar with his two or three vines, and count his little plantation." Why should *Tranquillus* live only in the time of *Pliny*? We shall seek to multiply the tribe; and if we be asked,—

"Where now the vital energy that
 moved,
 While summer was, the pure and subtle
 lymph
 Through th' imperceptible meandering
 veins
 Of leaf and flower?"

We answer,—

"Let the months go round, a few short
 months,
 And all shall be restored. These naked
 shoots,
 Barren as lances, among which the wind
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
 And move aspiring, and with ampler
 spread,
 Shall boast new charms, and more than
 they have lost."

And what we reply of nature, we
 reply also of life. Such is the spirit
 of our Dictionary. We attempt no
 conquests, and pretend to no dis-
 coveries. Professor Airy, from his
 woody hermitage in Greenwich Park,
 may square the circle, if he can; Pro-
 fessor Whewell may still go on filling
 an interleaved copy of the Quarrels of
 Authors. The glory of Mr. Lindley
 Murray is safe from our rivalry. We
 shall lead no famishing band from
 University College to the Moscow of
 grammar, nor leave them to perish
 on the frozen roads of philology, un-
 der the blinding snow-storms of con-
 jecture. Our aim is practical; what-
 ever is of good report in poetry or
 eloquence, in history or morals, in
 human sympathies, or human books,
 that we shall touch upon; and hav-
 ing the whole alphabet to walk in,
 our digressions will be many; an
 argument with Plato or Adam Smith,
 a chat with Armida or Mrs. Norton,
 a sketch with Rubens or Maclise, a
 ramble in the fields with White or
 Buckland,—that will be our plan.
 Our machinery is delicate, as well as
 powerful; and will break a Disraeli
 or a butterfly with equal facility, and
 with the same crushing completion
 of demolition. For the present we
 begin with S., and proceed, in some
 observations upon the little things in
 the characters of men, to shew how
 they are

"Pleased with a feather, tickled by a
 straw."

The subject of our first specimen,

then, is *straws*; and we shall illus-
 trate their value in men, in books, in
 pictures, and in religion.

And, 1. with regard to the straw
 in human character, it will be seen
 that it abounds most in men of
 greatest genius. Byron sent away a
 Genoese tailor with a new coat, be-
 cause he brought it home on a Fri-
 day. He was also observed to rein
 up his horse while passing a corner,
 and to assume an aspect of determi-
 nation and courage, as if he expected
 to be charged by Front de Bœuf on
 the opposite side. But a more sur-
 prising specimen of this kind of
 straw is to be found in the his-
 tory of Johnson, and may probably
 have escaped the notice of readers in
 general. It was this:—He always
 went in or out at a door, or passage,
 by a *certain number of steps from a
 certain point*; so that either his right
 or left foot (*Boz*, No. I., was not
 certain *which*) should be the first to
 cross the threshold. Every thing
 depended upon this question of pre-
 cedence. He was frequently observed
 to stop suddenly on such occasions,
 and apparently to count his steps
 with much earnestness; when he
 made any mistake in the movement,
 he would return and place himself
 in the right position, and having sa-
 tisfactorily performed the feat, re-
 join his companions with the air of
 a man who had got something off his
 mind. Of this remarkable habit
 none of the Doctor's friends ever
 dared to ask the beginning or the
 motive. Boswell supposed it to be a
 superstitious custom contracted early,
 and from which Johnson never
 sought to extricate himself by the
 help of his reason. We have not at
 hand Mr. Croker's emendations of
 "The Laird of Auchinleck," and
 know not whether he has attempted
 any commentary. But the supersti-
 tion of Johnson might have pleaded
 an antique origin. The Romans,
 and we believe the Greeks also, al-
 ways entered a place with the *right
 foot foremost*. So important did they
 deem this rule of progression, that
 Vitruvius gives a particular direction
 for building steps, so that the first
 step should be ascended by the right
 foot. Juvenal alludes to the prac-
 tice in the beginning of his famous
 tenth satire, when, casting his eye
 from Spain to the Ganges, he la-

ments the universal folly and ignorance of men :—

" Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt a Gadibus
usque
Auroram et Gangem pauci dignoscere
possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa,
remota
Erroris nebula quid : enim ratione ti-
memus,
Aut cupimus? quid tam dextro pede con-
cipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti."

Lemaire, in his edition of Juvenal (1825), stumbles heavily over this familiar idiom, and talks of the daring of the satirist, eager to rush in where other poetical angels were afraid to tread. Now this was quite unnecessary in a professor of Latin poetry, French or other. Johnson's own commencement of his grand paraphrase,—

" Let observation with extensive view,"
was scarcely more prosaic, or less to the purpose. Many illustrations might be supplied. Thus Propertius opens his third book of Elegies,—

" Dicite quo pariter carmen tenuastis in
antro,
Quove pede ingressi, quamve bibistis
aquam."

When the left foot commenced anything it was fatal. So Apuleius *in loco*, as the commentators affirm.

This straw shews the peculiar superstitiousness of Johnson's mind; it was the involuntary indication of the hand upon the clock, and we learn more from it than from a long disquisition. Again, we might form some outline of the accurate and methodical nature of Gray's disposition, poet though he was, from the minute entries of his journal, with reference to his expenses or his feelings; the foot impatient of the counterpane, or limping along upon the support of a stick, bring him before us in his sufferings and infirmities.* A slight circumstance stealing out from a grave treatise often lets in a strong light upon the history of the author. It will be recollected that Cicero,

among the consolations of old age, omits any notice of women and children. You may call this a thing indifferent; it is a straw; but it shews the wind. He had Terentia for a wife, and Marcus for a son.

So a book is often read by the beam of some anecdote accidentally recovered, and we are enabled to convict the writer of insincerity by his own conduct. Beccaria wrote against capital punishments. His servant read his book, and stole his watch. How did the advocate for abolition illustrate his argument? He exerted himself in every way to hang the thief. At that moment he was correcting a second edition. Thus by an incident in his own life we refute his book. Again, we are accustomed to think and read of Prince Eugene as a warrior and man of renown. He appears with Marlborough in the historical picture. What, then, is our astonishment to find him debating with Bolingbroke (who was anxious to conduct him immediately to the queen) whether he could with propriety appear in a short periwig, his luggage not being arrived, and his efforts to borrow that equipment having proved ineffectual! Or look at Pepys. We all know him to have been a frivolous gossipier about the court, a thinner kind of Horace Walpole; but the following circumstance reduces him to smaller dimensions than any critical compression could accomplish. A subject, that weighed heavily upon his thoughts during the great plague, was the probable fashion of periwigs after it should have abated, seeing that nobody would dare to buy any hair, from the apprehension that it had been "cut off the heads of people dead of the pestilence." If we think very humbly of Pepys from this feature, we confess that Garth, the good-natured Garth of Bolingbroke and Pope, has sunk very low in our estimation since we read Gay's account of setting him down at the Opera, and of his shewing his gratitude by a squeeze of the *fore-finger*.† We have always regarded

* In 1755, Gray paid 1*l.* 4*s.* for a journey to Cobham, which you now reach in a summer day for eighteenpence at the most; and 11*s.* 6*d.* for a trip to Richmond, where any "Bus" now rejoices to carry you for a shilling. What significant straws these are in our popular history!

† To Pope, July 8, 1715.

this mode of salutation as an index of a cold and trumpety character. We will just add that the laborious zeal of Coke and his habits of rigid analysis might have been discovered from his assertion to Lord Bacon, that he had taken 300 examinations in the famous case of Sir Thomas Overbury, with a view to get at the truth; that the tyranny of the Syracusan Dionysius would have been established, even in the silence of history, by the fact of his daughter's shaving, or rather singeing his beard off with a hot walnut-shell; and that the literary impatience and ambition of Pope need no other illustration than his calling up the female servant, who waited on him at Lord Oxford's, four times in one night of the terrible winter of 1740. It was of less importance that she should be frozen than that his couplet should be broken. It is by these straws that the *drift* of a character, as we call it, is ascertained. Even the dust on the current marks its direction. The biographer, like the artist who sketched the poet at Prior Park, must watch an opportunity for a side view, if he would catch the full outline of the *hump*. In the letters of famous men you get, for the most part, only the revised MS.

"Methinks, when I write to you," said Pope to Congreve, Jan. 6, 1714, "I am making a confession; I have got (*I cannot tell how*) such a custom of throwing myself out upon paper without reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ last. My faults will not be hid from you, and, perhaps, it is no dispraise to me that they will not. The cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own fault at first view; as when a stream shews the dirt at its bottom, it shews also the transparency of the water."

Who does not see that the shivering waiting-woman is a better expositor? Pope knew that this frankness of communication was only rhetorical, and that every posture he exhibited to his correspondent had been studied in the mirror.

And yet once more. Would the quick-tempered Atterbury be represented so vividly as in the anecdote related of him by the contemporary vicar of Hartley Row? The bishop, travelling along the western road between Basingstoke and Bagshot, put up for the night at Hartley Row: but the inn was full. What was to be done? The perplexed landlord procured him a best bed at a neighbouring cottage. The bishop retired to his repose, but, after lying awhile, he got up, put on his clothes, jack-boots, and spurs, and lay down again. The catastrophe may be anticipated. The sheets in the morning were found in tatters, and the old lady of Hartley Row long entertained her gossips with the angry impatience of an episcopal lodger. "I have found you," said Pope to Atterbury, "such a physician as does not only repair but improve." Yet this straw shews that the physician had a patient at home, who required not only visiting but medicine.

Let us fetch a straw from Latin biography. The first thought which a repeal of the Corn-laws would suggest to a revived Pliny would certainly be some inconvenience to his literary pursuits; copy, not Cobden, would be the object of his solicitude. At least, he wrote in this manner to a friend during a season of agricultural depression. "I have received the same bad account of my own little farms, and am, myself, therefore, at full leisure to write books for you, provided I can but raise money enough to furnish me with good paper. For should I be reduced to the coarse and spongy sort, either I must not write at all, or whatever I compose, whether good or bad, must necessarily undergo one cruel blot."* Thus oratory became a question of "outsides," and Trajan himself might have waited for his panegyric, if the ink had been watered. Any crisis develops the character; it projects the true sentiment with an immediate impulse. In the great Russian conspiracy of 1825, Pestel was suddenly arrested at Mos-

* B. viii. 15. One is not surprised to find the same Pliny cautioning the orator, when wiping his forehead, not to discompose his hair. But Quintilian goes farther. He gravely reasons (b. xi.) as to the precise time in the speech of the pleader when it may be expedient for him to shew the intensity of his emotional interest in the cause of his client, by letting his gown almost drop from his back.

cow. Incapable of offering any resistance, his only apprehension was concerning his *Roushaya pravida*, or work on Russian jurisprudence. Siberia melted before his book.

We close this string of illustrations by one that may be hung up with the story of Thomson picking with his mouth sunny plums from the garden wall. Cuvier tells an anecdote of Werner, a name united in science with Saussure, that, in order to avoid the trouble of writing, he resolutely determined never to open any letters. This arrangement succeeded for some time, and a messenger, sent from Dresden by his sister to obtain his signature to important family papers, was obliged to wait two months at an inn before Werner could be induced to open the packet. This straw is a whole commentary.

We shall not linger upon the importance of these straws in historical or poetical description.* An account of them would fill a volume. They tell a story better than an episode. A Latin writer, speaking of the fatal eruption of Vesuvius, remarks that the chariot in which he hoped to escape was so agitated by the heaving ground, that the wheels could not be kept steady, even though large stones were placed beneath them. Thucydides or Livy could not have worked out so vivid a description as this little touch of truth presents without labour. And we really doubt whether the following picturesque example of a straw be not one of the most beautiful passages in Dryden's poetry:—

"This careful husband had been long
away,
Whom his chaste wife and little children
mourn,
Who on their fingers learn to tell the day
On which their father promised to
return."

* And, in like manner, a single touch defaces and darkens the picture, as the word correspondent in the following lines of Mr. Wordsworth:—

"Soon as the ready marge
Was clear'd, I dipp'd with arms accordant oars
Free from obstruction; and the boat advanced
Through crystal water smoothly as a hawk,
That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves
With correspondent wings the abyss of air."—*Excursion*, b. ii.

Much better is the classic idiom of Southey,—

"The green bird guided Thelaba,
Now oaring with slow wing his upland way."

Perhaps these simple verses are the more remarkable from the general absence of the pictorial in Dryden. Atterbury, in his proposed epitaph, said that our poetry was indebted to him for its strength and its graces (*vim suam ac veneres debet*); but he brought the Minerva, not the Venus.

When our dictionary is published, as it will be in about seven volumes—a true Conversations-Lexicon—we shall be able to follow the history of straws into the by-paths of our daily life. How slight and unimportant incidents stamp the grace or deformity of a character! There is a beautiful instance in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, where the two sisters weep in each other's arms, in the presence of the turnkey of the Tolbooth. "The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so mournful." The veil of the Greek painter was not more beautiful than this. But a straw will exhibit the storm as well as the calm of the wind; will represent the temper of the many as well as of the one. Let us go to Scott again. In the famous riot at Edinburgh, when the Tolbooth was broken open, and Porteous was hanged, while the rioters were carrying him to the gallows, one of his slippers fell off; they halted, picked it up, and quietly replaced it on his foot. Scott heard this singular incident from a lady who had seen it, having been drawn to her window by the tumult. What a still atmosphere of rage must that have been in which so light a straw floated! And the name of Scott recalls another straw of a different kind, *i.e.*

the power of a minute and trifling circumstance to soothe the troubled bosom. We allude to the admirable scene in *Peperil*, where Sir Geoffrey pays his daily visit to Moultrassie Hall, with his word of salutation and good-by. A deep sigh, sometimes coupled with, "I thank you, Sir Geoffrey, my grateful duty waits on Lady Peveril," was generally Bridgenorth's only answer. Time endeared this short expression of sympathy to the mourner. It broke his day; it gave him something to look to:—"The lattice window was never closed, nor was the leathern easy chair which stood next to it, ever empty, when the usual hour of the baronet's momentary visit approached. At length the expectation of that passing minute became the pivot upon which the thoughts of poor Bridgenorth turned during all the rest of the day." This is a beautiful and touching glance into the secrets of the heart. The collection of such straws shews a hand that had been busy with the harvest of humanity.

A sentence, an image, a thought, distinguishes and identifies an author; a straw in Milton shews the air blowing towards the paradise of fancy; and it is so in painting. You may recognise one of Raffaele's popes by the ring on his finger. Reynolds used to say that the history-pieces of the Dutch school were properly portraits of themselves; and this inability to go out of themselves always assigns them their due place in the catalogue. If they build Babylon, it is upon piles. But the greatest masters have also their little marks of peculiarity,—their straws in colour or design. You distinguish Tintoretto by the dark face of his Moor, or the dignified glance of the Venetian nobleman, or the high birth of his dog; whatever may be the subject of the picture, you are almost certain to find in it one of these elements, and so admirably introduced and managed as not to offend the eye. Mengs remarked of Titian, that he had studied deeply the character and suitableness of every colour, and he exact place and time for employing them. The science of selection, that is, of preferring a red cloth

to a blue, was possessed in its extremest capacity by this founder of the Venetian school. You determine his pencil at once by the handling of these hues. Who ever dropped a velvet of so lustrous a purple round the white limbs of Beauty? You may swear to his Venus by that straw. Could you hesitate to assign that dewy umbrage, with the delicious twilight walk, to Hobbima? or do you require a second glance to assure you that the white horse, in yonder corn-field, came from the stable of Wouvermans?

And passing into a purer atmosphere of meditation, we still find that the footsteps of Wisdom may be tracked by the light motions of straws; and that the doctrine of a special Providence becomes valuable in proportion as we extend it to what the world calls trifles, to things of every-day occurrence. A violet under the hedge points the road to Eden and angels. One who wrote of old* has put this inquiry in his own rich light of illustration when he described the Architect of the universe as being "glorified in the sun and moon, in the rare fabric of the honeycomb, in the economy of ants, in the little houses of birds; God being pleased to delight in those little images and reflexes of Himself from those pretty mirrors, which, like a crevice in a wall, though a narrow perspective transmit the species of a vast excellence." And so one, who in modern times follows the glowing path of the English Chrysostom with distant yet not undignified steps, has happily told us that in the little turns and shiftings of every-day things, in the flutterings of leaves, and in the falling of dew, we may trace the unwearied action of the Providential oversight, and read the lesson which each and all teach to ourselves. "These are His glance, the expressions of His countenance, the glance of His eye."

Men go down into deep waters to bring up mysteries of philosophy and truth; but the commonest fact teaches a higher lesson. Take only a straw—the conversation of two friends. The adaptation of the voice to society is the miracle of the world.

A cicada in South America may be

* Bishop Taylor.

heard a mile off. The most ingenious of entomologists, Kirby, has calculated that if the powers of the human voice increased in the ratio of the size of the body, it would be heard all over the world! And if this be so with the ordinary five-feet-nine, what would it be with six-feet-six? Think of Mr. Carus Wilson in the little island of Jersey! It would become one enormous bell, with the iron tongue rebelling in frightful iteration.* Or, most terrible of all, imagine the world one vast reflection of the Conciliation Hall; the voice of Mr. O'Connell omnipresent; and the Repeal of the Union in every family! Then, indeed, the designation of "The Agitator" would be properly bestowed. Hermetically-sealed apartments would be advertised in *The Times*; the Royal Society would bestow a medal upon the easiest method of promoting deafness; Mesmerists, like postmen, would be under

the direction of government; every round would be anxiously watched; and there would be a competition to pay "extra" for an early delivery!

We talk of the delicacy of the eye, but the ear exceeds it in quick sympathy and sensitiveness. The annoyances endured by the sense of vision, if transferred to that of hearing, would either benumb or destroy it. Lord Bacon mentions (*Nat. Hist.* 128) an instance of this kind of suffering endured by himself, when, "standing near one that lured loud and shrill," he had suddenly an offence, as if somewhat had been broken and dislocated in his ear: he adds, "and immediately after a loud ringing, not an ordinary singing or hissing, but far louder and differing, so as I feared some deafness; but, after some half-quarter of an hour, it vanished." Wonderful power of little things! Tremendous agency of straws!

* Pope has not overlooked the wise provision for the true happiness of the constitution of man:—

"No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonise at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!"

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

No. VII.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

WHATEVER may be suggested to the contrary by personal or political antipathy, it will be very generally admitted by men of all parties, who are conversant with the subject, that Sir James Graham stands next to Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell in the degree of influence he exercises over the debates in the House of Commons. It is not as an orator, more than respectable though his pretensions be, that he ranks thus high; for there are many, even among his inferiors as statesmen, who in eloquence far transcend him. Nor is it because he has, in the course of his long and chequered career, developed those higher qualities, either of character or of intellect, which lead men in the aggregate to wait upon the judgment of the individual, yielding themselves to his guidance; for the public life of Sir James Graham has been singularly unpropitious to the accomplishment of that glorious distinction. Nor is it that his reputation has grown with the growth or identified itself with the successes of any great national party, whose gratitude would have given him a following, and that following an audience prepossessed in his favour; for there is scarcely a public man of the day who has been so deeply and irrecoverably inconstant to political alliances, or the virulence of whose temporary opposition may with more precision be gauged by the fervency of his former support. On none of the received grounds, in fact, can his influence—popularity it cannot be called—with the House of Commons be accounted for. Such as it is, it depends on himself alone. It is anomalous, like his position.

The solitary, self-created, almost undisputed sway wielded by Sir Robert Peel, one can understand. He has been the foremost man of his time. Always the leader of, even in adversity, the most powerful party of his countrymen, he has never,

except, perhaps, in the single instance of the Reform question, run counter to the feelings of the nation.

There are principles and sentiments which, even in the hour of the uttermost estrangement, he held in common with his opponents; there was always some neutral ground for reconciliation. If events proved that his advocacy could not always have been sincere, no one could point to habitual virulence and acrimony assumed to give the colour of earnestness. He soothed, flattered, cajoled, played off parties and opinions against each other with delicate finesse, but never directly outraged deep-rooted prejudices or long-established opinions. And so, indeed, it is with him in the present hour. While ruling his political contemporaries with a power so absolute as to be almost without parallel in representative assemblies, and, at the same time, so well masked as to require all the envenomed ingenuity of a disappointed partisan ere it could be discovered, much less believed in, Sir Robert Peel has contrived to avoid exhibiting most of the harsher symbols of his sway. His despotism has not been obtrusive, or his tyranny odious. He has made men enslave each other, without himself standing forth as the confessed cause of the general degradation. If he has no natural or personal followers, so also he has no organised opponents,—at least their organisation melts away at his approach; they are valiant only behind his back.

The more genial, mild, and natural influence of Lord John Russell with his followers is also to be accounted for; nor is it at all surprising that he should be a favourite as a speaker with the House generally. Of the Whig party, first the *protégé*, then the pupil, and now the leader, he has always been the firm and consistent supporter. Of one side of the House he possesses

the favour by every right of political service, and party is not slow to be grateful, however wanting it may be in other political virtues. To his opponents and the House generally, he has always exhibited a deference and respectful consideration, which, if it sprang from policy, was wise in the extreme, for it has secured a degree of prepossession on personal grounds which is not enjoyed even by Sir Robert Peel himself, and often acts as a counter-balancing make-weight for mental and physical shortcomings in his oratory.

Sir James Graham's influence in the representative branch of the legislature is not to be attributed to any of the causes which have secured its favours for these two distinguished men. Like Sir Robert Peel, he has constantly been in antagonism with parties and opinions to which he has at some other time, before or since, given his most hearty support. But his changes of opinion and of policy have been made under very different circumstances, and the tone and character of his advocacy and opposition have been of a very different nature. Sir Robert Peel's first great act of inconsistency, however it may have exasperated his followers at the time, still bore the stamp of statesmanship; inasmuch as it was the application of a great and, in some respects, a desperate remedy to a state of things to which the history of the constitution afforded no parallel. It carried with it, also, to most minds the justification of an overpowering necessity. His subsequent deviations from the line of policy professed by him in early life, and while still the leader of the old Tory party, have, in like manner, been to a great extent the result of circumstances which he could not control. Many compromises of principle are forgiven in the regenerator of a great party. And Sir Robert Peel, too, has always kept his motives so free from suspicions. His ambition is, at least, of an ennobling and exalting character. He has never been the mere partisan, or allowed politics to become a passion with him, but has preserved his dignity amidst all the heats of party strife. Personal motives are seldom assigned to him when he sees fit to change his policy. He has preserved in an eminent degree the

respect both of parliament and the public.

Not so Sir James Graham; and the fact affects his position with the House of Commons, or it would not be so broadly stated in this paper, which, with the others of the series, treats of public men with reference to their personal position and their influence as speakers, and not with any political bias. Upon the same principle that high praise has been given to Lord John Russell or to Mr. Macaulay, although Whigs, because they are fairly entitled to it, the faults in the character of Sir James Graham, and the flaws in his position, will be dealt with without reserve, notwithstanding that he is so distinguished and so useful a member of a Conservative government. Sir James, we repeat, has not, amidst his many changes of opinion and party, preserved the same high character, the same freedom from the imputation of partisanship, the same presumption of stainless motive, that have upheld Sir Robert Peel, and retained for him the personal favour of the House of Commons, even in the most critical and dangerous periods of his fortunes. Still less has he observed that steady devotion to early received and professed opinions, that tolerant and liberal appreciation of principles and views entertained and professed by opponents, that gently repulsive retirement from stage to stage of party defence in the face of the advancing enemy, which, together with many personal qualities of an amiable character, have secured for Lord John Russell so much of the regard of foes as well as of friends. Sir James Graham has acted on wholly opposite tactics. There has been more (so to speak) of brigandage, more of the loose policy of the Free Lance, in his political life. His attacks have always been fierce and virulent in inverse proportion to what has proved to be the depth of his convictions, and to the apparent necessity of the case; his defences have always been distinguished by a blind and passionate obstinacy; his compromises and abandonments of professed opinions have always been sudden. These are great defects of character in the eyes of Englishmen, and they react upon Sir James Graham,

and lessen his consequence as a statesman, to this hour, in spite of his commanding talents and great position.

Sir James Graham has made enemies of almost every party in the legislature. It has not been because he has opposed them from time to time, for other men who are much more popular have for many years done so more effectually. But it has been on account of the extreme virulence of his opposition. His fighting has always been *à l'outrance*. He has been too prone to disdain the courtesies of political warfare; fictions though they be, yet agreeable ones and humanising. He has always appeared to import his passions into party conflicts, as though he were not merely fighting the battle of opinions, but also maintaining his own personal quarrel. And yet he has never succeeded in impressing one with the idea of his being in earnest. That would have rendered pardonable, language otherwise too severe. His harangues while in opposition, and indeed all his party speeches, rather seem the elaborate efforts of one having little real sympathy with the themes he is discussing or the views he is urging, but who has worked himself up to a state of fictitious enthusiasm or moral indignation, in order the more effectually to gratify political vindictiveness, or advance personal ambition, by obtaining the applause of audiences willing to be misled under cover of those high-sounding pretences. But, whether simulated or real, some of the speeches here more particularly referred to—and to which, it must be added, no one could listen without being struck with admiration at their boldness, skill, and sustained energy—were scarcely reconcilable with that liberal and charitable interpretation of the motives of opponents, which is one of the first duties of public men to each other. Nor has Sir James Graham, while conducting his combats in this spirit, been at all choice in the weapons he used. Any missile that came to hand was hurled indiscriminately at the foe. No epithet, however heavy its imputation (always, of course, saving that it is parliamentary); no taunt, however bitter or aspersing, whether to individuals, parties, to opinions, or even to

whole nations; no general charge, however grave as against the policy of a party, or however damatory of the motives of his opponents in their councils or their conduct; and, finally, no manœuvre that could by any stretch of license be accounted not inconsistent with parliamentary honour, even to the extent of partial statements of opponents' opinions, or partial quotations or withholdings of justificatory matter; not one such expedient, however little to be approved in fair and free public discussion, by which a temporary triumph could be won, or a rival for the hour put down, was ever rejected by Sir James Graham from any delicacy of temperament; or from any high and fastidious sense of honour, such as restrains some men from grasping the victory which is theirs on such conditions; or even from that constitutional love of fair play and open, stand-up fighting which is the Englishman's boast, and which is covertly the guiding principle in all the debates in parliament.

It will be observed that blame is imputed to Sir James Graham, not merely because in the course of a long and very stormy political life he has changed his opinions. Men have always been held at liberty to do that; and of late it is becoming quite a fashion. It is on account of the extreme virulence and unscrupulousness with which he has from time to time advocated the opinion or the party object of the hour, and the suddenness with which he has changed those opinions and objects, that he has failed to secure his fair share of the respect of his contemporaries, at least for more than his great talent. A very cursory glance at his speeches will fully confirm the view here put forward. Look at his earlier political career, when as "the Cumberland Baronet," he frightened the isle from its propriety, by the violent and unconstitutional tendency of his writings and speeches. Who could have suspected that a man whose sentiments breathed so much of the very spirit of license, would in comparatively few years stand before the world one of the favoured leaders of the party he was then denouncing so violently, and as the most arbitrary home-secretary the country

had known for many years? Again, his attacks upon the landed interest in the earlier part of his career were so harsh and virulent, that one can scarcely believe, though the fact stares one in the face, that the same man has been, for twelve or fourteen years, one of the chief counsellors and leaders of those whom he then treated as the pests and enemies of their country. Furthermore, let us look at the zealous partisanship with which, when he was a member of the Whig government, he attacked on the one hand the Radicals, of whom at least, in opinion, he might once have been accounted a leader; and on the other the Conservatives, in whose ranks he was so soon to hold one of the most distinguished posts. Nor can it be forgotten how when in power as a Conservative minister, he has stood out in marked relief from his colleagues, in the virulence of his attacks on those with whom he had so lately held office, and towards whom he at least, and Lord Stanley, should have been restrained in resorting to the more envenomed hostilities of party. It cannot be attributing too much importance to the effects of this constant antagonism on his part to the convictions or the self-love of his contemporaries, when we say, that they detract very materially from the estimation in which he is held, and preclude the possibility of his being popular in the House of Commons, however much his eloquence, his debating powers, or his extraordinary aptitude for business, may cause him to be admired, and render him valuable as a minister and a statesman.

It has been in the face of all these self-created obstacles, in spite of drawbacks and disadvantages which would have long since consigned an ordinary man to oblivion, that Sir James Graham, after having deserted his post in the van of one party—the party with whom his early political life was spent, and to whom he was indebted for his position—has forced his way to the very leadership of another; of a party distinguished for the possession of talent, legitimately occupying its ranks and not at all dependent upon chance recruits for the figure it makes before the country. Without a following, after hav-

ing violently discarded the political friendships of his youth and manhood, and in spite of an habitual, almost a studied avoidance of all the ordinary arts of popularity, which at times has almost gone the length of courting public odium, we find Sir James Graham the right hand and confidential counsellor of the most powerful minister this country has known since Pitt; the absolute dictator of all the internal administration, and of much of the internal policy, and the originator, or at all events the arbiter, of the internal legislation, of this great kingdom. More than of any other living statesman it may be said of him that he has made his own position. It was probably the object of his early ambition; yet, if we look at his career, how unpropitious was its commencement for such a close! So much the more merit, then, in an intellectual point of view, is due to him who could thus compel circumstances to his purposes. It is to his talents alone that he is indebted for the high post he holds, and the distinguished position he enjoys among his contemporaries. He has literally fought his way up; and a hard fight he has had. If he has multiplied the natural obstacles of such a career, so much the greater is the talent and the determination of purpose by which they have been overcome. What Mr. Macaulay has won by his eloquence and capacity for statesmanship, Sir James Graham has attained by the same spirit of self-dependence, working out its mission in the more active and stormy scenes of political excitement, by more bold and dangerous ventures, and more skilful and daring pilotage.

Sir James Graham has always been equal to his position. Various as have been the parts he has played in the political drama of his time, he has always glided naturally into them, and distinguished himself as one of the first actors, rising naturally to the top. His speeches from time to time afforded an accurate barometer of his political position. On whichever side of politics they were made, they have always been marked by great aptitude, readiness, tact, vigour, and power. Except Lord Brougham and O'Connell, he has been, perhaps, the most actively

militant orator of his day. When he was down he attacked those who were uppermost; now he is in power, he wages perpetual war with those who are out. Whether attacking institutions or defending them, however, he has shewn equal ability and determination to conquer at all hazards. When he was a Radical, or at least so very ultra a Whig that the steady ones of the party were almost ashamed or at least afraid of him, he was so thoroughly uncompromising in his denunciations, that Mr. Duncombe, whom he is now nightly striving to extinguish with all the awful terrors of law and order, would have been by his side but a mere wretched shadow of a demagogue. In fact, we have no such Radicals now as Sir James was then. They are all fat, jocular men, growing wealthy upon coronerships, and suchlike abominations; or *blasé* dandies in search of an excitement. Some of the speeches of Sir James Graham, whether in parliament, at the hustings, or at public meetings, at the time referred to, would in the present day be accounted almost too bold for the most determined aspirant for the honours of political martyrdom. For they were unreddeemed by the philosophy of liberalism; they had not even the dignity and tone of Chartism. They were simple, unadulterated, partisan speeches, made to serve a purpose, and forgotten as soon as uttered. But about their talent there was no mistake. It was not that they were distinguished for high eloquence, but for power and downright hard hitting. They gave the speaker a claim on the rising party of the time; and in a few years the *quasi*-demagogue shot up into a minister.

And a capital minister he made. His most determined enemies do not deny this. Whatever may be thought of Sir James Graham as a politician, no one hesitates to admit that he is one of the best administrative officers this country has for many years produced. The same talent, the tact and aptitude, which had made him so clever an assailant of the former government, rendered him immediately fit for office. He was here, as before, equal to his position. As a speaker on behalf of the government, too, he

proved himself a most valuable ally, —turning the flank of his quondam Radical associates with provoking skill and unerring precision. But the prior claims of those who were already designated as the successors to the chief posts in the Whig party still kept Sir James in the background, and forbade the hope of his taking that distinguished position for which his talents and ambition alike indicated him. The reorganisation of the party at that time, and their adoption of a policy of dangerous progress, afforded an opportunity for a change; and accordingly, in a very short time we find Sir James Graham (after a short time spent in a *chrysalis* state) a full-blown Conservative. Here, again, he was fully equal to his position; and as it was during the long and glorious struggle of the Conservative opposition headed by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, that the latter made his best speeches, a better opportunity cannot be taken to treat of his peculiarities as an orator—which was the part he then laid himself out to fill—before attempting to describe him as he now is in his new character of repressor-general of the insubordinates in the House of Commons, or “crusher”-in-chief to the ministry.

The Conservative speeches of Sir James Graham, made when fighting side by side with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley against the Whigs, were admirable specimens of what may be done by highly cultivated powers, extensive acquaintance with the best models of eloquence, persevering care, and elaborate preparation, without oratorical genius, or that earnestness and sincerity of purpose which will often advantageously supply its place. Assuming them to have been deliberately got up to serve a certain purpose, it would be impossible to withhold admiration from the power, tact, and aptitude, with which the means were made subservient to the end. Upon the supposition that the speaker was really sincere, it was difficult to account for the absence, even in the most solemn appeals to the religious feelings of the auditory, or to their cherished constitutional prepossessions, of those touches of deep feeling which are the utterances of the soul, not the promptings of art, and

which act like a talisman upon the sympathies. The speeches referred to were, many of them, superior as compositions to those of Sir Robert Peel or Lord Stanley, containing more of the great argument on which the whole movement of the Conservative party was based. For, although Sir James Graham evinces so little readiness to bend his will to those around him, he shews an almost chameleon-like power of reflecting their sympathies, opinions, or prejudices. They were in this respect admirable manuals for the party, and no doubt did good service in the country. But the impetuous eloquence of Lord Stanley, and the admirable persuasive art of Sir Robert Peel, enabled them to achieve more, with materials which in justice to Sir James Graham we must admit were not superior to those which are to be found in his speeches of that period. What detracted from the effect of the declamatory passages was a somewhat pompous and stilted tone, a too evident affectation of solemnity and earnestness; which might have been partly natural, arising from physical causes, and therefore not fairly the object of criticism, though materially marring the effect of the speeches. But allowing for all these defects, they were yet remarkable efforts of oratorical skill, which raised Sir James to a level with the best speakers in the House of Commons. The exordiums and perorations always bore marks of the most careful preparation, and were usually models of fine composition; the quotations were most apt, and often from recondite sources; the poetical passages delivered with a fine emphasis and full appreciation of the rhythm. As a debater, rising at a late hour, perhaps, to reply suddenly to the arguments of a previous speaker or speakers, where the novelty of the topics precludes all preparation, and the real powers of the orator are therefore tried to the utmost, Sir James shewed himself the possessor of the very highest order of talent,—in readiness of argument, retentiveness of memory, suddenness of quotation, quickness of retort, in invective, sarcasm, repartee, declamation, he was seldom or never at fault, and was always the antagonist most dreaded by the ministers. Perhaps

one reason for this might be the violence of tone and unscrupulousness in the use of weapons, of which mention has already been made, as one of the chief faults of Sir James Graham.

But all these successes as a politician, and all these triumphs as a speaker, will not account for or justify the assertion with which these observations commenced,—that Sir James Graham's influence over the House of Commons is only second to that of Sir A. Peel or Lord John Russell. For influence he does possess, although in the face of all that has been here said to his disadvantage, it is more difficult to trace it to its source, seeing that there is no man in the House who appears less to court popular favour than Sir James Graham. Looking back at his career while joint leader of the Conservative opposition, it was certainly then impossible to predict that he would develop into the sort of character he has exhibited as minister and home-secretary. Prominent as his position then was, he was rather the servant of party than otherwise: he never assumed to take the lead, still less would you have supposed that he would have had the boldness to flout the house as he has since done; or so ostentatiously to defy the sovereign people through their representatives. All honour to him for his courage, though it might have been exercised in a better cause. It is because Sir James Graham affects, or really feels, an indifference to the good opinion of the house, that they submit so spaniel-like to his capricious or his studied coldness and indifference, and pay so much attention, often so much deference, to his opinion.

A hardness and impassibility of temperament, which is to censure or obloquy as adamant or rhinoceros-hide, joined to a wonderful knowledge of human nature, great talents, clear perception, readiness, determination of purpose, and a steady resolution to seize all opportunities and yield none, give him great advantage in an assembly where the average of ability is not above mediocrity, and where there are so few who have the courage or feel the inclination to stand forth as champions. With the exception of Mr. Disraeli, Mr.

Ferrand, and Mr. Wakley, the members generally bend before his consistent will and determination of purpose, which, in such a place, are almost tantamount to a strong or superior mind. If they would say the truth, they are not a little afraid of him. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that such a man as Sir James is in these times particularly useful. Utilitarianism, on which are grafted some of the colder and harsher doctrines of political economy, has become the political religion of our public men. Centralisation, with its train of paralysing evils, has become the fashionable machinery of government. The farther the ear and eye are removed from the actual scene, the less chance there is of the evil being seen or the complaint heard. The selfishness of classes needs excuses. It thinks to hide its naked hideousness in systems. Weaker natures fear to lay down, still more to carry out principles, which this selfishness would fain see adopted. A firmer spirit, which, perhaps, because it has faith in such principles, asserts them broadly and maintains them in act, through good and evil report, becomes a powerful and valuable ally. A Sir James Graham will be clung to, in an instinctive deference for his vigour of mind and boldness of purpose. Such a man serves, to rule. Less remote causes of his influence may, however, be found; causes on the surface quite sufficient in the present state of things to account for his contradicting all the usual calculations on which ministerial popularity is based.

His demeanour in the house is a study. As he enters below the bar, his red despatch-box in hand, his figure towers above most of the members, notwithstanding that of late years he has contracted a slight stoop. Extreme hauteur, tempered by a half-sarcastic superciliousness, is his prevailing characteristic; and, as he slowly drags along his tall and massive frame, which still retains much of the fine proportion of youth, in his heavy-measured, almost slipshod tread, towards his seat at the right of the Speaker's table, there is a self-satisfied, almost inane expression on the countenance, produced by a peculiar fall of the nether

lip and a distorted elevation of the eyebrows, that does not by any means prepossess you in his favour, or suggest any high idea of his intellect. He rather looks like some red-tape minister of the Tadpole school, or some pompous placeman, conceited of his acres. But by and by you learn to separate the more fixed habit of the features from this odd expression of the countenance, till you see that the superciliousness is real, though exaggerated by the physical peculiarity. There are no traces of ill-nature in the face; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to encourage. Meanwhile he has seated himself, placed his red box on the table before him, stretched himself out to his full length, and awaits, with arms folded and hat slouched over his face, the questioning to which he knows he will be subjected at this particular hour, from half-past four to half-past five. He is not left long in his moody silence. Some one has put a question to him. It is Mr. Duncombe, who, if one is to judge by the malicious twinkle in his eye and his affected tone of moral indignation, has got hold of some grievance—some letter-opening delinquency, or some case of magisterial cruelty and Home-Office indifference, with which he has worked upon the members who do the "British-public" part in these little political dramas, for they are crying "hear, hear!" with a forty-John-Bull power. Does the home-secretary start up to answer? Is he indignant at the insinuations thrown out by his smart and ready antagonist? Does he burn to relieve himself of the odium of having sanctioned a system of espionage or of having neglected to redress some wrong—as he, the poor man's *ex-officio* trustee, is bound to do? Oh, no! he is in no hurry. The breath of the questioner has full time to cool, and the voice of moral indignation to abate its energy, ere he stirs. Then he uncoils himself, rising slowly to his full height, and confronting his antagonist with a well-assumed consciousness of the extreme absurdity of his question, and the absolute impregnability of the defence; if, indeed, he shall condescend to make any answer at all; for you are left in doubt a moment, whether he will not allow his super-

cilious expression to expand into a contemptuous laugh, and so sit down again. However, such things not being allowed by the sovereign people, and, as ministers, however despotically disposed, must answer questions, the next thing to be accomplished is to give as homoeopathic a dose of information as possible, conveyed in the largest possible amount of indifference, superciliousness, and wholesome parliamentary contempt. There are stereotyped forms. The initiated know almost the words. The cool, phlegmatic, impassible style is, of course, peculiar to the particular Home Secretary of whom we speak. His idea of the functions of his office seems to be, that he is to exercise the utmost possible power with the least possible accountability. He is to know nothing, see nothing, do nothing, but what he is absolutely compellable to know, see, or do. If the enemy can ferret out a fact and prove it, so much the better for his case. Then, perhaps, it *may* be admitted. But the usual course is for Sir James, in his low, monotonous voice, and steady determined manner, to give an elaborate formal statement of words, with as few facts as possible, and leaving the matter as nearly as possible where he found it. This course has its advantage: for the questions put are often unmeaning, and even detrimental to the public service. Sometimes, however, matters grow more serious. The cool, hard, impassible functionary is compelled by a sense of duty to make a more elaborate statement, and then

it is you perceive his superiority as a minister. The clearness, firmness, extent of information, and sound knowledge of his duty he displays, shew him to be not deficient either in act or in explanation, when he thinks it necessary. His questioner is then put *hors de combat*, and he himself gets a sort of income for that superciliousness and apathetic indifference to popular censure, which are so fatally tried to his prejudice. An still more curious case, as for instance, in that of Mazzini. Sir James Graham has carried this impassibility and indifference to an insupportable extent. If he believed himself right, of course he shewed great moral courage: but moral courage in a bad cause is scarcely distinguishable from obstinacy: and Sir James Graham's conduct in that case laid him open to great obloquy, much of which was deserved. Yet the determination he shewed under such circumstances rather increased than diminished his influence with the house. If it made him politically speaking, hated by many, it also made him feared. Such steady self-possession, joined to such talents and information, and to such debating powers as he has in his former career displayed, though now he rarely exercises them, are quite sufficient to account for that influence which we have ascribed to him: in the absence of personal respect which, generally speaking, he does not command; or of party gratitude, which he has done little to deserve on the one hand, and so much to forfeit on the other.

THE LEGEND OF GILKHAUSEN.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

It was a beautiful and genial moon-tide hour in May, and the sunbeams poured gloriously in through the narrow Gothic lattices of a castle in Wetteravia, and brightened and gladdened a darkly panelled room, adorned with all the heavy magnificence suitable to the abode of a German prince in the twelfth century. The massive chairs, tables, and armories, were elaborately and grotesquely carved; the tapestry was ample, and of brilliant colours; there were some chased silver vessels

and candelabra, a few portraits (such as in these days we should call daubs), knights grim in armour and dames grim in jewels and miniver, hung about the walls: but there were no trophies of war or of the chase. Some flowers in vases, a lute, and two or three small and beautifully illuminated MSS. of the German Minnesingers lying open on a table, shewed that the preëminent genius there was feminine. In the middle of the room stood a tapestry frame, and the subject of the work

militant orator of his day. When he was down he attacked those who were uppermost; now he is in power, he wages perpetual war with those who are out. Whether attacking institutions or defending them, however, he has shewn equal ability and determination to conquer at all hazards. When he was a Radical, or at least so very ultra a Whig that the steady ones of the party were almost ashamed or at least afraid of him, he was so thoroughly uncompromising in his denunciations, that Mr. Duncombe, whom he is now nightly striving to extinguish with all the awful terrors of law and order, would have been by his side but a mere wretched shadow of a demagogue. In fact, we have no such Radicals now as Sir James was then. They are all fat, jocular men, growing wealthy upon coronerships, and suchlike abominations; or *blasé* dandies in search of an excitement. Some of the speeches of Sir James Graham, whether in parliament, at the hustings, or at public meetings, at the time referred to, would in the present day be accounted almost too bold for the most determined aspirant for the honours of political martyrdom. For they were unredeemed by the philosophy of liberalism; they had not even the dignity and tone of Chartism. They were simple, unadulterated, partisan speeches, made to serve a purpose, and forgotten as soon as uttered. But about their talent there was no mistake. It was not that they were distinguished for high eloquence, but for power and downright hard hitting. They gave the speaker a claim on the rising party of the time; and in a few years the *quasi*-demagogue shot up into a minister.

And a capital minister he made. His most determined enemies do not deny this. Whatever may be thought of Sir James Graham as a politician, no one hesitates to admit that he is one of the best administrative officers this country has for many years produced. The same talent, the tact and aptitude, which had made him so clever an assailant of the former government, rendered him immediately fit for office. He was here, as before, equal to his position. As a speaker on behalf of the government, too, he

proved himself a most valuable ally,—turning the flank of his quondam Radical associates with provoking skill and unerring precision. But the prior claims of those who were already designated as the successors to the chief posts in the Whig party still kept Sir James in the background, and forbade the hope of his taking that distinguished position for which his talents and ambition alike indicated him. The reorganisation of the party at that time, and their adoption of a policy of dangerous progress, afforded an opportunity for a change; and accordingly, in a very short time we find Sir James Graham (after a short time spent in a chrysalis state) a full-blown Conservative. Here, again, he was fully equal to his position; and as it was during the long and glorious struggle of the Conservative opposition headed by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, that the latter made his best speeches, a better opportunity cannot be taken to treat of his peculiarities as an orator—which was the part he then laid himself out to fill—before attempting to describe him as he now is in his new character of repressor-general of the insubordinates in the House of Commons, or “crusher”-in-chief to the ministry.

The Conservative speeches of Sir James Graham, made when fighting side by side with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley against the Whigs, were admirable specimens of what may be done by highly cultivated powers, extensive acquaintance with the best models of eloquence, persevering care, and elaborate preparation, without oratorical genius, or that earnestness and sincerity of purpose which will often advantageously supply its place. Assuming them to have been deliberately got up to serve a certain purpose, it would be impossible to withhold admiration from the power, tact, and aptitude, with which the means were made subservient to the end. Upon the supposition that the speaker was really sincere, it was difficult to account for the absence, even in the most solemn appeals to the religious feelings of the auditory, or to their cherished constitutional prepossessions, of those touches of deep feeling which are the utterances of the soul, not the promptings of art, and

which act like a talisman upon the sympathies. The speeches referred to were, many of them, superior as compositions to those of Sir Robert Peel or Lord Stanley, containing more of the great argument on which the whole movement of the Conservative party was based. For, although Sir James Graham evinces so little readiness to bend his will to those around him, he shews an almost chameleon-like power of reflecting their sympathies, opinions, or prejudices. They were in this respect admirable manuals for the party, and no doubt did good service in the country. But the impetuous eloquence of Lord Stanley, and the admirable persuasive art of Sir Robert Peel, enabled them to achieve more, with materials which in justice to Sir James Graham we must admit were not superior to those which are to be found in his speeches of that period. What detracted from the effect of the declamatory passages was a somewhat pompous and stilted tone, a too evident affectation of solemnity and earnestness; which might have been partly natural, arising from physical causes, and therefore not fairly the object of criticism, though materially marring the effect of the speeches. But allowing for all these defects, they were yet remarkable efforts of oratorical skill, which raised Sir James to a level with the best speakers in the House of Commons. The exordiums and perorations always bore marks of the most careful preparation, and were usually models of fine composition; the quotations were most apt, and often from recondite sources; the poetical passages delivered with a fine emphasis and full appreciation of the rhythm. As a debater, rising at a late hour, perhaps, to reply suddenly to the arguments of a previous speaker or speakers, where the novelty of the topics precludes all preparation, and the real powers of the orator are therefore tried to the utmost, Sir James shewed himself the possessor of the very highest order of talent,—in readiness of argument, retentiveness of memory, suddenness of quotation, quickness of retort, in invective, sarcasm, repartee, declamation, he was seldom or never at fault, and was always the antagonist most dreaded by the ministers. Perhaps

one reason for this might be the virulence of tone, and unscrupulousness in the use of weapons, of which mention has already been made, as one of the chief faults of Sir James Graham.

But all these successes as a politician, and all these triumphs as a speaker, will not account for or justify the assertion with which these observations commenced, — that Sir James Graham's influence over the House of Commons is only second to that of Sir R. Peel or Lord John Russell. For influence he does possess, although in the face of all that has been here said to his disadvantage, it is most difficult to trace it to its source, seeing that there is no man in the house who appears less to court popular favour than Sir James Graham. Looking back at his career while joint leader of the Conservative opposition, it was certainly then impossible to predict that he would develop into the sort of character he has exhibited as minister and home-secretary. Prominent as his position then was, he was rather the servitor of party than otherwise: he never assumed to take the lead. Still less would you have supposed that he would have had the boldness to flout the house as he has since done; or so ostentatiously to defy the sovereign people through their representatives. All honour to him for his courage, though it might have been exercised in a better cause. It is because Sir James Graham affects, or really feels, an indifference to the good opinion of the house, that they submit so spaniel-like to his caprices or his studied coldness and indifference, and pay so much attention, often so much deference, to his opinion.

A hardness and impassibility of temperament, which is to censure or obloquy as adamant or rhinoceros-hide, joined to a wonderful knowledge of human nature, great talents, clear perception, readiness, determination of purpose, and a steady resolution to seize all opportunities and yield none, give him great advantage in an assembly where the average of ability is not above mediocrity, and where there are so few who have the courage or feel the inclination to stand forth as champions. With the exception of Mr. Duncombe, Mr.

Ferrand, and Mr. Wakley, the members generally bend before his consistent will and determination of purpose, which, in such a place, are almost tantamount to a strong or superior mind. If they would say the truth, they are not a little afraid of him. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that such a man as Sir James is in these times particularly useful. Utilitarianism, on which are grafted some of the colder and harsher doctrines of political economy, has become the political religion of our public men. Centralisation, with its train of paralysing evils, has become the fashionable machinery of government. The farther the ear and eye are removed from the actual scene, the less chance there is of the evil being seen or the complaint heard. The selfishness of classes needs excuses. It thinks to hide its naked hideousness in systems. Weaker natures fear to lay down, still more to carry out principles, which this selfishness would fain see adopted. A firmer spirit, which, perhaps, because it has faith in such principles, asserts them broadly and maintains them in act, through good and evil report, becomes a powerful and valuable ally. A Sir James Graham will be clung to, in an instinctive deference for his vigour of mind and boldness of purpose. Such a man serves, to rule. Less remote causes of his influence may, however, be found; causes on the surface quite sufficient in the present state of things to account for his contradicting all the usual calculations on which ministerial popularity is based.

His demeanour in the house is a study. As he enters below the bar, his red despatch-box in hand, his figure towers above most of the members, notwithstanding that of late years he has contracted a slight stoop. Extreme hauteur, tempered by a half-sarcastic superciliousness, is his prevailing characteristic; and, as he slowly drags along his tall and massive frame, which still retains much of the fine proportion of youth, in his heavy-measured, almost slipshod tread, towards his seat at the right of the Speaker's table, there is a self-satisfied, almost inane expression on the countenance, produced by a peculiar fall of the nether

lip and a distorted elevation of the eyebrows, that does not prepossess you in his favour, nor suggest any high idea of his character. He rather looks like a minister of the Tadsell family, in some pompous place of his acres. But by and by he learns to separate the most objectionable of the features from the most valuable of the countenance, so that though the superciliousness is, though exaggerated by the peculiar fall of the lip, there is an ill-nature in the face, which, on the other hand, there is no want of courage. Meanwhile, Sir James himself, placed his reputation on the table before him, strove out to his full length with arms folded and over his face, the question he knows he will be sure to ask at that particular hour, from ten to half-past five. He is in his moody silence. He put a question to him Duncombe, who, if not by the malicious twinkle of his eye and his affected tone of voice, has got hold of some letter-opening or some case of magic, and Home-Office indiscretion, which he has worked up into a question for members who do the "Business" part in these little parties, for they are crying "No!" with a forty-John answer? Is he indignantly throwing out and ready antagonist? He to relieve himself of having sanctioned a piece of espionage or of having redressed some wrong—a man's *ex-officio* trustee to do? Oh, no! he is not. The breath of the question time to cool, and the indignation to abate ere he stirs. Then he rises, rising slowly to his feet, and confronting his massive frame, a well-assumed consciousness of extreme absurdity of and the absolute impotence of the defence; if, indeed, he descends to make any answer for you are left in doubt whether he will not all

cilious expression to expand into a contemptuous laugh, and so sit down again. However, such things not being allowed by the sovereign people, and, as ministers, however despotically disposed, must answer questions, the next thing to be accomplished is to give as homœopathic a dose of information as possible, conveyed in the largest possible amount of indifference, superciliousness, and wholesome parliamentary contempt. There are stereotyped forms. The initiated know almost the words. The cool, phlegmatic, impassible style is, of course, peculiar to the particular Home Secretary of whom we speak. His idea of the functions of his office seems to be, that he is to exercise the utmost possible power with the least possible accountability. He is to know nothing, see nothing, do nothing, but what he is absolutely compellable to know, see, or do. If the enemy can ferret out a fact and prove it, so much the better for his case. Then, perhaps, it *may* be admitted. But the usual course is for Sir James, in his low, monotonous voice, and steady determined manner, to give an elaborate formal statement of words, with as few facts as possible, and leaving the matter as nearly as possible where he found it. This course has its advantage; for the questions put are often unmeaning, and even detrimental to the public service. Sometimes, however, matters grow more serious. The cool, hard, impassible functionary is compelled by a sense of duty to make a more elaborate statement, and then

it is you perceive his superiority as a minister. The clearness, firmness, extent of information, and sound knowledge of his duty he displays, shew him to be not deficient, either in act or in explanation, when he thinks it necessary. His questioner is then put *hors de combat*, and he himself gets a sort of license for that superciliousness and apathetic indifference to popular censure, which are so fatally urged to his prejudice. In still more dubious cases, as, for instance, in that of Mazzini, Sir James Graham has carried this impassibility and indifference to an insulting extent. If he believed himself right, of course he shewed great moral courage; but moral courage in a bad cause is scarcely distinguishable from obstinacy; and Sir James Graham's conduct in that case laid him open to great obloquy, much of which was deserved. Yet the determination he shewed under such circumstances rather increased than diminished his influence with the house. If it made him, politically speaking, hated by many, it also made him feared. Such steady self-possession, joined to such talents and information, and to such debating powers as he has in his former career displayed, though now he rarely exercises them, are quite sufficient to account for that influence which we have ascribed to him; in the absence of personal respect which, generally speaking, he does not command; or of party gratitude, which he has done little to deserve on the one hand, and so much to forfeit on the other.

THE LEGEND OF GELNHAUSEN.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

It was a beautiful and genial noon-tide hour in May, and the sunbeams poured gloriously in through the narrow Gothic lattices of a castle in Wetteravia, and brightened and gladdened a darkly panelled room, adorned with all the heavy magnificence suitable to the abode of a German prince in the twelfth century. The massive chairs, tables, and armories, were elaborately and grotesquely carved; the tapestry was ample, and of brilliant colours; there were some chased silver vessels

and candelabra, a few portraits (such as in these days we should call daubs), knights grim in armour and dames grim in jewels and minever, hung about the walls; but there were no trophies of war or of the chase. Some flowers in vases, a lute, and two or three small and beautifully illuminated MSS. of the German Minnesingers lying open on a table, shewed that the presiding genius there was feminine. In the middle of the room stood a tapestry frame, and the subject of the work

was the election of Frederic (surnamed Barbarossa), when Duke of Swabia, to the German throne of empire. Beside the frame sat two fair embroideresses, but neither of them working. A theme of interest had absorbed them both, and they sat with the needles and worsted unemployed in their hands. They were Adelaide, daughter of the reigning Margrave of Vohberg, and Gela, her attendant and friend, filling such office as among the Germans was formerly called *kammer jungfer*, and among the French *dame de compagnie*, for Gela was the daughter of the Margrave's chief forester, and had been brought up with the princess from a child.

Both were young, but the princess was a year or two the elder; both were handsome, but Gela was the loveliest. Adelaide had a noble presence, she felt that illustrious blood flowed through her veins, and she looked "every inch a princess." Her form was majestic, her eye bright and piercing, her beautiful mouth firm, her fine forehead open; she was a brilliant and lofty brunette. Gela was all grace, all symmetry, all gentle and winning beauty; she did not command, but she attracted; her eyes were blue and soft, her hair fair and wavy, her white forehead serene, her air mild, pure, and holy. She had not the majesty of the princess, but she preserved the aspect of self-respect, which demands and obtains the respect of others. She was sweetly, touchingly beautiful. The princess was made to be admired, but Gela to be loved. He who gazed first on Adelaide said to himself, "Splendid, glorious woman!" But when he turned to Gela he said, "Sweetest and loveliest of creatures!"

The tapestry before them was a favourite task of Adelaide's, but they had now been talking too intently to work; their theme admitted of no concomitant occupation. It was the theme of deepest interest to the

young, unshackled, unwearied spirit, for it was of love—it was the tale of Gela's first and only love.

Those are happy days when the young fresh affections of the heart are our all of life, our all of interest—when our study is not wise books, but living looks and gestures, and we become very learned in expression, and can discriminate its various shades; when a flower is a treasure, an hour of meeting a lifetime; when we first learn the poetry of life; when we live in a world of our own and people it with our own creations: then we are so easily pleased, so unselfish, so benevolent; then the heart guides the head. Alas, how ill-exchanged for later times, when the head controls the heart! the cool, plodding head, perhaps a safer guide than the warm impulse-full heart, but surely a less amiable one. Ah! we are to be pitied, if we would but own it, when we grow old, and cold, and wise—too wise to be pleased with what was our happiness before, when we say of our warm, young, kind feelings, "what nonsense!" and of our hoarded relics, "what rubbish!" Then the world, with its gnawing cares, its heartless counsels, and its withering experiences, has scared us as with a hot iron; the poetry of life has fled. We think ourselves much wiser, but are we half as happy? Nay, are we half as amiable? Truly and touchingly has Schiller sung,—

"O zarte Sehnsucht, süßes Hoffen,
Der ersten Liebe goldne zeit,
Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwelgt das Hertz in Seligkeit.
O, dass sie ewig grünen bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe."*

Das Lied von der Glocke.

But the romance of life was only beginning for Adelaide and Gela. The one was pouring out the secrets of her young heart to the other, who was worthy of the confidence because she received it with interest and with candour. It was when they had sat down to

* "Oh! fondest wishes, sweetest hopes!
First-love's own golden age is this;
When on the eye all heaven opens,
And the heart revels in its bliss.
Oh! that it ever green could prove,
The joyous spring of early love."

work that day that Gela, with painfully burning cheeks, and averted eyes, and stammering unconnected words, had begged her noble mistress' and friend's attention; she had something to say which her conscience told her ought not to be concealed; it was a great exertion to speak of it,—indeed she could not to any other but to one to whom she owed so much as the Princess Adelaide, and to her she felt that she owed the confession. It was a fortnight since, a warm, beautiful evening; she had gone out alone to enjoy the balmy air; she wandered to a favourite spot—the princess knew it well—the outskirts of the neighbouring forest, where the little fountain played. She had sat down under the shadow of a tree, and she knew not how long she had been there when she heard a brisk footstep in the forest, a rustling among the under-wood, a light half-hummed song. A man in the garb of a hunter, followed by a powerful dog, burst through the trees and came towards the fountain. She thought at first it was one of the foresters, but a glance shewed her it was a stranger, a handsome, young, and gallant-looking man. When he approached her he removed his hunter's cap with a graceful courtesy, and went to the fountain to drink. He was about to take the water from the hollow of his hand, but she thought it were churlish not to shew him where the wooden bowl for the use of the wayfarer was deposited in a niche. He thanked her—it was in courtly phrase, not like the plain country speech; and she was sure he must be a good man, for he remembered the need of his panting dog, and gave it drink from the bowl also. He asked her of the country, as a stranger would; of its fertility, of its beauties; of the nobles, their castles, and their towns; of the peasants and their villages; were the people happy, their feudal yoke light, and their wants supplied. She saw that the stranger was in tone and air superior to all whom she had seen; even, she thought—she said it with hesitation—superior to the nobles who came to the Margrave's castle; none of even them, she thought, had so lofty a bearing. She was sure he was some gallant war-

rior; and he was very handsome, fair, and ruddy, with open, speaking, blue eyes, an expansive forehead, large and nobly formed nose, full and firm mouth, but the sweetest, the most eloquent of smiles. They parted, and she knew not whither he went; and by some means, she could not tell how—certainly it was not by agreement, it was by a strange accident—the next evening they met again at the same spot, and then the next evening, and again the next; and then she owned it seemed as if there was a tacit understanding that they *should* thus meet, though indeed, in very truth, such appointment was *never* made in words; and now she confessed they lingered long together. He told her of foreign lands, he sang to her in a melodious voice the lays of the Minnesingers, and he began to talk to her of love; but it was so delicately, it seemed at first more by implication than in express terms; and his look, his emphasis, his voice, they had sunk into her heart, and fixed themselves on her memory, as never aught had done before or could again. Yes, evening after evening they had sat together beside the fountain, sometimes speaking from full and outpouring hearts, sometimes in a silence which in itself was eloquence—a silence in which it seemed to each that the other read their rapid and voiceless thoughts, and understood them better than if they had been obscured and impeded by inadequate speech.

"Yes, Gela, now I am sure you are lovers. You have both learned a great mystery in love; it is that the moments you spend together in silence are not wasted. They are moments of concentration, and devotion, and earnest feeling, that knit hearts more closely together than a fluent stream of the choicest words. Ay, and memory loves to dwell on such silent heartfelt moments better than on the most ardent vows. But *who* is the stranger? *That*, of course, he has told you long ere this."

Gela looked down, and crimsoned, and hesitated. "Do not chide me; but in sooth I know not."

"Foolish girl!" said the princess, in some displeasure. "Would you risk your happiness, perhaps your good fame, with an unknown who may be all unmeet for you—an ad-

venturer, an outlaw, or the husband of another?"

"Nay, hear me," expostulated Gela. "I have striven to learn his name, and state, and lineage; but he has repelled my questions, mildly and courteously, yet firmly. He says time will reveal him to me, when I need not blush for my lover; but he says the time is not yet. Unworthy I am sure he is not, for his brow is serene, his eye is cloudless; he bears no mark of painful thought or apprehension; his step is free, his air undaunted. I think myself he looks like some gallant warrior, who, if not now, will yet become a hero."

"Ah, Gela," said the princess, "all is not well here! The very first thing that true love establishes between two innocent hearts is a full and unrestrained confidence. I am sure *you* have poured out to *him* all your simple history, and that of your grandfathers and grandmothers, to say nothing of all your pets dead and living. I suspect, greatly suspect this man, who would gain your heart and will not tell you in whose keeping it may be. Love brings not only confidence but often indiscretion; and if he had not some weighty secret to conceal, under the softening influence of lovers' interviews his reserve must have relaxed. Has he dropped nothing by which you can learn at least his name?"

"He bade me call him Hermann." And Gela thrilled as she repeated the name, which, like a miser, she had hoarded up for her own gratification alone.

"Hermann? What else?"

"I know not. Forgive me, but I know only that I have never seen one like him, never heard one whose voice is such music to my ear, nor ever can again."

The princess sighed; she deeply feared for Gela's peace; and she augured no good from the mysterious lover, who might in those days have been believed to be Rübezahl, the mountain demon, or some forest spirit, who came in semblance of a hunter at the sunset hour to mock the credulous mortal maiden. Long and earnestly did Adelaide reason with the playmate of her childhood,

the companion of her riper years, beseeching her to take heed how she too lightly bestowed her affections on one who might leave her to sorrow and to blight. She added that she would stretch her authority to save her friend; and by that authority she commanded Gela to dismiss her mysterious lover from her presence, and even from her thoughts, unless he at once consented to discover himself to her. And it was arranged that Gela should once more meet him that evening at the accustomed place—once more, and for the last time, if he continued enveloped in the same cloud of mystery. Never again could Gela, the young, the pure, the beautiful, look upon an unknown and unconfiding suitor.

Gela's instinct told her that her noble mistress judged rightly; her tender, feeling heart gained strength from rectitude, and she determined on the sacrifice of her love, if sacrifice was necessary to her duty.

There was a pause for awhile between these two noble maidens; the one noble from birth, and both from mind. At length the princess spoke.

"Think not, Gela, that I am cold and stern to you because I have no sympathy with your feelings. Your confidence in me, dear maiden, deserves a return, and I will own to you that I have loved. I *do* love. But see! I do not crimson or hesitate as you did, silly Gela; for mine is a high, a proud love, worthy of my birth and ancestry, such as the world may hear from me without a blush. It is no love for hawthorn glades, and lovely vales, and rivulets' banks—it is a love for courts and palaces. I have been silent over it, not from shame,—*that* fits not with the love of such as I am; but because I delighted to brood over my glorious and honourable love *alone*—uninterrupted, undivided, undisturbed. Gela, I love no tributary prince, no mere feudal lord, no mere half-proud noble—*my* love is given to Frederic Barbarossa,* the young, the brilliant, the glorious emperor, and, let me proudly say it, *my* cousin."

Gela looked up with a gesture of surprise. Adelaide continued:—

"Ay, girl, I love the imperial

* So called by his Italian subjects, from the golden colour of his beard and hair.

Frederic. It is not for his person, handsome though he be; it is not for his accomplishments, though a graceful knight in the tourney and the dance, a keen hunter, a skilful troubadour; it is for his statesman-like genius, his warrior deeds, his gallant daring, his noble mind, the spirit to conquer kingdoms, and the intellect to sway them. Gela, I was at Frankfort when Emperor Conrad called together the States, and caused them to elect to the throne Frederic duke of Swabia, his nephew, in preference to his own son, because he was the greatest, the most gifted of the German princes. Can there be higher testimony to his merits than that a father elevated him above his son? I saw the all-acknowledged hero, and I loved him,—not as love-smitten maidens of low degree profess to love a man, for himself alone; I loved him not merely for what he was, but for what he had achieved—not as Frederic of Hohenstauffen, but as Frederic the Emperor. There were *fêtes* followed that election; my imperial cousin was often at my side. He rode by my palfrey's rein in stately pageants; he wore my colours in the lists. I bestowed on him the prize of the jousts; we held together high and proud communings. I thought his spirit understood mine; I thought he recognised in me one who would encourage him along the paths of glory, and be eager to do homage to his genius—one who would forget herself to study his fame, and whose never-relaxing aim should be to have it inscribed upon her tomb that she had been the *worthy* wife of Frederic the Emperor. Ah, Gela! in those happy days of our intercourse I thought that he loved me. I think so still; for I felt that I alone of all the simpering, smooth-faced damsels assembled there—I alone was worthy of him; and his instinct must have told him so. Yes, I still believe that he loved me then, and he may love me again. Though the cares of empire may have overclouded my remembrance for awhile, yet he *will* recollect me, and will come to seek me. Look at the tapestry on which we have both worked! I loved to portray that gorgeous scene when Frederic my cousin was named emperor. I live in an exciting dream of empire, of

nations wisely swayed, of people made happy and virtuous, of sagacious counsels, just wars, unsullied victories. Such a dream is my birth-right, and its realisation is due to my own energetic spirit. And it is the more my due, that, loving Frederic as I do—believing as I do that I could add to his splendour abroad and his happiness at home, yet, were it needful to his welfare, I feel that I could relinquish him, even in the midst of successful love and gratified ambition,—in the midst of joy, pride, happiness, and splendour. But go, Gela, go meet your lover—for the last time, if it must be so; and be you as prompt as I would be to sacrifice love for honour. It is not merely the high-born from whom high feeling is required: every woman, whatever be her rank, ought to be princess and heroine to herself; if not, she is only saved from falling by the absence of temptation. Go, Gela, and if you *must* renounce your lover, remember, the more beloved the more meritorious is the sacrifice!"

* * * *

The sun was near its setting; there was a joyous, golden light shed all over the beautiful landscape. The background was a forest, and not a breath stirred the fresh, young, green leaves of the fine old trees—not a breath disturbed the straight column of thin blue smoke that revealed where the forester's lodge lay hidden amid the foliage in the distance. In the foreground the trees stood more apart and shewed the luxuriant grass beneath them, where myriads of wild hyacinths made their deep blue the predominating colour, eclipsing the green of the natural carpet. To the right the ground rose high and rocky, and was crowned with ancient pine-trees; and there, in a sheltered nook, a crystal rill, welling from among mossy crags, fell with a soft, gurgling murmur into a reservoir of rudely hewn stone, and thence stole away, amid sedges and water-flowers, to mingle with the river Kinzig, whose waters glittered in the distance. Behind the little rustic fountain was a stone cross, and beside it rude stone seats covered with moss and lichens. And there were overhanging trees above, and grass and primroses below, and, scattered near, a few magnificent old hawthorn-trees,

one sheet of snowy blossom, and loading the air with their most exquisite fragrance.

Beside the fountain sat Gela, beautiful as its guardian Naiad. But, like a damsel of the earth, she was making a semblance of employment, for her fingers held a distaff, but the thread was often broken and entangled, as with furtive glances she was watching the neighbouring glade.

There was a rustling, crashing step in the forest. Gela's heart beat quick, her cheeks crimsoned, her fingers trembled on the distaff; a clear, sweet voice hummed a lively song, and in a moment more Hermann emerged from the trees. His step was elastic, his figure graceful, his air alert and eager; but with all his even boy-like buoyancy there was an air of greatness about him that caused the passing peasant to doff his cap to the stranger in his jüger garb. He came to the fountain, took Gela's hand in his; the greeting was a silent one. He turned to the pellucid water, drank, and scattered a few drops on the ground.

"Thus, my Gela," said he, "thus I pour a grateful libation to the genius of the place where I first beheld you!"

The dog, as he spoke, sprang upon Gela, fawned on her, and shewed that he had made acquaintance with her. Gela and her lover sat down upon the stone seat; for awhile they were silent. Gela tried to conquer her blush and tremor by caressing the dog; Hermann gazed on her with earnest and admiring eyes. How often an eloquent silence is broken by some awkward and unbecoming phrase, the offspring of embarrassment! And Gela's first words were commonplace enough,—

"How beautiful is this spot! how sweet this hour!"

"Beautiful, beautiful!" he replied, but looking at Gela rather than at the landscape. "It is a sweet hour, a beautiful scene; and such alone are meet for the time and place of the birth of Love. Love will not spring into life amid commonplaces. Who can fancy the birth of Love amid miry or dusty streets, sordid habitations, or the haunts of common? Love may, indeed, exist in such places (for, well tended, he lives any where), but his cradle

must be in far different scenes,—in such only as the poet and the painter would select. Amid the *drab colours* of life, some half-brother or kinsman of Love (with a strong family resemblance) may be brought forth, such as Liking, Fancy, Preference; but not the true divinity himself."

"I fear me," said Gela, as something of a jealous pang shot through her heart, "I fear me you are even over-well skilled in the science of love!"

"You mean, Gela, that you think me false,—that I have been a suitor to many a fair one ere now! Hear me, and believe me. I may have fluttered among the lovely and the young; I have admired, I have preferred; but I have never loved till now—never have I knelt with true devotion but at the altar of my Hamadryad, my forest nymph. Will you not believe me, Gela?"

"How can I believe without proof?"

"Demand your proof."

"I do." She looked down. "The proof is this: tell me, at least, who you are."

"Gela, do not, do not, in pity to me and to yourself, ask me yet. I will reveal it, but not yet."

"Alas, alas!" sighed Gela, wringing her hands.

"Nay, it is no dishonourable secret. The time will come when you will be proud of your lover. I do but conceal myself until you have become accustomed to me—let me hope, attached to me—too long, too well to renounce me."

"Ah, then I should renounce you if I knew you?"

"Yes, if you knew me ere you loved me well. An idle punctilio might nip a budding hope. When you can and will promise to love me for ever, then I will reveal myself."

Gela's rectitude was all awakened, and she replied,—

"It were unmeet for an honourable maiden to make such promise to a stranger, in the brain-sick hope that he might prove to be the disguised prince of some minstrel romance. Stranger, since stranger you must and will be to me, here, then, we part!"

"Ay," said Hermann, with some bitterness, "I knew that curiosity—the curse our mother Eve has left

upon her daughters—would tempt you to the fruit of knowledge, and like her you sacrifice your Eden to curiosity!"

"Do not call a maiden's self-respect curiosity," replied Gela, gravely but gently. "Come, let us reason upon it; and, if you love me, you will not be unjust to me."

She laid her hand on his, yet with timidity, and spoke earnestly with him, in soft, and sweet, and tender tones. She told him of her obligations to the Princess Adelaide, and of the just authority by which that noble lady forbade her further intercourse with a mysterious suitor. She spoke to him the language of her own pure feelings; she pleaded the cause of her own honour; she appealed to his. Would he value her affections were they won as a maiden's ought not to be? So firmly yet so gently did she speak, that Hermann felt he must yield. Yet he grieved, and a keen pang mingled with his passionate love. He feared, he expected to lose her by the revelation; but he saw that he should equally lose her by concealment.

"If you will it so absolutely, Gela, it must be so, and you shall know your lover. But think a moment. Will you not give me a little time? Do you not know that mystery is an attendant upon love?"

"Mystery to the world, perhaps," said she, "but not to each other. I have ever deemed that the greatest charm of love was the fullness of confidence, the entire oneness between those whom love unites."

Hermann sighed, and there was a pause. Gela rose to leave him.

"Farewell, Hermann! Here we first met, and here we must part. In your path of life, whatever it may be, but necessarily more full of occupation than mine, you may look back sometimes, amid the pleasures and the toils of your career, upon these last few evening hours as an amusement, but I must learn to believe them but a dream."

Hermann started up, and walked a short space in deep thought. Gela lingered still. At last he turned to her,—

"Gela, have you ever heard the story of Semele?"

"I have. The princess and I have worked it in tapestry; and when we

began the work, she read it to me. Runs it not somewhat thus?—Semele was beloved by Jupiter in disguise, but she desired to behold him in his own due resemblance——"

"Ay," interrupted Hermann, "and when he appeared as she compelled him, in his proper majesty, the celestial fire that played around him consumed the indiscreet and too curious Semele."

Gela laughed, for she thought Hermann spoke too vauntingly, and was trying to intimidate her.

"It were better to plunge into the waters of this fountain than to abide the consuming fire of your unveiling." But she added, more gravely, "If Semele had been always true to herself, she would have borne about with her a talisman that would have preserved her through the fiery trial. I await your revelation."

"No, Gela, not *here*. I will not tell you where, but it shall be to-morrow evening, and about this hour. You have vowed never to see me here again as the Unknown, but when I have ceased to be a stranger, you must come here once more, if it be but *once*."

He went to the trunk of a tree overgrown with ivy; he gathered the fairest spray, wreathed it into a chaplet, and returned to Gela.

"My Gela! my own and only love! take this wreath, the only offering that the obscure Hermann may make to you: the time will come when I can present a gift more worthy of you and of myself; but take this now, and wear it round your brows at this hour to-morrow evening. I trust in it as a talisman that, when next we meet, it will remind you of the favourite spot where it was gathered, the happy hours that we have spent together, the deep and earnest love of him who presented it to you. The remembrance will, perhaps, influence your heart, and you will still love me as Hermann would be loved."

Gela took the wreath and made a gesture of compliance, but her eyes were full of tears, and she felt that if she spoke her voice would falter. Hermann took her hand, and sunk upon his knee before her. One long kiss he impressed upon her hand; it was the first, and she did not repel it, for she felt it might be the last. F

sprang up, turned away, and plunged hastily into the forest glade, while Gela returned sadly and slowly to the castle.

* * *

Again the bright noon-day sun illuminated the stately apartment of the princess. Again Adelaide and Gela sat together, and the embroidery-frame stood beside them, but unemployed. Gela had told her noble friend all that it imported her to know, that the mysterious Hermann had promised to make himself known to her on the evening of that present day, but how or where she knew not. Of all else that had passed between them she said nothing—nothing of the ivy wreath, nothing of the allusion to Semele; but her reserve sprang from delicacy of feeling, not from want of candour: that which is disingenuousness in friendship is but delicate reserve in love. The princess, with a cordial interest, was pondering over the promised revelation.

"He is a strange man, Gela. Will he suddenly appear in the castle-hall mounted on a winged fiery dragon, like an enchanter of romance? or will he come an armed knight, with vizor down, and bid us guess his name and lineage by the device on his shield and the crest on his helmet? May he, at least, prove worthy of the smile of his lady fair! But, in sooth, Gela, you look as sad as if you thought never to smile again!"

At that moment a page entered, and presented a letter to the princess with all the due ceremonials of respect. She hastily cut the silken string that was knotted around it; as she read her eyes sparkled, her colour heightened; she sprang from her chair, sat down again, and made gestures of a joyful emotion.

"He is coming, Gela! he is coming! I am so happy! I guessed rightly; I have deserved him, and he has remembered me, even among all the cares of an empire. He is coming, and surely it is for *my* sake he comes. I am so happy! Why do not you rejoice with me, girl?"

Poor Gela, utterly confounded, could just utter,—

"Who?"

"Who, dull one! but the emperor? I me proudly say *my* cousin; and, perhaps, soon to say more proudly,

my Frederic! But I must collect myself and speak coherently. This letter is from the margrave, my father, now at the temporary court at Mühlberg. My father tells me, greeting, that the emperor has suddenly signified his pleasure to visit this castle, and that this evening—this happy evening, Gela, he comes hither, accompanied by my father, and attended by a small train! This evening! Ah, a gleam of light shoots across my mind! Is it not *this* evening your Hermann has promised to reveal himself? I have it! he belongs to the imperial court, and comes hither in Frederic's train; and if so, he must be an honourable man, and one deserving of you, Gela. Let us congratulate each other, we shall both be happy together."

And she kindly clasped the hand of her humble friend, who stood trembling and pale, for *her* emotion had in it less of confident feeling than that of the princess. Adelaide hoped every thing, but Gela feared much. Then they separated, the princess to give orders for the emperor's reception, and Gela to retire to her own apartment to muse on the approaching event. She felt little doubt that she should see her unknown lover in the imperial train; but, alas! he might be one whose haughty lineage would forbid their union; and she recollected with terror that the young Prince of Arenberg, a new kinsman of the Margrave of Vohberg, had a hunting-seat in the neighbourhood, and was himself attached to the emperor's court. He might have come thither privately, might have met her at the fountain, and would certainly desire to conceal his misplaced attachment. Then, indeed, she had loved in vain. She thought of the indignation of the illustrious families of Vohberg and Arenberg, of Adelaide's friendship converted into contempt and disgust, of the dangers to which her own humble father would be exposed from powerful and indignant magnates; she felt that she must renounce for ever her ill-assorted lover; yet she resolved, at whatever cost, to keep his secret from the princess, who would condemn her too condescending kinsman for his grovelling love. Gela remembered Hermann's allusion to the classic tale,

and sighed, "Mine is, perhaps, the fate of Semele."

The sun was declining, and all within and without the castle were in preparation to receive the sovereign. The great hall of state was in its proudest array. It was decorated with suits of armour, trophies of war and chase, waving banners, blazoned scutcheons, silver candelabra with snowy waxen tapers ready for lighting up, elaborate tapestries, chairs of state and crimson cushions, and vases of marble and of silver filled with flowers. At the head of the vast apartment was a raised platform or dais, with a table for the evening meal of those early times, decked with massive silver vessels; a throne-like seat with crimson canopy for the emperor, and two lower chairs for the margrave and his daughter. In the centre of the hall was the table for the emperor's officers and chief attendants, and for the more privileged members of the margrave's household. Ranged in order, at each side of the hall, stood vassals and retainers; and on the dais the princess, with Gela and three other female attendants. Adelaide had arrayed herself in a stately robe of crimson silk, embroidered with gold; her beautiful arms and neck were adorned with gems, and a jewelled coronet sparkled from amid her luxuriant raven hair. Gela wore a simple dress of white lawn; on her neck a golden chain and cross, the gift of Adelaide; the green ivy wreath of her mysterious lover bound the braids of her fair and sunny hair. She was pale from repressed emotion; but she was simply, touchingly, exquisitely beautiful.

Without the drawbridge was heard to fall, and the portcullis to rise; the trumpets sounded a majestic salute; the trampling of many horses came nearer and nearer, then ceased; there was a rustling sound close at hand; the door flew open, and a crowd of persons entered. The first was the emperor, magnificently dressed; in his hand his small purple velvet cap, with its black plume fastened in by a diamond, and his sword suspended from a broad and rich belt. At his left, and a little behind him, came the venerable old margrave; and, in their rear, a number of nobles and

officers. The emperor approached the dais; Gela, with a natural curiosity, glanced at him; but she started, coloured violently, glanced again, and involuntarily murmured half aloud, "Hermann!" Fortunately she was not overheard, for her mysterious lover was indeed the Emperor of Germany, the far-famed Frederic Barbarossa! And he—he saw his humble love half hidden behind the princess; and he gave her one quick, emphatic glance of recognition, and then withdrew his eyes. She saw nothing, distinguished nothing, for she had cast down her eyes the moment they met his. She heard nothing of his courteous greeting of the princess, nothing of the margrave's presentation of various nobles to his daughter, nothing of the animated conversation that ensued between Adelaide and her imperial guest. Poor Gela! the ivy-wreath on her head oppressed her like an iron crown of torture; she now knew that she had loved but to lose and suffer. There she stood, a part of the pageant prepared to do honour to her lover, unregarded by all, forgotten by her illustrious friend in the ecstasy of her own delight, unnoticed by her lover, who was devoting himself to her whom Gela felt *ought* to be her successful rival. She knew it was right that he should not expose *her* by his notice *there*, yet to *be* thus overlooked was a pang to woman's heart. She remained as in a disturbed and painful dream, till there was some movement taking place, some changes of position, as the assembly, according to their different degrees, were about to seat themselves at supper. Then the princess snatched the opportunity, turned round, and whispered hastily to Gela,—

"Is he in the imperial train?"

Happy was Gela that she could conscientiously answer,—

"No!"

"Poor Gela, I pity you! Ah, you look deadly pale! you are ill, and it is no marvel. I will not be so cruel as to detain you here. You have my permission to retire."

With a most grateful heart Gela availed herself of the welcome permission, and glided silently away from the gay scene. The emperor's eye watched her furtively; and

seemed to him that all of beauty, all of interest vanished with her from that stately hall.

Once more alone, and Gela breathed more freely; yet she was suffering with many intense and mingled feeling. There was love hopeless, and for ever so; what time or chance could remove the obstacles of birth between the emperor and the forest's daughter? Dread lest the censorious would discover the misplaced love, shame that she had been wooed with dishonourable views (for with what other could an emperor seek her?), a sense of ingratitude to the princess for intercepting the heart that should have been hers; yet amid all this there was the one honied drop that sweetens the cup, however bitter, that Sorrow holds to woman's lips—she knew herself beloved. She took off her only ornaments, the ivy garland and the gold cross, for they seemed to oppress her; they were the gifts of her lover and her friend, who ought, she felt, to have been united, but that she stood between them. She formed a noble resolution, and bound herself by a silent vow.

The next evening Gela sat once more beside the fountain. She had resolved never to meet her *unknown* lover there; but she knew him now, and too well, and she went to meet him for the last time *there*. She was not mistaken in her conjecture that he would seek her. She soon heard the crashing step in the forest, but the usual song was silent. He emerged from the trees, and stood beside her again in his simple hunter garb—again as only Hermann. But now they met with an embarrassment such as they had never felt before.

"Gela!" said the emperor, at length, "Gela, you know me now, and, perhaps, too soon. Yet let it not be as I fear; why should we part because I am not some low-born hind? Why should we part because I am a sovereign, and can lay treasures and honours at your feet?"

"Honours!" said Gela, with a reproachful emphasis; "honours without honour! Hear me, sire! —"

"No, not sire!" interrupted the imperial lover; "call me Frederick

—even Hermann, as you used, but not that cold title!"

"It is your due, sire, and it is right that I use it to remind us both of our duties. Sire, you must renounce me for ever! To love me is unworthy of *your* pride; to love *you* is unworthy *mine*!"

But it were long to tell the earnest colloquy that ensued between Gela and her exalted lover. Frederick besought her love with all the eloquence of passion; he addressed her affections, strove to awaken her ambition, promised wealth and rank for herself and her father, pledged an eternal secrecy to guard her name from reproach, but all in vain. Gela was true to herself.

"Sire," she said, "I am but an humble maiden to you, but I am to myself a princess, and never will I consent to sully my own lineage, of whose honest fame I am duly proud. Speak not to me of concealment from the world: *my world is in my own heart.*"

"If you loved me, Gela, you would not refuse to make some sacrifices for me, for that is the proof of love."

"I may not," she replied, "take of the offerings due to heaven to lay them on an idol's altar."

Frederick saw that he gained no ground, that Gela could never be more to him than she was then; but his love for her was so real, that its truth began to purify its warmth, and he loved her the better the more he saw her worthy of true love. He began to feel that he could be content and happy with her love shewn to him as to a brother; if she would but consent to see him still sometimes, and let him live over a blameless, a peaceful hour in her company, to learn holy and soothing feelings from her sweet voice, and to store up treasures for future memory. Gela consented to see him again at times (for indeed such interviews were necessary to the determination she had formed), but she would never again meet him alone, or beside the fountain.

"Look yonder!" she said; "look at that little rustic church on the banks of the Kinzig. It is always open to invite the chance wayfarer to say a prayer before its humble altar. There will I meet you, because there, in that holy place—"

holy though unseen presence — we are safe even from the ready sneer of the evil thinker.

Before they parted Frederic told her that he had been for awhile with some train at Mühlberg, but loving the luxury of a solitary hour and release from state, he had often rode out with scarce any attendants to a small hunting-lodge within a few miles, and thence had loved to ramble out alone, and thus he had met. He had concealed his rank the better to gain her confidence; but when she forced him to discover himself, he chose to do it in a manner that he hoped would impress her imagination, and make her proud of her illustrious lover.

"But, Gela," said he, "I did you injustice; you are not to be dazzled, or bought, or flattered from the right path." He told her that it cost him some trouble that evening to steal from the margrave's castle and meet her where his heart told him he would find her. That the next morning he would return to Mühlberg, and thence would come alone thrice in every week (while he *could* linger at Mühlberg) to meet her in the rustic church.

It was an humble place for an imperial visitor, that lowly church. On its plain oaken altar were a rudely sculptured crucifix and brazen candlesticks. The only ornaments of its grey stone walls were a few coarse pictures of saints, and some faded garlands hung up in fond remembrance of the dead, whose names and ages were inscribed on a parchment fastened to each garland. There were rough wooden benches and a few rush chairs, and the sun slanted in through long and narrow windows. And many an evening Gela and the young and glorious emperor met, and there sat down together on the steps of the altar, as it were under the protection of that cross; and near them sat Gela's young sister, as lovely and as gentle as Gela's self, but deaf and dumb; and, as she sat or knelt, telling her beads with a pious look, she seemed like a guardian angel watching and praying for their welfare. Gela's purpose in consenting ever again to meet him whom she loved too well for her own happiness, but not for her own peace

(for peace is ever the ally of integrity), was to use all her innocent artifices to gain him as a suitor for her illustrious and beloved mistress; and, steady to her purpose, she always made Adelaide the principal theme of their conversation. She eulogised her beauty and her virtues, the loftiness and grandeur of her sentiments, befitting her for the wife of a hero, whose mind she would understand, whose acts she could appreciate. In fine, Gela represented the princess as one who would shed a lustre on his public career, and ensure happiness to his private life. By degrees she insinuated to him as much of Adelaide's sentiments for himself as stimulated his curiosity; and when he was prepared to be sufficiently interested in the discovery, then she acknowledged to him that the princess had centred upon him all her noble affections. Then, indeed, he began to listen, and to talk of her with interest and animation, for nothing is more interesting to our nature than that which gratifies our vanity and self-complacence.

Still Frederic loved Gela too well, though so hopelessly, to be yet able to play the suitor to another. Still he kept aloof from the margrave's castle, and haunted incognito that lonely and lowly church.

But the destinies of Frederic would not long suffer him to remain inactive and obscure. The Milanese, his subjects in Italy, displayed a rebellious spirit; and the emperor was called to the seat of his empire, to meet his old and trusty counsellors.

The evening before his departure he met Gela in the church by the Kinzig; and now on the eve of absence, his love for her burned with redoubled strength. He would hear nothing of Adelaide: he declared that his love for Gela was so deep, so enduring, that while she lived he could never offer his hand to another; that since she never could be his, no other should occupy her place in his bosom; that he would live a life of celibacy, free to love her with a faithful though hopeless attachment. And Gela's heart leaped for a moment with a womanly joy to see how fondly she was beloved; but her innate purity in a moment after regretted the pertinacity of that very

love. At length they parted; but Frederic's words, that while *she* lived he would never wed another, sunk deep into her heart; and she saw that she was called upon to a further and more important resolution.

Time passed on; events allowed the emperor a moment's respite from state affairs. He hastened to the lonely church, and entered with an impatient step, and looked round; but Gela was not there. Her sister, the deaf and dumb, was in *her* accustomed place, bending over her beads; but where was Gela? His heart thrilled with some scarce defined dread. Was she dead? He hurried up to the dumb girl, and roused her from her devotions. The poor girl recognised him, sprang up, and gazed upon him, but it was with a sorrowful look: she seemed like one who felt herself desolate. The emperor's alarm increased; he questioned her by signs. The dumb girl made gestures to him to follow her, and went rapidly forth. Frederic followed: the strong man trembled with apprehension; he dreaded lest she should lead him to her grave. But she guided him past the churchyard, on—on—till they reached a small convent of Benedictines near the river. She knocked; the portress appeared at the wicket. At some signs from the dumb girl the door was opened, and Frederic, lost in wonder, was led into the parlour. There behind the grate stood Gela, his beloved Gela, in the full habit and black veil of a professed nun. His senses seemed to reel, he gazed awhile with dazzled eyes; and at length cried with a voice of pain,—

"Oh, Gela! why have you done this?"

"To make you happy," she replied; "and to restore you to the path of your duty. Your empire demands of you to marry; a noble and suitable bride awaits you. But you have wasted your energies, and misplaced your affections. And you said, that while *I* lived you would remain unwedded. My emperor, I am as the dead. Gela is no more; my name in religion is Sister Agatha. When I was professed my dirge was sung, and I died to the world and to you. Gela is buried: you must forget her. You must marry for the

sake of your own happiness, for your empire's interests, and in justice to your illustrious cousin, whose affections you have involuntarily won. Remember me only to think that I loved you well enough to nerve myself to this act. Remember me only to fulfil my anxious wish."

"Oh, my Gela! my Gela! this is too much. You have been cruel to yourself and me."

"Fear not for me," she said, in her soft, low voice. "It is a woman's birthright, her privilege, her glory, to make sacrifices. What! think you all heroism is confined to men? Not so; our heroism is more frequent, is greater, for it is less regarded, less rewarded by the world. You men can sacrifice to the world, and demand its plaudits; we women sacrifice on the unseen shrine of our own hidden hearts. You sacrifice a part; but we, our all. You think it a great trial when a sacrifice is required from you; but we women thank Heaven that we possess aught worthy to be accounted a sacrifice, and deem it a privilege to have such accepted from us. I could have lived in the world as happily as falls to the lot of most mortals, for I loved the fair face of nature, I loved my kindred and my friends; but I have relinquished all to seclude myself for ever within these narrow walls, for the sake of your welfare, your glory. My emperor, will you be so cruel as to let my sacrifice be in vain?"

Many a heart is caught at the rebound: so Adelaide gained the emperor's when he saw himself cut off from Gela, wholly and for ever. He had had a long, sad, agitating interview with her; and when he left her he was a prey to a thousand emotions. Hope was extinct, love rejected, even friendly intercourse was interdicted. His heart felt an aching void which he could not bear. The void must be filled,—who so worthy as Adelaide? She loved him. Their marriage was poor Gela's wish, the aim of her sacrifice. Could he be less generous than Gela in self-conquest? No! let him at least try to equal in nobleness of spirit his humble love.

Proudly and joyfully did Adelaide

of Vohberg learn from the margrave that Frederic had made formal proposals for her hand. And after the first ecstasy of triumph had subsided, she flew to the Benedictine convent to share her joy with her never-forgotten friend, the cloistered Gela. Adelaide had never marvelled at Gela's sudden resolution of taking the veil; she thought it the natural result of her disappointment, for she believed that Gela's mysterious lover had never reappeared to fulfil his promise of discovering himself. And now Gela, as Sister Agatha, received her joyous friend with an emotion *she* little guessed. But she kept her secret, which could but have pained the princess. She could not tell that proud and exulting lady, that to the generosity of her humble attendant she owed her imperial suitor.

The Emperor Frederic espoused the Princess Adelaide. And while he gave to Gela this proof of his obedience to her will, he determined on erecting a memorial to her honour. The convent where she was professed stood in an isle of the Kinzig, in a charming valley, varied with wood, and hill, and water, and protected by a chain of hills uniting with the mountains of Franconia, and with the Vogelsberg of Wetteravia. In that isle, and beside that convent, he built a magnificent palace, of which the interesting ruins are still visited by travellers, who explore with admiration its façades, its pillared arcade, its chapel and towers, and hall of justice, the spacious court, with the statue of the emperor. In that valley, too, and round that convent, he built a city, and gave it the name of Gela hausen, that is, Gela's town (now corrupted into Gelnhausen, or Gelnhausen), that the memory of Gela's blameless and noble sacrifice might live for ever in her native country. When Adelaide inquired with surprise why the new-built city was called after a lowly and humble nun, Frederic revealed to her the story of his love and of Gela's purity. And Adelaide felt no jealous pang. Gela acquired a lustre in her eyes for having been beloved by the emperor.

"Yes," she said, when he finished his recital, "a city is a befitting me-

morial of an emperor's esteem, and Gela well deserves that her memory should be preserved in the legends of the founding of Gelnhausen."

Time passed. Adelaide was blest. She had obtained the summit of her wishes; but human happiness is mutable, and wishes fulfilled do not always secure it. Adelaide was childless. Frederic's hereditary subjects were loud in their desire of an heir. His position became an anxious one. The Milanese rebelled against him. His interference became necessary between Roger, king of Sicily, and his oppressed subjects. He was obliged to resist the encroachments of the pope on his imperial prerogatives. He required fresh allies and powerful connexions. In brief, Adelaide, the quick-sighted, the noble, the unselfish, saw with a woman's penetration in the interests of the beloved, that if he were freed from her to make a more brilliant connexion, to gratify his subjects with an heir, to daunt his enemies by a new and powerful alliance, his star would gain the ascendant in Europe; and she nerved herself to relinquish him (as she once said she could) in the midst of gratified love, ambition, splendour, and enjoyment. She proposed the divorce between two hearts that understood and appreciated each other.

Adelaide reasoned with her reluctant husband, and obtained from him, not without great exertion, the fulfilment of her last desire—the wreck of all her own happiness, save the happiness of self-approval. Their consanguinity provided the pretext for their divorce, and Adelaide became once more only Frederic's cousin.

Again Adelaide visited Gela in the convent, now become spacious and splendid by Frederic's bounty, and a conspicuous object in the city of Gelnhausen. She had come there a happy bride, but now more desolate than a widow. She poured out her bleeding heart to Gela. She told her of the pang of parting for ever with her hero, her imperial husband. "You, Gela," she said, "you can feel for me, for you have known something of the pang of separation from him; but, oh, not so deeply, so keenly, as I have felt it,

for he has never been to you what he has been to me. And truly I believe, that I never could have brought myself to this mighty sacrifice but for your bright example, which guided me like a star in the paths of duty."

And now Adelaide's chief enjoyment in life was to repair to Gelnhausen (whenever Frederic was far away) to visit Gela, and walk with her in the convent-garden, and talk of the increasing fame of the emperor; and sometimes Adelaide would beg the gentle nun's indulgence while she sat down on a grassy bank, with her eyes upturned to the setting sun, and sang a little lay, dictated to her by her fond remembrance of her cousin, and some time lover:—

" Though Fortune's gifts on others flow,
Though scenes of joy impart,
A glimpse of bliss I ne'er can know,
To mock my bankrupt heart;
Unenvied shall their pleasures be,
While thus I can remember thee.

Not all the glare of tinsel state,
Were worth one smile of thine;
But since, divided thus by Fate,
That smile can ne'er be mine,
One solace still remains for me,
That thus I can remember thee."*

* * * *

In 1156, when Frederic was thirty-five years of age, he married Beatrix the heiress of Burgundy, and annexed that important country to his dominions. Twice was his happiness founded on the sacrifices of women: he married Adelaide by the self-devotion of Gela, and Beatrix by that of Adelaide, inspired by Gela's ex-

ample. But this is no uncommon case. Men are often far more indebted to the devotion of women than their pride or their justice will confess. Beatrix, the empress, became the mother of several children, and the partner of a brilliant destiny. She often visited with Frederic the palace at Gelnhausen; for he loved to breathe the same air as Gela, the still beloved, because ever honoured Gela; and to perform some of his princely and munificent acts within the sphere of her own knowledge.

We have chosen to extract the tale of Gela's love, and the origin of Gelnhausen, from the obscurer parts of history, because it is so dissimilar from what chroniclers usually tell us of the Beloved of Monarchs. We read so much of women who have bartered female honour for titled honours; who have flaunted abroad decked in all jewels, save one; who have paraded their meretricious influence at court; who have deemed vice excused if well gilded; and whose names blot the record of their sovereigns' lives. History has so widely blazoned forth the Pompadours and the Castlemaines in its most noted chapters, that it is refreshing to reverse the picture, and to draw from the more neglected pages the memory of one woman, who, though the beloved of an emperor, young, handsome, and brilliant, still continued blameless, simple, modest, yet heroic, and whose name reflects a cloudless light on his that is associated with it.

M. E. M.

* We fear the reader will not find the above song among the remains of the Minnesingers—not even in the copious collection made in the fourteenth century by Rudiger von Menasse, of Zurich, and since edited by Bodmer.

PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON.

No. II.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS.

CHAPTER III.

The French enter Milan, and are received as Liberators.—Excesses committed by the Republican Troops.—Insurrection of Benasco and Pavia.—Napoleon turns against the Austrians; forces the Passage of the Mincio, and invests Mantua.—Armistice with Naples; the French invade the Territory of the Church, and oblige the Pope to sue for Peace.—Napoleon at Florence, and treacherous seizure of Leghorn.

THE victory and spoil-breathing host, which, like a torrent of lava, had burst from the Apennines, and swept with resistless rapidity over Piedmont, now prepared to rest from its toils, and to enjoy, for a brief space at least, the reward of so many hardy actions. Abandoning the pursuit of the Austrians, relinquishing the prospect of finding Mantua, which had been looked upon as beyond the reach of danger, unprepared for defence, the conqueror leaving a corps at Cremona to observe the retiring enemy, retraced their steps, turned upon Milan and Pavia, and extended themselves over the fertile plains of Western Lombardy.

The Archduke Ferdinand and his consort had left Milan immediately after the passage of the Po. A vast crowd assembled to witness their departure; but though the princess was in tears, not a single voice was raised to express a word of sympathy for her sufferings: the multitude were dark and silent. The only mark of respect they evinced towards rulers, who, at least, had been kind and gentle, was to refrain from open insult, so deeply were all imbued with the spirit of republicanism. On the 14th of May, the youthful conqueror held his entry into the capital of the Lombard kings. He was received with boisterous demonstrations of joy; triumphal arches were raised on his passage; streets, palaces, tem-

ples, were decorated, the tree of liberty was planted, and public deputations hailed him as the harbinger of peace, happiness, and prosperity. What impression this reception made on Napoleon, we have no means of knowing, but that it left no very deep trace of gratitude in his breast, is sufficiently attested by the result. No sooner had the citadel, which was still in possession of the Austrians, been formally invested, and the military occupation of the city secured, than a contribution of twenty millions of francs was imposed; all church-plate, all public funds, even those belonging to hospitals and charities, were seized. Thirty of the finest pictures, besides vases, manuscripts, and other works of art, were, in like manner, taken possession of and sent to Paris. Such were the first marks of Republican gratitude conferred on the Milanese.

While the general was making the necessary arrangements for the government of the conquered provinces, imposing contributions, levying requisitions, the spirit of hostility to the new guests was already spreading with extraordinary rapidity. The licentious conduct of the troops exceeded, indeed, all bounds.* The clergy were openly insulted, the churches desecrated, the peace of families destroyed by the lawless conduct of armed ruffians; the property of individuals seized at the will

* On the 9th May General Dallemagne thus writes to the commander-in-chief, "I have, in vain, used every effort to arrest the pillage. The guards I place are of no avail, and disorder is at its height."

"Some terrible examples would be necessary; but I know not whether I have authority to make them."

"A man of honour suffers and feels himself disgraced by commanding a corps in which the worthless are so numerous."

of the soldiers, or called in at the dictates of any petty chief who thought himself authorised to levy contributions at pleasure. Many armies have since swept over the fertile plains of Lombardy; but even to this day the most frightful tales are told of the brigand conduct pursued by the first Republican invader of the country.

The blame of this misconduct does not, however, rest altogether with Napoleon, or the army, it falls principally on the French government, who left their troops without money or supplies, and, without these, discipline cannot possibly be maintained. It is not to be expected that soldiers, with arms in their hands, will suffer want and famine when they see plenty around, and in the possession of those whom they deem their enemies. They feel that they have power, and naturally use it; and though thousands may use it with moderation, hundreds will abuse; and the misconduct of the few will not only blacken the fame of the many, but will gradually entice others to follow the criminal example; till, from the minor excesses of the smaller number, the majority become familiar with every species of guilt and depravity. The French are neither a cruel nor blood-thirsty people; on the contrary, no people are more easily excited to sentiments of generosity and good feeling, and every rank of their army is full of men distinguished as much for humanity as for valour; but the very men who would rush fearlessly upon any danger in the field, will repress the best emotions of the heart, rather than face the coarse jest of some rufian comrade deriding humanity in war, as a weakness unworthy of a soldier, and as only a fit attribute for a Parisian *muscadin* during the idle hours of peace and pleasure; so that in the end a callous indifference to human suffering is considered a necessary proof and accompaniment of the true *esprit militaire*.

Lombardy suffered from the effects of these fatal causes; and it was not till the heavy contributions levied on the country itself, had enabled more regular supplies to be issued to the invaders, that discipline was in some degree restored; in the next instance the excesses of the troops gave the inhabitants to open revolt.

Napoleon had left Milan, and was again at Lodi on his march towards the Mincio, when, on the 23d of May, news reached him that an insurrection had broken out at Pavia, where three hundred French troops, forming the garrison of the castle, had been forced to surrender. Reports of the arrival of large Austrian armies were circulated among the people, the tocsin was sounded in the villages, and a rising was hourly expected to take place at Milan. The army was immediately counter-marched, and Napoleon placing himself at the head of a brigade of artillery, some battalions of infantry, and three hundred horsemen, proceeded directly to the capital. His reception was very different from what it had been ten days before: no resistance indeed was offered, but the streets were crowded with dark-browed men, whose gloomy aspects bore ample testimony of the hatred that lurked within their breasts. But their preparations had been tardy, and the French exertions were quick. All who were considered as ringleaders, or found to be armed, were seized and shot; hostages were taken from the principal families; and the clergy, nobility, and municipality, informed that they would be held responsible for public tranquillity.

This settled, Napoleon directed his march towards Pavia. At Benasco some seven or eight hundred armed peasants attempted to oppose further progress; they were instantly attacked and routed, and all who were taken put to the sword, and the village given to the flames after being duly sacked. On the morning of the 26th, the French appeared before Pavia, and vainly summoned the insurgents to submit. The first attempt to force the gate also failed; but as the peasants had no artillery, they were soon driven from the walls by grape-shot; the gate was then burst open, the nearest houses seized and occupied, and the cavalry sent in to clear the streets. Submission soon followed, and its consequences also. The members of the municipality were ordered to be shot, the garrison decimated, the town set on fire in several places, and some given over to plunder, and to the license of the troops.

These were the first of the many

acts of unhesitating ferocity that blacken the name of Napoleon. To order the cold-blooded execution of men who had taken arms in their country's cause, who had respected the lives of the three hundred French prisoners that fell into their hands, was nothing short of deliberate murder. Committed, too, at a moment when the most splendid success, at the very outset of his career, might have been expected to create some generous feelings in the most callous heart, or called forth some high and gallant disdain of feeble adversaries; but not a single exalted sentiment could be awakened, or one spark of noble flame kindled, in the worthless clay of which the heart of Napoleon was composed. When, in 1814, the throne of this ignoble man was threatened, when his own possessions were in danger, he then taunted the peasantry of the south of France with their want of patriotism, their inertness in the cause of the country, in refraining to sweep the British invaders from the soil of the great nation: when his own cause was at stake, he called upon the foresters of the Vosges to "hunt the allied soldiers to death, even like wolves,"—called upon the people to repeat the very deeds for which he had butchered the unhappy Lombards.

The Austrian troops had not been pursued after the battle of Lodi; they had retired behind the Mincio, and Beaulieu having thrown twenty of his best battalions into Mantua, and received some reinforcements from Germany, resolved again to try the fate of arms, and, if possible, to defend the passage of the river. Measures, however, were badly taken; the troops were dispersed along the banks, and on the 30th May, the French forced the passage after a brief action, in which little loss was experienced.

It is a curious circumstance that both the adverse commanders were nearly taken on this occasion; and both at the same place, and from similar causes. Beaulieu was unwell at the village of St. Giorgio, near Borghetto, and had only time to escape from the French cavalry when they forced the passage of the bridge. Napoleon, seeing the Austrians in full retreat, after the action at Villaggio, thought the affair was at an

end, and having a severe headach, retired to St. Giorgio to take a foot-bath. While he was thus engaged, Sebottendorf's hussars arrived, and the few French who were with their general had only time to close the gates of the inn and help the future emperor to fly through the garden, and mount his horse with only one boot on: Massena's division being close at hand, security was soon restored.

Thus ended the passage of the Mincio, where entire divisions, with numerous batteries of artillery and squadrons of cavalry, remained inactive within reach and hearing of the scene of action, while a single battalion, with one piece of artillery, sustained against a whole army a combat, in the result of which the most important consequences depended.

It is worthy of remark, perhaps, that the unfortunate Beaulieu lost Piedmont and Lombardy without being present in any of the actions fought by his troops. As he was a man of the highest personal courage, this could only be matter of accident; but the events of the campaign shew, nevertheless, how important it is for a general to be on the point nearest the enemy, so as to be in readiness to take advantage of every turn of fortune; and it is impossible to say what the face of the world might be at this day had Beaulieu been present in every battle-field, and ready to gather all his forces around him the moment the time to strike had arrived.

It was during some part of the campaign here attempted to be described, that, as biographers assure us, Napoleon entered into conversation with an old Hungarian officer, who had been taken prisoner, and asked him, "What he thought of the state of affairs?" "Nothing can be worse," replied the old gentleman, who did not know he was addressing the French general; "here is a young man who knows absolutely nothing of the rules of war; one day he is in our rear, next day on our flank, and then again in our front. Such violation of the principles of the art of war is intolerable." It is generally believed that the art prescribes the striking at the flank and rear, at the weak points of an army; and it was in their constant attempts to strike in

this manner that the Austrians exposed themselves to the direct *facers* — to use a pugilistic term — that Napoleon dealt them. The story, however, originated with himself, and should have been characterised by those who repeated it as a very poor device of his own invention.

Napoleon, having allowed the Austrians ample time to retire, followed on the 3d of June. On the 4th he invested Mantua on both sides of the Mincio, the suburb of St. Giorgio, at the head of one of the causeways leading from the fortress to the mainland, and protected only by field-works, was taken by the French. Verona, having three bridges over the Adige, was next taken possession of; those who, during the campaign, had without hesitation violated the neutrality of Genoa, Parma, and Modena, were not likely, when victorious, to be checked by the neutrality of Venice; particularly as in their case the Austrians had set the example by the seizure of Peschiera.

The Count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., had resided some time at Verona, but was forced to leave it on the advance of the French; and Napoleon, writing to the Directory, says, "I did not conceal from the inhabitants, that if the King of France," — as the Republican general styles him, — "had not left the town before I passed the Po, I should have burned to the ground a city audacious enough to believe itself the capital of the French empire." The "pranks" that vulgar insolence dressed in brief authority will play before high heaven, were never, perhaps, more strikingly illustrated than by this conduct; for it is not easy to see how the residence of an exiled prince within its walls, could make a provincial town of Italy fancy itself the capital of France. Unfortunately, however, the meanness of old-established authority will sometimes equal the insolence of newly-gained power; and the last acts of the Venetian government, — a government that boasted of thirteen hundred years of rule and glory, were all, even in trifles, of a singularly ignoble character. When the Count of Provence was ordered to leave the Venetian territory, he protested indignantly against the breach of hospitality, and desired

that the "Golden Book" should be brought to him, that, with his own hand, he might strike out his name from the list of Venetian nobles; claiming at the same time the surrender of the sword which his ancestor, Henri IV., had presented to the Signoria. The Podesta is said to have replied, "that, on the prince's application, the senate would not object to strike his name out of the 'Golden Book'; and as to the sword of Henri IV., it would be returned whenever the twelve million of livres which that monarch had borrowed from the Republic were repaid." An answer that certainly helps to lessen any regret which might be entertained for the fall of the government whence it emanated.

The retreat of the Austrians into the Tyrol enabled Napoleon, after he had pushed some troops up the valley of the Adige to watch their motions, to turn his attention in another direction.

The military fate of Upper Italy having been decided for the moment, the course of policy to be adopted towards the Southern States had to be determined upon. While at Lodi, Napoleon had already received some intimation of an intended expedition beyond the Po. In a letter of the 7th May, the Directory acquaint him that it is in "contemplation" to divide the army into two separate commands; to send him, with one half, to Rome and Naples, while, with the other half, General Kellerman should continue to blockade Mantua and keep the Austrians in check. To augment the confusion, certain to result from such an arrangement, the Directory proposed to increase the power of the "Representatives of the People" with the armies, so as to enable either of these functionaries to call for reinforcements from the army of his coadjutor whenever circumstances should render it necessary. That the French government already dreaded Napoleon's power, and fell upon this mode of crushing it, is not likely. He had always behaved with the greatest deference towards the Directory; and when they wrote their letter they had only received the news of the successes in the Apennines and the armistice of Cherasco, so that there could hardly be sufficient grounds for jealousy.

The plan was only one of the many crude, incongruous conceptions that so constantly emanated from Carnot and the other war ministers of the period. Napoleon neither resigned, nor threatened to resign, the command of the army on this occasion, as so many writers assert; he simply contented himself with combating the proposal, and told the Directory that the operations against Rome and Leghorn could be undertaken by detached columns, and that "one bad general was better than two good ones." To Carnot he explained,—what a war minister should, perhaps, have known without such information—that with 50,000 men, it would be impossible to keep the conquered country, blockade Mantua, march to Naples, and return in time to meet the Austrians, certain to advance for the relief of the fortress; and that at a season of the year "when every day's march would cost the army 200 men." The Directory yielded the point with a serio-comic embarrassment, worthy of notice. "You appear to desire, Citizen General," said these unhappy rulers of empire, "to retain the sole direction of all the operations of the present campaign in Italy. The Directory has maturely reflected on this proposal, and the confidence which it reposes in your talents and republican zeal has decided the question in the affirmative. General Kellerman will remain at Chambery."

Napoleon having thus obtained free hands, determined to avail himself of the interval of repose likely to follow on the banks of the Adige, and to improve his relations with the Southern States of Italy. General Augereau was despatched across the Po, to invade the Papal Legations of Ferrara and Bologna, while the commander-in-chief proceeded to Milan, and from thence to Tortona. At Brescia he already met the Prince of Belmonte Pignatelli, sent by the King of Naples to solicit an armistice, preparatory to a negotiation for peace. It was readily granted; the Neapolitan dominions were, as we have just seen, too distant to be immediately attacked, and though the king had only aided the Austrians with a small corps of cavalry, despair, or conviction of the fate certain to follow submission, might drive

him to make greater exertions; his secession from the alliance was therefore a great point gained to the French, and would, besides, leave the Pope exposed without aid to the full weight of Republican vengeance.

The siege of the citadel of Milan, which was already in progress, not requiring the presence of the commander-in-chief, Napoleon set out for Tortona, whence he despatched Colonel Lasnes with 1200 men, to punish the town of Aquato, and some of the imperial fiefs in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants of which had taken arms against the French. A renewal of scenes acted at Pavia and Benasco soon restored tranquillity: the insurgents were buried beneath the smoking ruins of their dwellings, and women and children left to weep, in desolation, over the graves of those who had been butchered for taking arms in their country's cause.

From Tortona Napoleon proceeded to Bologna, where the first intelligence that greeted him was worthy of the executioner of Pavia and Aquato. When Augereau's division entered the Legations, a strong republican spirit manifested itself among the citizens of the surrounding towns. Reggio, Parma, and Ferrara, raised national guards, and joined the French. Bologna went even farther, and declared itself a free republic under the protection of the Great Nation. In the country districts a very different feeling prevailed, and the small town of Lugo made open resistance, and a squadron of French cavalry that attacked the place was repulsed with the loss of five men. A strong Republican force was immediately despatched to avenge this insult; and, after a sharp resistance, the town was taken, plundered, and burned, and the male population put to the sword as usual. The dull and brutal Augereau, who here began as a butcher, ultimately to end as a traitor, and under whose authority this ruthless deed was perpetrated, proclaimed it in the tone of a victor; told the people of Romagna what had been the "fate of the wives and daughters of the men of Lugo," and warned them "how they roused the French volcano." An Italian writing giving an account of the affair in a Gazette established at Bologna, at the arrival of the Republicans, c

cludes thus, "On Saturday morning the victorious army re-entered our city loaded with spoil, which was immediately put to sale in the market-place. The scene presented all the appearance of one of the richest fairs witnessed for a long time." That the traffic was as honourable to the buyers as the sellers, need hardly be added.

The Papal government, unprepared for the war, which had long been visibly impending over their heads, were totally unable to offer effectual resistance, and after having allowed the Austrians to be driven out of Italy for want of proper assistance, had nothing left but to submit on any terms. The Spanish ambassador at Rome proceeded to Buonaparte's head-quarters, and solicited an armistice for the Pope, which was granted on the following terms. Ferrara, Bologna, and Ancona, were to remain in the hands of the French; his holiness was to pay a contribution of 21,000,000 of francs, furnish large supplies of military stores, and surrender a hundred pictures and works of art, to be selected at the pleasure of French commissioners. The future destroyer of the Republic stipulated, with a wretched affectation of Republican zeal, that the busts of the elder and younger Brutus should be included in the number.

From Bologna Napoleon went to Florence, in order to furnish the Tuscans with an illustration of Republican good faith and respect for neutral rights. Tuscany had always been at peace with France, its government, indeed, was the first which had acknowledged the new Republic; but this was not enough to secure the country from Republican aggression. Under pretence of marching towards Rome, General Vaubois' division entered the duchy; but the column had no sooner reached Pisa, than, turning to the right, it directed its march upon Leghorn, for the noble purpose of seizing any English ships that might be found in a neutral port, or confiscating any English merchandise that might be discovered in the store-houses of the neutral city. The Republicans had been quick and cautious in their proceedings, but their conduct was well known not to have

excited suspicion; the English had been warned, and were on their guard; the merchant-ships escaped, and little merchandise was found in the place. To make amends, however, the French levied contributions on the city and district in a manner to excite even the displeasure of Napoleon, who remonstrated in strong terms with the Government Commissioner that superintended these disgraceful exactions, and who, it seems, had for this special duty some authority independent of the commander-in-chief. The Grand Duke, unable to resent the injuries, thought it best to shew every attention to the spoiler: he invited Napoleon to a splendid entertainment, and it is told that the latter repaid the politeness by the following speech delivered at the ducal table: "I have just received news," he said, rubbing his hands in exultation, "informing me that the citadel of Milan has fallen, and that your brother, the emperor, has no longer a foot of ground in Italy."

Some uncertainty seems at this time to press on Napoleon, as well as on the Directory, regarding the line of policy which was to be pursued towards the conquered provinces. The government at Paris were at first eager to revolutionise all the neighbouring states that should be subdued; but this propagandist zeal cooled very much as the opportunities for venting it offered themselves. Whether the establishment of republics in the newly-conquered provinces would have been too decided a measure at a moment when the Directory were anxious to gain the good-will of the other European governments by moderation, and be received into the congregation of the world's rulers; to become the friends—in a slight way, perhaps, the associates—of lords and princes, rather than continue the tools of a low democracy, it is difficult to say; but though they still propose to found republics, they give no positive orders on the subject, and Napoleon acts a more ambiguous part still. In his proclamations he invariably speaks of only waging war against the governments and not against the people; he encourages the disaffected, and leads them to acts certain of calling down upon the perpetrators the

vengeance of their former rulers, but always stops short of extreme measures, and oppresses the countries through the medium of existing authorities. Many have ascribed this conduct to deep policy, though it was probably nothing more than the middle course that men of mediocrity, wanting alike the guidance of high character and talents, naturally fall into when placed in novel and trying situations. Soon after his first success, he tells the Directory: "You must not reckon upon a revolution in Piedmont—it will come in time; but the minds of the people are still far from being prepared for such a change." In announcing the occupation of Leghorn, he disapproves of the jurisdiction assumed by the French Commissioner as highly injurious, "unless," as he says, "the government wish to adopt the tone and policy of ancient Rome, which

is contrary to your institutions." He recommends extreme moderation, and requests that no threat may be thrown out against any of the existing governments. This, however, bodes them no great good, for at the very time he is writing this, and accepting the hospitality of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, he tells the Directory: "You will, of course, perceive the impossibility of ultimately leaving the emperor's brother in possession of Tuscany." Here was all the plundering spirit of ancient Rome without the high, direct, and manly tone of policy which shed some redeeming lustre, some sparks of greatness, and so many of glory, over its thousand years of crime and bloodshed. For the present, however, the Florence Museum was spared: Mantua had greater charms for the conqueror than even the Medicean Venus herself.

CHAPTER IV.

Siege of Mantua: Advance of Marshal Wurmser, and Battles of Lonati and Castiglione.—Second Advance of Marshal Wurmser: Ports of Calliano and Bassano.—Combat of St. George.—State and Conduct of the Contending Parties.

The citadel of Milan had fallen, the detached corps had rejoined the army, a powerful battering train, with ample stores, had been found at Ferrara and other places lately occupied by the French; and it now became a question whether Mantua should be attacked in form, or whether the Austrian army which was assembling for its relief should first be encountered.

Beaulieu had resigned command, and it was known that Field-Marshal Wurmser, an old officer of reputation, was to bring a reinforcement of 25,000 men from the army of the Rhine, and assume the command of the Austrian forces in Italy: the time for his arrival was drawing near, and Napoleon hesitated. General Chasseloup, the chief of the engineers, and an officer of great skill, having however assured him that the fortress could be reduced in fourteen days from the opening of the batteries, the siege was determined upon. As, in all such cases, some delay took place, ground was not broken till the 1st of July, but the works were then carried on with so much spirit that the place was already near its fall, when, on the 29th, the arrival of Marshal Wurmser caused the siege to be raised.

Before we enter on the details of the actions we shall presently have to relate, we must here be allowed to point out, what certainly appears a very great oversight on the part of Napoleon, as one of the many proofs which tend to shew that, though being a successful commander, he was never the great and transcendent military genius thousands would force us to believe. The importance of Mantua was sufficiently evident; it had already checked his progress for nearly two months, it now prevented him from entering Germany and aiding the French armies of the Rhine, which were already pressing back the armies of the Archduke Charles and General Winterfeld. So long as Mantua held out all the French conquests in Italy had to be risked on the fate of every battle, for it was perfectly evident that a defeat sustained beneath its walls would force them to abandon Lombardy, where they had no stronghold of consequence, and again seek shelter in the Riviera of Genoa, behind the Maritime Alps. While Mantua was unsubdued the French could gain nothing by victory, nor, as chance proved, by a succession of victories, except the precious time necessary

for reducing that important stronghold; the question then is, Could not the object itself have been gained within a time that admitted of being fairly calculated, and without placing the fate of the whole campaign on every cast of the blood-reeking dice of war? We think the object could have been so gained; and by the simple process of returning to the old practice of covering the operations of the siege by lines and circumvallation. That such lines have been entirely exploded in modern times proves nothing; in war every thing depends upon circumstances, and what may be wise conduct at one moment may chance to be extreme folly at another: and here we think such lines would have been extreme wisdom; nor do we know that modern names stand so very high as to make us discard, by the mere weight of occasional practice, the method followed by Condé, Turenne, Eugène, and Montecucoli. These commanders would all have resorted to such lines, and in the countless number of sieges carried on during the reign of Louis XIV., we only recollect three instances of the protecting entrenchments having been forced. The instances are Arras, Valenciennes, Turin, where the lines were very extensive and the defenders few in number. There has been a good deal of idle bravado scorn of field-works set up by military men in modern times, but the instances of such works having been stormed are, nevertheless, extremely few. Frederick II., with only 60,000 men, arrested 150,000 Austrians and Russians, before the lines of Bunzelwitz; the Duke of Wellington's fortified position of Torres-Vedras was respected by the soldiers who had overrun Europe; and General Jackson's lines at New Orleans proved what even untrained soldiers can effect behind good breastworks. The military profession begin to discover, late as the discovery is, that modern infantry can only shoot down their adversaries, and that slowly enough too; firing is their only mode of fighting, close combats being altogether unknown. The natural conclusion is, that those who stand behind good entrenchments have a great and decisive advantage over

those who assail such defences; and it is not likely that Wurmser's 50,000 Austrians would have attacked, or made any impression on, lines of circumvallation thrown up in the most favourable situation for such works, having an extent of only 8000 yards, and defended by 44,000 French infantry, the best then known in Europe, and against whom the Austrians had always fought to disadvantage in the field. That the Austrians might have overrun the open country if they had found the French posted within such lines, would have signified little. As stated, the town was near its fall when they arrived, and the French could easily, in the fertile plains of Lombardy, have collected supplies for the maintenance of the troops during the few days the army would have been confined within the entrenchments. General Clausewitz, a writer of high ability and a warm defender of Napoleon, who mentions this plan as feasible, says that it is now easy, judging after the event, and looking back on the history of the campaign, to discover the advantages that would have resulted from the measure. This is, no doubt, true, but every ordinary judge in such matters can *now* see the advantages, and though such a person might not have observed them at the time, a man of genius should then have seen them; foresight and the power of taking a wide and comprehensive view of the operations in progress being the very attributes by which such a character is distinguished. Had Napoleon been the great man his eulogists wish to prove him, he would have discovered these advantages, particularly so as his professional education had made him familiar with the subject; but he shewed himself here, as on every other occasion, a mere dependant on the gallantry of his soldiers: his army was of the bravest, and it effected great things.

We must now say a few words of the theatre of war on which were performed the most extraordinary series of actions recorded in military history,—actions, the conduct and result of which, if properly related and brought out, should prove as instructive to statesman as to soldiers.

The line of front which the French

had to defend against an Austrian army attempting the relief of Mantua, extended from Legnano on the Adige, below Verona, to Lonato, situated a few miles south of the southwestern extremity of the Lake of Garda. As the distance from right to left did not exceed forty miles, two marches were sufficient to assemble the troops on any point of the position, and the nature of the country throws great obstacles in the way of any attack directed against the line of defence. The Lake of Garda, thirty miles in length, and from three to ten in breadth, falls from the north, almost perpendicularly,

upon the left of the line, and breaks all direct approach from that quarter. To the eastward, and nearly parallel to the lake, runs the Adige, leaving only a mountainous isthmus, of from five to ten miles in breadth, between its waters and those of the lake, opposite the southern extremity of which the river issues from the mountains, and bending to the eastward, continues that course till it falls into the Adriatic; thus covering by its easterly course the right of the French position, even as its southern course helped to break any onset directed against the front and centre of that position.



Between Legnano and the Adriatic the country is so marshy and intersected by canals, rivers, and water-courses, as to be very nearly impassable for an army advancing in the face of an enemy; besides, by diverging so far to the left, an army marching from Germany to the relief of Mantua would naturally abandon its own basis of operation, expose itself to be attacked in the rear, and cut off from its proper line of communication. In like manner, an army advancing to the westward of the Lake of Garda would diverge too far to the right of its basis of operation, and expose itself to be cut off by seeing its left flank turned, though the country is

far more practicable in that direction. It was only from Legnano to Lonato, therefore, that the French were assailable, and posted behind the obstacles mentioned, they could move with the greatest facility along the whole of their field of operation, an advantage that far more than outweighed the numerical superiority of their adversaries. The French army was about 46,000 effective men; of these 10,000 or 11,000 remained under General Serrurier to observe Mantua, leaving, by French accounts, 33,000 disposable for the approaching contest. Wurmser brought 46,000 men into the field, a force which Napoleon and his biographers have

augmented in the most shameful manner. In the *Memoirs of Napoleon*, vol. i. p. 8, and in *Las Cases*, vol. ii. page 152, the strength of the Austrians is stated at 100,000 men, including 15,000 in Mantua, leaving Napoleon, with his thirty odd thousand soldiers, to encounter 85,000 enemies in the field. In the third volume of the *Memoirs*, Wurmser's army is estimated at 80,000, including the *effective* garrison of Mantua, leaving the marshal a superiority of only 40,000 in the field; but in the fourth volume of the *Memoirs*, page 323, we again find the Austrians between 70,000 and 80,000 in the field, giving them a superiority of 40,000 or 50,000 over the French. And to a great extent these extravagancies have actually found their way into history.

The storm which, during the month of July, had been gathering in the Tyrol, now burst forth, and, like loosened avalanche from Alpine height, rolled down in fury on the plains of Lombardy. But its strength was soon broken, and the mass striking against the obstacles already mentioned was splintered into fragments at the very outset of its course. The right division of Wurmser's army, consisting of 15,000 men, commanded by General Quasdanowitch, advanced by the western shore of the Lake of Garda; the centre column, under the field-marshal himself, followed the mountain-road, over the isthmus between the lake and the Adige; while General McLas, with the left division, was on the left bank of the river. These two divisions, forming together 31,000 men, were sufficiently near to lend each other support, but could only come into communication with the right division on the southern shores of the lake, that is, exactly on the front of the French position; an error which proved the source of all the disasters that followed. Whether the object of this separation was to avoid crowding the whole army on the roads leading over Monte Baldo, and through the valley of the Adige, or to cut off the retreat of the French to Milan—planning already how to augment the results of a victory before it had been achieved—it is impossible to say; though the danger of the arrange-

ment must have been evident from the first.

Massena, with his division, occupied the valley of the Adige, and the isthmus between that river and the lake: his advanced posts were in front of Rivoli, on the road leading over Monte Baldo. Here he was attacked on the morning of the 29th July, and though it could not be intended that a single division should oppose the advance of the main body of the Austrian army, he made serious resistance, and was driven back to Piovani, having lost several pieces of artillery and a considerable number of men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. On the western shore of the lake the Austrians were also successful; and while Wurmser was forcing back Massena, General Quasdanowitch was driving the French from Salo and Brescia, inflicting some loss upon them at both places. At Salo an entire French battalion was cut off, and forced to take refuge in an old castle near the town; but such was the gallant spirit by which the Republican troops were then animated, that, though destitute of provisions, they defended their post for eight-and-forty hours against the vastly superior force by which they were assailed. A single battalion, however, could not arrest an army, and every thing seemed to prosper for the Austrians.

And here we come upon one of these circumstances in Napoleon's history which his followers have been so anxious to keep out of sight, and which, but for his subsequent quarrel with General Augereau, would never, perhaps, have been very generally known. The advantages gained by the Austrians on the 29th were of no decisive nature; their armies had not effected a junction; they had struck no serious blow against the French divisions, which they had attacked, and had carried no position of the slightest importance; the French had lost some time, and nothing more; and yet we find that Napoleon was so dispirited by the state of affairs, so broken down and destitute of all power of acting and deciding, that at a council of war, held at Roverbello on the 30th, he could come to no resolution, and spoke only of retiring across the Po. It was on the urgent remonstrance of Augereau

reau, that the resolution of marching against the enemy was adopted. The upholders of Buonaparte have, of course, denied the accuracy of this statement, declaring that the commander-in-chief was only desirous of trying the resolution of his generals; but the conduct ascribed to him tallies so much with his behaviour on other occasions, that we cannot possibly doubt its accuracy, especially as the excuse offered by his friends is a puerility unfit to impose even upon children.

The necessary materials for a very clear and intelligible account of the series of actions, known under the general name of the battle of Castiglione, of which we have now to give a brief view, are unfortunately still wanting: the French statements are as destitute of truth as of consistency; and the Austrian confidential reports, which throw so much light on other parts of the campaign, are extremely deficient regarding this particular act of the drama. We shall, therefore, state only what may now be considered as fairly authenticated, without attempting to reconcile some apparent contradictions.

There being no possibility of covering the siege of Mantua against both the Austrian corps advancing to its relief; and the time necessary for saving the battering train having been lost by indecision, no alternative remained but to leave things as they were, and to march against the enemy's columns that were threatening the communication with Milan: it was the nearest, and was probably known to be the weakest also. Parks, stores, guns, and works, were abandoned with the utmost precipitation; and on the evening of the 30th the whole army crossed the Mincio, and, leaving behind only two rear-guards under General Pigeon and Valette, moved on to confront General Quasdanowitch. He was soon found, for on the 31st the advanced corps of the two armies encountered at Lonato. Fortune at first smiled upon the Austrians, but the augmenting number of the Republicans having soon convinced Quasdanowitch that he had the whole French army to deal with, he fell back to Gavardo. While this combat was in progress in the centre, General Souret was despatched to

Salo, to relieve General Guyeux; who, with his brave battalion, still defended himself in the old castle at the entrance of that town: here also the French were successful, and having liberated their countrymen, they fell back on the main body of their army. The fruits of these victories, though not great, were risked by a most unaccountable march. Taking with him two divisions of his army, Napoleon set out late at night on the 31st for Brescia, where he arrived at eight o'clock on the following morning. Having dispersed the few Austrian picquets who were found in the place, he returned to Monte Chiaro on the 2d of August; the inactivity of his adversaries saved him from the consequences of this false movement.

During these operations, Wurmsers, who seems to have advanced very slowly, reached Mantua, which he entered on the 1st of August. Finding the siege raised, the artillery abandoned, and every thing left in a manner indicating a confused and hasty retreat on the part of the enemy, the field-marshal concluded that the victory was already achieved, and that its fruits only had to be gathered in. He, therefore, contented himself with sending some troops of the garrison to pursue General Serrurier's division, which had taken the direction of Borgoforte, while General Liptay, with one of the corps of the liberating army, was despatched across the Mincio, to fall upon any of the enemy's troops which might still be found in that direction. It was only on the evening of the 2d of August that Wurmsers received the tidings of the check experienced by Quasdanowitch—a delay easily accounted for, since the French army now interposed between the two Austrian divisions. But even yet there might have been hope, had there been energy and activity. General Liptay had crossed the Mincio on the 1st; on the 2d he fell in with the French rear-guards under Generals Pigeon and Valette; the first effected its retreat in some sort of order, but the second was completely routed and dispersed at Castiglione, the fugitives carrying the alarm even to Monte Chiaro, where Napoleon had just arrived after his march to Brescia. The French had hitherto

been striking towards the west, and the hard blow which now hit them came directly from the east: had it been struck by the whole of Wurmser's army, instead of a single division, it would have proved final and decisive; nothing could then have saved the Republicans. But fortune still wavered, and skill having been about equal on both sides, it was only by an additional pouring out of gallant blood, that the scales of either host could be made to sink.

Napoleon believing, it would seem, that he had inflicted a serious loss on Quasdanowitch in the action of the 31st, thought it sufficient, after having given the enemy three days' respite, to send the divisions of General Despinos, Guyeux, and D'Allemagne, making in all about 8000 men, in pursuit of the vanquished. Castiglione had to be retaken, a service for which Augereau's division, and the cavalry under General Kilmaine, were destined. Napoleon himself, with Massena's division, and his other reserves, remained near Lonato, ready to act according to circumstances. This army was thus to act on two opposite points; Augereau, in his attack on Castiglione, faced to the south-east the troops sent in pursuit of Quasdanowitch to the north-west. In their attack on Castiglione the French were successful: Liptay was forced to leave the place after a long and severe struggle; but against Quasdanowitch they were, at first, less fortunate.

This general, though checked in the action of the 31st, had not been defeated, and naturally considered it his duty to make an effort to join his commander on the Mincio, or to aid him in his attack on the French army, which, owing to the firing at Castiglione on the previous day, he might, perhaps, think in progress: fatal as the resolution proved, we can hardly blame the spirit that suggested it. He was, therefore, in full advance from Gavardo, beyond which he had never retreated, when he fell in with his pursuers. The corps of Despinos and D'Allemagne, too weak to resist the Austrian superiority, were instantly overthrown, and, as it seems, completely dispersed; but General Guyeux' corps marching on the road to Salò, to the right of the one by which the Austrians were advan-

cing, passed the hostile columns and reached that place in safety: having met with little or no opposition, they were thus in rear of the foe, and the fortune of battle, in which they took no share, was to decide whether they were to be cut off themselves, or to aid in cutting off others.

Quasdanowitch, ignorant or unmindful of the march of this feeble corps, followed up his success, attacked and carried Lonato, making prisoner General Pigeon, who commanded the troops stationed there, and captured part of the artillery of Massena's division. Affairs were in this dangerous position when Napoleon arrived from St. Marco with the rest of Massena's troops, and restored the action. Here again the fronts were inverted: the Austrians, who had taken Lonato, were obliged to face to the right about, to the westward from whence they had come, to oppose these new adversaries; and Napoleon, instead of striving to cut off their retreat, seems, as far as accounts are intelligible, to have forced his way through their centre, and to have regained his original front, leaving them their line of retreat perfectly open. This breaking through the enemy's line has been praised as a very splendid manœuvre by all historians and biographers; of its real consequences, however, they say nothing. The Austrians, however, made the most of it, finding themselves outnumbered, and receiving no intelligence of Wurmser's army; hearing, perhaps, the fire receding from Castiglione, instead of advancing, they fell back by the same road they had come, without being molested in their retreat: three battalions of the left wing were separated from the main body; and, as we shall see, forced to surrender on the following day.

This is a brief and very imperfect outline of the operations of the 3d of August; for, besides the actions of Lonato and Castiglione, several others were fought on various points with different success. But we have no perfect account of them. Napoleon's report to the Directory, written after the final battle of Castiglione, evinces only a most extraordinary confusion of ideas, and an inability to give even a clear account of what had passed under his own eyes: all the events

had been so much in his favour, that there could be no object in mystifying their progress, had he possessed the power of describing them in an intelligible manner. Where the ideas are clear, it is not likely that the writing will be obscure.

But Fortune's scales still remained balanced, notwithstanding the success we have described; though a victory was evidently leaning towards the side of the French. Quasdanowitch's corps might now be considered as fairly disposed of; and even the main army under Wurmser was no longer intact, since Liptay's division had been repulsed from Castiglione. The fate of battle was, however, to be tried anew, and both parties employed the 4th of August to collect all their strength for the approaching combat.

During the interval an additional piece of good fortune befell the French. The three Austrian battalions separated from their main body on the previous day, had attempted to retire by the road to Salo. Finding it, as we have related, occupied by the troops of General Guyeux, they returned, and endeavoured to make their way along the southern shores of the lake, in hopes of falling in with some of Wurmser's division. Strangely enough they reached Lonato without hinderance; and not knowing how matters stood, summoned the French to surrender. Napoleon himself was in the place with a brigade of Massena's division, which was in the immediate vicinity; he treated this summons as an insult offered to the commander-in-chief of an army in the midst of his troops, and ordered the Austrians instantly to lay down their arms or to take the consequences. From the fragments of three dispersed battalions, ignorant of their situation, little could be expected; they complied, and surrendered to the number of about 1000 men; they had three pieces of artillery with them. The story of 4000 men having been captured by Napoleon, attended only by his staff and a small escort — of the deception practised upon the Austrian officer, who was led blindfolded into an open village, as if carrying a summons to a besieged fortress, belongs to the class of idle fictions only calculated to amuse unreflecting credulity.

The great error of the Austrians here was to summon the French; their only chance would have been a sudden onset before the astonished enemy could re-collect themselves, and observe the small number of the assailants, for confusion always magnifies the foe. Such an attempt succeeded at Dego, and might, perhaps, have succeeded here, though the chances were infinitely less promising; but military history is full of instances shewing how readily Fortune smiles on those who trust boldly and blindly to her favour.

The final action between the main armies was fought on the 5th, near Castiglione. Wurmser brought, as we now know, less than 20,000 men into the field; Napoleon, who was joined by Serrurier's division during the combat, had about 30,000 men. The Austrians had thrown up some field-redoubts to cover their left flank, and the capture of these works seems to have been attended with a heavy loss to the French; on other points, the battle does not appear to have been very obstinately contested. Serrurier's division having, by a rapid march, evaded the corps of General Messaros, appeared so unexpectedly in the rear of the Austrians, that Marshal Wurmser himself was, for a moment, in danger of being taken: his second line was obliged to make front against this new enemy who was, indeed, arrested in his progress. But the flank movement was evidently a signal for the rest of the French army to press on, and the Austrians, considering themselves unable to sustain a combined and renewed onset, retired in good order, and without being pursued. They had lost, besides twenty pieces of artillery, 3000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Wurmser, having re-victualled Mantua, and augmented the garrison to 15,000 men, retired gradually into the Tyrol; he had lost, in all, 16,400 men and 71 pieces of artillery during the expedition. The French confess to have lost 7000 men. In the *Memoirs of Napoleon*, vol. i. p. 8, the Austrian loss is stated at 40,000 men.

The boundless admiration and astonishment excited in Europe by the termination of this second act of the Italian drama, caused the world to overlook the most essential feature of

the whole transaction. Lost in wonder of what is termed the resplendent genius of Napoleon, and looking in scorn on his unhappy adversary, they forgot that the despised and defeated commander — whose many errors were, no doubt, evident enough — was, nevertheless, the one who had principally succeeded in his object, and obtained the greatest share of advantages for the cause which he supported; and yet such is the fact. Mantua was within a few days of its fall when Wurmser's advance commenced; he raised the siege and captured the battering train, which could not be renewed, and thus placed all possibility of reducing the fortress, except by the tedious process of blockade, entirely out of the question. To have counterbalanced this advantage gained by the Austrians, Napoleon ought to have achieved such a victory over Wurmser as to have laid the Tyrol and Germany itself open to invasion; but no such victory was gained, whatever the French may assert to the contrary, for their army was for the next six months chained down to the banks of the Adige.

The conduct of the Austrians seems, however, to have been very unaccountable. Their object was to relieve Mantua, to beat the French, and reconquer Italy. The simplest mode of effecting this — and the simplest is always the best in war — certainly, was to keep their army together and fight a general action, in which their superiority gave them the best chance of success. If, on the contrary, they sought to gain their object by strategical movements — as it was in part gained by the raising of the siege of Mantua, it was their evident interest to avoid the battles of Lonato and Castiglione — which would have been easy — to have fallen back before the main force of the French, and acted on the plan afterwards followed in 1813. But they wished, it seems, to secure great results from victory before it was achieved; tried to cut off the retreat of their yet unvanquished enemies; thought, no doubt, of making the French divide the forces, forgetting that they commenced by dividing their own. They seem not to have recollected that in war the greatest

only to be purchased by

the greatest risks; and here all the success achieved by the first movements was lost by fighting battles no longer necessary, and with divided forces vastly inferior to the collected body of the enemy.

Notwithstanding this failure, the most brilliant success was still within reach of the Austrians had the cabinet of Vienna known how to avail itself of the favourable circumstances which shall be shewn farther on: at present we must resume the thread of military operations, noticing only, by a few words, the events that happened beyond the sphere of the theatre of war on which we are engaged; but which exercised, nevertheless, some influence on the result of the campaign.

The States of Italy remained tranquil during the operations round Mantua; the success of the Austrians had been too transitory to encourage either people or governments to rise against the French, who were now beginning to be universally disliked by all ranks and classes. It was only at Ferrara that Cardinal Matei ventured to call upon the people to take arms, which had so soon to be laid down again. When after the battle of Castiglione the warlike prelate was brought before Buonaparte to answer for his conduct, he only uttered the word "*peccavi*," and the conqueror, satisfied with victory, was content to order him a penance of seven days' prayer and fasting in a convent.

In Germany the Republicans had made great progress; the armies of Moreau and Jourdan had, at the moment of which we are speaking, reached the height of Ratisbon; they had been victorious in every action, and all attempts to arrest their advance had completely failed. The Archduke Charles proposed, indeed, to avail himself of the distance that separated the two hostile armies, the one of which was in Swabia, the other in Franconia, and to strike a blow with his combined force against one of them before the other could come to its aid; but this was only a project in contemplation, the result of which could not be depended upon; while actual reverses were suffered in every quarter. On one hand, the government of Saxony and the States of Swabia were forsaking the Austrian cause, and with-

drawing their troops from the archduke's army; on the other, Spain was signing an offensive and defensive alliance with France; a measure that could hardly fail to have some weight with the governments of Italy. England, though engaged in a life-and-death contest, was ignorant how a great war should be carried on; and instead of striking at the vital points of an adversary's power, frittered away her forces in puny efforts directed against sugar islands and distant colonies, leaving her ally unsupported in the field at the very time when a small and efficient army, employed on the coast of Italy, might have produced the most decisive events in favour of the general cause.

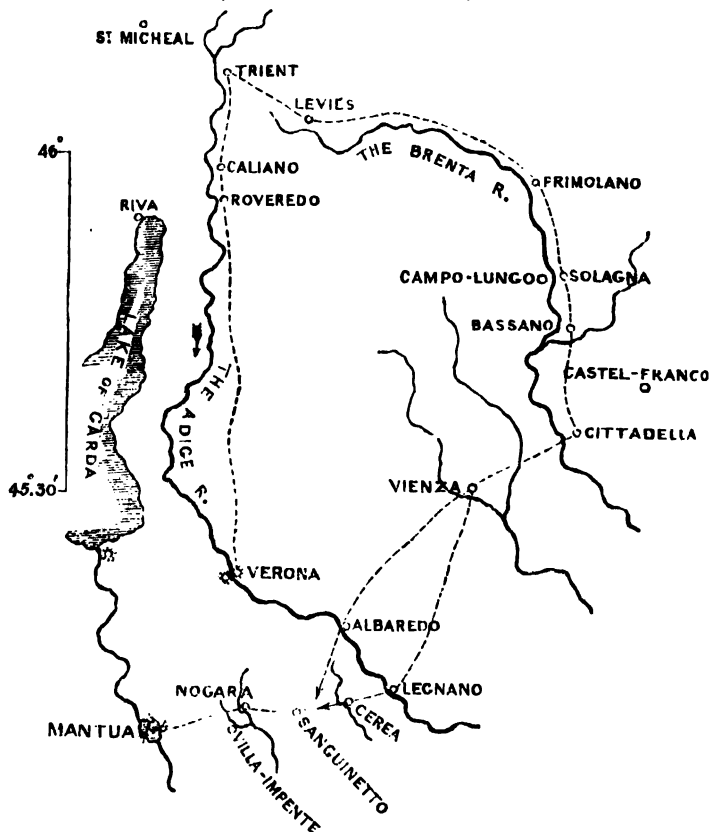
The French government no sooner heard of the victories achieved near Mantua than they immediately urged upon Napoleon the expediency of following the Austrians into the Tyrol, and completing their destruction. "If General Wurmser obtains any respite," they say, "he will be able to detach troops which, joined to the force of the Archduke Charles, may possibly fall upon the army of the Rhine, and combat it with success." Nothing could be more strategically correct than this view, and the wonder is, that, as we shall see presently, the Austrians did not perceive the great advantage their position in the Tyrol then gave them. Napoleon, however, instead of complying with the plan of the Directory, has a project of his own: he wishes to march on Trieste, to destroy that city altogether with its harbour, and then penetrate into Germany. This project, independently of its being in the regular Vandal style, promised, as certain as any thing can be certain in war, to cause the total destruction of the French army, and was, therefore, negatived by the Directory, though with great and evident deference for Napoleon's opinion. While these discussions were carrying on, the armies had, to some extent, been reinforced and re-equipped. Straitened as the Austrian government were in Germany, they had, nevertheless, sent about 6000 men into the Tyrol; some regiments had also joined Napoleon, so that by the end of August, at the moment when operations were about

to be resumed, the French army counted 45,000, and the Austrians 40,000 men, present with their corps. According to the plan projected for the advance of the Austrians, Marshal Wurmser was to move along the valley of the Brenta with about 22,000 men, and proceed to Mantua, by the way of Verona; while General Davidowitch, leaving 6000 men to guard the Tyrol, was to descend into the valley of the Adige with 14,000 men, and take off the attention of the French from the main column of the army, or to attack them if it could be done with advantage; Wurmser himself acting in like manner, and threatening the rear of the enemy if they turned against Davidowitch. It is perfectly evident from the Austrian account of their own plan, which was drawn up by General Lauer of the engineers, and not as before by the chief of the quartermaster-general's staff, that it emanated altogether from a complete confusion of ideas. Nothing whatever was to be gained by advancing to Mantua, that fortress was in no danger, and was not even besieged. The only object to be attained by an advance into Lombardy, was to drive the French away from before the place, and to reconquer the Milanese; but this could only be effected by defeating them in a decisive battle, and such a battle was not to be gained by divided forces against the combined forces they would have to encounter. Least of all were precarious manœuvres to be employed against the French, whose only method of war consisted in marching right down upon the enemy and attacking him at once; striking the hardest possible blows at the nearest and most accessible foe. This had been their system from the commencement of the revolutionary war; it had been acted upon with wonderful success during the Italian campaign, and every additional victory tended of course to give it force, to augment the gallant soldiiership of the men, and the confidence and spirit of enterprise of the commanders. During the present operations we shall see them display a degree of spirit, energy, and activity which has been rarely equalled, and from which it would be unjust to withhold a tribute of the highest admir

It is not very clear what Napoleon's object was when he broke forth at the end of August.* Historians tell us, indeed, that having penetrated Wurmser's project, he determined to fall upon Davidowitch with all his forces, as soon as the main body of the Austrian army should be at too great a distance to lend him support. Unfortunately for this brilliant conception, it vanishes, like so many others ascribed to Napoleon, before dates, distances, and the unpremeditated words of his own despatches. But if we do not know his exact object on this occasion, we know the result of his expedition, which could hardly be more striking or successful.

Leaving the usual corps of observation before Mantua, and some

troops under General Kilmain at Verona, he advanced with great rapidity towards the head of the Lake of Garda. General Vaubois marched on the western shore of the lake, Massena over Monte Baldo and the isthmus, and Augereau on the left bank of the Adige. While the French were thus moving upon Trent, and almost due north, Wurmser's army was leaving that place in three successive divisions, and marching to the southward on Bassano; the hostile armies thus passing each other to the right on different tracks, as seamen would, perhaps, express it. On the 3d of September, the French drove the advanced posts of the Austrians back upon Mori and St. Marco, and as General Davidowitch had gone to Trent, to hold a last conference



* Let him speak for himself. In the *St. Helena Memoirs*, he says, "Wurmser, reinforced by 20,000 men, was in the Tyrol, and beginning his movement for the relief of Mantua, by marching through the gorges of the Brenta, Bassano, and the

with Field-marshal Wurmser, and did not return to his head-quarters at Roveredo, till early on the morning of the 4th, he only learned that the enemy were in force when it was already too late to take the best measures for defence. That this error, or want of arrangement, led to the loss of many brave men, cannot be doubted, but it was trifling compared to what followed.

Early on the morning of the 4th, the French attacked the posts of Mori and St. Marco. As there were only two Austrian brigades present, they fell back, fighting, and appear to have conducted their retreat with great steadiness and regularity; repulsing the French cavalry who attempted to break them, both before and after they had retired through Roveredo. In one of these charges General Dubois was killed. They intended to assemble their different corps at Calliano, a position of great strength, where they proposed to make a stand. This position can only be approached in front through a narrow gorge, a sort of Italian Thermopylæ, of about one hundred and fifty yards in breadth, having the rapid and foaming Adige on one side, and a precipitous rocky eminence, crowned by an ancient baronial castle on the other: the pass is, besides, protected by the hamlet of La Pietra and an old loop-holed wall, so that no position can have a stronger front. The main body of the two brigades had passed through the defile, and had already established themselves in their bivouacs on the open ground to the rear, and trusting to the strength of the pass, they had piled their arms, and were preparing to dress their dinners. With proper arrangements all this might have been effected in perfect safety; a single error in judgment made it the cause

of irreparable ruin. Instead of having troops properly posted in the defences of the pass,—having the men and officers settled in their position, familiar with its points of strength and weakness, and coolly prepared to take up the rear-guard and to resist the enemy if he pressed, the duty was left to be performed by the rear-guard itself. This body, consisting of 1700 men, of the regiment of Preiss, commanded by Colonel Weidenfeld, was ordered to make front on reaching La Pietra, and to defend the gorge. Numerically the corps was sufficiently strong for the purpose, but it had been sharply engaged during the retreat, and was closely pressed upon by the enemy, who gave the soldiers no time to settle in their new position. The Republicans, elate with recent success, and panting for victory, attacked La Pietra with great resolution; and, while swarms of tirailleurs ascended the height on one side, and extended along the banks of the river on the other, the head of Massena's division, advancing in close column under the protection of eight pieces of artillery, carried the village. The astonished Austrians, unable to obtain a firm footing behind their defences, were thrown back into the pass: victors and vanquished rushed headlong through the dark defile, where the tempest of war, gathering strength from the narrow limits within which it was compressed, swept the fugitives in fury along, till the broken bands, seeing no other hope of safety, threw themselves into a wooded glen that carried them away, indeed, from the scene of havoc, but left the French in full possession of the road leading into the unprotected Austrian camp.

So rapid had been the flight from

Lower Adige; while Davidowitch was left with 25,000 men for the protection of the Tyrol. Napoleon, feeling how important it was to occupy the Austrian army, and prevent them from detaching forces against the French army of the Rhine, which was already approaching the plains of Bavaria, *had no sooner penetrated Wurmser's plan, than he resolved to assume the offensive, and beat that general in detail.* That is, as soon as he had discovered that the Austrian army was marching on Mantua and not into Germany, he assumed the offensive, to prevent them from marching into Germany. Besides he forgets his own despatches, written after the capture of Trent, by which it is shewn that he did not know Wurmser's plan, for in his letter of the 5th September, he tells the Directory that Wurmser had "fled to Bassano;" and next day he says that "Wurmser has thrown himself towards Bassano, in order to cover Trieste." All these pretended plans, formed on the asserted discovery of the Austrian's projects, are mere fables, as gross as they are worthless.

La Pietra, and through the pass, that not a single messenger was despatched to apprise the troops at Calliano of what had happened; not a single fugitive reached the camp; the firing of the artillery was unheeded; or, as afterwards stated, not even heard;* and now ruin was there. The French, leaving the fragment of the rear-guard unpursued, continued their onward course; their cavalry threw themselves upon the camp of the astonished and unprepared Austrians, which was soon one mass of utter confusion. Not a single company or battalion was under arms; not a squadron was mounted. In this hour of fear the officers vainly attempted to rally some troops; the charging horsemen gave no time to form or collect, all sought safety in wild flight; swarms of scattered soldiers spread wide and far in every direction, and the road to Trent was instantly covered with artillery, baggage, ammunition-carts, mounted and dismounted soldiers, who hurried to that town for shelter. The French followed fast, and slew and captured vast numbers. A few parties of infantry, gathered at last round their officers, and brought down some of the foremost pursuers, a slight respite was then gained, till, in the end, friendly night cast her peaceful mantle on the scene of death and shame. But a hundred battles had to be fought, the blood of thousands had to be poured out before the disastrous results of that fatal day were remedied.

Such was the rout of Calliano, commonly called the battle of Roveredo, in which the misconduct of a lieutenant-colonel, the commander only of a rear-guard, caused the dispersion of a whole army: how much the loss of that army may ultimately have cost the people of Austria, it is impossible to calculate; but the failure of Wurmser's enterprise, which it principally occasioned, forms one of the main links of that uninterrupted chain of heavy calamities which afterwards befell the monarchy. The catastrophe shews, if proof were wanting, how great is the charge, and how terrible the responsibility, liable to devolve on officers

even of the humblest station; and no government, taking counsel from experience, and acting honourably, and free from all selfish motives towards the nation over which it rules, can ever allow a single step of military rank to be granted, unless to individuals possessing, or believed to possess, the highest professional qualities. The death of every soldier, who falls in consequence of the misconduct of his superior, may be fairly charged as murder against those who appointed the unfit commander, unless it can be clearly proved that every effort was used to find the person most fitted by talents, bravery, and acquirements, to hold such important trust; for, of course, no effort can ensure perfection in all cases. At present, however, military rank and preference are actually sold for money in England, though long since abolished in every other country in Europe. The practice dates from the age of barbarism, and is more disgraceful, perhaps, than any which that age could have bequeathed to a land of freedom.

Napoleon entered Trent on the morning of the 5th September, and only then discovered that the main body of the Austrian army had marched on Bassano. He determined to follow them; but first resolved to drive Davidowitch, whose corps he probably suspected of being stronger than it really was, farther into the mountains. This unfortunate commander, whose army was 14,000 strong on the 1st of September, was enabled to assemble only 5000 men at Trent on the night after the rout of Calliano; with these he retired before the advancing French, till he reached Lavis, where he made a short stand, to gain time, and collect dispersed men, and then fell back, skirmishing, to Newmark, where the pursuit ended.

Though the last division of his army had marched some days before, Field-marshal Wurmser himself was still at Trent, where the report of the disaster of Calliano reached him. The idea of counter-marching the army and rejoining Davidowitch was entertained for a moment, but subsequently aban-

* It is only on the unquestionable authority, on which the events of these campaigns are related, that the writer could venture to claim credit for such statements.

done, and orders sent to press the original movement. The road to Mantua was now, indeed, perfectly open, and the fortress might have been reached without difficulty, had not a series of fatalities, for they can be called nothing less, attended the execution of a plan which was already faulty enough in its original conception.

As the last division of Wurmser's army was already some days in advance on the road to Bassano, no apprehension of being overtaken by the enemy seems to have been entertained, and yet detached corps were left on the road, far too weak, indeed, to arrest the progress of a pursuing force; but so strong, as very much to weaken the army from which they were detached, and far too strong also for mere posts of observation.

Buonaparte, when at Trent, issued a proclamation to the Tyrolese, calling upon them, in the usual Republican style of the period, to throw off the yoke of Austria, and seek shelter under the protection of France. His stay at this time was too short to enable him to see the contempt with which a brave and loyal people received such an invitation; but he had afterwards to purchase the information with the blood of thousands. On the present occasion he only left General Vaubois with 10,000 men to watch the remnants of Davidowitch's corps, and having counter-marched the divisions of Augereau and Massena, followed Wurmser with giant strides down the valley of the Brenta. From Trent to Bassano is little short of fifty miles, a distance which the French traversed between the 6th and the morning of the 8th September, notwithstanding the previous toils they had undergone, and the combats they had fought. It was, in truth, a gallant march, which the trifling forces interposed by Wurmser could not arrest for a moment. At Levico the first Austrian corps, consisting of 2000 men, was encountered and instantly dispersed. A second corps, of equal strength, was stationed at Primolano, the troops fought, were surrounded, and forced to lay down their arms. No stop no stay, the fiery torrent rolled petuously along, and the gorg

the Brenta are now cleared. At Campo Lungo, three battalions are surrounded, on the morning of the 8th they are instantly attacked, and routed; while three additional battalions, detached from the Austrian camp for their support, come only to augment this confusion. Bassano was now in sight, and the expected prize fired the weary and exhausted soldier to renewed exertions, which were soon crowned indeed with the easiest and the most brilliant success.

Several of the Austrian divisions were already before Verona; but Wurmser, with the brigades of Seibottendorff and Quasdanowitch, encumbered too with all the parks, baggage, reserve artillery, and the pontoon train of the army, were still halting at Bassano. On the evening of the 7th, he already learned the advance of the French; and, for a moment, the idea of retiring into Friouli suggested itself, but was soon relinquished, and orders given for the troops to be in readiness to proceed with the march on Vicenza. Why the execution was delayed, the Austrians have not explained, so that we only know the fatal result that attended their loss of time. The French having overthrown the troops at Campo Lungo, were advancing on Bassano by both banks of the river, when, at eight o'clock, the Austrians commenced their march. On issuing from the town, the leading column already met the French, and though the front battalions forced their way through on the Vicenza road, the rest were driven back at the very time when Massena's division was already attacking the town on the other side of the river. To augment the confusion, the parks were at this moment filing over the bridge: some drivers attempted to proceed, others to turn, so that the streets were instantly blocked up. A wild scene of confusion followed, and here also an army was defeated without having fought. All fled; the greatest number in the direction opposite to that in which the enemy advanced; and this, fortunately, led to Citadella, and was the right one. The brigade of Quasdanowitch was separated from the main body, and retreated into Friouli; but the artillery, and what

now endangered the safety of the army, the pontoon train also, fell into the hands of the French. No disciplined armies had ever before sustained disasters equal to those of Calliano and Bassano; for where every thing was lost without a brave blow having been struck for victory, the vanquished could hardly say, the vanquished could hardly say, brave as they were, "that honour had been saved."

The exhausted condition of the French troops prevented the pursuit from being very vigorously continued, and at Vicenza Wurmser was allowed to collect the scattered remnants of his host. Here, also, the gallant spirit of the soldier seems to have awakened, for his measures henceforth are marked by the promptness, energy, and resolution, which could alone extricate his troops from the perilous situation in which they were placed. The pontoon train was lost, and three rivers, guarded by vigilant foes, had to be crossed before Mantua, now the only haven of refuge, could be gained. In front stood General Kilmain, with a French corps at Verona; General Sahuguet, with the blockading division, had taken up strong defensive positions behind the Tirone and the Molinella, and in the rear Napoleon pressed fiercely on the retiring Austrians with Massena's indefatigable division. Never was an army in greater danger than Wurmser's was at this moment, but if their errors had brought them into peril, the errors of their foes saved them at least from destruction.

The Austrian field-marshal, making a feint against Verona, threw himself rapidly upon Legnano, where there is a bridge over the Adige. The town, though surrounded by ramparts, and capable of some defence, was found occupied by only twenty-five French dragoons, who naturally fled on the advance of the Germans, and gave up the valuable post. Napoleon's statements, that the town was found unguarded, because some Austrian squadrons, which had crossed the river at Albaredo, had interrupted the French battalion intended for its defence, is a mere afterthought intended to conceal an error, for not a single Austrian soldier crossed the river till Legnano was secured. Wurmser

having given his troops a day's rest, and placed the town in a state of temporary defence, again commenced his march on the morning of the 10th; for Massena, having crossed the Adige in boats at Ronco, was already threatening to interrupt the road to Mantua: speed and resolution were alike necessary in such times. The advanced guards of the hostile armies encountered at Cerea, where a long and stern combat was fought for the possession of the village and the bridge over the Menago. The Austrians proved successful, and the French were obliged to fly so rapidly that Napoleon himself was in danger of being taken. Seven guns and 700 prisoners remained in the hands of the victors, who were allowed to continue their march without interruption, as it was expected that the Tirone would arrest their further progress. Nor was such danger wanting, for General Sahuguet was found strongly posted behind the river at Costellario, while Massena, to avenge his defeat at Cerea, was closing up, and ready to fall on the Austrian rear. But Wurmser here proved himself superior to his pursuers, opening a heavy fire of artillery on the French position at Costellario, he forced a march to Villemont, overthrew the troops in charge of the bridge, and not only secured the passage of the Tirone, but of the Molinella also. General Sahuguet, indeed, sent some regiments to regain the important post, but they were defeated with loss, 400 being taken prisoners by the Austrian hussars. The French general had now to think of securing his own retreat, which was not effected without danger, for having been overtaken near the Favorita, some of his troops were thrown into confusion, and sustained considerable loss.

On the 12th September the Austrians reached Mantua, but their troubles were not ended; for instead of entering the fortress, if only to rest and reorganise the troops, or pass over to the right bank of the Mincio, they encamped on the open ground, near the ducal palace of the Favorita, having the citadel in rear of their left wing, and the fortified suburb of Saint George in rear of their right. Here they were already attacked by Massena's division on

the 14th, but though the French gained some advantage in the first instance, the assailants were ultimately driven back with considerable loss; three guns and 500 prisoners fell into the hands of the Austrians.

Encouraged by the success of these different actions, Wurmser was induced to hazard a battle next day against the whole French army. Legnano, in which the Austrians had left a garrison of 1200 men, to cover their communication, had surrendered to Augereau, who had joined the main body: Victor and Sahuguet had done the same. The four divisions amounted, by Napoleon's account, to 25,000 men, and these Wurmser ventured to engage with the 10,000 men of what he called the "operating army," the troops of the garrison taking, most unaccountably, no share in the action; and from the guns of the works, which were behind them, the Austrians could derive little or no aid. What object the field-marshal had in fighting this battle it is impossible to conjecture. If he thought that a battle could still retrieve the disasters of the campaign, it should have been fought with every disposable soldier that could have been brought out of the city; if it was fought merely for the honour of arms, not to allow an army to be inclosed within the walls of a fortress without striking one bold blow for victory, it was an ill-judged sacrifice, offered up at the shrine of a mere phantom, for whose smiles, however important they are at times, great national interests should never be wantonly risked. But though we blame the field-marshal's resolution to fight, it must be allowed that his troops maintained the combat with a degree of gallantry well deserving a different result. The superiority of the French, however, was too great, and the Austrians were driven into the fortress with a loss of 2000 men, and were, besides, dispossessed of the fortified suburb of St. George, which forms the head of one of the causeways leading

across the lake, and which the Republicans seized during the action. These were severe blows, indeed; the army was not only weakened and forced to seek shelter behind the walls of the fortress, their sphere of action was also confined by the loss of the village of St. George, the only outlet, besides the citadel, which they held on the left bank of the Mincio, a loss which, at an after period, led to still further disasters.

Including sick, wounded, and dispersed soldiers, belonging to different regiments, Wurmser brought about 10,000 men to Mantua; the garrison counted at that time 15,000 men, making in all a force of 25,000 men inclosed within the works. But of the garrison alone 6000 were unfit for duty; and owing to the sickness produced by the noxious exhalations from the lake and the surrounding swamps, fevers and infectious diseases soon spread among the soldiers of the "operating army," and, before the end of a month, little more than one half of the whole force was fit for duty. The blockade, however, could not be very strictly maintained, and the garrison remained long in possession of the Seraglio, a fertile district of country, extending between the Mincio and the canal as far as the Po, beyond which the Austrians occasionally extended their foraging parties, though they never threw a bridge over the river, as stated in the French accounts. During the whole of September and October Wurmser continued to make constant sallies from the fortress.

The combat of St. George ended the third act of the Italian campaign; an act which proved infinitely more disastrous to Austria than the former had been. The number of killed, wounded, and captured, was not much greater, as the loss, from the 1st to the 16th of September inclusive, did not amount to 12,000 men.* But fame, confidence, and reputation, had been lost; the *morale* of the troops had been destroyed; both divisions of the Austrian army had been routed; their *matériel* taken, and the remnants of the main body

* In the *Napoleon Memoirs*, we have, of course, the usual exaggerations. At page 16, vol. i., it is said that the Austrians had 30,000 men killed and wounded; and that 14,000 were driven into Mantua along with Marshal Wurmser. This would give 44,000 men, or 4000 more than the whole of the Austrian force counted at the commencement of operations!

were blocked up in Mantua under the command of a field-marshal!

It is impossible, in describing these events, to refrain from paying a just tribute of admiration to the zeal and indefatigable exertions displayed by the French troops in following up the victories which Fortune had so liberally tendered them. Their hundred miles march from Trent to Cerna, performed amidst constant combats, and during which a river had to be passed on mere ferry-boats, is deserving of the highest praise. But the proofs of the military skill and great genius evinced by the commander during these operations are by no means so easily established: for a display of folly on one side offers no demonstration of the existence of wisdom on the other. Napoleon's march down the Brenta, in rear of Wurmser, has, of course, been lauded as one of the most splendid strategical movements ever undertaken in war. It was a very erroneous one, nevertheless, for it drove Wurmser into Mantua instead of keeping him out of it, and helped to chain down the French army for six months longer on the banks of the Adige. The impulse which the French derived from the first victories of the campaign, not only excited in full force, but had been augmented by every subsequent advantage, and naturally tended to hurl them in gallant style against the often-vanquished foes, who had, no doubt, been somewhat shaken by constant reverses, and whose errors are amply sufficient to account for the disasters experienced during the operations we have just been relating. The glaring mismanagement of the Austrians detracts in nothing from the merit of Napoleon, as far as that merit goes, on the contrary, he is to be commended for having reaped the benefit of their faults; but when the praise of high military genius is claimed for a commander, we expect to see formidable foes vanquished by skill and gallantry, mighty obstacles overcome, great things effected by comparatively small means, and splendid results produced by the able combinations of the vaunted leader himself, rather than by the overhasty flight of a rear-guard on one point, and the slothful tarrying of a couple of hostile brigades on another. Above all, we should have expected that a

tale related by the conqueror himself would have shone in all the simple and glorious majesty of truth, instead of being disfigured by the grossest and most unworthy exaggeration ever attempted to be imposed upon the world, — exaggerations rendered doubly contemptible by constant efforts to conceal error and to make events appear the result of previous calculation, when we now discover, from the first unpremeditated despatches written at the time, as well as from the situation of his adversaries, that he wanted, when acting, the very knowledge on which, in his after-thoughts, he pretends to have founded his operations. It has also been a good deal the fashion to extol the activity of Napoleon, and particularly as exhibited during these campaigns. The personal activity of a commander who, in a carriage or on horseback, keeps pace with infantry masses and parks of artillery, need not, perhaps, be very extraordinary; and though a general has often to watch, and toil, and act, while his soldiers are resting, the generals of republican France were spared even much of this toil, by the peculiar method in which they carried on the war. They left the soldiers to provide for themselves as best they might, and trusted to Providence for the care of the sick and wounded.

It may amuse some of our readers to compare the indefatigable activity — for such, indeed, it was — displayed by Massena and others during these campaigns, with the extreme caution exhibited at a later period, and long before age had tamed their fire, when contending against the British. Nothing seemed above the courage of these commanders during the Italian campaigns, and the subsequent conquest of continental Europe must necessarily have added to their confidence; and yet it is wonderful to think how little of the indomitable spirit of enterprise so frequently evinced against other foes was shewn in their contest with the British. Mighty armies which had never recoiled from any gallant undertaking, stood paralysed at the sight of the lines of Torres Vedras; the same men who had forced the passage of the Po, the Rhine, Danube, and the Vistula, were arrested by the half fordable Tagus on one side, and the second ~~Tago~~ on the other; and

those who in their pride had gone forth to conquer kingdoms, only avenged the defeats sustained in every action, by the commission of atrocities, which the devastating bands of Attila could not have surpassed, and strove at last to hide the shame of flight and failure, under the ignoble boast of having "consumed the provisions of a whole province!"

Having seen what was the fate of Wurmser's army, let us offer a few words of speculation on what might have been effected by such a force had it been differently employed at the period of the advance towards Mantua.

That fortress was in no danger at the time, it was not even besieged, and as Napoleon's army did not much exceed 45,000 men, it could hardly undertake any distant expedition with more than 25,000, as 20,000, at least, required to be left for the blockade of the fortress. In general, 10 or 12,000 were sufficient for this service, but this was only because the rest of the army were at hand to support them, if necessary,—an advantage that would have fallen away if the main army had removed to a distance. At the commencement of September, the period of which we are speaking, the French army of the Rhine had already passed to the eastward of the Tyrol, and left that mountain-fastness in rear of its right flank. Nothing had yet been decided in Germany, the French were still advancing; but the Austrian armies, though pressed back, were unbroken, and Fortune was about to turn against the invaders. If, under these circumstances, Wurmser, instead of marching down the Brenta, had passed rapidly through the Tyrol, and thrown himself in the rear of Moreau's army, at the moment when the Archduke Charles attacked them in front, does it not seem evident that the most decisive results would have been achieved, and that the battle of Amberg and Wurtzburg would have destroyed the invaders instead of merely driving them back across the Rhine? True, Napoleon might have followed the march of the Austrian field-marshal; but then he must first have mastered the Tyrol, and to subdue a very difficult mountain country, defended by 20,000 regulars—the army

under Davidowitch—aided by a skilful and warlike militia from 6000 to 7000 strong, would have been no easy task for the 25,000 men that could alone have been spared from the blockade of Mantua. At the best it must have required time, which was all that the Austrians wanted; for had the armies of Moreau and Jourdan been completely beaten while the army of Wurmser was unbroken, the conquerors could have detached troops enough to secure victory against Napoleon. Even the French government of the time, though not distinguished for much sagacity, perceived, as already shewn, the danger to be apprehended from such a blow; but the Aulic Council remained blind to the advantage of their position. It is but rarely, indeed, that cabinets, generally composed of civilians unacquainted with the science of war, form great and skilful plans for the conduct of military operations. They can consult officers of experience and ability on the projects which they form over the council-table; but all must feel that the mere advice of others on subjects of which we are personally ignorant, can never convey very clear and comprehensive ideas to the mind, and give the uninitiated a full insight of what can and cannot be effected with the means at their disposal. Hence it is that absolute monarchs at the head of armies have so often been the most successful commanders. Whether all ministers of state should commence their legislative career by going through a campaign and a course of drill, is a question which cannot be discussed here; though the principle certainly answered well in ancient Rome: but it is not affirming too much to say, that they ought to possess, at least, some military knowledge, have at least some acquaintance with the power and efficiency of that military engine on which, in these times—and till the return of the golden age—the peace and security of empires can alone be made to rest. How dreadfully deficient were the British cabinets who conducted our last great wars against France and America, need not be repeated at this day: the fatal truth has too deeply marked the blood-stained pages of history, to be denied by either Whigs or Tories.

THE PRIDE OF A SPOILED BEAUTY.

A TALE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF H. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER II.—THE CONCLUSION.

THE next day Mademoiselle de Fontaine manifested the desire of taking a ride. Gradually she accustomed her old uncle and her brothers to accompany her in certain very matutinal rides, very salutary, she said, to her health. Notwithstanding all her manœuvres of horsemanship, she did not see the unknown so speedily as the joyous research she prosecuted might lead her to expect. She returned several times to the ball at Sceaux without meeting the young Englishman, who had fallen from heaven to rule over and embellish her dreams. Although nothing increases a girl's beginning love like an obstacle, yet there was a moment in which Mademoiselle de Fontaine was on the point of abandoning her strange and secret pursuit, almost despairing of the success of an enterprise, the singularity of which can give an idea of the daring of her character. She might have wandered a long while round the village of Châtenay, without meeting the unknown. The young Clara, as that was the name which Mademoiselle de Fontaine had heard, was not English, and the supposed foreigner did not inhabit the blossoming and balmy groves of Châtenay.

One evening that Emilie was out riding with her uncle, who, since the fine weather had set in, had obtained a tolerably long cessation of hostilities from his gout, she turned her horse so rapidly, that her uncle had all the trouble in the world to follow her, she had set off her pony at so quick a pace.

"I suppose I am grown too old to understand these spirits of twenty," said the sailor to himself, as he put his horse to a gallop, "or, perhaps the youth of the present day does not resemble that of former days. But what is the matter with my niece? She is now walking as slowly as a *gendarme* patrolling the streets of Paris. Does she not look as if she wanted to knock down that

honest *bourgeois*, who seems to me like an author dreaming of his poems, for I think he has an album in his hand? By my faith, I must be a great fool! Is not this the young man we are seeking?"

At this thought the old sailor walked his horse gently on the sand so as to come noiselessly up to his niece. The vice-admiral had had too much experience in the year 1771, and the following ones—an epoch in our annals when gallantry was in fashion—not to guess at once that Emilie had, by the greatest chance, met the unknown of the ball of Sceaux. Notwithstanding the veil which age was drawing over his grey eyes, the Comte de Kergarouët recognised the indications of extraordinary agitation in his niece, in spite of the immobility she endeavoured to give her countenance. The piercing eyes of the young girl were fixed in a sort of stupor on the stranger, who walked peacefully on before her.

"That's it!" thought the sailor. "she will follow him like a merchantman follows a corsair. Then, when he is gone she will be in despair at not knowing whom she loves, and at being ignorant whether he is a marquis or a *bourgeois*. Really young young heads ought always to have old heads like mine near them."

He suddenly pushed his horse so as to send on his niece's, and passed so rapidly between her and the young pedestrian, that he forced him to throw himself on the bank of verdure which formed the border of the road. Then directly stopping his horse the count exclaimed,—

"Could not you get out of the way?"

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," replied the unknown; "I did not know it was my place to make excuses because you nearly knocked me down."

"Come, my friend, that will do," retorted sharply the sailor, in a sneering tone of voice, which was

very insulting. At the same time, the count raised his whip as if to whip his horse, and touched the shoulder of his interlocutor, saying, "The *bourgeois libéral* is a reasoner—every reasoner should be wise."

The young man got up on the side of the road on hearing this sarcasm; he folded his arms, and answered in an altered tone,—

"Monsieur, I cannot think when I see your white hairs, that you still amuse yourself by seeking for duels."

"White hairs!" exclaimed the sailor, interrupting him. "You have lied in your throat, they are only grey."

A dispute, thus begun, became in a few minutes so warm, that the young adversary forgot the tone of moderation which he had endeavoured to preserve. At the moment when the Comte de Kergarouët saw his niece coming up to them with signs of great anxiety, he was giving his name to his antagonist, telling him to be silent before the young lady committed to his care. The unknown could not help smiling, and gave a card to the old sailor, telling him that he inhabited a country-house at Chevreuse, and walked rapidly off after pointing it out to him.

"You nearly wounded that poor *pékin*, my niece," said the count, hastening to meet Emilie. "Do you no longer know how to rein in your horse? You leave me there to compromise my dignity in covering your follies; whereas, if you had remained, one of your looks or polite speeches—one of those you say so prettily when you are not impertinent—would have healed all, even had you broken his arm."

"My dear uncle, it was your horse, not mine, that was the cause of this accident. I really think you can no longer ride; you are not so good a horseman as you were last year. But instead of talking nonsense——"

"The d—! nonsense? Is it, then, nothing to be impertinent to your uncle?"

"Ought we not to go and see if that young man is wounded? See, uncle, he limps."

"No, he is running. I have lectured him well."

"Ah, my uncle! I know you there."

"Stop, my niece," said the count,

seizing the bridle of Emilie's horse; "I do not see the necessity of making advances to some shopman, too happy to have been knocked down by a charming young lady or the commander of the *Belle-Poule*."

"Why do you think he is of low birth, my dear uncle? He seems to me to have very gentlemanlike manners."

"Every one has manners now, my niece."

"No, uncle, every one has not the air and manners which the habit of *salons* alone can give; and I will willingly bet you that this young man is noble."

"You have not had much time to examine him."

"But it is not the first time that I have seen him."

"Nor is it the first time you have sought him," replied the admiral, laughing.

Emilie blushed, and her uncle enjoyed her confusion for a little while; he then said,—

"Emilie, you know that I love you as if you were my child, precisely, because you are the only one of the family who possesses the legitimate pride which appertains to high birth. *Diantre!* my great niece, who could have thought that good principles would have become so rare? Well, I will be your confidant. I see, my dear child, that that young man is not indifferent to you. Stop! The family would laugh at us if we embarked under an unlucky flag. You know what that means. Therefore, let me help you, my niece. Let us both keep our secret, and I promise you to bring him into the drawing-room."

"And when, uncle?"

"To-morrow."

"But, my dear uncle, it will not compromise me?"

"Not at all; and you can bombard him, set fire to him, and leave him there like an old *caraque*, if you please. He will not be the first, will he?"

"How kind you are, uncle!"

As soon as the count was at home, he put on his spectacles, secretly drew the card from his pocket, and read, "Maximilien Longueville, Rue du Sentier."

"Make yourself easy, my dear niece," said he to Emilie, "you can

harpoon him in all security of conscience, he belongs to one of our historical families; and if he is not a peer of France, he will infallibly be one."

"How do you know so much?"

"That is my secret."

"You know his name, then?"

The count silently nodded his grey head, which very much resembled the trunk of an old oak, round which still played a few leaves withered by the autumn. At this signal his niece began trying on him the ever fresh power of her coquetties. Mistress of the art of coaxing the old sailor, she lavished on him the most childlike caresses and the most tender words; she even went so far as to kiss him, in order to obtain from him the revelation of so important a secret. The old man, who passed his life in making his niece act these scenes, and who frequently paid for them by a set of jewels or the loan of his opera-box, this time took a delight in allowing himself to be entreated and caressed. But as he made his enjoyment last too long, Emilie became angry, passed from caresses to sarcasms, sulked, and then returned to the charge, goaded by curiosity. The diplomatic sailor solemnly obtained from his niece a promise to be in future more reserved, more gentle, less wilful, less extravagant, and, especially, to tell him every thing. The treaty concluded, and signed by a kiss, which he deposed on Emilie's white forehead, he took her into a corner of the drawing-room, seated her on his knee, placed the card under his two thumbs so as to conceal it, discovered letter by letter the name of Longueville, and obstinately refused to shew any more. This event rendered still more intense Mademoiselle de Fontaine's secret affection. During a great part of the night she developed the most brilliant pictures of the dreams with which she had nourished her hopes. Thanks to this long-desired chance, she now saw something besides a chimera at the source of the imaginary riches with which she gilded her conjugal life. Like all young persons, ignorant of the dangers of love and marriage, she wished ardently for the deceitful externals of marriage and love. Is not this saying, that her affection sprung up like

almost all the caprices of early youth, sweet and cruel errors which exert so fatal an influence over the existence of young girls sufficiently inexperienced to consult no one but themselves on the care of their future happiness. The next morning, before Emilie was awake, her uncle hastened to Chevreuse. On recognising in the yard of an elegant country-house the young man whom he had so resolutely insulted the day before, he went up to him with that affectionate politeness which characterises the old men of the ancient court,—

"Ah, my dear sir, who would have thought that I should have quarrelled at seventy-three with the son or grandson of one of my best friends? I am a vice-admiral. Is not that telling you that I care as little for fighting a duel as for smoking a cigar? In my time, two young men never could become intimate until they had seen the colour of each other's blood. But, *ventre-de-biche*! I had, in my quality of sailor, taken a little too much rum on board yesterday, and I fell foul of you. Shake hands! I would rather receive a hundred rebuffs from a Longueville than cause the least uneasiness to his family."

Whatever coldness the young man endeavoured to shew the Comte de Kergarouët, he could not long withstand the frank kindness of his manners, and allowed his hand to be shaken.

"You were going to ride," said the count. "Pray, do so. But unless you have any projects, come with me. I invite you to dinner to-day at the Pavillon Planat. My nephew, the Comte de Fontaine, is a man necessary to know. *Morbleu*! I will atone to you for my *brusquerie* by presenting you to five of the prettiest women of Paris. Ha, ha! young man, you smoothe your brow. I like young people, and I like to see them happy. Their happiness recalls to me the pleasant years of my youth, when adventures were not wanting any more than duels. People were gay then! Now, you reason and trouble yourselves about every thing as if there had been no fifteenth or sixteenth centuries."

"But are we not right? The sixteenth century only gave Europe

religious liberty; and the nineteenth will give it pol —"

"Do not let us talk politics. I am an ultra *ganache*, you see. But I do not prevent young people from being revolutionary, provided they leave the king liberty to disperse their assemblies."

A few yards farther on, when the count and his young companion were in the midst of the wood, the sailor discovered a tolerably slight young birch-tree, stopped his horse, took one of his pistols, and lodged the ball in the middle of the tree at a distance of fifteen yards.

"You see, my friend, that I do not fear a duel," said he, looking at Monsieur Longueville with comic gravity.

"Nor I," replied the latter, who quickly loaded his pistol, aimed at the hole made by the count's ball, and placed his own close to it.

"That is what I call a well-educated young man," exclaimed the sailor, with a sort of enthusiasm.

During the walk he took with him whom he already looked upon as his nephew, he found a thousand opportunities of interrogating him on all the trifles, the perfect knowledge of which constituted, according to his particular code, an accomplished gentleman.

"Have you any debts?" he asked his companion at last, after a great many questions.

"No."

"How? Do you pay for every thing furnished you?"

"Punctually; otherwise we should lose all credit and consideration."

"But, at least, you have more than one mistress? Ah, you blush, my boy? Manners have, indeed, changed. With these ideas of legal order, Kantism and liberty, youth has been spoiled. You have no Guimard, no Duthé, no creditors, and you do not know heraldry; why, my young friend, you are not *educated*! Know that he who does not sow his wild oats in the spring sows them in winter. If I have eighty thousand livres a-year at seventy years of age, it is because I ate up the capital at thirty,—oh! with my wife, *en tout bien tout honneur*. Nevertheless, your imperfections will not prevent me from announcing you at the Pavillon Planat.

Remember that you have promised me to come, and I expect you there."

"What a singular little old man!" said young Longueville to himself. "He is sharp and lively; but although he wants to appear simple and frank, I shall not trust him."

The next day, about four o'clock, at the time when the company was scattered in the drawing-rooms or at billiards, a servant announced to the inhabitants of the Pavillon Planat Monsieur de Longueville.

At the name of the Comte de Kergarouët's favourite, every one, even the player, who was going to miss a ball, hastened in, as much to observe Mademoiselle de Fontaine's countenance as to judge the human phoenix who had merited an honourable mention to the detriment of so many rivals. A dress as simple as it was elegant, manners full of ease, polished forms of speech, a voice gentle and of a quality which made the heart vibrate, conciliated to Monsieur Longueville the good-will of the whole family. He seemed no stranger to the luxury of the house of the fastuous receiver-general. His conversation was that of a man of the world, and every one could easily perceive that he had received a most brilliant education, and that his acquirements were equally solid and extensive. He spoke so well in some slight discussion started by the old sailor on naval constructions, that one of the women observed that he appeared to have been at the Ecole Polytechnique.

"I think, madame, that to have been there is a title of honour."

Notwithstanding all the entreaties made him, he politely, but firmly, declined remaining to dinner, and put an end to the requests of the ladies by saying, that he was the Hippocrates of a young sister whose delicate health demanded a great deal of care.

"Monsieur is doubtless a physician," ironically asked one of Emilie's sisters-in-law.

"Monsieur comes from the Ecole Polytechnique," kindly answered Mademoiselle de Fontaine, whose complexion became very brilliant at hearing that the young girl of the ball was Monsieur Longueville's sister.

"But, my dear, it is possible to be

a physician, and to have been at the *École Polytechnique*, is it not, *mon-sieur*?"

"There is nothing to prevent it, *madame*," replied the young man.

All eyes were fixed on *Emilie*, who looked with a sort of anxious curiosity at the seductive unknown. She breathed more freely when he added, not without a smile,—

"I have not the honour to be a physician; and I have even refused to enter the service of the Woods and Forests, in order to preserve my independence."

"And you did well," said the count. "But how can you consider it an honour to be a physician?" added the noble Breton. "Ah, my young friend! for a man like you—"

"*Monsieur le Comte*, I respect immensely all the useful professions."

"We are agreed: you respect those professions, I imagine, as a young man respects a dowager."

Monsieur Longueville's visit was neither too long nor too short. He retired the moment he perceived that he had pleased every one, and that every body's curiosity was roused about him.

"He is a shrewd fellow," said the count on re-entering the drawing-room after seeing him out.

Mademoiselle de Fontaine, who alone was in the secret of this visit, had made a very elegant toilet, in order to attract the young man's attention; but she had the mortification of seeing that he did not bestow on her as much as she thought she deserved. The family was surprised at the silence she preserved. *Emilie* generally displayed to new comers her coquetry, her lively talk, and the boundless eloquence of her looks and gestures. Either the melodious voice of the young man and the attractiveness of his manners had charmed her, or else she loved seriously; and this sentiment effected a change in her, for her manners lost all affectation. Simple and natural, she, no doubt, appeared more beautiful. Some of her sisters, and an old lady, a friend of the family, saw a refinement of coquetry in this behaviour. They supposed that, judging the young man worthy of her, *Emilie* proposed displaying her attractions slowly, in order suddenly to dazzle him as soon as he was

struck with her. Every member of the family was curious to know what this capricious girl thought of the stranger; but when, during dinner, every one took a delight in endowing *Monsieur Longueville* with some new quality, pretending to have been the only one to discover it, *Mademoiselle de Fontaine* remained some time silent. A slight sarcasm from her uncle suddenly roused her from this apathy. She said, in a tolerably epigrammatic manner, that this celestial perfection must cover some great defect, and that she should take care not to judge at first sight a man who appeared so clever. She added, that those who thus please every one never please any body; and that the worst of all defects was to have none. Like all young girls in love, she hoped to conceal her feelings in the depth of her heart, by deceiving the *Arguses* who surrounded her; but at the end of a fortnight, there was not one member of this numerous family who was not initiated into this little domestic secret. At the third visit *Monsieur Longueville* paid, *Emilie* fancied she was the chief cause of it. This discovery caused her such excessive delight that it astonished her when she was able to reflect. There was something in it painful to her pride. Accustomed to make herself the centre of the world, she was obliged to recognise a force which drew her out of herself. She endeavoured to rebel, but could not drive the young man's seductive image from her heart.

Soon anxieties followed; for two of *Monsieur Longueville's* qualities, very adverse to the general curiosity, and especially to *Mademoiselle de Fontaine's*, were unusual discretion and modesty. He never spoke of himself, nor of his occupations, nor of his family. He knew how to disconcert all the snares *Emilie* laid for him in conversation with the address of a diplomatist who wants to conceal secrets. If she spoke of painting, *Monsieur Longueville* replied like a connoisseur; if she played, the young man proved without coxcombry that he played well on the piano. One evening he enchanted the whole company by joining his delicious voice to *Emilie's* in one of *Cimarosa's* finest duets; but when they endeavoured to discover if he

was an artist, he jested so gracefully that he did not give those women, so expert in the art of guessing sentiments, the possibility of discovering to what social sphere he belonged. With whatever courage the old uncle endeavoured to throw the grappling-iron on the vessel, Longueville quickly ran off, in order to preserve for himself the charm of mystery; and it was the easier for him to remain the *handsome stranger* of the Pavillon Planat, as curiosity did not exceed the bounds of politeness. Emilie, tormented by this reserve, hoped to draw these confidences better from the sister than the brother. Seconded by her uncle, who understood this manœuvring as well as that of a vessel, she endeavoured to bring on the scene the hitherto mute personage of Mademoiselle Clara Longueville. The society of the Pavillon soon manifested the greatest desire of knowing so amiable a person and procuring her some amusement. An unceremonious ball was proposed and accepted. The ladies did not completely despair of making a girl of sixteen talk. In spite of these little clouds heaped up by suspicion and created by curiosity, a bright light penetrated the soul of Mademoiselle de Fontaine, who enjoyed existence sweetly through its relation to some one besides herself. She began to conceive social relations. Either happiness makes us better, or she was too much occupied to torment others, for she became less caustic, more indulgent, more gentle. The change in her character delighted her astonished family. Perhaps, after all, her egotism was changing into love. To await the arrival of her timid and secret adorer was a profound delight. Without a single word of passion having been pronounced between them, she knew herself to be loved, and with what art did she not make the young unknown display the treasures of a varied education! She perceived that she was also carefully observed, and she then endeavoured to overcome the defects which her education had allowed to spring up. Was not this a first homage rendered to love, and a cruel reproach addressed to herself? She wanted to please, she enchanted; she loved, and was idolised. Her family, knowing she was guarded

by her pride, gave her sufficient liberty to enjoy those little childish delights which give first loves so much charm and strength. More than once the young man and Mademoiselle de Fontaine walked about alone in the avenues of the park; more than once they held those conversations without any object of which the most empty phrases are those which conceal the most sentiments. They often admired together the setting sun and its rich colouring; they plucked daisies to tell their leaves, and sang the most passionate duets of Pergolesi and Rossini, as the mediums through which to express their secrets.

The day of the ball arrived. Clara Longueville and her brother, whom the servants obstinately honoured with the noble particle *de*, were its heroes. For the first time of her life, Mademoiselle de Fontaine saw the triumph of a young girl with pleasure. She bestowed with sincerity on Clara those graceful caresses and little attentions which women usually only display to each other in order to excite the jealousy of men. But Emilie had an object, she wanted to find out secrets. Mademoiselle Longueville's reserve was at least equal to her brother's; but, girl-like, she shewed perhaps more *finesse* and shrewdness than he did, for she did not even appear discreet, and kept the conversation on subjects foreign to material interests, investing it with so great a charm that Mademoiselle de Fontaine became almost envious and surnamed Clara *the Syren*. Although Emilie had formed the design of making Clara talk, it was Clara who interrogated Emilie; she wanted to judge her, and was judged by her. She often was angry at having betrayed her character by a few answers which Clara artfully drew from her while her candid and modest air prevented all suspicion of treachery. There was a moment when Mademoiselle de Fontaine appeared vexed at having made an imprudent attack on low birth, which Clara had provoked.

"Mademoiselle," said this charming creature, "I heard so much of you from Maximilien that I had the strongest desire to know you out of attachment for him; but is not to know you to love you?"

"My dear Clara, I feared to displease you by speaking thus of those who are not noble."

"Oh! do not fear. At the present day these sorts of discussions are without object. As to myself, they do not touch me. I am beyond the question!"

However ambitious this answer was, it gave Mademoiselle de Fontaine very great pleasure; for, like all people in love, she explained it to herself as oracles are explained, in the meaning which accorded with her desires, and returned to the dancing more joyous than ever, looking at Longueville, whose form and elegance surpassed perhaps those of her imaginary type. She felt still more satisfaction in reflecting that he was noble; her black eyes sparkled, she danced with all the pleasure dancing can give in the presence of him you love. Never did the two lovers understand one another better than at that moment, and more than once they felt their fingers tremble when the laws of the quadrilles joined them.

This handsome couple attained the beginning of the autumn in the midst of parties and the pleasures of the country, floating gently down the current of the sweetest sentiment in life, and strengthening it by a thousand little incidents, which every one can imagine. All love-affairs resemble each other in some points. They studied each other as much as it is possible to study when people are in love.

"Never did a slight fancy turn so quickly into a love-match," said the old uncle, who watched the young people like a naturalist examines an insect in a microscope. These words alarmed Monsieur and Madame de Fontaine. The old Vendean ceased to be as indifferent to his daughter's marriage as he had formerly promised to be. He went to Paris to obtain some information, and found none. Uneasy about this mystery, and not knowing as yet the result of the inquiry he had begged a Parisian administrator to institute respecting the Longueville family, he thought it necessary to admonish his daughter to behave herself prudently. The paternal observation was received with a feigned obedience full of irony.

"At least, my dear Emilie, if you love him, do not confess it to him."

"Papa, it is true that I love him; but I will await your permission before I tell him so."

"But, Emilie, remember that you are still ignorant of his family, his profession."

"If I am ignorant I am willing to be so. But, my father, you wished to see me married, you have given me the liberty of making a choice; mine is irrevocably made. What more is wanted?"

"We must know, my dear child, if the man you have chosen is the son of a peer of France," ironically replied the venerable nobleman.

Emilie remained silent a moment. She soon raised her head, looked at her father, and said with a sort of anxiety,—

"Are the Longuevilles —"

"They are extinct in the person of the old Duke of Rostein Limbourg, who perished on the scaffold in 1793. He was the last of the last youngest branch."

"But, papa, there are very good families sprung from bastards. The history of France swarms with princes who have bars in their shield."

"Your ideas have very much changed," said the old man, smiling.

The next day was the last which the Fontaine family were to spend at the Pavillon Planat. Emilie, who had been made very uneasy by her father's advice, awaited impatiently the hour at which young Longueville generally came, in order to obtain an explanation. She went out after dinner and walked alone in the park in the direction of the arbour of confidences, in which she knew the impatient lover would seek her; and as she ran, she reflected on the best manner of surprising so important a secret without compromising herself,—a tolerably difficult thing. As yet no direct avowal had sanctioned the feelings which united her to this unknown. She had, like Maximilien, secretly enjoyed the delights of a first love, but, equally proud, it seemed as if each feared to confess their affection.

Maximilien Longueville, to whom Clara had inspired well-founded doubts on Emilie's character, found himself by turns carried away by

the violence of a young man's passion and kept back by the desire of knowing and trying the woman to whom he was going to confide his happiness. His love had not prevented his acknowledging in Emilie the prejudices which spoiled her; but he desired to know if he was beloved by her before he endeavoured to combat them, for he would not hazard the fate of his love any more than that of his life. He had, therefore, constantly maintained a silence which his looks, manners, his smallest actions disproved. On the other hand, the pride natural to a girl, augmented in Mademoiselle de Fontaine by the foolish vanity which her birth and beauty inspired, prevented her seeking a declaration which an increasing passion sometimes incited her to solicit. The two lovers had instinctively understood their situation without explaining each other's secret motives. There are moments in life when vagueness suits young hearts. From the very reason that they had each been so long in speaking they seemed to make a cruel game of their *expectation*. One sought to discover if he was loved by the effort a confession would cost his haughty mistress; the other hoped at every moment to see a too respectful silence broken.

Seated on a rustic bench, Emilie reflected on the events which had taken place during the last three months full of enchantment. Her father's suspicions were the last fears that could touch her; she even got over them by two or three of those inexperienced girl-like reflections which appeared conclusive to her. Above all, she agreed with herself that it was impossible she could be mistaken. During the whole season she had not perceived in Maximilien one gesture, one single word, which indicated a low origin or occupation; in fact, his manner of discussing betrayed a man busied with the great interests of the country. "Besides," she reflected, "a lawyer or a man of business would not have had the leisure to remain an entire season courting me in the midst of fields and woods, spending his time as liberally as a nobleman who has before him a whole life free from cares." She was abandoning herself to a meditation far more interesting to

her than these preliminary thoughts, when a slight rustling among the leaves announced to her that for the last moment or two Maximilien had been contemplating her, doubtless with admiration.

"Do you know that it is very wrong to startle girls in this way?" said she, smiling.

"Especially when they are busy with their secrets," archly replied Maximilien.

"Why should I not have mine? You have yours!"

"You were, then, really thinking of your secrets?" he added, laughing.

"No, I was thinking of yours. I know my own."

"But," said he, gently taking Mademoiselle de Fontaine's arm, and putting it in his, "perhaps my secrets are yours, and yours mine."

After walking a few yards they found themselves under a clump of trees, which the colours of the setting sun enveloped as with a red and brown cloud. This natural magic gave a sort of solemnity to the moment. The young man's action, and the agitation of his throbbing heart, the violent pulsations of which were felt by Emilie's arm, threw her into a state of exultation, all the more perfect because it was excited only by the most simple and innocent incidents. The reserve in which girls of high rank are kept gives incredible force to the explosion of their sentiments, and to meet with a passionate lover is one of the greatest dangers which can befall them. Never had Emilie's and Maximilien's eyes looked so many unspeakable things. A prey to this intoxication, they easily forgot the petty stipulations of pride and the cold considerations of mistrust. They could express themselves at first only by a pressure of hands, which served as interpreter to their joyous thoughts.

"I have a question to ask, monsieur," said Mademoiselle de Fontaine, trembling, and in a broken voice, after a long silence, and walking a few steps very slowly. "But remember, I entreat you, that it is in some measure commanded me by the strange position I am in with regard to my family."

A terrible pause for Emilie succeeded these words, which she had

almost stuttered. While it lasted the haughty girl did not dare to encounter the piercing look of the man she loved, for she had a secret feeling of the baseness of the words she added,—

"Are you noble?"

When these had been uttered she wished herself at the bottom of a lake.

"Mademoiselle," gravely replied Longueville, whose altered face contracted a sort of severe dignity, "I promise to reply straightforwardly to this question when you have answered with sincerity the one I am going to put to you."

He let go Emilie's arm, who suddenly felt as if alone in the world, and said,—

"What is your reason for questioning me respecting my birth?"

She remained almost motionless, cold and silent.

"Mademoiselle," repeated Maximilien, "let us go no farther if we do not understand one another. I love you," added he, in a deep and tremulous tone. "Well, then," he added, joyfully, on hearing the exclamation of delight which Emilie could not repress, "why ask me if I am noble?"

"Would he speak thus if he were not so?" exclaimed an internal voice, which appeared to Emilie to proceed from the bottom of her heart. She gracefully raised her head, seemed to draw a new life from her lover's glance, and held out her hand as if to make a fresh alliance.

"You thought I cared very much for dignities?" she asked, with archness.

"I have no titles to offer my wife," he replied, half gaily, half seriously. "But if I take her of high rank and from among those whom paternal fortune accustoms to the luxury and pleasures of opulence, I know to what this choice obliges me. Love gives every thing," added he, laughing; "but to lovers only. Married people want a little more than the dome of heaven and the carpet of the fields."

"He is rich," she thought. "As for titles, perhaps he wants to try me! He has, perhaps, been told that I had a fancy for nobility, and that I would only marry a peer of

France. My tiresome sisters have, doubtless, played me that trick."

"I assure you," said she aloud, "that I have had very exaggerated notions of life and the world; but now," added she, with emphasis, and looking at him in a way to drive him wild, "I know in what a woman's true riches consist."

"I wish to believe that you speak sincerely," he replied, with mild gravity. "But this winter, my dear Emilie,—perhaps, two months hence, I shall be proud of what I can offer you, if you care for the advantages of fortune. It will be the only secret I shall keep here," said he, pointing to his heart, "for on its success depends my happiness,—I do not venture to say ours."

"Oh! say it,—say it!"

They returned home in the midst of the most affectionate discourse, and joined the company in the drawing-room. Never had Mademoiselle de Fontaine found her lover more amiable or more witty; his handsome figure and engaging manners appeared to her still more charming since a conversation which had in a measure confirmed to her the possession of a heart worthy of being envied by all women. They sang an Italian duet with so much expression that the assembly applauded them enthusiastically. Their parting assumed a conventional manner under which they concealed their happiness. This day became to Emilie a chain which bound her more closely still to the destiny of the unknown. The power and dignity he had displayed in the scene in which they had revealed their sentiments had perhaps forced on Mademoiselle de Fontaine that respect without which no true love exists. When she remained alone in the drawing-room with her father, the venerable Vandeau came up to her, affectionately took her hands, and asked if she had acquired any information regarding Monsieur Longueville's fortune and family.

"Yes, my dear father," she replied, "I am happier than I wished. Monsieur de Longueville is the only man I will marry."

"Well, Emilie," replied the comte, "I know what remains for me to do."

"Do you know of any obstacle?" she asked, with real anxiety.

"My dear child, this young man is perfectly unknown to me; but, unless he is a dishonourable man, from the moment you love him he is as dear to me as a son."

"A dishonourable man!" repeated Emilie. "I am quite easy. My uncle, who presented him to us, can answer for him. Say, dear uncle, has he been a buccaneer, an outlaw, or a corsair?"

"I knew I should find myself there," exclaimed the old sailor, waking up.

He looked round the drawing-room, but his niece had disappeared like a Jack-o'-lantern, according to his habitual expression.

"Why, my uncle," said Monsieur de Fontaine, "how could you conceal from us all that you knew respecting this young man? You must have noticed our anxiety. Is Monsieur Longueville of good family?"

"I know nothing of it since Adam and Eve," exclaimed the Comte de Kergaronët. "Trusting to the tact of this little madcap, I brought her St. Preux to her by a method known to myself. I know that this boy shoots with a pistol admirably, hunts very well, plays wonderfully at billiards, chess, and backgammon, he fences and rides like the late Chevalier de Saint George. He has a miraculous erudition relative to our vineyards; he reckons like Barème; draws, dances, and sings well. What more do you want? If that is not a perfect gentleman, shew me a *bourgeois* who knows as much. Find me out a man who lives as nobly as he does. Does he do any thing? Does he compromise his dignity by going into offices and cringing before *parvenus*, whom you call directors-general? He walks upright. That is a man. But, moreover, I have just found in my waistcoat-pocket the card he gave me when he thought I meant to cut his throat, poor innocent! The youth of the present day is not sharp. Here it is."

"Rue de Sentier, numero 5," said Monsieur de Fontaine, endeavouring to remember among all the information he had obtained something which might concern the young unknown. "What the d— does this mean? Messrs. Palma, Werbrust, and Co. whose wholesale warehouse is principally of muslins, calicoes, and

ginghams, live there! Ah! I have it! Longueville, the deputy, has a share in their house. But I only know of a son of Longueville's of thirty-two years of age, who does not in the least resemble this one, and to whom he is going to give an income of 50,000 francs on his marriage that he may marry the daughter of a minister; he wishes to be made a peer as well as any one else. I never heard him speak of this Maximilien. Has he a daughter? Who is this Clara? At any rate, more than one adventurer may call himself Longueville. But is not the house of Palma, Werbrust, and Co. half ruined by a speculation to Mexico or the Indies? I must clear up all this."

"You soliloquise as if you were on a theatre, and you appear to reckon me as nothing," suddenly said the old sailor. "Do you not know that if he is of good family I have more than one bag in my hatchways to make amends for his want of fortune?"

"As to that, if he is Longueville's son, he wants nothing. But," said Monsieur de Fontaine, shaking his head, "his father has not bought any soap to wash out the stain of his birth. Before the revolution he was an attorney, and the *de* which he has taken since the revolution belongs to him as much as half his fortune."

"Bah, bah! happy those whose fathers have been hung," gaily exclaimed the sailor.

Three or four days after this memorable one, and in one of those fine mornings of the month of November which suddenly display to the Parisians their *boulevards* cleaned by the sharp cold of a first frost, Mademoiselle de Fontaine, dressed in a new fur which she wished to bring into fashion, went out with two of her sisters-in-law, on whom she had formerly bestowed the greatest number of sarcasms. These three women were far less tempted to this Parisian airing by the desire of trying a very elegant carriage and dresses which were to set the fashions for the winter than by the wish to see a pelerin which one of their friends had remarked in a handsome shop of millinery at the corner of the Rue de la Paix. When the three ladies had

entered the shop, Madame la Baronne de Fontaine pulled Emilie by the sleeve and shewed her Maximilien Longueville seated inside the counter, busied in counting out with mercantile grace the change for a piece of gold to the milliner with whom he seemed in conference. The handsome stranger held in his hand some patterns, which left no doubt as to his honourable profession.

Emilie was seized with an imperceptible cold shiver; yet, owing to the thorough *savoir vivre* of good society, she perfectly dissembled the rage she felt in her heart, and replied to her sister, "I knew it," with a richness of intonation and inimitable accent, which might have been envied by the most celebrated actress of the day. She advanced to the counter; Longueville looked up, put the patterns into his pocket with most annoying grace and coolness, bowed to Mademoiselle de Fontaine, and approached her with a penetrating glance.

"Mademoiselle," said he to the milliner, who had followed him with a very anxious look, "I will send to have this account receipted; my house wills it so. But," said he in a whisper to the woman, and slipping a note for a thousand francs into her hand, "take this; it will be an affair between ourselves."

"You will forgive me, I hope, mademoiselle," said he, turning to Emilie; "you will have the goodness to forgive the tyranny exercised by business."

"It appears to me, monsieur, that it is very indifferent to me," answered Mademoiselle de Fontaine, looking at him with an assurance and an air of sneering indifference, as if she saw him for the first time.

"Do you speak seriously?" asked Maximilien, in a broken voice.

Emilie had turned her back on him with incredible impertinence. These few words, spoken in a low voice, had escaped the curiosity of the two sisters-in-law. When, after taking the pelerine, the three ladies had re-entered the carriage, Emilie, who sat in front, could not help glancing to the end of the odious shop, where she saw Maximilien standing with folded arms in the attitude of a man superior to the misfortune which befell him so suddenly.

Their eyes met and darted looks of implacability at each other. Each one hoped to wound cruelly the heart of the loved one. In one moment they were separated from one another as thoroughly as if one had been in China and the other in Greenland. Has not vanity a breath which withers every thing? A prey to the most violent combat that can agitate the heart of a young girl, Mademoiselle de Fontaine reaped the most ample harvest of sorrows which prejudice and littleness ever sowed in a human breast. Her complexion, before so fresh and soft, was marked with yellow streaks, red spots, and sometimes the white of her cheeks turned greenish. In the hope of concealing her emotion from her sisters, she laughingly shewed them a ridiculous passenger or dress; but this laugh was convulsive. She felt herself more hurt by the compassionate silence of her sisters than she would have been by remarks, to which she could have retorted. She employed all her wit to draw them into a conversation, in which she endeavoured to exhale her anger in senseless paradoxes by overwhelming merchants with the keenest insults and epigrams in bad taste. When she reached home she was seized with a fever, the character of which was at first somewhat dangerous. At the end of a month the attentions of her family and the care of the physician restored her to her friends. Every one hoped that this lesson might serve to subdue Emilie, who gradually returned to her former habits, and again rushed into dissipation. She said there was no shame in being deceived. If, like her father, she had some influence in the Chamber, she said she would petition for a law to grant that all people in trade, especially linendrapers, should be marked on the forehead like the sheep of the Berry to the third generation. She wished the nobles alone to have the right of wearing that ancient French dress which so well became the courtiers of Louis XV. To hear her talk it might have been thought a misfortune for the monarchy that no difference existed between a merchant and a peer of France. A thousand other pleasantries, easy to divine, succeeded each other rapidly when an unforeseen incident led her to the

subject. But those who loved Emilie remarked through all her railery a tinge of melancholy, which led them to believe that Maximilien Longueville still reigned over this inexplicable heart. Sometimes she became as gentle as she had been during the fugitive season which had seen the birth of her love, and sometimes she was more insupportable than ever. Every one silently excused the inequalities of temper which sprung from a grief at once well known and secret. The Comte de Kergarouët obtained a little power over her, thanks to an excess of prodigality,—a species of consolation which rarely fails with young Parisian women. The first time that Mademoiselle de Fontaine went to a ball it was at the house of the ambassador of Naples. As she took her place in the most brilliant of the quadrilles, she saw, a few yards from her, Longueville, who nodded slightly to her partner.

"That young man is one of your friends?" she asked her partner with an air of disdain.

"He is my brother," he replied.

Emilie could not repress a start.

"Ah!" he continued, in a tone of enthusiasm, "he is certainly the finest creature in the world!"

"Do you know my name?" asked Emilie, abruptly interrupting him.

"No, mademoiselle. It is a crime, I confess, not to have remembered a name which is on all lips—I should say, in all hearts; but I have a valid excuse. I am just arrived from Germany. My ambassador, who is on leave in Paris, has sent me here this evening to serve as a *chaperon* to his amiable wife, whom you may see there in a corner."

"A true tragedy mask," said Emilie, after examining the ambassador.

"Yet that is her ball countenance," laughingly replied the young man. "I must dance with her, I therefore wished for some compensation."

Mademoiselle de Fontaine bowed.

"I was very much surprised," continued the talkative secretary of the embassy, "to find my brother here. On arriving from Vienna, I learned that the poor boy was ill. I hoped to go and see him before the ball, but politics do not always leave us leisure

for domestic affections. The *padrona della casa* did not allow me to go up to my poor Maximilien."

"Your brother is not, like you, in the diplomatic line?" said Emilie.

"No," said the secretary, sighing, "the poor fellow sacrificed himself for me. He and my sister Clara renounced my father's fortune, in order to make an entail for me. My father dreams of the peerage, like all who vote for the ministry. He has the promise of being nominated," added he, in a low voice. "After assembling some capital, my brother joined a banking-house; and I know that he has just made a speculation with Brazil which may make him a *millionnaire*. You see me quite rejoiced at having contributed to his success by my diplomatic relations. I am even awaiting with impatience a despatch from the Brazilian legation, of a nature to smoothe his brow. What do you think of him?"

"Your brother's face does not appear to me that of a man occupied with money."

The young diplomatist scrutinised with one look the apparently calm face of his partner.

"How is this?" said he, smiling.

"Do young ladies also divine thoughts of love through impassive brows?"

"Your brother is in love?" asked she, with a movement of curiosity.

"Yes. My sister Clara, for whom he has maternal care, wrote me word that he had fallen in love this summer with a very pretty girl; but since that I have had no news of his loves. Would you believe that the poor fellow got up at five o'clock in the morning to get over his business, that he might be at four o'clock at his love's country-house? He has ruined a beautiful, thorough-bred horse I sent him. Forgive my chattering, mademoiselle; I am just come from Germany. I have not heard French correctly spoken for a twelvemonth. I have been weaned from French faces, and sickened with German ones; so that, in my patriotic mania, I think I could talk to the figures on a Parisian candlestick. Besides, if I talk with an *abandon* not proper for diplomatists, it is your fault, mademoiselle. Did you not point out to me my brother? When he is in question,

am inexhaustible. I should like to publish to the whole world how good and generous he is. It was no less a matter than the hundred thousand francs a-year which the estate of Longueville brings in."

If Mademoiselle de Fontaine obtained these important revelations, she owed them partly to the address with which she knew how to interrogate her confiding partner, as soon as she learned that he was the brother of her disdained lover.

"Were you able to see, without some annoyance, your brother selling muslins and calicoes?" asked Emilie, after the third figure of the quadrille.

"How do you know that?" asked the diplomatist. "Thank Heaven, while pouring forth a torrent of words, I already have learned the art of only saying what I wish, like all the diplomatic apprentices of my acquaintance!"

"You have told it me, I assure you."

Monsieur de Longueville looked at Mademoiselle de Fontaine with an astonishment full of perspicacity. A suspicion crossed his mind. He successively interrogated his brother's and his partner's eyes, guessed every thing, clasped his hands, looked at the ceiling, laughed, and said,—

"I am but a fool! You are the most beautiful woman in the ball-room. My brother looks at you on the sly; he dances in spite of fever, and you feign not to see him. Make him happy," said he, leading her back to her old uncle; "I shall not be jealous, but I shall always start a little in calling you my sister."

But the lovers were each to be inexorable for themselves. Towards two o'clock in the morning, supper was served in an immense gallery, where, in order to give the persons of the same *coterie* liberty to meet, the tables were arranged as they are at a *restaurant's*. By one of those hazards which always happen to lovers, Mademoiselle de Fontaine found herself placed at a table near the one round which sat the most distinguished persons. Maximilien was of the group. Emilie, who lent an attentive ear to the discourse held by her neighbours, heard one of those conversations which are so easily established between young

married women and young men who have the graces and elegance of Maximilien Longueville. The young banker's interlocutor was a Neapolitan duchess, whose eyes darted lightnings, whose white skin had the gloss of satin. The terms of intimacy which young Longueville affected to be on with her wounded Mademoiselle de Fontaine all the more because she had restored to her lover twenty times more tenderness than she had ever before felt for him.

"Yes, in my country, true love knows how to make all sorts of sacrifices," said the duchess, affectedly.

"You are more passionate than Frenchwomen are," said Maximilien, whose expressive glance met Emilie's. "They are all vanity."

"Monsieur," quickly replied the young girl, "is it not wrong thus to calumniate your country? Devotion is of all nations."

"Do you think, mademoiselle," returned the Italian, with a sardonic smile, "that a Parisian is capable of following her lover every where?"

"Let us understand one another, madame. One may go into a desert and inhabit a tent, but not go and sit down in a shop."

She ended her sentence with a gesture of disdain. Thus the influence which Emilie's fatal education exercised over her twice blighted her commencing happiness, and destroyed her future existence. The apparent coldness of Maximilien and the smile of a woman drew from her one of those sarcasms, the perfidious enjoyments of which always led her away.

"Mademoiselle," said Longueville to her, in a low voice, under cover of the noise made by the women rising from the table, "no one will form for your happiness more ardent wishes than I shall; permit me to give you this assurance on taking leave of you. In a few days I shall set out for Italy."

"With a duchess, no doubt?"

"No, mademoiselle; but with an illness, perhaps mortal."

"Is it not a chimera?" asked Emilie, with an anxious glance.

"No," said he; "there are some wounds which never heal."

"You shall not go," said the imperious girl, smiling.

"I shall go," gravely returned Maximilien.

"You will find me married at your return, I warn you," said she, coquettishly.

"I hope so."

"Impertinent man!" she exclaimed. "Does he not revenge himself cruelly?"

A fortnight afterwards, Maximilien Longueville and his sister Clara set out for the warm and poetical regions of Italy, leaving Mademoiselle de Fontaine a prey to the most poignant regret. The young secretary took up his brother's quarrel, and amply compensated Emilie's disdain by publishing the motives of the rupture between the lovers. He returned with usury the sarcasms she had uttered about Maximilien, and made more than one excellency laugh by painting the beautiful enemy of counters—the amazon who preached a crusade against bankers—the young girl whose love had evaporated before half-a-yard of muslin. The Comte de Fontaine was obliged to use his influence in obtaining for Auguste Longueville a mission in Russia, to secure his daughter from the ridicule which this young and dangerous persecutor lavished on her. The ministry, obliged to raise a supply of peers to support the aristocratic opinions which the voice of an illustrious writer staggered in the noble Chamber, soon named Monsieur Guiraudin de Longueville a peer of France and a viscount. Monsieur de Fontaine also obtained a peerage, a recompense due to his fidelity during evil days, as much as to his name, which was missing in the hereditary Chamber.

At this period, Emilie, having come of age, no doubt made serious reflections on life; for she changed her tone and manners considerably. Instead of saying ill-natured things to her uncle, she bestowed on him the most affectionate care; she brought him his crutch with a persevering tenderness which made people laugh. She offered him her arm, rode in his carriage, and accompanied him in all his walks. She even persuaded him that she was not annoyed by the smell of his pipe, and read aloud his beloved *Quotidienne* in the midst of the puffs of smoke which the mischievous sailor purposely sent

her. She learned piquet to play with her uncle. Lastly, this capricious girl listened attentively to the narratives which her uncle periodically recommenced of the fight of the Belle-Poule, the manœuvres of the Ville-de-Paris, of Monsieur de Suffren's first expedition, and of the battle of Aboukir. Although the old sailor had often said that he knew his latitude and longitude too well to allow himself to be captured by a young sloop, one fine morning the salons of Paris learned that Mademoiselle de Fontaine had married the Comte de Kergarouët.* The young countess gave splendid *fêtes* to divert herself, but she, doubtless, found the nothingness of this vortex. Luxury imperfectly concealed the emptiness and unhappiness of her suffering mind. Notwithstanding outbreaks of feigned gaiety, her beautiful face mostly expressed profound melancholy. Emilie appeared full of attentions and care for her old husband, who often, when going to his room at night to the sound of a joyous orchestra, said that he did not recognise himself, and that he never expected, at seventy-two, to embark as pilot on board the *Belle Emilie*, after already spending twenty years at the conjugal galleys.

The countess's conduct was so strictly proper, that the most keensighted criticism had no fault to find. Observers thought that the vice-admiral had reserved for himself the right of disposing of his fortune in order to bind his wife more firmly. This supposition was an insult to both uncle and niece. He was often heard to say that he had saved his niece, as if she were a wrecked person, and that he had never abused the laws of hospitality when he had saved an enemy from the fury of the storm.

Two years after her marriage, in one of the ancient drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, where her character was admired as worthy of ancient times, Emilie heard Monsieur le Vicomte de Longueville announced; and in the corner where she was playing piquet with the Bishop of Persepolis, her emotion was unnoticed. The death of his father, and that of his brother

* In France it is legal for a great-uncle to marry his niece.

killed by the inclemency of the climate of St. Petersburg, had placed on Maximilien's head the hereditary plumes of the peerage. His fortune equalled his talents and merit: the day before, his young and impetuous eloquence had enlightened the assembly. At this moment he appeared to the countess free and endowed with all she had dreamed for her idol. All the mothers who had daughters to marry made advances to a young man gifted with the virtues which were attributed to him on admiring his appearance; but,

better than any one, Emilie knew that he possessed that decision of character in which prudent women see a pledge of happiness. She looked at the admiral, who, according to his familiar expression, appeared likely to keep a long while on his tack, and cursed the errors of her childhood.

At that moment, Monsieur de Persepolis said to her, with episcopal grace,—

"My fair lady, you have discarded the king of hearts, I have won. But do not regret your money, I reserve it for my little seminaries."

LATIN PAMPHLETEERS.

SALLUST.

To converse with historians is to keep good company; many of them were excellent men, and those who were not such have taken care, however, to appear so in their writings. This observation comes from Bolingbroke, and might have formed an appropriate motto for his own productions: we apply it to one whom it suits still better. It is in these terms that Sallust refers to his past actions and peculiar adaptation for the severe legislation of the historian:—

"In early life I, like most others, felt myself strongly directed to affairs of state; but there I discovered many impediments. Instead of modesty, abstinence, and virtue, prevailed audacity, corruption, and avarice; and though my mind, unversed in such practices, abhorred such vices, still in the great and general profligacy my tender age was seduced and entangled by ambition; and however opposed to the evil habits of others, yet no less did the same thirst for distinction subject me to the notoriety and obloquy that harassed the rest."

We find a similar vein of apologetic egotism in the Jugurthian war:

"There are some, I believe, who, because I have determined to pass my life at a distance from public affairs, have applied to my important and useful labours the character of indolence; particularly those who consider it the height of industry to court the people, and to gain popularity by their convivial entertainments; but if these men reflect on the when I was in power, and on the

characters of those who failed to obtain office, and then consider the description of persons who afterwards crept into the senate, they will allow that I have changed my sentiments more from propriety than indolence; and that greater advantages will result to the state from my leisure, than from the active exertions of others."

When we turn to history for illustrations of these singular specimens of adulative autobiography, we are confronted by the reflection of a very different character. Where we looked for Chatham, we find Walpole; and Scipio vanishes in one of Napoleon's Marshals. This statesman, whose tender conscience shrank from the chicanery and fraud of politics, was expelled the senate for personal depravity; and this eloquent advocate of purity and justice was known to have adorned his palace with the plunder of his grinding government in Numidia. The expulsion has been questioned, or, rather, the cause of it; but the atrocities of the African officer are confessed. In the evidence of twenty centuries probability and character are not to be overlooked. It is an easy thing to praise virtue; but we have not travelled far back into the human annals, without learning the necessity of keeping our critical eyes undazzled by the rich transparencies, which genius is able to paint and illuminate. Sallust places himself in the midst of his narrative. It was an artistic deception to draw our attention to the dignified figure of the historian, thus

shedding a light over the darker features of conspiracy and crime. We are to regard in this ornamental view the writer's eloquent complaints of the luxury introduced into the army by Sylla, and those burning and patriotic sighs of regret, which appear to come from his heart, for the stern dignity and self-denying sobriety of ancestral heroes. And yet the ear cannot but be startled by such a passage as the following :—

“ Here the Roman warrior first learned to love and drink ; to indulge a taste for statues, paintings, and sculptured vases ; to steal them publicly or privately ; to rob the temples, and to pollute all things, sacred or profane. When these soldiers, therefore, gained a victory they left nothing to the vanquished.”

Machiavelli himself might have been taught by Sallust,—thus denouncing rapine and wrong in the very home, perhaps, which he had beautified with the plundered treasures of Africa. It is, nevertheless, consolatory to know that the lessons of history are not deprived of their energy by the baseness of the teacher. Pliny mentions an author who, after reciting a portion of a historical narrative, was implored by the friends of a person mentioned in it not to recite the rest, so much were they ashamed to hear those actions repeated, which they did not blush to commit. The eye of conscience involuntarily withdraws in terror and disgust from the deformity of vice, thus thrown forward in the clear glass of history and truth. It is difficult to reconcile Johnson's dislike of history with his own sense of its moral value ; yet we are told that he would insult a person who introduced the Punic war ; and he confessed to Mr. Thrale, that when the Conspiracy of Catiline was mentioned at the club, he “ withdrew his attention, and thought of Tom Thumb.”

Of the life or the history of Sallust, nothing but the broad outline is preserved ; and even that is not clearly defined in the minuter features. The composition of his works has been assigned to various periods. The shade of his luxurious gardens on the Quirinal was probably the

scene of his historic meditations. Never had scholar or voluptuary a more delicious abode. Here was collected together all that could charm the eye or enchant the senses, from the most remote countries over which the wing of the Roman eagle had cast its shadow. Poetry, painting, and sculpture, exhausted their horns of intellectual plenty. When the sumptuous palace passed into the hands of royal inhabitants, the wand of luxury and taste seems to have worked the wonders of a still higher magic. The situation was the most delightful in Rome. The spot where the house stood is now marked by the church of St. Susanna, separated by a street from the baths of Diocletian, and not far distant from the Falarian gate.* During more than three centuries the palace of Sallust gradually expanded beneath the affluence of its imperial possessors. But its end was at length to approach. Upon an autumnal night, August 24, A.D. 410, the Falarian gate was silently opened, and the slumber of the Roman metropolis was startled by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. One can scarcely repress a feeling of regret, that the eye of the historian could not have been once more opened to behold the solemn spectacle that swept before his lighted window in that awful hour. The stern Alaric had commanded his barbarian legions to abstain from injury or insult to the churches and their treasures. The consecrated plate and ornaments were carried to St. Peter's. Art might have felt its pencil kindled by the astonishing procession, which then wound, in slow magnificence, from the extremity of the Quirinal hill to the distant quarter of the Vatican. Bands of the fierce and blue-eyed Goths marched in battle array through the principal streets, protecting with their glittering arms the long train of terrified citizens, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver. As the neighbouring houses poured out their little companies of age and youth to mingle with the gathering stream, the air was rent with the shouts of the soldiers, softened into an indescribable sweetness by the strains of religious psalm

* Gibbon.

that melted into the clangor and tumult. Hitherto the flash of armour had shed a feeble glare upon this melancholy expedition; but a brighter illumination soon broke over the path. The Goths set fire to the houses, partly with the intention of facilitating their own advance, and partly to bewilder the awe-stricken inhabitants; the flames quickly spread; the home of genius and of empire began to blaze; and, in the words of Gibbon, the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained, in the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration.

It was, we think, within this delightful seclusion that Sallust invoked the muse of history. With eager ambition, great experience, uninterrupted leisure, and all the aids that power and opulence could supply, he looked round him for a subject worthy of his pencil and his fame. We can believe that numerous scenes passed before his flashing eye in that magnificent edifice, where, in a later day, the voice of Augustus cheered the immortal labours of Livy, and Vespasian mused over the destinies of Jerusalem. It was natural that, in all the brilliant array of historic personages, his eye should linger with particular satisfaction upon that group, in which the figure of Catiline towered with so disastrous a pre-eminence. Himself in the full glow of youth—he was twenty-two years old—when the insurrection broke out, he had seen the actors, and witnessed the storm and terror in which their tragedy had been commenced and ended. But it was not only that the subject allured his fancy with its blandishments of the picturesque, and its lights of the rhetorical; it had charms for other passions: by recording that conspiracy he might add a fresh lustre to the portraits of his friends, and cast a deeper shade upon the features of his opponents. He might combine the pamphlet with the picture,—the panegyric of Caesar with the rivalry of Cicero. This circumstance has been lost sight of by the commentators. Cicero painted Catiline to the senate, Sallust determined to paint him to the world; one found a frame in oratory, and the other in history; both have withstood the work of time; both are bright, both are immortal. Cicero had

devoted all his canvass to the chief Conspirator; Sallust imitated him, not forgetting, however, to sketch two or three figures in the background. The style of each differed: it was Sebastian painting against Raffaele. In truth, the colours of the Venetian, dark and repulsive, yet poetical and sublime, recall the harsh and sombre, though vivid and startling lineaments of Catiline, under the pen of Sallust, as the clearness and solemnity of Raffaele are revived in the lucid brilliancy of Cicero's Insurgent. Upon the comparative merits of the two portraits, Dr. Croly has some remarks in the preface to his tragedy:—

“The character drawn by Sallust stands no comparison, in point of verisimilitude, with the expressive description of Cicero; it is altogether ambitious and theatrical. He had palpably adopted the subject for display, at a period when he might be anxious in his obscurity to share the honours of the brilliant age of Roman authorship; and when, from the death of all the agents, and the total change of government, he might invest history with something of the strangeness and splendour of romance. The Catiline of Cicero is a daring man, of eminent capacity, who for a while presents a doubtful aspect of good and evil; but at length, tempted or driven, rushes into treason. The Catiline of Sallust starts up at once into a vast embodied iniquity. The casual rage and misery of his final struggles are assumed as his habitual gesture; and Cicero's living, human portraiture of a ravaged mind is lost in the overcharged, but gorgeous colouring that makes the conspirator the gigantic central figure of the fancy picture of revolution.”

This is very clever and striking, but wrong. The sudden birth of iniquity exists only in the imagination of the critic. Sallust had already traced, in a few rapid but significant lines, the early disposition and passions of Catiline, and that wonderful combination of courage and license, of luxury and enterprise, of pleasure and endurance, which so peculiarly distinguished his character. With ambition that dared a kingdom, and dissimulation that stooped to a slave. Cicero speaks more vehemently of his great capacity, and of the tongue that would recommend whatever the hand could execute. But Sallust is not silent; and if he does not praise

his eloquence so well, he exemplifies it better. His manhood is the expanded corruption of his youth. The fire of vice had scorched a blacker seam into his forehead. But the growth is perfectly natural; there is in it nothing instantaneous, nothing that might not be expected. When Sallust brings him before us, he is beginning to reap according to what he had sown. He is not only ripe for treason, but already a traitor. He had rushed from the temple of Jupiter with the thunder of Cicero in his ears, and the averted face of the Senate in his eye. The description of Sallust is historically true, however melodramatic it may appear: "Tum ille furibundus, 'Quoniam quidem circumventus,' inquit, 'ab inimicis preceps agor, incendium meum ruina extinguam.' Dein se ex curia domum proripuit;"—"Since," he exclaimed, "I am surrounded and driven headlong by my enemies, I will extinguish the fire that threatens me in universal ruin." By this fierce impulse he is hurled forward upon the stage of history. It is Catiline the conspirator, and him alone, whom Sallust portrays. Nor has the second remark of Croly any surer foundation. "The casual rage and misery of his final struggles" are certainly described as his habitual gesture, and rightly so, because it was of these final struggles alone that the historian wrote. It was in the tumultuous tragedy of Treason alone that the Traitor was to be exhibited. But the restless ferocity of his manner is accounted for upon a more awful principle. A Roman lady had refused to marry him from fear of his son; he caused him to be assassinated, that this obstacle might be removed. Thus Murder glared upon Sedition; and the iron of Conscience began to goad him into frenzy. This is the Catiline of Sallust—his face colourless, his eyes ghastly, his step hurried—as he rushes on to the stage of history; buffeted, and bleeding, and blasted by the flame and storm of terror and crime.

We said that Sallust introduced

some sketches into the background of his picture. Such, however, is the construction and colouring of the central figure, that it appears to diffuse light, as well as gloom, over the whole; and in this peculiarity he anticipated the achievements of Italian art. His minor characters are drawn with remarkable elegance, while the colouring is subdued into a mild and pleasing chastity, that harmonises with the brilliancy and fulness of the principal figure. "Does he give you a character?" said Lamb, speaking of the descriptions in Erasmus's letters. "The person described is your intimate acquaintance; the likeness is palpable; you shake hands with him." We cannot say this of Sallust; but his gradations and shades of disposition are most admirably preserved. We may refer to the parallel between Cæsar and Cato.

"In descent, age, and eloquence, they were almost on an equality; they possessed the same greatness of mind and the same renown, but by different means. Cæsar became illustrious by acts of kindness and munificence; Cato by the strict integrity of his life. The former obtained renown by clemency and compassion; the latter derived dignity from his severity. Cæsar acquired glory by giving, relieving, and forgiving; Cato by bestowing nothing. In the one the wretched found a refuge; in the other the guilty encountered destruction. The easy disposition of the former, the unbending firmness of the latter, were objects of admiration. Lastly, Cæsar had devoted himself to labour and watchfulness; intent on the interests of his friends, he was careless of his own; he refused to grant nothing which was worthy of acceptance; his wishes were for extensive power, an army, a fresh war, in which his talents might be distinguished. Cato's only study was moderation, honour, and especially a rigorous severity. He did not contend in riches with the rich, nor in faction with the factious; but in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, and in purity with the innocent. He was more anxious to appear than to be good; thus the less he courted fame, the more she pursued him."*

* Peacock, p. 79. In transferring these exquisite portraits to a wider canvass, it will not be expected that every touch of the original pencil should be preserved. We do not think that the force of *nihil largiundo* is seen in the "bestowing nothing" Mr. Peacock's version; and the energetic brilliancy of *ubi virtus entescere pot glimmers* very faintly indeed in the phrase "in which his talents might be distinguished." But his version, on the whole, is very good.

And in reading this exquisite parallel between Cato and Cæsar, we naturally inquire why Cicero is not added to the number. But Bolingbroke's caution* with regard to pamphlets on English history, applies, with at least equal force, to this cleverest of all contributions to the prejudice of Latin parties. He said that they should be read with suspicion, as deserving to be suspected; he advised the student to question the epithets, and submit the judgments again to the scale; to pass over the declamation, and melt down the rhetoric into fact.

With such precautions, he thought that even Burnet's history might be of use. This is the bitterness of a partisan abusing party. The remark is to be remembered in reading Sallust. He admired Cæsar, and envied or disliked Cicero. Accordingly, in that picture of the Catiline conspiracy, where you look for him in the front, you have only a slight miniature, or rather outline, in the corner. He is introduced—it would be difficult to write of the American War without mentioning Chatham—in that part of the pamphlet which records the appearance of Catiline in the senate-house. "On this, Marcus Tullius, the consul, either alarmed at his presence, or roused by anger, delivered that splendid oration so serviceable to the state, which he afterwards published." That is all. We have Cæsar and Cato at full length, but not Cicero. Why was this? To contrast him with his contemporaries as a man of literary genius, would be an idle task. He makes all their fires pale with the glory of his name. But in the attributes of the highest philosophy—in whatever distinguishes, elevates, or illuminates the nature of man,—he occupied a still higher rank. There he was unapproachable. Sallust has enabled us to make this comparison. He introduces his reader into the senate-house, while the debate is proceeding upon the punishment of the conspirators. Should it be death, confiscation, imprisonment, or banishment? Hear Cæsar:—

"With regard to the punishment, we may state the plain fact that in sorrow

and misery death becomes the alleviator of suffering, and not a torment,—the dissolver of all human woes; and that beyond the grave exists neither care nor joy."

A sentiment which Cato applauds:—

"C. Cæsar has just now, in this assembly, discussed well and accurately the subject of life and death, regarding as fictions, I conceive, the accounts usually given of the infernal world—that the wicked, passing by different paths from the good, inhabit regions squalid, loathsome, and full of terror."

Read these passages, and remember that there sat in that council-chamber one who had made his page luminous with the doctrine of immortality, and the destruction of whose writings was afterwards thought necessary to complete that of the Scriptures.

Cicero has recorded his own opinion of every historian's obligation to give the characters of the leading men, their passions, their influence, and their conduct. If Sallust married the divorced Terentia, the neglect of her outraged husband will not surprise us; and if the orator's censure of a dark style be justly interpreted to be aimed at Sallust, we shall be safe in concluding that Cicero looked upon him with no feeling either of personal or literary regard.

One remark may be added. Brutus wrote a memoir of Cato, and, in recording the debates on the plot of Catiline, he assigned to Cato the prominent place to the exclusion of Cicero. Middleton suggests that Sallust shaped his narrative from this biography, choosing to copy the error of Brutus rather than to render justice to Cicero.

Sallust is not only happy in the composition of his characters, but, also, in their employment. He excels in what may be called the dramatic action of his narrative. The speeches of his chief actors are admirably introduced and arranged. Ben Jonson has noticed this excellence:—

"It is no wonder men's eminence appears but in their own way. Virgil's felicity left him in prose, as Tully's forsook him in verse. Sallust's orations are

* History and State of Europe, Lett. VIII.

read in the honour of story; yet the most eloquent Plato's speech, which he made for Socrates, is neither worthy of the patron nor the person defended."

Alison saw the extreme importance of this historical feature when, in describing the French Revolution, he laid down two rigid rules: 1. To give on every occasion the authorities for his statement; and 2. To give the arguments about public

measures in the words of those who brought them forward. Sallust did this, and Thucydides did not. The speech of Pericles, for instance (ii. 60), is the composition of the historian. We shall give a specimen of Sallust, with a free translation by one of the most nervous of English writers—Ben Jonson. It is part of the address of Catiline to his various band of desperadoes:—

Speech of Catiline.

SALLUST.

"Etenim quis mortalium, cui virile ingenium, tolerare potest, illis divitiis superare, quas profundant in extruendo mari et montibus cœquandis; nobis rem familiarem etiam ad necessaria deesse? Illos binas, aut amplius, domos continuare; nobis larem familiarem nusquam ullum esse? Cum tabulas, signa, toreumata emunt; nova diruunt, alia ædificant, postremo omnibus modis pecuniam trahunt, vexant; tamen summa lubricine divitiis vincere nequeunt. At nobis domi inopia, foris æs alienum; mala res, spes multo asperior; denique, quid reliqui habemus, præter miseram animam? Quin igitur expergiscimini? En illa, illa quam sæpe optastis, libertas, præterea divitiarum, decus, gloria, in oculis sita sunt! fortuna omnia victoribus præmia posuit. Res, tempus, pericula, egestas, belli spolia magnifica magis, quam oratio, hortentur. Vel imperatore, vel milite me utimini; neque animus, neque corpus a vobis aberit. Hæc ipsa, ut spero, vobiscum consul agam; nisi forte animus fallit; et vos servire, quam imperare, parati estis."

RENDERED BY BEN JONSON.

"It doth strike my soul,
And who can 'scape the stroke that hath a soul,
Or but the smallest air of man within him?
To see them swell with treasure, which they pour
Out in their riots, eating, drinking, building.—
Ay, in the sea! planing of hills with valleys,
And raising valleys above hills; whilst we
Have not to give our bodies' necessities.
They have their change of houses, manors, lord-
ships;
We scarce a fire, or a poor household Lar.
They buy rare Attic statues, Tyrian hangings,
Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate,
Attalic garments, and some new-found gems
Since Pompey went for Asia, which they purchase
At price of provinces! The river Phasis
Cannot afford them fowl, nor Lucrine lake
Oysters enow; Circei, too, is search'd
To please the witty gluttony of a meal.
Their ancient habitations they neglect,
And set up new; then, if the echo like not
In such a room, they pluck down those, build
newer,
Alter them, too, and by all frantic ways,
Vex their wild wealth as they molest the people,
From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame
Or overcome their riches; not by making
Baths, orchards, fish-ponds, letting in of seas
Here, and then there forcing them out again
With mountainous heaps, for which the earth
hath lost
Most of her ribs as entrails, being now
Wounded no less for marble than for gold!
We, all this while, like calm, benumb'd spec-
tators,
Sit till our seats do crack, and do not hear
The thund'ring ruins; whilst at home our wants,
Abroad our debts, do urge us; our states daily
Bending to bad, our hopes to worse,—and what
Is left but to be crush'd? Wake, wake, brave
friends!
And meet the liberty you oft have wished for.
Behold! renown, riches, and glory court you!
Fortune holds these to you as rewards.
Methinks, though I were dumb, the affair itself,
The opportunity, your needs and dangers,
With the brave spoil the war brings, should in-
vite you.
Use me your general, or soldier; neither
My mind nor body shall be wanting to you.
And, being consul, I not doubt to effect
All that you wish, if trust not flatter me,
And you'd not rather still be slaves than free!"

"Thus," remarks Mr. Gifford, in allusion to the lines of Jonson, "concludes the fine speech of Catiline as given by Sallust. We have many good versions of it, but not one that comes near the bold and animated translation of our author, who yet is accused by those who 'make their ignorance their wantonness,' of creeping servilely after his original."

The ardour of Jonson's editor carried him a little too far into panegyric. In all the higher qualities of scholarship, the English harangue deserves the warmest praise; the original is translated, not construed; every corner of the passage is accurately investigated, and the mind of the author is transferred. But Jonson can only be said to have included a translation in his amplification. A portrait by Titian, enlarged to four times the size, could scarcely be called a copy; the features and the costume might be preserved, but some accessories of drapery would be introduced to relieve the extension of the design. This Jonson has done in the speech of Catiline, as the reader will immediately perceive from a literal version of the original Latin, as subjoined in a note.* We will add, that Jonson does not shine in his Ciceronian addresses; and it was certainly imprudent to put into the mouth of the illustrious orator, in

the field of Mars, the very words which Sallust ascribes to Marius upon a similar occasion.

It was not alone upon military or civil portraits that Sallust employed his pencil. He has relieved his historical group with one remarkable feminine portrait, that of Sempronia, who seems to have offered in her own person a strange combination of elegance and license, of Aspasia and Messalina. We shall quote the character of her by Sallust, together with the lively scene from Jonson's tragedy, in which the various and discordant traits are so well embodied. It was to this little conversation that Dryden particularly alluded, when observing, in his characteristic way, that in the poet's Catiline you may "see the parliament of women; the little envies of them to one another, and all that passes between Curius and Fulvia; scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the rest." This objection brings down upon Dryden the weighty truncheon of Gifford; and with some reason. It is not easy to understand why this lighter interlude should not harmonise with the graver tone of the drama; though it must be acknowledged that the poet has somewhat defaced the dignity of the historian. He has given us a Lely instead of a Vandyk:—

SEMPRONIA.

Painted by Sallust.

"Sed in his erat Sempronia, quæ multa sæpe virilis audaciæ facinora commiserat. Hæc mulier genere atque forma, præterea viro, liberis, satis fortunata; literis Græciæ atque Latinis docta; psallere, saltare elegantius, quam necesse est probæ: multa alia, quæ in-

THE SAME.

After the Original, by Ben Jonson.

"Gall. I did dream
Of Lady Sempronia.
"Ful. Oh, the wonder's out
That did infect thee! Well, and how?
"Gall. Methought
She did discourse the best —
"Ful. That ever thou heard'st at?

* "For who, possessed of manly feelings, can endure that those men should lavish their superfluous wealth in building up the ocean and in levelling mountains, while we are not able to procure the necessities of life; that they should add house to house, and we have no hearth to call our own? And, although they purchase paintings, statues, and works of art, destroy new buildings and erect others,—in short, squander and abuse their wealth in every possible way, they still find it, after gratifying every caprice, unconsumed. As to ourselves, want is our portion at home, debt abroad; our circumstances are bad, our prospects still more desperate. In a word, what have we remaining but a miserable existence? Why not, then, arouse yourselves? Behold liberty—that very liberty so oft the object of your wishes—is at hand; riches also, and honour and glory are before your eyes; all these rewards fortune offers to the victorious. Let the affair itself, the time, our dangers, our wants, and the splendid spoils of war, stimulate you more than my harangue. Command my efforts either as your general or your comrade; my mind and person never shall be absent from you. I trust, however, that as consul I shall join you in this enterprise; unless, perchance, my mind deceive me, and you prefer slavery to empire."—*Lycos, p. 29.*

strumenta luxuriæ. Sed ei cariora semper omnia, quam decus atque pudicitia fuit; pecuniæ an famæ minus parceret, haud facile diacerneret. Sed ea sæpe antehac fidem prodiderat, creditum abjuraverat, cædis conscia fuerat, luxuria atque inopia præceps abierat. Verum ingenium ejus haud absurdum; posse versus facere, jocum movere; sermone uti, vel modesto, vel molli, vel procaci. Prorsus multæ facetiæ, multusque lepos inerat."

"Gall. Yes.

"Ful. In thy sleep! Of what was her discourse?

"Gall. Of the republic, madam, and the state;

And how she was in debt, and where she meant

To raise fresh sums. She's a great states-woman!

"Ful. Thou dream'st all this?

"Gall. No, but you know she is, madam;

And both a mistress of the Latin tongue, And of the Greek.

"Ful. Ay, but I never dreamt it, Galla,

As thou hast done; and, therefore, you must pardon me.

"Gall. Indeed, you mock me, madam.

"Ful. Indeed, no!

Forth with your learned lady; she has wit, too?

"Gall. A very masculine one.

"Ful. A she-critic, Galla?

And can compose in verse and make quick jests,

Modest or otherwise?

"Gall. Yes, madam.

"Ful. She can sing, too?

And play on instruments?

"Gall. Of all kinds, they say.

"Ful. And doth dance rarely?

"Gall. Excellent! so well,

As a bold senator made a jest and said,

"T was better than an honest woman need."

The boldest effort of Jonson's pen in this tragedy is the description of Catiline's preparations for the great battle, on which he had set his fortune and his life; the imagination of the poet kindles at the trumpet; he catches only a few sparks from the historian, but they ignite his thoughts already inflamed; his words burn; and a dazzling, though a lurid brightness, encircles his hero. One of his commentators, Whalley, has claimed for Jonson complete originality in this noble description. He affirms the whole to be derived, without classical transcript or assistance, from his own invention. This claim cannot be maintained. He

borrowed from his predecessor, but he borrowed like one who could lend. It is Milton picking a jewel from the shrine of Dante, or Barrow invigorating his veins of theology with the impetuous blood of Demosthenes. We have placed opposite to Jonson's verses the paragraphs in Sallust, from which he evidently poured the gold into his majestic lines. It is curious to remark his amplifications. We are reminded of the letter in which Gray confesses to West his many obligations to Tacitus, in the composition of *Agrippina*; the five-word narrative of the historian being the fifty-line description of the poet's weaker Muse:—

"LVIII. Nunc quo in loco res nostræ sint, juxta mecum omnes intellegitis. Exercitus hostium duo, unus ab urbe, alter a Gallia, obstant: diutius in his locis esse, si maxime animus ferat, frumenti atque aliarum rerum egestas prohibet. Quocumque ire placet, ferro iter aperiundum est. * * * Nam multitudo

"The straits and needs of Catiline being such,

That he must fight with one of the two armies

That then had ne'er enclosed him; i pleased Fate

To make us th' object of his desperate choice,

hostium ne circumvenire queat, prohibent angustiae."

" LX. Interea Catilina cum expeditis in prima acie versari ; laborantibus succurrere, integros pro sauciis arceasere, omnia providere, multum ipse pugnare, saepe hostem ferire."

" LXI. Nam fere, quem quisque pugnando locum ceperat, eum, amissa anima, corpore tegebat."

" LX. Postquam suas copias, seque cum paucis relictum videt Catilina ; memor generis atque pristinae dignitatis, in confertissimos hostes incurrit, ibique pugnans confoditur."

Wherein the danger almost poised the honour ;

And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,

And Fate descended nearer to the earth, As if she meant to hide the name of things

Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.

At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay

Had left it to be inquired what Rome was ; And, as we ought, arm'd in the confidence

Of our great cause, in form of battle stood ; Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face

Of any man, but of a public ruin : His countenance was a civil war itself ;

And all his host had standing in their looks

The paleness of the death that was to come.

Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,

As though they would precipitate our fate. Nor stayed we longer for them ; but himself

Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,

Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of land,

Had broke between two mighty seas, and either

Flow'd into other ; for so did the slaughter ;

And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides

Meet, and not yield. The Furies stood on hills,

Circling the place, and trembling to see men

Do more than they ; whilst Piety left the field,

Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause

They knew not what a crime their valour was.

The sun stood still, and was, behind a cloud

The battle made, seen sweating to drive up

His frightened horse, whom still the noise drove backward :

And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame, Consumed all it could reach, and then itself ;

Had not the fortune of the Commonwealth Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought,

Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops

Cover'd that earth they'd fought on with their trunks,

Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill, Collected all his fury, and ran in,

Arm'd with a glory high as his despair, Into our battle, like a Lybian lion

" LXI. Catilina vero longe a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est, paululum etiam spirans; ferociamque animi, quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens."

This is very splendid; blemished, indeed, by the melodrama of Lucan, but breathing also the valour and truth of Homer. The fall of Catiline reminds us of a contemporary of Jonson, far more illustrious than himself. It is probable that no reader of Sallust has ever thought of comparing him with Shakspeare in the delineation of character; and yet we really think that the parallel might be very fairly instituted and carried out. And descending to particular instances, we observe a strong resemblance between the Catiline of the historian and the Richard of the poet; and this resemblance becomes especially manifest in the quick, eager, fiery temperament which is assigned to both, and darts out in swift flashes of passionate impatience and rage. Every one remembers the scene in which message after message of peril and hostility pours in upon

SHAKSPEARE.

Richard.

"The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite in every danger."

The picture of Catiline, breathing hatred in death, which Jonson has happily copied, will recall to many readers the splendid representation which Kean gave of the last moments

Upon his hunters; scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him
Till he had circled in himself with death;
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva, holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight, and now,
Almost made stone, began t' inquire what
flint,
What rock it was that crept through all his limbs;
And, ere he could think more, 't was that he fear'd;
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts."

the infuriate usurper; especially his burst of unconquerable daring, when the fourth messenger gives him intelligence of the rising of Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Dorset in Yorkshire,—

"March on, march on, since we are up in arms!"

And again, when Catesby informs him that the Earl of Richmond is landed with a considerable force at Milford:—

"Away! away to Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost!"

And once more. Catesby's description of the prowess of Richard in the field reads like an abridgement of the striking picture of Catiline's zeal and bravery in a similar crisis; of the two the historian paints with the most lively pencil:—

SALLUST.

Catiline.

"Interea Catilina cum expeditis in prima acie versari, laborantibus succurrere, integros pro sauciis arcessere; omnia providere, multum ipse pugnare; sæpe hostem ferire, strenui militis et boni imperatoris officia simul exsequebatur."

of that famous English conspirator, whom he portrayed. His Richard seemed really to bring Catiline on the boards; *the hand still moving* is a feature of vivid truthfulness not

found in the page of Shakspeare. Kean introduced it; whether taught by some sudden flash of genius, or accidentally acquainted with this picturesque circumstance in the death of the Roman incendiary. The dying hour of Marmion is, after that of Catiline, the most vividly painted of any which we remember. Dragged from beneath the trampling of the horses, his shield battered, his helmet dented, his falcon-plume torn away, the fierce instinct of courage yet remained:—

“ His hand still strain'd the broken
brand!”

Croly, departing altogether from the footprints of Sallust, has invested the closing hour of Catiline with dramatic interest. We hear him from without urging forward his drooping band:—

“ Once more! and put your souls into
your blows;
Be iron, like your lances! fierce as fire!
Strong as the whirlwind! Charge! the
word's ‘REVENGE!’”

And we then behold him rushing on without his helmet, wounded and bleeding, and finally expiring in a glorious frenzy of victory and desperation.*

It might be interesting, if time and space permitted, to turn our eyes to the French treatment of this subject, and to see how Cr billon exhibited the fierce Roman upon a narrower stage. His tragedy had in Paris the success of *Cato* in London. Its chief defect lies in the perversion of historical truth; but Gray considered, this objection being waived, the sentiments and versification fine, and the principal character to be painted with great spirit.

The conspiracy of Catiline contains some of the most brilliant touches of the author's pencil, but it embraced only a short period and few characters. It was a pamphlet by an acute and virulent partisan. A pamphlet, indeed, of singular energy and impression; such as Bolingbroke might have hurled at Wyndham, or Burke at Hastings, or Junius at the Duke of Grafton; but without the luxuriance of the second, or the intensity of the third.

The harmony of the work is marred by one important omission. Every student has learned by experience the rarity of clear and perfect introductions to historical narratives; understanding by the term, not only the combination of previous circumstances into a connecting chain, but the author's power of presenting to the reader a distinct and uninterrupted view of the surrounding scenery of events. Bolingbroke called such an introduction a *political map*. He remembered no ancient writer who had designed or coloured one with accuracy and vigour. He thought that Thucydides or Sallust might have prefixed their introductions to any other portion of Greek or Latin story. Even Polybius disappointed him in this particular. While, among the moderns, he could find no better specimens of historical mapping than in Macchiavelli's Annals of Florence, and Father Paul's history of Benefices. Undoubtedly the complaint is true with regard to Sallust. We desire to be led up into the height of a political summary, from which we may behold the windings of national feeling and the perplexing intricacies of policy. We want a commentary upon the saying of Montesquieu, that when Sylla sought to restore Rome to her liberty, she

* Richard, hearing that Richmond has crossed the marsh in Bosworth Plain, exclaims,—

“ Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George!
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them!”

With this compare Catiline's summons to march, not forgetting the momentary pause, “ Cum vos considero, milites, et cum facta vestra aestumo, magna me spes victori  tenet. * * * Quod si virtuti vestre fortuna inviderit, carete inulti animam amittatis; ne capti potius, sicuti pecore, trucidemini, quam virorum more pugnantes, cruentam atque luctuosam victoriam hostibus relinquatis.” H c ubi dixit, penulum commotus, signa canere jubet: atque instructos ordines in locum  quum deducit.”

was incapable of receiving it; to learn the slow progress of her wasting fever, as her magnificent frame of empire grew, and the heart of patriotism beat with a slower action. What an introduction to the conspiracy might we have received from Tacitus!

Another historical picture awaits the rising of the curtain, one in which the beauty and variety of the design and the figures supply the absence of a richer and more impressive colouring.

The Jugurthine war opened to Sallust a wider field for the display of his genius. He says that he chose it, 1st, because the conflict was important and sanguinary, and the success various; and, 2d, because during its continuance the insolence of the nobility received its first check. The eye of the historian took in a far more diversified landscape than this. He saw at once that the African campaigns comprised all that was interesting in national, with much that was attractive in personal narrative and adventure; sufficiently near to come home to the hearts and sympathies of his readers, and sufficiently remote to excite the passions of wonder and fear;—a subject in which truth itself wore the charm of fiction, and the picturesque was the natural development of the real. He knew the country, and had himself been among the scenes which he described. Of that contrast of characters which is the poetry of history, he has made effective use. The refinements of civilisation and the grace of barbarism are opposed to each other; and, perhaps, the Roman consul never comes out more vividly to the eye than when we behold him emerging from the dark cloud of Numidian chivalry. We may be sometimes disposed to think that the picture would have been enriched by a little more drapery; that the African and Latin costume might have been introduced, like the crimson curtain of the painter. But the warriors themselves are admirably delineated. If we miss Veronese, we find Rubens. Jugurtha and Marius are drawn with uncommon brightness and strength; and the revelations of their minds, as given in their harangues, possess the finest discrimination of the pencil. The speech by which Marius sought to inflame the mind of the popular

assembly at Rome, and incline them to promote his designs on the war in Africa, is one of the noblest specimens of military eloquence in any language,—clear, rapid, and impassioned; the language of Nature and Shakspeare. We can readily believe the assurance of the historian, that the populace crowded to the standard of the orator.

Recent circumstances in European history impart a warmer interest to this episode in the annals of Rome. The French bayonet now glitters in the sun that played over the Roman javelin eighteen centuries ago. The country is the same, with its deserts, its heat, its thirst, and the terrible luxuriance of infection and death; its olive-trees burned yellow, and its yawning chasms in the baked ground, in which a grenadier might hide himself, musket and all! Lucan's fearless declamation has not lost its significance, though no splendid Stoic pours the precious water on the sand. The terrible snakes, that roll their glittering lengths through the narrative of Sallust, still hiss and shine in their modern representatives. Now, as then, serpents of formidable dimensions glide away before the advancing column; the scorpion sleeps under the stony pillow of the soldier; and an indignant sentinel is occasionally carried off by a hyena going out to supper. If animal life thus continues unchanged, human life has undergone very slight alterations. If we glance over the field of African warfare, what do we behold? Marius is represented by Bugeaud, and Jugurtha by Abd-el-Kader. The Numidian is described as handsome in person, vigorous in form, quick in intellect, and accomplished in all the military exercises of his nation; surpassing his nobility in renown, but retaining their affection; the most eager in performing exploits, and the most backward in proclaiming them. The Arab chief has some of the more dashing qualities of his famous predecessor. He is very attractive in features and expression, resolute in battle, and patient of fatigue and suffering. He seems, however, to be singularly deficient in the modesty of Jugurtha. He is a brave Bombastes, but with a fine vein of humanity running through the savageness of comparative barbarism. "I could

not help watching this man," says Lieutenant Lamping, "with a certain degree of admiration, for he alone is the soul of the whole resistance to the French; without him no three tribes would act in common. I heartily wish him a better fate, for his lot will be either to fall in battle, or to be betrayed by his friends like Jugurtha."

The invasion of the Romans is the *razzi* of the French. When Sallust tells us that Metellus proceeded into the richest parts of Numidia, laid waste their fields, seized and burnt numerous citadels and towns, put their youth to the sword, and abandoned every thing else to his soldiers for booty,—we seem to be reading a paragraph from the *Siècle*, or a fragment from one of Joussof's despatches. The modern Bedouin is the ancient Numidian under a different name. The only variation, observes Lamping, being that the Numidians fought with bows, and the Bedouins have gunpowder. He forgets the elephants, upon which the hope of victory was chiefly placed. We read that, in one of the battles between Jugurtha and the Romans, the Numidians remained firm only while the elephants, forty-four in number, were uninjured; the moment they saw them entangled in the branches of trees or surrounded by the enemy, they threw down their arms and fled. Abd-el-Kader's *one* gun, with a touchhole so large that the powder rushes out in a stream of fire, is a poor substitute.

The tactics of Jugurtha are precisely those of Abd-el-Kader. One might suppose them to have studied the art of war in the same academy. Thus Sallust writes of the former: "He now presented himself before Metellus, occasionally before Marius; he attacked the rear in their march, and instantly retreated to the hills; he now threatened this quarter, now that; he would neither hazard a battle, nor allow them any repose;" and the German lieutenant records of the troops belonging to the Arab, that, without offering any resistance to the head of the column, they hovered round it all day, with wild yells of "*Lu, lu!*" They gallop without any order, and singly, to thin eighty or a hundred paces of

the sharpshooters, and discharge their rifles at full speed. The horse then turns of his own accord, and the rider loads his piece as he retreats; and this is repeated again and again all day long. The Bedouins never wait for a close encounter hand-to-hand; when charged by the cavalry, they disperse in all directions, but instantly return. Another peculiarity of the Numidian warfare is noticed in the fact, that the royal guards only followed the king in case of flight; the rest of the army broke up in every direction. Thus it happened to Jugurtha after his defeat by the consul. Now we think that something like this may be traced in the present day in Algeria. The real army of Abd-el-Kader consists of 250 horsemen and 500 foot-soldiers, whom he pays and clothes; and, with this select force, he is said to drive all the neighbouring tribes to battle. Of course, after a defeat, they disperse, like the Numidians, and find their way home to their tent or village in the best way they can. Again, every now and then the public ear is surprised with intelligence of the cowardism and flight of the Sultan, who is represented to have abandoned his soldiers in the most disgraceful manner. But here, too, he is only reviving Jugurtha, who, when Sylla had routed his army near Cirta, being surrounded on every side by the Roman cavalry, and seeing all his men falling by his side, "rushed singly through the darts of the enemy and escaped." So we continually hear of Abd-el-Kader's reappearance after every discomfiture; and Jugurtha, crippled and stripped by Metellus, only retired into forests and places defended by nature, to collect an army more numerous than the former.

The Bedouin cavalry still perplexes the invader with the same restless energy that harassed the Roman commanders. The principle of their warfare was diffused and unceasing assaults; on the rear, the wing, the flank; every where and ever the charge was to be looked for, and when the nature of the hilly ground seemed to be more convenient for flight than the plain, the Numidian horse escaped through the thicket, while the Roman became entangled in the difficulties of the

place. Bugeaud experiences the same annoyance from the Arab. Three or four thousand horsemen are scattered by a few field-pieces, but only to gather again. They never charge collectively, but when their numerical superiority is overwhelming. It is said that Abd-el-Kader has sometimes made the most strenuous efforts to induce the Bedouin chiefs to join in a regular and organised attack on a French column, but without success. There is something Homeric in this individuality. The horse stands hanging his head listlessly by the side of his rider, who reclines indolently at the tent-door. But the slightest sound of danger awakens both; and we can conceive it to be a very picturesque spectacle to watch these Arabs springing to the saddle, grasping the rifle, and spurring their bleeding horses one after another to the conflict. They are said to ride with matchless boldness

down the most frightful mountain-passes. "Often," writes a French volunteer, "when we have been pursued by the enemy, and left them, as we thought, on the very top of the mountain, in a few minutes we have been astonished by their bullets whistling about our ears." The shape and constitution of the horses adapt them to the perilous service. Small and lean, but singularly swift and nimble, they not only maintain a fast gallop, but elude the pursuit through thicket and defile with all the skill of their Numidian ancestors. To hardships they are insensible. Never shod, never groomed, with a heap of blankets for a saddle and a splash of water for a currycomb, they defy all European breeds to compete with them. We said that the Roman invasion was the French *razia*; let us offer an example in the following night-expedition, so well related by Sallust, and not ill translated by Peacock:—

A Roman Surprise.

SALLUST.

"Jamque dies consumtus erat, cum tamen barbari nihil remittere, atque, uti reges præceperant, noctem pro se rati, acrius insatere. Tum Marius ex copia rerum consilium trahit, atque, uti suis receptu locus esset, colles duos propinquos inter se occupat; quorum in uno, castris parum amplo, fons aquæ magnus erat; alter usui opportunus, quia magna parte editus et præceps, paucis munimento egebat. Ceterum apud aquam Sullam cum equitibus noctem agitare jubet. Ipse paullatim dispersos milites, neque minus hostibus conturbatis, in unum contrahit: dein cunctos pleno gradu in collem subducit. Ita reges, loci difficultate coacti, prælio deterrentur; neque tamen suos longius abire sinunt, sed, utroque colle multitudine circumdato, effusi consedere. Dein crebris ignibus factis, plerumque noctis barbari suo more lætari, exsultare, strepere vocibus; ipsi duces feroces, quia non fugerant, pro victoribus agere. Sed ea cuncta Romanis ex tenebris et editioribus locis facilia visu, magnoque hortamento erant. Plurimum vero Marius imperitia hostium confirmatus, quam maximum silentium haberi jubet: ne signa quidem, uti per vigilias solebant, canere; deinde, ubi lux adventabat, defessis jam hostibus, et paullo ante somno captis, de improvviso vigiles, item cohortium, turmarum, legionum, tubicines simul omnes signa canere, milites clamorem tollere, atque portis erumpere. Mauri atque

Transferred from the Original.

BY PEACOCK.

"The day was now spent, yet the barbarians did not relax; but, according to the direction of their kings, thinking the night in their favour, they pressed forward with increased vigour. Upon this, Marius, adopting such measures as the circumstance permitted, took possession of two hills near each other as a place of retreat for his army; in one of which, not sufficiently large for a camp, was a copious spring of water; the other was well adapted for his purpose, being for the most part lofty and precipitous, and consequently requiring a very slight defence. He ordered Sylla with his cavalry to patrol during the night at the spring. He gradually collected his dispersed troops, the enemy being in equal confusion, and led them in full march to the hill. The kings, thus compelled by the difficulties of the place, desisted from the battle; still they did not suffer their troops to be far distant, but stationed them in scattered bodies around both hills. Afterwards, kindling numerous fires, the barbarians, in their usual manner, spent most part of the night in revelling, leaping, and shouting. Their commanders, fierce because they had not been routed, considered themselves as conquerors. All this, being easily visible to the Romans from their dark and more elevated position, was the source of great encouragement. Marius, deriving confidence from the imprudence of the enemy, ordered the strictest silence to be observed,

Gætuli ignoto et horribili sonitu repente exciti, neque fugere neque arma capere neque omnino facere aut providere quidquam poterant; ita cunctos strepitu, clamore, nullo subveniente, nostris instantibus, tumultu, terrore, formido, quasi vecordia, ceperat. Denique omnes fusi fugatique: arma et signa militaria pleraque capta: pluresque eo prælio, quam omnibus superioribus interemti: nam somno et metu insolito impedita fuga."—*Jugurtha*, cap. xcvi.

forbidding the trumpets to sound, as is usual, at relieving the watches; at length when day appeared, and the enemy, from fatigue, were just overcome with sleep, he ordered the trumpeters of the various cohorts, troops, and legions, to sound suddenly and simultaneously, the soldiers to raise a loud shout, and to sally forth from their gates. The Moors and Gætulians, suddenly roused by so unwonted and horrible a tumult, could neither fly nor take up arms; in a word, could neither do nor devise any thing of service; to such a degree had fear, like a frenzy, arising from the uproar, shouting, want of assistance, our violent attack, the tumult and terror seized on all. At last, all were scattered and put to flight; numerous arms and military standards were taken; and more perished in that engagement than in all the previous ones, their escape having been impeded by sleep and the unusual alarm."

Compare this expedition with Lamping's graphic sketch of a recent chastisement of an Arab tribe by the French army. They started at midnight, and pursued their journey in deep silence until, just as the day began to break, the crowing of cocks, and baying of dogs, gave notice that human dwellings were nigh at hand. After a short halt they started again. The German officer's narrative is very picturesque:—

"The first glimmer of light shewed the huts of the tribe close before them. An old Kabyle was at that moment going out with a pair of oxen to plough; as soon as he saw us he uttered a fearful howl and fled; but a few well-directed shots brought him down. In one moment the grenadiers and voltigeurs, who were in advance, broke through the hedge of prickly pear, which generally surrounds a Kabyle village, and the massacre began. Strict orders had been given to kill all the men, and only to take the women and children prisoners. A few men only reeled half awake out of their huts, but most of them still lay fast asleep: not one escaped death. The women and children rushed, howling and screaming, out of their burning huts in time to see their husbands and brothers butchered. One young woman with an infant at her breast, started back at the sight of strange men, exclaiming, 'Mahomed! Mahomed!' and ran into her burning hut. Some soldiers sprang forward to save her, but the roof had already fallen in, and she and her child perished in the flames."

This is the Latin picture of a night attack, only drawn in darker colours, and with a more ferocious hue. The Roman watches changed without the sound of the trumpet, answer to the still march of the French. The Numidians were startled from sleep in the same manner, by the appalling shout and clangor of the assailants. But the sketch of Sallust contains no circumstance so affecting by its contrast, as the Arab going out in the grey dawn to his field and his labour, and going, never to return.

The author of the Catiline conspiracy and the Jugurthine war will never die.

Latin history began with Sallust. He created and reared it. He had no model either for shape or style. Martial asserts his claim to this priority of invention; and Tacitus may be thought to make the same admission. Alone in Italy, he cast his eyes upon Greece; and was drawn at once by the attraction of a kindred genius to the majestic page of Thucydides. The flowing harmony of Herodotus, or the musical gracefulness of Xenophon, had few charms for his ear. He wanted a more warlike tune. But he imitated the Attic manner, not the style; and he gives us the sentiment, not the sentence of the Peloponnesian annalist. Of Thucydides, it is well remarked by his admirable translator, that his narrative is pithy, nervous, and succinct; that he never flourishes, never plays upon

words, never sinks into puerilities, never swells into bombast. Sallust must not be flattered with this unbroken eulogy. Yet that curious person, Lord Monboddo, had surely no more authority for charging him with general incoherency, or in refusing the name of periods to his sentences, than Addison had for affirming him to excel in correctness and elegance all the historians of ancient Italy. We must neither crown him with all the flattery, nor insult him with all the invective. Here, as in other investigations, the middle path is the safer. There may be truth in Sir John Chekes' explanation of Sallust's relative obscurity :—

"Cæsar and Cicero, besides a singular prerogative of natural eloquence given unto them by God, were both, by use of life, daily orators among the common people, and greatest counsellors in the senate-house; and therefore, gave themselves to use such speech as the meanest should well understand, and the wisest best allow. But Sallust was no such man."

We need not remind our readers that this literary union of Cæsar and Cicero does not extend beyond the conjunction. It is Wellington tied to Canning. And yet we wrong him by the comparison. Would it have been possible for any Quintilian to have affirmed of the Duke, that exclusive devotion to rhetoric might have made him the only rival of Chatham or of Burke? And the Latin critic did point to Cæsar as wanting only diligence to equal, if not to eclipse, the splendour of Cicero. Even in those immature fruits of a stormy life which he has left us, we behold the purity and grace of the Roman tongue, the easy sentences of a man whose conversation might have been printed. His public life was, of course, indebted to his voice, his action, his figure; but his flexible and unadorned style was eminently suited to captivate the vulgar, while it pleased the refined. Tacitus said very well, that he seemed to place the best pictures in the best light. The fact is, that the light very often makes an indifferent picture appear a good one.

Johnson's remark on Robertson's History is well known. "He is like a man who has packed gold in wool;

the wool takes up more room than the gold." Sallust could never be included in the charge. No man told more in fewer words. We think that Gray might have admired in him, as in Tacitus, the brilliant wit, and compact energy of his own, with the reflective gravity of later, and the good sense of modern times. The fervour of patriotism, the hatred of tyranny, are made to look sincere; to be forced up by the mere intensity of the feeling; cracks in the surface of the history which the flame itself occasions. Ben Jonson's distinction between the brief and the concise style may be applied to Tacitus, or to Sallust. "The brief style is that which expresseth much in little; the concise style, which expresses not enough, but leaves somewhat to be understood." Quintilian, who compares Herodotus with Livy, finds a reflection of Thucydides in Sallust. A style, that should combine Livy with Sallust, would, probably, present the union of every Roman grace. Lord Brougham thinks that such a model in our own language has been given to us by Hume. He is a noble writer, of whose page it can be said, as of the Homeric orator's harangue,—

Παῦρα μιν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λυγρῶς, ὥς τε οὐ πολυμύθους,
Οὐδ' ἀφαιμαρτυρήσῃς.—B. iii. 214.

Sallust was not more fortunate in his age than in his subjects, or rather the age itself provided him with the most picturesque of themes. He had no Ennius to tempt him into the romance of history. The early Latin Annalists had only contributed to make history a gazette. It consisted of births, deaths, and promotions. No Geoffrey of Monmouth had risen to win the homage of a Latin Shakspeare, a Milton, or a Dryden. Not that the earlier days of Latin history were deficient in any of the elements of historic delight. In the words of Arnold, the real and unreal were mingled together, making up a general picture; "single trees and buildings may be copied from nature, but their grouping is ideal; and they are placed in the midst of fairy palaces and beings, whose originals this earth has never witnessed." Arnold was speaking of the later Roman kings. But when

the twilight of fable had brightened into the clear dawn and fullness of historic day; when objects became defined, and the dispersing haze reduced the heroic outline to its just proportions, the pencil was ready to transfer the scene and the figures to the canvass of history. Rome had her Herodotus in Livy; of all historians the least accurate, and the most delightful; the scorner of statistics, and the lover of the Graces; believing "the magic wonders that he sang."

In a later day, when the clouds began to gather along the horizon, when the gay colours of romance had faded, and the imperial despotism lowered over the world, another pencil was found to delineate the scenery in all its tempestuous and fiery gloom. Tacitus appeared. There was a space between the two painters of national life, and Sallust filled it. Slightly endowed with the tasteful eye of Livy, he had some of the dark power of Tacitus. Murphy calls that writer's *Annals* a picture-gallery of history. The criticism is not unjust; but then, it is a gallery of Rembrandts. It has been recently said of Horace Walpole, that he looked only at the low and dark side of a character, and that we have accordingly a picture of his age, as minute as Mieris, and as savage as Spagnoletti. It may, indeed, be replied, that his sombre colours only preserve the dark complexion of the society he painted. Something of truth there may be in the suggestion; and he pronounced sentence against bad men and evil deeds (is the panegyric of a critic) with the firmness of an upright judge who practised the virtue which he commends. Pure and disinterested, he wrote with the same spirit. And if we can offer this tribute to the honesty of Tacitus, we are equally authorised to bestow it on Thucydides, from whose page you gather nothing of his adversaries, or his friends, and whose impartiality, in the phrase of Smith, deepened into absolute annihilation of self.

It has been said that compilers of passages in the lives of nations do not often possess the advantage of knowing those private and concealed circumstances, on which public trans-

actions depend; they cannot watch the working of the mine, and are, therefore, obliged to employ their industry in collecting the *matter that is thrown out*.* The exceptions in our own history are very rare. Swift had the opportunity of going down among the machinery, but he made nothing of his privilege. Clarendon, perhaps, stands alone in this particular. He might justly speak of himself as not incompetent to construct a memorial of the Rebellion, having been a member of the general council before and after the insurrection. Perhaps, also, he made every effort that could fairly be anticipated, to "observe the rules that a man should who deserves to be believed." Nor is the *mere* man of letters the best composer of a history. He is too deficient in a large or vivid acquaintance with the present. In the words of Arnold, he may give the manners, customs, and scenery, but not the mind. We have the landscape, but not the sun. Raleigh wrote well of things that had been, because he had been actively engaged in things that were; and Arnold explains the charm of Mitford's Grecian history, by saying, that he described the popular parties in Athens, just as he would have described the Whigs of England.

Now, it happens that one of the few but not unimportant recommendations of the early Latin annalists, is discovered in their practical knowledge of men and measures. They were high in military or political station, at the head of legions or parties. This distinction marks them down to the time of Sylla.

It was shared by Sallust in its fullest sense. But he had other advantages. Several illustrious persons of those times wrote brief memorials of their exploits and public services; Sylla and Cæsar were among the number. "What compilers of the *materia historica* were these! What genius was necessary to finish up the picture that such masters had sketched! Rome afforded men that were equal to the task; let the remains, the precious remains of Sallust, of Livy, and of Tacitus, witness this truth." Such is the admiring exclamation of Bolingbroke. There

* Bolingbroke.

is another kind of information to which an historian, in the position of Sallust, might be supposed to have access, and that is the correspondence of the eminent persons of whom he wrote. Of the value of this intelligence Lingard has justly spoken. He looks upon it as drawing aside the veil from the council of princes, and revealing the secret springs that set in motion the machinery of government; as undressing the statesman, and presenting the man. And where the assistance of the correspondence might be expected to be slight, he enjoyed the higher benefit of conversation. An occasional hour of intercourse with Wellington would open a deeper vein into the Peninsular campaigns, than the perusal of six volumes of letters. Sallust could consult and employ both. The senate was in the habit of receiving frequent despatches from the scattered commanders of its armies; and its Blenheims and Vimeiras only wanted a Murray, or a Gurwood, to transcribe them for posterity.

But we must drop the curtain again over these two admirable pictures, before which we have lingered so long in wonder and delight. It is to be expected from every party-pencil, that the delusion of colour will be employed to conceal or to heighten defects. The painter, who drew a single-eyed king in *profile* is the representative of the pamphleteer, and Sallust was a pamphleteer rather than a historian. We have seen that he could introduce the profile, or the full-face, as prejudice or party might suggest. Passion sacrificed principle to the pamphlet, and even a pictorial grace to personal jealousy. Cicero might have been painted with the brilliancy of Catiline; and certainly no incident in the story of the conspirator is more tempting to the pencil, than the orator, at the election of consuls—while the rumours of insurrection dismayed the city—throwing back his gown, and exhibiting a shining breastplate to the people.

A LETTER FROM RIPPOLDSAU.*

THIS sweet Rippoldsau!—how delightful after fashionable Baden-Baden, with its gaieties and gambling, its saddening Conversations Haus, where the sound that rests longest, and echoes most mournfully on the sensitive ear, is that which has rung like the death-doom of hope and happiness through many a heart, and carried, if not a demoniac, an unfeeling joy to another's. "*Le rouge gagne, le noir perd—messieurs, faites votre jeu*;" and so sounds on from minute to minute, hour to hour, and night to night, the monotonous indifferent voice of the croupier, while misery, ruin, it may be death, attend his accents;—"*Le noir gagne, le rouge perd—messieurs, faites votre jeu*."

Even the Alte Schloss has become a coffee-house, and hundreds and hundreds daily penetrate its surrounding shades, and ascend its once commanding height—to regale themselves with beer and tobacco. Adieu then to Baden, without one sigh of

regret! for there, solitude is peopled. Five German ladies screaming from a hired carriage, whose two weary horses revolted from such a burthen, and, asserting their claim to nationality, stood stock-still at the last hard pull of the mountain ascent, suffering the carriage and its freight to pull them down again in a backward direction, disturbed the visions of the "olden time," which I was beginning to indulge as I sat to rest beneath the dark shade of the pines; and when I gained the summit, and beheld that relic of feudal power and uncivilised greatness surrounded by well-filled little tables with their labouring waiters, and half enveloped in the fumes from pipes and cigars, I felt that the spirit of the past had fled, far, far away from the Alte Schloss of Baden-Baden. I entered a little building, called "*Sophia's Repose*," hoping there to be alone; but in it I met a French papa and mamma, with a nurse and a little boy, whom

* "*Rippoldsau, one of the most attractive but least known of the Brunnens of Germany.*"—MURRAY'S *Hand-Book*.

they had brought riding on an ass to see the Alte Schloss; and while they were all resting in Sophia's Repose, the little dear was amusing himself and his fond parents by dragging the donkey round and round the circular table, while the hideous contortions of the creature's mouth, being rationally attributed to its obstinacy, caused papa to interfere, and aid his son's efforts by sundry blows and cries, which expedited the donkey's circuit of the table, and made me fly from "Sophia's Repose." Finally, Baden was left, and the glorious view from the lofty Kniebis reconciled me almost to the loss of time I had sustained there; for if I had not gone to Baden-Baden, I should not have gone to sweet, tranquil Rippoldsau. Some say that the gambling-tables, others that the railroad, have spoiled Baden, or, at least, rendered still more motley its motley society; I know not which is most to blame in that respect; and, perhaps, to my natural aversion to all such places is chiefly attributable my discontent: a Frenchman assured me it was a paradise, and an Irishman told me that at Baden every thing that any one could desire in this world was to be found.

"The noblest study of mankind, is man," says our poet. Granted; but to avoid being cynical, let me not pursue that study at a fashionable watering-place. Rippoldsau, however, achieved a conquest; it was the only place where mineral waters or mineral water-drinkers agreed with me.

"Ah how *triste*!" exclaimed a young baron, alighting from his carriage, and desiring his horses to be ready to start again in a few hours. "Oh, how delightful!" I ejaculated, as, with a heart that thanked God for the capability of enjoying his works, the works of nature, I climbed the pleasant hills, and sank into the depths of the silent forest.

Rippoldsau is one house, or rather a collection of houses, united, or communicating together, forming a most singular and beautiful village on the borders of the great Schwartzwald—Forêt noir, or Black Forest—within a morning's journey of Strasbourg or Baden, yet as retired as if a desert intervened. From the

former it is approached from the town of Offenbach, through the charming vale of Kensig; and from the latter, by the romantic and better known (though by no means more lovely) valley of the Mourg; or, for diligence travellers, from the railway station of Appenweir, over the lofty Kniebis.

The pretty valley of Schapbach, in which it is situated, possesses those healing streams which have given, and most deservedly, some celebrity to Rippoldsau; I speak from experience, and grateful experience, when I say it is impossible to taste the mineral waters of Rippoldsau without feeling that they possess natural and inherent virtues.

The place itself is a curiosity; the domain of the landlord of the hôtel, who is the lord of the manor, the youngest son of the former manager: he was able to purchase the entire property twenty years ago from the Prince of Furstenburg, and since then, to aggrandise and improve it have been his pleasures and his occupation. He is the patriarchal head of his establishment, and takes as much pleasure in promoting the enjoyment of its several members as any good-natured papa can possibly do. I shall have to relate some instances of this again; at present, let me only say, that this most amiable Monsieur, or rather Herr Göringer, has cut walks, and placed seats, and built little pavilions, wherever a walk or a seat, or a pavilion could be made on the slopes of the pine-covered mountains,—the dark Sommerberg in front, and the Winterberg at the back of his mansion, at the foot of which are agreeable gardens; and in any one of these seats or pavilions I can find a scribbling-place, for few of the bathers and water-drinkers, of which there are generally from one to three hundred,—most good-humoured and united folks—[not English] break through the regular rules which water-drinkers usually observe. There they are, hurrying through that little court, running down like night travellers, wrapped in their great cloaks, as soon as the bell rings at half-past five or six o'clock, hastening away to begin with two, and end perhaps with twelve glasses of that most admirable, and to me who never

exceeded three, most exhilarating water ;—then up and down the pretty and silent road, which passes straight through our court, and leads to Wolfbach and Offenbach, for about two hours, when the tables at each side of the court become supplied with guests partaking of coffee and rolls: after which, every one disappears. I did not know at first what was then going on, but felt it was very unfashionable in me to be rambling about hither and thither between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock. I found, however, it was the usual practice to take the baths about ten o'clock, then go to bed, and afterwards make the toilet; at this time, one might suppose every one, save myself, was dead in the hôtel. About half-past eleven or twelve the gentlemen become visible, moving about, or sitting reading the journals, or devoutly smoking. Shortly before one, the ladies and their parasols make their appearance in the court, knitting as devoutly as the gentlemen smoke; for surely, if the pipe is the symbol of the male German, the knitting-needle is that of the female. Thus, they await the summons to the table d'hôte, and a really beautiful and well-supplied table d'hôte it is. The *salle à manger*, built over the river, does credit to the taste of the proprietor. The Germans do not talk very much at dinner, therefore that stunning music in the orchestra is less annoying than it might otherwise be. When the table d'hôte breaks up, the court serves as the general withdrawing room: merry voices are heard, and good-humoured laughter; then, for a short space, all relapses into repose; and again, our little community comes forth, and generally disperses in groups on excursions into the delightful neighbourhood. Music usually enlivens the evening, for there are almost always some amateurs to give a little exercise to the grand pianoforte in the great *salle à danse*; but the day at Rippoldsau may be properly said to conclude with the arrival of the diligences, about eight o'clock, one from Appenweir, the other from Offenbach. Every one gathers round to behold the probable acquisitions to their society; an Englishman—the only one, alas! among us—told me

his object was to look at the luggage that was dismounted, by which criterion he judged of the party to whom it appertained! As soon as the diligence is unloaded our whole party enter their quarters, and generally repair to the *salle à manger*, where a very nice supper can be had *à la carte* by all who wish for such. I wish I could give a sketch of Rippoldsau, with its double line of white houses, one side ancient, with an old chapel on a small eminence; the other new and handsome—both bounded by the towering pines that clothe the lofty mountains, and blend their murmur with the perpetual music of the ever-flowing streams. The proprietor of this charming spot comprises every thing within his own domain. There is the post-office, and the bakery, and the forge, and a large hall appropriated to various sorts of tradespeople, pedlars and haberdashers. It is a little *seigneurie*, and Herr Göringer, the master of the hôtel, is the *seigneur*. Here there is no formality, no restraint, no grandeur and vulgarity mixing together, no vice, walking unabashed and unrepressed—nothing, in short, like what one meets at Baden-Baden.

But I believe I must for the present stop short in description, in order to relate a story,—a singular history. I shall tell more about my favourite Rippoldsau another time. I was invited one afternoon to join a party to visit the Wasserfall, the chief beauty of which consists in the singularity of the rocks over which it falls, resembling exactly the ruins of an ancient castle cresting the mountain. Herr Göringer made a little pavilion here at its foot, and named it after the Grand Duchess Stephanie, and then gave a splendid fête to celebrate its completion. There was abundance of coffee and champagne, and the band played away as loudly as could be desired. All his guests had been invited, and all agreed to go; but when the hour arrived, one unfortunate monsieur, having delayed too long to make his toilet, or spent too much time in making it—could he be German?—sent a message to say he would follow when the said toilet was completed. He did follow, but, unluckily, not in the right path—lost himself in the mountains and wr

out of reach even of the music, whose noise might have guided him aright; and when, at last, he was conducted back to the hôtel, after having missed the fête, he found it absolutely necessary to get rid, as quickly as possible, of the toilet that had taken so much time to make.

Instructed by this warning, I did not begin to make excuse when asked to join a party to the waterfall; for, fond as I am of solitary walks, I had already found it quite sufficient to be once lost in the Black Forest. I went, therefore, in company, and found there was no chance of having lost myself, even if alone.

But how strange is often my lot! Why is it that I am so frequently brought into the sorrows of others? made the depositary of woes which, without greatly lightening another, do not a little burden myself? I know not—but God knows. This has not always been without a purpose, without an end.

Returning from the waterfall, I had been walking with a grave Swiss professor of theology and astronomy, and left him to join the ladies, who formed the advanced corps. I was struck by the worn and altered countenance of one of these, a widow lady, judging by her dress, who was my regular neighbour at the table d'hôte, where she was most remarkable from always wearing her black bonnet, with a thick crape fall, that entirely covered the upper part of her face. I inquired if she were fatigued, or ill.

"Oh! yes, I am ill," she answered, impatiently; "let us go in there and get some coffee—I must be alone."

I entered, with her, a little summer-house or refreshment-room, in a small garden fronting an inn, still called the Klösterle, that ancient convent, whose monks are said to have been in the olden time the patrons of the springs of Rippoldsau, being now converted into a church, a picturesque and prominent object in the landscape, and an inn which affords, in the height of the season, sleeping accommodation for the surplus of Herr Göringer's guests.

In this offset to the Inn of Klosterle, my companion threw herself on a bench, and her bonnet on the table, exhibiting to me, for the first time, a face which, without being

positively ugly, ranked among those so well described by the term plain. It was only for an instant, however, for the next it was buried in her open hands, with a gesture indicative of emotion bordering on despair. She was not only plain in feature, but her figure bore marks of early debility, which had left some deformity in its formation; one shoulder was higher than the other, and the bust, instead of that open carriage so charming in woman, was considerably contracted. Yet the early malady which had caused this irregularity of shape had left an expression on her countenance, which rendered it in general one of interest.

At this moment, however, its only expression was that of passion or of misery.

"You are very ill?" I said, in an inquiring manner.

"Yes, but it comes from the heart," was her answer; "it is one of my bad moments: how insufferable to me was the society I was in!"

I thought she was really suffering from a heart complaint; but, in answer to my solicitude, she murmured—"No no; it is feeling—it is the mind that suffers: these moments will come on."

"Had she no friends with her?" I demanded; "no family? was she quite alone?"

"Alone!" she repeated, with a sort of shiver; "alone?—yes, quite alone; always alone—I am dead!"

I became alarmed; surely I was in company with a deranged person. She saw my uneasiness. "Pardon me," she added, in a calmer tone. "I am the most miserable creature on earth; but I cannot excuse myself for thus giving way to my always concealed misery in your presence. I know not why I have done so; it is the first time; and yet, you are quite a stranger to me."

"A stranger, undoubtedly," I replied, "but one who can feel for human woe. Why will you say you are the *most* miserable? ah! who *can* say so?—who dare say they will not be yet *more* miserable? God is very merciful; we are not overwhelmed at once; his chastisements are those of a father who would draw his children closer to him. Can you not look to heaven for peace and comfort?"

"Ah, truly I can—I do. Yes, God is my dependence; I have a right to look to Him: for, if God supports those who deserve his help, He will support me."

"Deserve! ah, there is the root of misery! Pride deprives us of the help we need—pride leaves us to our own support."

"I am not proud," she answered, in a mournful voice; "oh, no! But do you not think that those who have made great sacrifices for the good or happiness of his creatures, are not entitled to believe that they merit the support and favour of God?"

"No, we merit nothing; because nothing is perfect or entire on our part: even the sacrifices we make to his will and our duty are seldom entire, or if so, are often regretted or repented of. A single regret or repentance must efface their merit; and sometimes the sacrifices we make are made to our own will, or the will and desires of others, not to those of our God: those to whom we make such sacrifices occupy, perhaps, his place in our souls."

"Ah, there is something in that!" she murmured, burying her face again, with a low moan, in her extended hands.

"You read the Scriptures?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Behold, then, in the life of the Redeemer the only entire, pure, and constant sacrifice of self, yet a sacrifice continually sustained by prayer, and accompanied with perfect submission."

"He sacrificed himself to others, and was accepted," she rejoined.

"Yes, for the spiritual and moral good of others. The sacrifices we make to those we love or idolise are generally made to their temporal welfare or happiness; we may mistake, and do evil when we would do good; and when the effect of these sacrifices upon ourselves is that of inducing a repining or unhappy spirit, we may be sure there is something wrong. God loveth a cheerful giver."

"You blame me, then?"

"Blame you! how can I? I know not what you have done."

"Ah! God alone knows that."

"Then you must look to Him alone for comfort, support, direction."

"Yes, I will—I sometimes do try to do so; I like you," she added, glancing at me for an instant; "I liked you from the first moment you spoke to me: it was something in the tone of your voice, I believe. I think it would do me good to speak to you often; I should weep then more than I do now."

At this moment the pretty *mädchen* entered with our coffee, and, though we spoke in French, the conversation ceased, and was not afterwards renewed. I saw some large tears roll down the pallid cheeks of my suffering companion; and, in her state of evident excitement, I felt that these would probably afford her more relief than my words would be able to do. It was only two days afterwards that one of those strange events which the romance of real life affords occurred in the hotel of Rippoldsau, the nature of which was known only to myself and the unfortunate heroine of my story.

We were seated at the table d'hôte, when a newly arrived couple, who had been arranging their toilet, appeared entering the large antechamber called the *salle-à-danse*, and approaching the folding-doors of the *salle-à-manger*. It was not so much the splendid figure of a man in the prime of life—perhaps about thirty-five years age, the eyes full of expression, lofty brow, and rich, curling hair—that struck the instant attention of our whole party, as the air of mingled happiness and pride which breathed on every feature, animated even his movements, and caused every beholder's eye to turn upon his companion, as if to seek the object that inspired such sentiments. Indeed it was one capable of doing so. Never did I behold a sweeter vision of human loveliness in real human form than in that of the lady who leaned upon his arm. She appeared to be two or three-and-twenty, of an exquisite fairness, and extreme delicacy of feature, united to an expression impossible to describe. When I heard afterwards the remark repeated, "When she looks down, it is a Madonna! when she looks up, a Hebe!" I recognised the same kind of idea that had occurred to myself.

But a cold, hard grasp of my arm drew my attention from this brilliant pair. I turned to my unhappy nei-

bour, the paleness of death was on her face and lips, which were overshadowed by her crape-fall, so as only to be seen when I bent my head beneath hers; her eyes rolled like one in a fit. An exclamation that had almost burst from me aloud was repressed by the word, pronounced in a hollow voice, but in one that bespoke a determination to be firm,—

"Save me—save *them*!"

She seized my arm more tightly, and arose.

Led by, rather than leading her, we got out of the room and reached her chamber. She entered it with me, closed and bolted the door, and sank fainting on the floor. I had perceived enough to know that it might be of consequence to her to escape notice, and to suspect that this strange agitation had been produced by the appearance of the new comers. Nevertheless, I proposed calling the native physician, who resides on the spot.

This was, perhaps, the strongest cordial I could administer; she rallied her powers, and assisted my efforts to place her on the couch.

"No, no!" she cried, lifting her hands in supplication, "you will not do that? No physician can do me good, save he who suffers me to die! I shall be better now—more tranquil; I know all—suspense is torture—doubt is worse than certainty; yes, my sacrifice is accepted—I have not died in vain!"

Convinced that the unhappy woman was mentally deranged, I remained quite silent, treating her as one would do a patient raving in fever.

"You think me mad," she said. "I am not so: from this hour I shall be calmer, better—perhaps happier. Oh, it is hard to bear; the reflection of their happiness—*his* happiness—can it reach me? have they not walked over my tomb to gain it?"

"Compose yourself, I entreat," I said, "or I must summon the doctor." I rose to go.

"You will leave me? I deserve you should; but you will tell the doctor, you will tell every one that I am mad: they will come to see me—oh!" she turned her head aside, and groaned bitterly. "Ah! do not do so! sit down beside me—listen to me—do not leave me! I will tell you

all, you will know then that I am not mad."

I sat down beside her greatly affected, and, requesting that she would not speak at all, promising to come and listen the next day to any thing she wished to tell me.

"To-morrow!" she exclaimed, "to-morrow you and I may speak no more. You are a stranger to me, but I love you. Listen! it will do me good to speak; to think, perhaps, would make me, indeed, what you imagine I already am."

She held my hand tightly in hers, as if fearful I should escape, and thus began her extraordinary recital:—

"I was an only child, and, being delicate, was educated without discipline, and allowed to amuse myself by reading whatever books I pleased. My father died in my childhood and left me a comfortable fortune, independent of my mother. I thought I loved her even passionately; but, perhaps, it was because I had then no other love. I was the sole object of her cares—of her more gentle affections.

"She had a friend of her youth, a Hungarian lady, who married a Polish officer. The husband was killed; and the lady in her widowhood came to reside in a small house adjoining ours. She was poor, for her husband's property, which was settled on her only son, was left in the charge of an uncle until the youth entered his twentieth year, provision only being made for the expenses of his education at college.

"The gardens of our houses communicated. We had little other society, for my mother was a being afflicted from her youth up. Disappointed in the affections of a wife, she hoped to be repaid in those of a daughter. She had a few intimate friends, and her own feelings and my delicate health rendered these sufficient to her wishes.

"The son of her Hungarian friend was two or three years older than myself: ill health and bodily debility rendered me capricious and exacting. I liked to be quiet and at rest; but I never imagined that any one else might like the same. Waldemar was bold, active, full of fire and spirit, and of a noble and generous disposition. His mother, who

was indebted to mine for almost daily acts of kindness and consideration, wished her son in return to be useful or agreeable to me. He loved her fondly, and I doubt not that the poor boy tasked himself to the utmost to accomplish her wishes. I believe that I was always either imperious and irritable, or silent, occupied in my own reveries drawn from the imaginative works which formed my almost constant reading. A disorder of the spine rendered it necessary for me to take exercise reclining on a little carriage. Waldemar was employed to draw me about the gardens. I believe he hated the task; but I read almost all the time, and never thought whether he hated it or not, uttering only a peevish expression or an angry exclamation when some accident or unfortunate jolt disturbed my repose. At the age of thirteen, however, he went to college; and on leaving it obtained a commission in an Austrian regiment of cavalry.

"I saw him in his twentieth year, just as he came into possession of his property; and with a generous and bounding heart hurried to his mother's humble abode, and would have made her leave it to reside with him in the Austrian capital, into whose pleasures he was beginning to enter with all the ardour of a young and glowing soul. The struggle was great in the mother's heart, between the desire to maintain her beloved retirement, and the maternal solicitude that urged her to watch over her son, and shield him by her love.

"The latter triumphed; and Waldemar only left her to make the necessary preparations for her residence at Vienna.

"I saw him then, the slave of my girlish days, now young, rich, handsome, elegant, admired, a favourite even at the Austrian court; and I saw him all this without ever dreaming that he could be more to me than any other fine young man, brimful of the world, life, and their pleasures.

"In the short interval that was to elapse before his mother joined them, what events and changes took place! The revolution broke out in Poland. Waldemar deserted his regiment to aid the struggle of a country he knew not by experience against its tyrants.

"The result of that struggle is too well known. Europe looked on, and Poland fell again into the jaws of the vast monster from which it would have extricated itself. Alas, alas! for the subsequent history of its exiled, and too often self-abandoned ones! Waldemar had not completed his twentieth year. With unheard-of rashness he re-entered the Austrian territories, and found himself beside a gendarme reading his own name in the list of the proscribed, which was overhung by the citizens with a laurel-wreath. Crossing the Carpathian mountains on foot, exhausted, wounded, foot-sore, he reached his mother's dwelling, which he had left last in all the pride and flush of hope, and youth, and wealth,—an exile, deprived of all, save life and honour only, he returned to sink his weary head on that still loving and ever unreprieving heart.

"I had seen Waldemar in his brilliant hour, and if I too admired him, no other sentiment was then in my breast. Something more than beauty, than brilliancy, than wealth, than the admiration of others, was requisite to gain such love, such fatal love, as mine. That *something* was suffering, for I believe a woman never can love the man she admires as she can love him whom she pities. I saw Waldemar again—an exile, denounced, wounded, faint, deprived of all save honour. I loved him—such is woman's fate."

She hid her face, was silent, and sobbed deeply.

"Yes," she continued, "I blush, though I have been his wife, to say it; I loved one who would never have dreamed of such a sentiment on my part any more than on his own. I hid it long in my heart. The feelings I was conscious of cherishing made me more distant and reserved towards their object, while I envied his mother and mine the cares they bestowed, the tender offices his state required, for his head had been nearly laid open by a sabre-cut, and the wound was imperfectly healed. I shrunk from the performance of the least of them, and thus, doubtless, increased his alienation, for if he was kind or attentive to me it must have been for the sake of our parents. As soon as he was well Waldemar was to join his com-

patriots, who sought an asylum in France, from whose government he had resolved to accept the trifling pension allowed to the patriot Poles, instead of, as his mother wished, repairing to England—a country which owed less to the Polish arms and Polish nation, but whose people, at least individually, sympathised with them as much.

"It was only when he was actually mounted on horseback at his mother's door, about to part from us perhaps for ever, that some indication of my long-repressed feelings appeared. I approached with a rapid movement to the side of his horse, pressed the hand he offered me to my cheek, and cried, 'Farewell! Heaven bless thee, Waldemar. Mayest thou at least be happy!' With a burst of smothered anguish I rushed into the house. He told me afterwards that he had often thought of that unusual emotion, which he had never believed me capable of feeling; so little known in general are those passions which run dark and low in their own rarely approached current. Five years afterwards Waldemar came once more to our retirement, in order to receive the last blessing and attend the funeral of his beloved mother. They had been years of trial to him. The impoverished exile's lot is a bitter and too generally a ruinous one; but he still retained his noble character and disposition. As for his aspect—you have seen it.

"These five years had dragged their weight over me. I fancied I had loved my mother. Alas! I did not seek her happiness, that sole proof of love was wanting. I was unhappy myself, I did not care for the happiness of others. Oh! how clearly one sees one's conduct when the time to amend it is for ever gone!

"After his poor mother's death Waldemar remained, during the rest of his visit, entirely in our house. He was uniformly kind and attentive to me. I did not then think, as I afterwards did, that his feelings were those of gratitude for the kindness shewn to his mother. I heard of all his privations and humiliations, for he was obliged to make use of his talents as a painter to support himself, and I experienced a sort of delirious joy in hearing of them, for I

knew that my fortune could free him from them, and I resolved to blind my eyes to my own wishes and to cause my mother to make him an offer of this, together with my hand, as an act of generous friendship on my part.

"I told my mother my wishes, but I refused to listen to her arguments against them; I was deaf to her persuasions, her entreaties. She loved Waldemar, but she opposed my project. Perhaps she saw our unsuitability; perhaps—perhaps she was aware of his total want of reciprocity with my sentiments.

"Accustomed, notwithstanding, to obey me,—at least, to yield to my will, for with a spoiled child the parent's place is always reversed, she managed to make known to Waldemar the offer of my fortune and my hand. He received the proposal with the deepest, most unbounded gratitude; assured her he saw all the magnanimity that dictated it; but, taking to himself, or appearing to do so, all the credit of a generous self-renunciation, he declined, as he said, for *our* sakes, to avail himself of it.

"We did both give him credit for magnanimity, but in consequence I fell ill. In the hours of suffering I opened my long-closed heart to my mother. She saw all my deep-rooted love, she knew that I only lived and breathed for Waldemar. Probably she foresaw misery on either side, but her affection for me conquered her scruples; she suffered Waldemar to be aware of my affection. She told me afterwards that he turned pale as death on hearing of it, and pressing her hand in silence to his lips, quickly left the room. In a short time he returned; the struggle, whatever caused it, was over; he requested permission to see me directly. In short, we were soon afterwards man and wife."

A silence of some moments followed the last words. Raising up her head with a deep sigh, the unhappy narrator continued:—

"Waldemar wished to make France still his residence. We removed there with my mother. Poor woman! I never then reflected on what it must have cost her to leave, at her age, her own native land to live among strangers to whose language she had a then national anti-

pathy, and which she could not in the least understand. I had other cares, other attentions to offer. I never thought of her nearly solitary existence in the house of her daughter. But now, oh! how drearily sounds upon my heart the echo of her oft-repeated words, 'Mein faterland!' Poor woman! she was taken from the evil,—she died before the hour of my punishment arrived. More than a year after my mother's death I was then myself a mother. The orphan daughter of one of her relations, who had entered into business in England when a young man, and married an English lady, wrote to me expressing her intention of going to reside in Germany among her late father's connexions, her mother having died in her infancy: she had little acquaintance with her English relations, and it was her father's desire that she should reside in Germany, where the property he left her would render her sufficiently independent. A family going to France had offered to convey her there, and she proposed coming to me in hopes that I could further her on her road to the south of Germany. I was glad to receive her visit, glad to think I might be useful to her, for I knew my mother would have been so, and already conscience made me feel its sting, though not yet had I awoke to a sense of the worth I had lost—of the affection I had latterly so scantily returned.

"Rosa came. Well! I see you listen with expectation. You expect that I have some complaint to make, some wrougs to deplore,—committed against me, too, by one who has appeared to you so pure, so lovely. I have none, save that she was too good—too beautiful, that her soul was filled with pure and noble sentiments, and that a voice of thrilling sweetness conveyed them irresistibly to the listener's heart. Yes, I admired—I loved her. Her gentleness, her unassumed modesty, the blush that kindled on her cheek as she uttered in correct French, but in her own sweet English accents, words of wisdom and heavenly love, setting us right in many opinions and notions with the air of a learner far more than that of a teacher,—these would have won my regard, even without the affection which she constantly

shewed to my child and myself. She came among us when the infant was only a few days old, and from the moment she took it in her arms it seemed to enter into her affections. It was during Rosa's visit that I became first enlightened as to my husband's true disposition and character.

"Strange to say, notwithstanding all my idolatry—the devotion of my love to him—I was more sensible of its faults than of its virtues. But my love was not of that nature which seeks to remedy defects in its object, and aims to love perfection. It was in Rosa's society that Waldemar seemed to acquire a knowledge of himself, or, if previously sensible of the defects of a character for which education had done little, it was from her that he appeared to catch that inspiration which tends to all that is high, and elevating, and ennobling in man. He felt her influence, and was grateful for it. I had never thought of exerting any, even if I could have possessed it, and a child in comparison of age was my superior in wisdom, in virtue, in every quality that renders woman the dignified and worthy companion of man.

"It was, as I have said, during Rosa's visit that I became enlightened as to my husband's real disposition. Alas! too late, too fatally enlightened! I discovered that it was susceptible, ardent, tender, and passionate; I found that his deep and fervent feelings had lain ever dormant, that he had never loved! This I had sometimes suspected; indeed, from his words even had almost concluded; but who could see the altered expression of his face, of those speaking eyes, and not now perceive that a new, a transforming passion, had for the first time entered his soul? I knew, I felt it—with horror for him, far, far more than for myself. The victim of my own unrestrained will, I had shrouded that brilliant life with gloom, and cast the dull, chill shadow of death over that ardent heart and impetuous spirit. I had loved without being beloved, and I must cling like a blighted, destructive thing about the object which that love destroyed."

"Oh! spare yourself," I exclaimed; "for pity do not—"

"Ah! do not interrupt me," she replied, squeezing my hand tightly

in hers, "you cannot think the relief that words sometimes impart. Let me talk on for the first—the last time.

"At first it was for Waldemar only I felt, for his conduct, his manner was such as to prevent me from knowing the bitter sting of jealousy. It was not for long, however, that I was free from that cruel pang. I well remember the first time I felt it. Waldemar was a skilful painter, and in the time of his poverty had employed himself in portrait-painting. He still amused himself in taking likenesses, and was employed one day on Rosa's when I only was present. Pushing the portrait from him, as if discontented with his work, he exclaimed aloud, 'It is impossible! who could depict such a face? When she looks down it is a Madonna, when she looks up a Hebe.'

"I glanced at the opposite mirror, saw my own *triste* countenance and plain features, and wished I were Rosa, or that Rosa were in my place. The love I bore to Waldemar was such that my happiness, even if he were outwardly unchanged to me, could never be purchased at the expense of his. I knew now, that though until that time he had been content, he had never known happiness, at least what now appeared to him to be happiness, and he was past the age of vivid and momentary passion—he had reached that period when the feelings become concentrated, deep, unchangeable.

"The next circumstance that served to confirm these sentiments on my part, was one that is ever present to my memory, even to my sight. Rosa sat in a window holding my child asleep on her lap. She was looking down on its peaceful face; her own was as calm, as pure. I was engaged on some small household occupation in the room, and twice called Waldemar to my aid without receiving a reply. I turned, and saw him sitting opposite the nurse and child, his regards fastened upon them, and these regards so indicative of that deep and ardent affection which dwelt unelicited within his soul. Oh! the serpent's sting then indeed pierced my very heart. I felt that these two were the objects of his love; I suffered myself to think that even the child would have

been more beloved had it called Rosa mother.

"Yes, I was wrong; I see you think so; but do not interrupt me. The second time, or perhaps the third, that I called Waldemar, Rosa looked up at him, and caught that same regard. He started like one awaking from a dream, and mechanically hastened towards me. She coloured deeply, and meeting a sorrowful glance from me turned very pale. A few moments afterwards, though Waldemar, without having observed what past, returned to his seat, she rose up, and giving me the infant, made an excuse for leaving the room. She never again took it in her arms when he was present.

"Just at this time one of his relations died, and Waldemar inherited his property. Alas! what a few years before would have conferred happiness, perhaps now increased his regrets. Had he then possessed this fortune I should not have been his wife,—not that he married me for money. No, it was for pity. Well, I will be calm!—There, do not speak; let me go on. Rosa's visit had been prolonged from time to time, because we gave her hopes of accompanying her into Germany when our child was a few months older. She would, however, be no longer delayed. I knew her reason, I saw her sense of delicacy, and no longer offered any resistance to a departure that for all our sakes both pleased and pained me. I was well aware that Waldemar had never by words, nor, voluntarily, even by a look, betrayed the state of his feelings, if this were fully known to himself. They say love is blind, but certainly it believes all others are so.

"Perhaps, however, it was the approaching separation that clearly revealed to himself the truth to which I could not be insensible. It was the day before Rosa's departure that I reached, without being perceived, the arbour in the garden, which was a favourite resort with us all, and generally occupied by Rosa and Waldemar. There they had spent hours in reading, drawing, and singing. All her tastes and pursuits agreed with his—none of mine.

"As I approached the summer-house I heard the sound of Walde-

mar's voice speaking in a repressed tone, and saw him leaning with his arm over the back of his seat, turned towards his companion, but his face concealed from her behind her shoulder. I saw he was agitated, and curiosity, which so often brings its own punishment, tempted me to stop and listen.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I am glad you are going away.'

"'You are not complimentary,' replied Rosa, smiling, but her smile seemed forced, and turning her head over her shoulder she caught a glimpse of his countenance. 'Ah! Waldemar,' she cried, 'you suffer—you are unhappy!'

"He turned suddenly round; that voice of surprise and emotion, of unaffected anxiety, was indeed irresistible. He hastily caught her hand and looked in her face.

"'Yes, I suffer, I am unhappy,' he said; 'the most miserable, the most hopeless of men. Oh, Rosa, if you knew all!'

"'I should perhaps hate you,' she abruptly interrupted, turning very pale, and withdrawing her hand. Waldemar's head sunk back to its former position.

"The next moment Rosa's sweet womanly feeling reproached her severity; she turned entirely round towards him, and giving him back her hand,—

"'Waldemar, my friend, and my friend's husband,' she said, in a tone that struggled for firmness, 'do not be angry with me. Listen calmly to what I say. I am young, it is true, and know very little of the world. You have known much; but still, at times, even a very ignorant and inexperienced woman may prove a useful or a consoling counsellor. I can scarcely tell why I said I should perhaps hate you if I knew all—that is to say, if I knew the cause of your unhappiness; but it is sin that causes the chief part of the unhappiness of mankind; and I have ever been taught to shrink from all that is not pure, and good, and virtuous, and just to others. Waldemar, I do not wish to be your *confidante*. Little as I know of life, my own heart tells me that a married man's *confidante* ought to be his wife only. If I were a wife, I am sure I should feel this: all other female confidences

may be dangerous or treacherous. You have a devoted wife. If there be nothing in your heart you should not conceal from her, open it to her; if there be any thing there, any single sentiment, you would shrink from unfolding to her, or blush to tell her, oh, Waldemar! you would not, *could* not impart it to me!'

"A silence followed; I feared to stir; and anxiety as to Waldemar's conduct contributed to keep me stationary. After a long pause, during which his face, concealed partly by his hand, might have shewed the emotion which swelled the veins of his temples, he looked up, pale, but with composure, and raising the hand he held to his lips,—

"'Rosa,' he said, 'you have saved me—saved me from sinking in your esteem; saved me from my own remorse; saved me from shrinking from the regards of my wife! Yes, my sweet guardian angel shall not have to blush for having called me her friend; for still calling me so, were that title maintained by the sacrifice of life.' His lips touched her beautiful and open forehead.

"Rosa, trembling with emotion, arose, she pressed his hand between both of hers, and murmuring, 'God grant it may be so; and that I, too, if ignorantly I have erred, may be saved from my own remorse!' withdrew too quickly to allow Waldemar to reply to these last words, and hurried along the path in an opposite direction to that on which I stood. Waldemar, respecting her feelings and conduct, did not attempt to follow; but turned away to the other side, and consequently stood before me ere I had time to escape, even had I desired to do so. An involuntary start of surprise it was impossible for him to avoid, and an expression of conscious guilt, equally involuntary, and perhaps still more causeless, for an instant discomposed his candid countenance. The next he had recovered himself; and speaking with gravity, and with a manner that might have reassured me for the future, he said,—

"'Maria, have you been here long enough to learn with me to admire more fully, and reverence more deeply, the noble and lovely character of your friend?'

"'That was the turning point in

my life's history : had I used it aright, Waldemar might still have been my husband. But what wife, what woman ever submitted tranquilly to such emotions of jealousy as then tormented me? Instead of meeting the candid spirit of my husband with meekness or affection, instead of causing him to feel, amid the wanderings of his own heart, the fixedness of mine, I coolly answered, in commonplace terms, 'I have been here long enough to learn to regret the folly that urged me to place myself or my fortune at the disposal of one who was to prove himself so regardless of an undesired boon.'

"Fire flashed from the proud eyes that were bent upon me. A look of scorn—the first I had ever met—made me feel the littleness that had breathed in my words; that lofty brow seemed to distend, the nostrils dilated. But Waldemar's conscience was not clear of having wronged me, at least in heart; impetuous as he was, he checked the rising passion. My own heart had whispered to me, 'Throw yourself at his feet, into his arms,—it is not yet too late.' But pride and jealousy spoke otherwise.

"*'Maria,'* Waldemar resumed, 'I will not be angry, for in some respects I deserve your reproaches. As for yourself ——'

"I was in hopes he was going to make some insulting remark; but he only added,—

"It is too late to think of restitution in that respect; but as to your fortune, from henceforth not a penny of it shall ever pass through my hands. You say these gifts were unsolicited. It is true; but you cannot believe that in accepting them I was influenced by mercenary motives, since they were unhesitatingly declined when I thought that the desire of freeing me from the deplorable condition of a proscribed man alone dictated that generous offer. Yet, Maria, though the knowledge of your affection alone actuated me in accepting them, I should, perhaps, have done better had I candidly told you that the recollections of my boyhood had done any thing but prepare the way for a love of riper years; but, when flattered by the hope that a union with me would promote happiness, I was also tempted

to believe that I should be more satisfied with my feelings as a husband than I could be with them as a professed lover. I knew your disposition. I knew that, to the man who possessed your strong affections, you would prove a devoted wife. Maria, have I ever failed in that respectful tenderness which, from the moment you gave me your hand, I ever desired to shew towards you? I speak now without premeditation, and under peculiar circumstances. You know that I am sincere. Tell me if I have failed?

"*'Never, Waldemar!'* I cried; and with an effort, an unfortunate effort, refrained from sinking on that noble heart which had involuntarily wronged me—yet not wronged—only given to another what I had unjustly claimed.

"Then let the past be forgotten," he said, gently pressing my hand. 'Depend on my efforts to prove myself worthy of your confidence; depend upon the gratitude of your husband.'

"Oh, that bitter word *gratitude!* how it stung my inmost heart! and Waldemar unhappily completed the impression it made, by adding,—

"And do not visit my wrongs upon Rosa, she is wholly guiltless even of a thought injurious to you.'

"Ah, if he had not added these words! if he had not alluded to her! But why do I say *if*? Are not these things the work of destiny, of Providence?"

"Oh!" I interrupted, "do we not too often make our own destiny?"

"Well, well, do not speak. Hear me. We must not discuss," she resumed as follows:—

"I coldly answered, 'Waldemar, all shall be *forgiven*;' and I turned away by the path Rosa had taken, leaving him to continue the other alone.

"That evening I was cold to her. I knew I was unjust, but I could not help it. I hated her because she was so much better, sweeter, lovelier than myself. She perceived my coldness, and her eyes were constantly brimful of tears, which she took every pains to prevent Waldemar from seeing. He was miserable. The hour of separation was a relief to us all. The next morning Rosa left us.

"I cannot describe the state of ex-

istence that my husband and I dragged on afterwards; it was that of prisoners confined together, chained together; but denied all social intercourse. Yet there was no enmity on either side; a reproach, an insinuation was never heard. One would have said our feelings were stagnant at our hearts; yet, perhaps, they only flowed too deeply, too wildly there. This cruel state of life was entirely owing to me—it was my fault alone. I knew afterwards that it was so. All this time he occupied my entire thoughts, my heart and soul; but to conceal this from him, to affect indifference,—even apathy, was my sedulous care. Men, I had heard, despise what is easily gained. The recollection of my offered hand made me wretched; and, fool that I was, I now imagined that the apparent coldness of the wife might atone for the unsought love of the maiden. What a means of making him forget the blank which the departure of Rosa had left in our society! I devoted myself, and my whole attentions outwardly, to my child—it was the only link between us; and when I looked at it, it was not so much with a mother's fondness as with a wife's anxieties. I felt that my affection, my care for it, were all a pretence. I was punished for this also.

"One day the little thing was standing on my knees, its little feet planted firmly there, as I held it erect, wondering at its strength, and gazing sadly at it while it laughed its infant joy. It suddenly gave a sort of spring, fell back, turned black in the face, and died. Yes, all was over; the link, the only link was broken. I had seen my error towards my poor mother when it was too late. I always see my errors when I can no longer repair them. I now saw my error towards my child. I had made it an excuse. I had been a hypocrite, a false mother, because a too anxious wife. My miserable love for one who had never loved me had lost me my mother and my child. So I thought, so I felt."

"You know well the art of self-tormenting," I interposed.

"Yes, yes; perhaps so. However, my grief, though immoderate, was silent, even sulky. I refused my husband's sympathy. I appeared to

think it impossible he could share my regrets. My health, which was always indifferent, grew daily worse.

"One day while conversing with, rather than consulting my doctor, he expressed his regret that he could not prevail on my husband to try the effect of the German waters, which he had prescribed as absolutely essential for his restoration to health. My husband! Waldemar! Was he ill? He who had never known a day's illness in his life save from the effects of his wounds! He, the object of my unceasing meditation, ill, suffering before my eyes, and I knew it not; uttering daily my own complaints; sensible to the burden of my own misery, I had all this time been unconscious of his! Ah, if he were to die now? I burst into a hysteric laugh as the idea of what my state would then be presented itself to me.

"The doctor, alarmed at the effect of his disclosure, was also astonished at my previous ignorance, and justly attributed it to my excellent husband's tenderness for my feelings. Alas! he had been silent because I had been to him as a stranger. He saw immediately the cause of his refusing to go to Germany; I saw his unwillingness to excite my suspicions, and I resolved to act another part. My eyes once opened, I beheld with astonishment the change in his aspect, the hollows beneath his eyes, the heavy brow, the faded complexion—all spoke pain of mind still more than that of body.

"That night, in my silent chamber, I formed my plan; I took my solemn, steadfast resolution. It was my wish to be divorced; to see Waldemar again at liberty would, I thought, render me happy. But there were no grounds for obtaining a divorce, even in Germany; and, if it were obtained, it could not effect the object I now had in view, for I knew too well Rosa's delicate sentiments and English prejudices.

"Another plan of self-sacrifice, and one that depended wholly on myself, was necessary. I asked myself had I strength to perform it, and I felt I had.

"The next day Waldemar found me a different person, such as I had been six or eight months before. I spoke freely to him, apologised for

my late behaviour, imputing it only to miserable health and broken nerves. He was surprised at this return of affection, and admitted that he had suffered deeply, and felt my injustice. He imputed this change in me to the discovery I had made of his state of health. As the pledge of our reconciliation, I exacted a promise that he would obey the physician, and repair to the Brunnens of Naussau. He proposed that I should accompany him. I entreated that this should not be a stipulation. My mind, I said, had need of entire repose. I wished to change the scene and air, but could not endure a watering-place. On the contrary, it was my wish, if he would consent to it, to spend some time in travel, especially in those countries with which we were so intimately and unhappily connected, but which he was prohibited from entering, Hungary and Poland.

"To this natural desire my husband made no objection; he believed, indeed, that such a change would tend to restore me to the peace I had lost.

"Finally, we both set out and separated in Germany. I had arranged to take a travelling servant from thence, and, after I parted from Waldemar, found an excuse for parting also with my female attendant, and taking one who was quite a stranger to me. I then hastened to the banker's where my money was lodged. Drawing out a part of it, I purchased a small annuity under an assumed name, and leaving the residue so that it could be reclaimed by Waldemar, I set forth on my projected tour. I wrote often to Waldemar, and received letters from him, the tone of which, far from that of an assumed affection, was truly consolatory to my heart. It told me that I was understood, that I was appreciated, that I was pitied. I felt that, so far as depended on himself, Waldemar would be a still better husband to me for the time to come. But this conviction did not move me, my resolution was taken; his kindness, his goodness, only gave me fresh strength to perform it. I resolved that he should be happy. Once beyond the frontier of Poland, my letters conveyed to him repeated complaints of my still failing health.

This, indeed, was true; and a severe illness had nearly accomplished my purpose without a falsehood. But I soon after carried that purpose into effect.

"I easily got a person of my acquaintance, on some trifling excuse, to write a letter of my dictation, as if to acquaint one of my friends with the event of his wife's death; the person who wrote it neither knowing who it was to, nor suspecting that I was myself the wife whose death I described. I got another to direct it to Waldemar, and carried it myself to the post. The letter contained an enclosure in my own writing—a few lines, as if written before my death, affectionately addressed both to him and Rosa, conveying to them jointly the residue of my property, but without the least allusion to the connexion that was to subsist between them; they expressed only the resignation with which I quitted for ever all I had loved or known.

"This was true; my sacrifice was complete; I was dead to the world. There was no chance of detection. Waldemar could never discover, even were he disposed to seek it, the place of my tomb; for it was in Poland, his unhappy land. Nearly two years have passed since my death was made known; Waldemar has been the most of that time a widower, but was his heart so? Yet sure I am he gave me some tears, and they were honest ones.

"The change in my appearance, my widow's dress and assumed name, saved me from detection. I thought I might reside with safety in a retired part of Germany, my native land. It was while on my way to the retreat I had selected, that, hearing of the charming seclusion of the baths of Rippoldsau, I was tempted to seek relief from its valuable waters. Could I have imagined an idea so wild as that Waldemar my husband, with his lovely and adored bride, would have chosen to pass their honeymoon in the same retreat?

"I shall henceforth be calm. Suspense is worse than certainty—my sacrifice is accepted—he is happy—I have not died in vain!"

It would be useless to record here the observations I made when at last permitted to speak. Argument, indeed, was now useless with the un-

happy victim of her own sensibility and error. To induce her to look to another world for the happiness which she had, perhaps wilfully, lost in this was all my words, few and feeble as they were, aimed to do.

The next morning I went to her chamber to see how she had passed the night. It was locked, and I knocked without obtaining an answer. Believing that, like many others who expose their hearts to their fellow-creatures, she had now repented of having done so, and shrunk from seeing me, I retired, intending after the *table-d'hôte*, at which I knew she would not appear, again to make inquiries for her. But at that table I heard a singular tale related, and saw Rosa listening to it with the sweet face of a pitying angel.

The poor widow lady, it was said, who had been taken ill at dinner the day before, had the same evening been distressingly summoned to her home. She was a most afflicted creature; her husband's sudden death had plunged her into such a state of grief that she was induced to come to Rippoldsau to try the "cure," leaving her children to the care of a nurse, who, to avoid being troubled by her charge, placed them all on a table while she was otherwise engaged. Endeavouring to amuse themselves there at play, the others had rolled the youngest off the table, and if not actually dead when the express for its mother arrived, it was certain that it would not be alive when she reached her home.

Stories, unlike stones, gather by moving! Perhaps some nearly incoherent expressions had escaped this unfortunate woman in her distress, and amid the bustle of a sudden departure, relating to her husband and her child, and these being ill understood by the wondering *mädchen*, were related to another and another,

until, as the story passed on through the community it assumed its present connected form; or another solution of it crossed my mind, but I did not wish to believe it. Was it possible she might have herself given rise to it by making a somewhat similar excuse for her abrupt departure? Only two particulars, as likely to be facts, I further understood; namely, that she had not gone to rest that night, and set off at four o'clock in the morning.

In my long and solitary walks through the pine-covered mountains that border on the Black Forest, I had usually found them left to myself; but now I was never sure of being there alone. Many a time I saw the seat to which I was hastening already occupied by two happy creatures—like the Adam and Eve of my late lonely paradise, I beheld their bright forms glancing amid the dark trees, and starting forth in life and joy from the wild thickets, or bending their beamy countenances over the mountain-stream; I heard the music of their happy voices, I felt the sunshine of their joyful faces beam upon my own heart, and, away from all other sights and sounds, I could have said the world is full of joy and love, till a sudden thought overcast its shade, and I felt the reflection of their happiness no longer! I had often said to myself, What a sweet spot is Rippoldsau to pass a honeymoon! I thought so now again, while these two, doubtless, shared the thought and echoed the words; but I shuddered while I reflected that a word from me, an unregarded stranger, could strike away all the sweetness from that place and time, and cast the gloom of the shadow of death over that beautiful and now blushing cheek.

SELINA.

Rippoldsau, August 20, 1845.

LOVE, PRESENT AND PAST.

THEY stood in their young beauty where the shade
Of kingly pines a deeper twilight made,—
A girl, whose weeping eyes were downward bent,
A youth, whose whispers love made eloquent.

And as he watch'd her colour come and go,
And saw her tears, half sad, half timid, flow,
And knew her heart was his,—all his, he told
How heaven and earth must change ere he grew cold.

"Lift up those dearest eyes, and let me read
A tale of promise in their light! No need
To bow thy drooping head in sorrow thus,—
Days, months, and years of joy shall come for us!

Mine own! mine own! it is a thought of pride
To know that none in all the world beside
Hath part with me in thy affection—none!
Fear not, I know the blessed prize I've won!

Nay, love, I pray thee weep not! Must I swear
That I am even true as thou art fair?
Come, dearest, turn, and, kneeling at thy feet,
Let me once more mine earnest vows repeat."

She heard him long in silence, and at last
She turn'd to him, as if she strove to cast
Her grief aside; "I need no vows," she said,
"Love such as mine has no mistrustful dread.

I feel all joy departs with thee; no eye
Will ever look upon me lovingly
Till thou return; the grave has closed o'er all
Who would have grieved to see these sad tears fall.

Thou art mine all. It is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee! I can but cling
To one, one only hope,—that time may ne'er
Bring change to thee, to my poor heart despair.

Surely thou wilt but smile when others scorn
Thine own betrothed, the poor and lowly born,
Knowing how great a wealth of love was given
To thee, mine only friend on this side heaven.

Go now, while I am calm. God knoweth where
We two shall meet again! Go, with my prayer
Still sounding in thy heart! Go on thy way,
Mine own beloved! God keep thee night and day!"

They parted; years roll'd on before they stood
Once more together, in far other mood
Than when they said farewell; at last he came,
Gay as of old, to all but her the same.

To her, alas ! to her those years had brought
A mournful change in aspect and in thought.
There was a stillness in her eye and air
That told of conquer'd passion, long-past care.

Theirs was a sudden meeting, yet it woke
No change in her pale face ; and then she spoke
Of that last parting, where the pines were green,
As if her dream of love had never been.

And he, who thought to hear but words of blame,
Laugh'd lightly, and recall'd his boyish flame ;
" We must be friends," he cried, " for all the joy
Of that old time when we were girl and boy—"

He stopp'd ; for as he spoke, a bitter smile
Pass'd o'er her lips ; and o'er his thoughts, the while,
There came remembrance of her love and truth
Before his falsehood blighted her fair youth.

" We never can be friends, for friends should feel
Kind sympathy," she said, " in woe or weal.
My broken trust no time can e'er renew,
I shall be lonely all this long life through.

There was a time when thou and I were one
In hope, in thought, in love ; it seem'd that none
E'er loved with deeper earnestness of faith,
Defying change and sorrow, care and death.

There was a time when at thy lightest word
My pulse leap'd wildly and my heart was stirr'd,
Re-echoing the passion of thine own,
Cleaving in this wide world to thee alone.

Then at thy footstep how the red blood came
Flushing my cheek ! how at thy very name
I trembled, lest a stranger's eye should see
How wildly my young spirit clung to thee !

I blame thee not, for now my alter'd heart
Is cold, and I am tranquil as thou art ;
Nothing remains of that old love of mine,
I have no part in joy or grief of thine.

At times I weep to think such love could be,
And yet have pass'd away like mine for thee ;
To think that I can gaze with unchanged brow
On thee,—on thee ! as I am gazing now.

At times there come old thoughts across my brain,
Shadows of joy I cannot know again.
Come they to thee ? Ah, no ! for thou would'st weep
If those wild shadows came to haunt thy sleep.

Surely thou could'st not smile, if e'er to thee
Such visions came as often come to me !
I tremble at their presence, though I know
My heart is dead and cold to all below.

I seem to hear again that bless'd stream,
The music of the pine-tree fills my dream,
Thy hand clasps mine, thy voice is in mine ear,
The voice my waking soul unmoved can hear.

Yea ! one by one, past hours of bliss return ;
I wake and weep, and then my heart will yearn,
Feeling one hour of love's own smiles and tears
Were better far than these dull, hopeless years.

I do not blame thee now ; I said the truth :
My heart is cold and dead, my very youth
Is wither'd with its generous thoughts. Alas !
How changed I am from all that once I was.

At times I see a vision dark and strange—
A woman weeping that thy heart could change !
Loud is the wail of her fierce agony,
Bitter and wild her eager prayer to die.

Oh ! if that dreary vision ever cross'd
Thy soul, e'en now, when all our love is lost,
Thou couldst not smile as thou hast smiled to-day,
Of all the crowd most heartless and most gay.

Strange ! strange how all are pass'd—love, hope, and grief ;
My love than thine scarce truer or less brief !
Strange how I hear thy voice and tremble not,
Even with all the past still unforgot.

I deem'd that grief would dwell with me for aye ;
But time roll'd on, and sorrow died away,
And now we meet as strangers meet, and I
Feel nothing of that long-past agony.

We, who once boasted Death should hardly tear
Us two apart, not dreaming we could bear
All that we since have borne, and now can brook ;
Thus meeting coldly with unchanging look.

How those who see us meet would laugh to know
That once the passion of thy soul could flow
In burning words to me,—'thy beautiful,'—
Me, who am now so spiritless, so dull.

Alas ! methinks I would recall again
The cruel past with all its hours of pain,
Rather than be the thing I am,—unmoved
To grief or joy by thee, my once beloved !"

A DINNER IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

COMPARED with the profuse luxury of an ancient Egyptian dinner, our modern dinners, with all their gastronomical appliances, are little better than starveling sophistications. If the allegation of *lost arts* be sustained or demonstrated by a critical survey of the Egyptian laboratory, workshop, or factory, eating on a gigantic scale may also be regarded as one of the *artes perditæ*. England has been pronounced to be an "eminently dining nation;" and it has been sarcastically said that "her hypocrites cannot harangue, her knaves cannot intrigue, her dupes cannot subscribe, and her cabinet ministers cannot consult without the intervention of a dinner." But let us examine the history of dinners in an inverse order, tracing their genealogy backwards from England's Modern Babylon to Egypt's "City of Thrones," and we shall be compelled to admit our inferiority. The stream inverting the natural order grows wider and deeper as you ascend to its source. The gulosity of Parson Adams and Tom Jones yields to Massinger's Justice Greedy, and his ideas of various and substantial dishes must give precedence to Chaucer's Franklin:—

"Withouten bake mete never was his house,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It newed in his hall of mete and drinke,
Of every dainty that men could of thinke."

But, after all, what were English to the Roman gourmands who preceded, and, perhaps, taught them? Think of Esop's single dish that cost 800*l.*, of Domitian's rhombus, of Vitellius's shield of Minerva, of Maximin's elephantine breakfasts, of Heliogabalus's parrot tongues! What glory to the imperial glutton who offered half his empire for a new sauce; what spirit in the resolution of Apicius when he destroyed himself because he had only 220,000*l.* sterling left to be devoted to the purposes of gastronomy!

Look again at the frequency of the Roman meals, and we shall be quickly satisfied (which Roman gastronomy was not) that our meals are parsimonious and unsatisfactory innovations on a grand omnivorous

system. There was the *jentaculum*, the *prandium*, the *merenda*, the *cænum*, the *comissatio*. What an enviable digestion the Romans must have had, especially when we consider their dishes,—their roast boars, swines' bellies, goats and squirrels, cranes, peacocks, swans, and guinea-pigs!

Yet what was Roman gluttony compared to the gigantic gourmandism of Egypt! Plutarch records the memorable circumstance of fifteen boars being roasted whole for a supper of Antony and Cleopatra; and Lucian describes a dinner given by the "Gipsy Queen" to Cæsar during a former *liaison*, which was "mounted" on the same gigantic scale:—

"With dainties Egypt piled the groaning
board,
Whatever sea, or sky, or land afford."

This, too, was in the decline of Egypt under the Greek dynasty! From that *ex pede Herculeum* we may infer how *Gargantuan* were her repasts in the zenith of her greatness. Homer, who had grateful reminiscences of the dinners given by the kings and magnates of the Theban City of Thrones, leads to a favourable imagination of the scale on which they were conducted by describing the glorious spreads in which the Grecian heroes of the *Iliad*, their contemporaries, indulged. We will take the first example that occurs.

"Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in the brazen vase three chines
entire;
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat
contains;
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to
raise,
The tent is brighten'd with the rising
blaze;
Then, when the lingering flames at length
subside,
He strews the bed of glowing embers
wide;
Above the coals the smoking fragments
turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns.
With bread the glittering canisters they
load,
Which round the board Menæti' son
bestow'd,

Who, opposite Ulysses, full in sight,
Each portion parts and orders all aright.
The first fat portion to the immortal
pow'rs

Amid the greedy flames Patroclus pours ;
Then each indulging in the social feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress."

It is a curious reflection that the ancient Thebans, seated in chairs in the English (not the Roman) fashion, the ladies being intermixed with the gentlemen, often dined off *roast beef and goose*; that they had their *puddings and pies*; that they drank their beer out of glasses, and their wine out of decanters; that they challenged each other as we now do, and drank toasts and healths. They had whets before dinner, like the Russians, consisting of pungent vegetables or strong cordials, handed round the drawing-room, previous to applying the test of the appetite to the more substantial luxuries of the dining-room.

Though beef and goose (mutton was excluded in compliment to the ram-headed Ammon) constituted the staple articles of a good dinner in the "City of Thrones," other rarities and substantials were added at the tables of the rich, such as widgeons, quails, wild ducks, kid, and fish of various kinds, intermixed with an endless succession of vegetables.

In one respect we might take a lesson from the Egyptian *bon vivant*. The torture of suspense to which a dinner-party in our civilised times is exposed during the awful hour which precedes dinner has often furnished the essayist and the Cockney with materials of eloquent complaint. "They managed these things better" in the "hundred-gated" metropolis. The Egyptian *bon vivants* had music to entertain their guests both before and after that meal, which, according to a learned authority, constitutes the most serious as well as agreeable occupation of our existence.

Generally, dinner was served without a cloth; although there are instances of linen coverings in imitation of palm-leaves. Plates were occasionally used; perhaps knives, as both are seen among the painted frescoes of the tombs exhibited on sideboards. There was no "*silver-fork school*," because there were no forks. There might, nevertheless, have been a "*silver-spoon school*,"

without any reflection on the mental acuteness of the real Theban "Amphytrion," for he is the "real Amphytrion with whom one dines." Spoons were used instead of forks, with a similar bowl, but with a shorter handle than ours. Those in the British Museum are of ornamented tortoise-shell, ivory, and alabaster. There can scarcely be a doubt that similar utensils of silver and gold were used at the great tables. Considering that the chief dishes were rich soups and stews, spoons were at all events a more civilised custom than Chinese chopsticks or Turkish fingers. It is not improbable that both knife and silver spoon were used. Dinner was served on a round table. Near the dishes were placed ornamented rolls of wheaten bread; trays of which, in readiness, were also profusely heaped on adjacent sideboards. Homer says, speaking of a Theban banquet, "the glittering canisters were piled with bread;" napkins and water-ewers were supplied the guests by beautiful slaves of both sexes who waited on them, and who presented them wine in goblets. Ionians and Greeks, as well as Negroes, are undoubtedly among them. The dessert generally consisted of grapes, dates, and figs. Changes were made by removing the table, with all the dishes upon it, and substituting in this manner a second and third course.

The frescoes which record these circumstances depict the luxurious variety of a Theban dinner. Others record a ponderous profusion and abundant simplicity, more consonant to the banquet of Achilles.

Complete pictures are seen in the tombs of the whole preparatory process, *ab ovo*. First appears the poultry-yard, with the cooped and fattened poultry in the process of selection and plucking; next, the shambles; and lastly, the kitchen, where we have the whole culinary process laid open before us. First the ox is slaughtered and divided into joints; some for roasting and stewing, and some for boiling. Ribs of beef, filets, legs of beef, calves'-head, liver, hearts, and tongues, seem to be the favourite joints. But some are perfectly indescribable by any modern designation; and others, though unique, are still traditionally

patronised by the *bon vivants* of Cairo. We are next introduced to the kitchen, where we see a large caldron of bronze placed in a tripod over the fire, and nearly as portentous in size as that which figured at the Achillean festival,—

“A brazen caldron of capacious frame
They bring and place above the roaring
flame.”

We behold one of the cook's assistants stirring the fire with a poker; another blowing it with bellows; a third skimming the surface of the hash or soup; a fourth stirring the ingredients of a caldron with a large fork; a fifth pounding salt or pepper, and seasoning the savoury viands. In one instance, a spit is passed through a goose intended to be roasted; a dwarf slave (such as the Romans patronised on account of their grotesque drollery) holds and turns it over a charcoal fire, while he uses a fan to keep the charcoal bright.*

The pastrycook's or confectionary department was separated. In this department we see assistants engaged in sifting and mixing flour, kneading paste, spreading it and rolling it, making sweetmeats and macaroni, or forming the paste into various shapes of biscuits and rolls, cakes and tarts, over which were sprinkled seeds of the sesamum and carraway. Cakes and puddings, mixed with fruit, are also observable in process of formation; we may trace them to the baker, and afterwards to the shelves, on which they are deposited until required.

A wise man has said, “Is there any thing of which it may be said, Lo, this is new! Behold, it has been of old time, even before us! The thing which has been is the thing which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun.” The dinner frescoes under survey abundantly prove the axiom.

Butchers, it has been shewn, were employed in the kitchen for the pur-

pose of dissecting the joints. In Rosellini's *Civil Monuments of Egypt* (plate 83), one of these assistant butchers is *sharpening a knife upon a steel suspended from his waist*, and which is exactly similar to the butchers' steels employed at the present day.

Encore un coup: the preparations for a great dinner on a sumptuous and extensive scale are seen in the tomb of Menoptha at Saccareh. A subordinate tableau represents two pastrycooks occupied; the one in moulding, the other in baking, certain delicacies of a round or flat form, which, beyond a doubt, represent tartlets or patties, which seem to have been much in request among the Theban *gastronomes*, and for which the modern pastrycooks of Cairo, according to the ludicrous testimony of little Hunchback, in the *Arabian Nights*, have been traditionally famous. In another compartment, a pastrycook appears with a tray of these tartlets on his head, to which the symbol implying the arithmetical number “one thousand” (in Oriental language, the “man of a thousand tarts”[†]) is appended,—no doubt, with a view of signifying the large consumption of his trade. A Theban lad (perhaps a schoolboy) beneath, with admiring hands directed towards the tray, is in the act of making a purchase of the tempting luxuries. Well do we remember, in our schoolboy days, purchasing of the school pastrycook (whom the boys characteristically designated as Mr. Joseph Stale) certain compound friandises of fruit and pastry, ingeniously constructed in the shape of geese, lambs, and pigs. Who would not imagine that these were modern inventions in deference to juvenile gulosity? But no such thing. Lo and behold! the same unctuous rarities appear on the shelves of the “man of a thousand tarts.”

One little incident in a dinner fresco or tableau is really new—or,

* The geese, in this instance, are plucked and broiled; but the favourite mode of treating them was to salt them, as is still practised in Ireland and Yorkshire. A modern epicure has pronounced the Irish salted goose a “dish fit for Olympus,” and few *bon vivants* are ignorant of that noble combination of rich interior and decorated exterior which, under the name of a Yorkshire Goose Pie, so often cheers and ornaments the Christmas board.

at least, it may be pronounced new to modern practice. It occurs in the tomb of a "learned Theban" at Eilithyæ, a gentleman in the shipping trade, who has held an admiral's commission in the wars of Thothmos III., and who is represented as giving an official dinner to his brother-officers and the mercantile interest. There are two compartments. You see on one side the arrival of the aristocratic guest in his chariot, attended by a train of running footmen, one of whom hastens forward to announce his arrival by a knock at the door, sufficient to satisfy the critical ear and rouse the somnolent obesity of the sleepest and fattest hall-porter of Grosvenor Square. The other compartment presents you with a *coup d'œil* of the poultry-yard, shambles, pantry, and kitchen; and is completed by a side view of the novel incident to which reference has been made. A grey-headed mendicant, attended by his "faithful dog," and who might pass for Ulysses at his palace gate, is receiving from the

hands of a deformed but charitable menial a bull's-head, and a draught of that beer for the invention of which we are beholden to the Thebans.

Au reste, the busy preparations for the dinner represented in the latter compartment render the last tableau the most remarkable of all prandial frescoes. Boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, peppering, and salting, are going on with a bustling vivacity which does honour to the wealthy hospitality and learned gastronomy of the host, while the profuse amplitude of the preparations bear equal testimony to the gigantic appetites and admirable digestion of the shipping-master's *convives*. To quote a French proverb, which is certainly more expressive than reverential, they are as restlessly active as "*milles diables dans un bénitier*;" which may be done into the plainer English of the "shipping interest" by an analogous proverb, "As busy as the d—— in a gale of wind."

A FALSE ALARM.

A TRUE STORY.

HAIL, happy times! when man may lay his head
On downy pillow, free from strife and dread;
When deeds of forty thieves are only told
As bygone fears, and wondrous tales of old;
When goblin grim, and fearful warning sprite,
No more disturb our real Arabian night.
Ah, happy times! but how can these things be,
When dread, through sin, was made man's destiny?

There is a happy land, where Church and State
Together work to lighten human fate;
Laws and Religion have both ably wrought,
And peace and safety to its children brought;
And yet e'en there, where Confidence should dwell,
Old Dread starts up, and breaks the happy spell.

'T was in that land a peaceful pastor dwelt,
He plann'd no harm nor fear of evil felt;
It was a beauteous spot his cottage graced,
Nature and Art there lines of beauty traced.
One greater, too, than Nature bless'd the man,
And for him meet help furnish'd; heaven's wide span
Ne'er threw its mantle o'er a fairer form
Than hers, whom he call'd wife—his dearest charm!
For sun ne'er lighted up more loving eye,
Or warm'd a heart more full of charity.

From these there sprang five daughters, such as they,—
 Pious, and wise, and fair; and many say
 Such gifted creatures, so brought up, need fear
 No harm hereafter, and no danger here.
 A happy family! though means were small,
 Those means were plenty to that happy all.
 With good and pious works their days were fill'd,
 In caring darling pets their leisure wiled;
 Abroad to distant climes they would not roam
 To gratify their fancy's wants,—at home
 Was all: Canary Isles and Java's shore,
 Or India's groves, teeming with feather'd store,
 Were nought to them; the glebe their wants supplied,
 Horses, and pigs, and poultry, were their pride.
 A nimble squirrel and a finch or two
 Perch'd on the hand or in the window flew.
 And once they had,—it was wild fancy's love,
 For Venuses, of course, would choose a dove—
 They had a daw—black, noisy, without sense,
 They loved him dearly for his impudence:
 Many a trick he play'd, and pass'd his jest!
 Pert, prying, priggish, peppery—a pest!
 Yet they loved him; but one they lovèd more—
 Lovèd as no friend was ever lovèd before.
 A dear and darling pet was that; ah, me!
 Fair lady, I, too, venerated thee!
 It was their friend—her father's only child—
 No swan so graceful, and no dove so mild.
 Oft would she come, though rain and mire would say,
 "Put not thy angel foot on earth this day,"—
 Would come to cheer her friends both young and old
 With beaming eye and words that comfort told.
 And once she came, 'twas an eventful hour,—
 Breathe softly, muse! and tell the tale once more:

Flush'd from her broken sleep, portending storm,
 Aurora rose, when fair Maria's form
 Stepp'd from her father's door, and bent her way
 To bless the pastor with her beams that day.
 Arrived, the angel guest, for friendship's sake,
 Brake with her friends the fast that mortals break.

The day was pass'd in profitable joy—
 September's day, when Nature, growing coy
 Of failing beauty, casts the veil of night
 Early o'er her departing charms, from sight
 To screen her blemishes; but 'neath that veil
 Art loves to shine, and many a happy tale,
 And notes of music soft, and softer still
 The voice of melody, did through the bosom thrill,
 As darkness lay upon the land, and late
 Was the grievèd hour that did that charm abate.
 Then all was hush'd, and day's last work was done—
 The spindle, needle, book and all were gone;
 The glossy trees in paper nicely placed;
 And then, 'neath muslin shrouded, neatly faced
 With frill and crimp, safely the head is borne
 On downy pillow, there to lie till morn.
 Rash confidence! One maid kept 'wake that night,
 From China's nervous draught: she thought she might

Or hear the secrets of the talking dream,
 Or tell who sang the songs* that wives demean.
 As wiling thus the night, she seem'd to hear
 A knocking noise without—so very near.
 It louder grew; she waked her fellow quick.
 She heard, " 'Tis thieves the kitchen window break!"
 Fast to the pastor's room like doves they fly,
 "Thieves, master, thieves!" the pastor rubb'd his eye.
 "Who—what—where—when—which!" out from bed he
 jump'd,
 And on the landing on all hands he plump'd.
 This roused the house, the dreadful panic flew,
 All from their beds rush'd out like shipwreck'd crew,
 Shivering and shrinking all; but one eye turn'd
 Upon the pastor, and his courage burn'd.
 "Fall in!" he cried aloud, "each maid now take
 A taper in her hand for safety sake."
 Then from the scabbard which adorn'd the wall
 He drew a rusty blade, and 'fore them all
 Begg'd pardon from above for blood that might
 Flow from that blade that melancholy night.
 A prudent leader! he his troop review'd,
 As there array'd in uniform they stood.
 White was the dress, the cheek, the trembling hand—
 From head to foot it was a milk-white band;
 But still they follow'd onward, near the spot
 Where noise was heard, and where was laid the plot.
 In manner firm the pastor challenged loud,
 In voice that spoke of death, without a shroud—
 "Who's there? Why this ado? Who breaks the law?"
 With tap-tap-tap the answer came—"Caw! Caw!"
 "Ah, Jack, you rogue! 'tis you!" "Ah, Jack, you dear!"
 Exclaim'd the Amazons in front and rear.
 The daw replied, "'Gainst me the door was shut:
 To be neglected is a cruel cut—
 More cruel still, when in the heart we see
 Another dwelling where we used to be."
 Now once again the cheeks with blushes bloom,
 And back the maidens rush within their room.
 And, strange! that she who arm'd the breast for fight,
 Was now observed to be the first in flight.
 "Stop! to conclude," the pastor spake with stress,
 "This trying night a moral doth express.

MORAL.

Learn, timid youths, from this eventful story,
 That valour is the safest road to glory;
 And, maidens, mind! raise not your hope or fear
 On ev'ry word that's whisper'd in the ear."

* Muse is pleased to call snoring a "song"—*aliquando dormitat Homerus.*

of course, required; and, though it wrung Stirn's proud heart to be even thus far indebted to his brother's friend, he found himself obliged to say, that Mr. Crawford, if he chose to inquire there, would have his doubts solved. The inquiry was made accordingly. The answer to it proved more than satisfactory, and Stirn forthwith removed himself and his *sac de nuit* to the school-house in Cross Street.

His first friends had lost sight of Stirn for nearly three weeks, when Mr. Crawford's inquiry informed them of his new place of abode. Once more the clerk from the Foreign Office found him out, and pressed his services upon him, offering to forward his views with all his influence, provided the young man would state them, and begging of him to return again and partake of his hospitalities. The latter proposition Stirn coldly declined, but said, that if the words of friendship to which he had listened were sincere, their sincerity might be proved by procuring for him a commission in the army. The clerk of the Foreign Office looked aghast. He knew that of all positions under the sun that at which his *protégé* now aspired was the one for which he was least fitted; and he, therefore, in a hurried manner, brought their conference to a close, and departed.

Great was Stirn's indignation when he perceived that his proposal met with so little encouragement. He refrained, to be sure, from pouring out the expressions of his fury on the heads of those about him; indeed, it was a remarkable trait in this strange man's character, that among his inferiors, or those who appeared to admit that they were such, he was gentle and considerate in the extreme. But he went about, after the business of the school was over, like one demented, and roused in no trifling degree both the curiosity and the fears of his employer.

Time ran on, and with the wear and tear of a school life Stirn put up wonderfully. Without trying to conciliate the boys, he managed, nevertheless, to secure their affections; being, in truth, both a scholar and an accomplished gentleman, they respected to the full as much as they esteemed him. It was not so with Mr. Crawford or any member of his

family. Constant bickerings occurred there; constant slights were assumed and resented, sometimes with an energy which it was difficult to withstand, and always most offensively. Nevertheless, the prudent pedagogue, having made a capital bargain with his teacher, threw out no hints as to the necessity of a separation. He waged a war of words as well as he could, but took good care neither to threaten nor to understand such threats on the other side as had any reference to a rupture.

Things were in this state when some of the clergy of the neighbourhood, having heard a rumour of Stirn's acquirements and social position, made advances to him. He received them, as was his wont, coldly; and looked and spoke as if he suspected that, under every profession of interest on their side, there lurked a design to insult. Hence, when it was proposed to support him at Oxford or Cambridge, and so to rear him for the service of the English Church, though he evidently relished the idea, his uncontrollable jealousy threw the whole fabric to the ground, just as it seemed approaching its completion. The rector of St. Anne's happening to say something in his presence as to the necessity of exercising a strict economy, he covered him with abuse, demanding whether or not it was expected that he should look upon himself as a pauper, and telling the reverend gentleman that, if this was his purpose, he, Stirn, would have no further connexion with him. There was an end, of course, to that plan; and the young man continued to drudge on as an usher, at a wretchedly inadequate amount of remuneration.

It were long to tell how often and how absurdly he permitted his temper to get the better of him. If any one exhibited an inclination to be kind to him, that individual was sure, sooner or later, to be grossly insulted. Nor was he at all particular as to the nation or kindred of the parties whom he suspected of seeking to lower him in his own esteem and in that of others. It is told of him, that having gone, on a certain occasion, to spend the day with a Dutch merchant at Muswell Hill, where he was to be joined at the dinner-

hour by Mr. Crawford and a Prussian, he managed, ere the arrival of these gentlemen, to conduct himself with such extreme indecorum, that Mynheer von Dunk caused his servants to thrust him to the door. He returned home furious, and could with difficulty be dissuaded from believing that Mr. Crawford and his companion were not the real authors of the wrong which he had suffered.

It was about this time that Stirn began to find himself drawn into a sort of intimacy with a surgeon of the name of Matthews, who lived in Hatton Garden, and attended Mr. Crawford's pupils when they were sick. Mr. Matthews appears to have been a coarse-minded and selfish man, who, perceiving of what stuff Stirn was made, desired to secure him as a teacher of music to his wife and daughter, and as a classical tutor for himself. His scheme was to get the young man into his family, by promising a liberal salary, from which, however, he intended to make large deductions under the head of expenses of board; and he set about it with the degree of art which was necessary in such a case to ensure success. He began by insinuating all manner of evil against Mr. Crawford; as that he knew how completely the prosperity of his school was owing to the eminent qualities of his assistant, yet that he was mean enough to keep the author of his own fortunes in a state of poverty, and, of course, of dependence.

He had struck the chord which was ever ready to vibrate and produce harsh and dissonant music in the mind of his victim. Stirn's manner to Crawford underwent an entire change. Instead of yielding to alternate bursts of violence, and bitter contention, he grew cold and haughty throughout; and Crawford became, in consequence, stern and distant towards him, and at last told him that he kept him on for no other reason than that he felt for his condition as a friendless man in a strange land. As might be expected, Stirn repeated what Mr. Crawford had said to his friend Matthews, and Matthews lost no time in driving the wedge home. "It was a base falsehood. There was no generosity of

the bad man that uttered
individual possessed of so

many accomplishments as Stirn could not fail to make his own way in London; and Crawford, knowing this, stood between him and his advancement for his own vile purposes. He (Matthews) was a poor man in comparison with Crawford, yet, if he could persuade such an accomplished gentleman to become a member of his family, and give up a portion of his time to the instruction of its members, he would think that he had made an excellent bargain if he offered three times the amount of salary which Crawford was understood to pay." Stirn started. The idea of being treated as an article of barter, and so bid for, seems to have come across him now for the first time; and he walked away from Matthews with the air of one who felt that he had been grossly insulted, yet knew not how to revenge the insult.

Matthews was determined to carry his point; and being pretty well aware of the disposition of his quarry, held aloof for a season, and made as if he grieved at having spoken out so plainly. Meanwhile, however, he managed that Mr. Crawford should be led to believe that there was a negotiation on foot; and this person being, in point of fact, as selfish as the other, forthwith changed his tactics in regard to Stirn. He tried to win him back to their former intimacy; spoke of the eminent services which he had rendered him; and concluded by offering to raise his salary, provided he would consent to abide at the school. Neither did he stop there. He went to Matthews, cautioned him against receiving an insane person into his family; and in so doing overshot the mark effectually. All that he said was repeated, with sundry additions, to the subject of it; and Stirn, boiling with indignation, caused his clothes to be removed from the school, and took possession of the apartment in Matthews' house which had been prepared for him.

The lapse of a few days sufficed to prove that Matthews and he might hope in vain to get on amicably together. The former, while willing him into a change of residence, had offered to enter into a legal bond for the fulfilment of certain conditions. The latter, with all the chivalrous

feeling which in point of fact appertained to him, rejected the proposition. He wanted no other bond than the word of a man of honour; indeed all that went beyond this was a burden. It does not exactly appear upon what ground a difference between the surgeon and his inmate first arose, but there had been many such; when an accident so trivial as scarcely to be credited, were not the facts of the case well ascertained, blew the spark all at once into a flame. It happened one day, that Stirn had stayed abroad till after the usual hour of dinner, and on his return found in the parlour two or three broken pieces of bread and butter upon a plate. The absurd youth came at once to the conclusion, that these crumbs were set out as viands sufficiently dainty for a beggar and a foreigner. He became perfectly outrageous at the thought; and rushing to the door of Matthews' bedroom, endeavoured to burst it open; and called upon him, if he had the courage and feeling of a gentleman, to give him satisfaction. Now Matthews chanced that evening to be from home, and his wife was alone in the chamber; and in great alarm told him so, entreating that he would not disturb the neighbourhood; but he refused to credit her, and continued to batter the chamber-door, till the hall-door suddenly opened, and Mr. Matthews himself entered. A hurried explanation now took place. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews both asseverating that the broken bread had been left by the child where the lodger found it at the conclusion of her supper; while Stirn persisted in the assertion that his poverty had been rebuked, and that he would make this trick a dear one to the party by whom it had been played. It appears, however, that by degrees his better judgment gained the ascendancy, for he went to bed at length; and on the following day called upon Mr. Crawford, to whom he gave a detailed account of the whole proceeding, interlarding it with much censure of himself and his exceeding folly.

But the evil was done. A breach had been made between the parties which would not admit of remedial measures; and every succeeding day tended only to widen it. Strange

stories were told on both sides. With tears in his eyes, Stirn came again to Crawford, and complained that Matthews charged him with having endeavoured to corrupt the chastity of his wife,—a crime of which the young man declared himself incapable of entertaining the idea. It appeared, also, that Matthews gave him warning to quit his house, which the young man, as much, perhaps, in the spirit of perverseness as because he really did not know whither to betake himself, refused to acknowledge. Whatever Crawford's behaviour may have been, while yet Stirn was an inmate of his own family, he seems on the present occasion to have dealt very kindly by him. He consulted a magistrate on his behalf, counselled him to proceed cautiously, and would have done more had it been possible to serve effectually one so entirely misled by a morbid sensitiveness. Meanwhile, Matthews told his tale of outrage and indecency in like manner. Moreover, he also consulted a magistrate, who, having been assured that there was no written agreement between them, told the surgeon that he might turn the offensive inmate out of his house whenever he chose. And to turn Stirn out into the streets Matthews made up his mind.

Having arrived at this determination, Matthews, acting still under the advice of a magistrate, arranged his measures so as to obviate the risk of violence, should both remonstrance and command fail to induce a voluntary retreat on the part of Stirn. He engaged two friends and a constable to be at his beck when he should send for them; and taking advantage of the temporary absence from home of his lodger, he, with the assistance of these parties, gathered Stirn's clothes and other baggage together, and placed them in the passage, near the street door. The confederates then sat down in the parlour to await the issue of an adventure which all seemed to consider perilous. Meanwhile, Stirn was again with Crawford, who advised him on this occasion to withdraw voluntarily from Matthews' family, as being the only step which could place him in a just light before the world, as well as relieve others from very painful suspicions and annoy-

Or hear the secrets of the talking dream,
 Or tell who sang the songs* that wives demean.
 As wiling thus the night, she seem'd to hear
 A knocking noise without—so very near.
 It louder grew; she waked her fellow quick.
 She heard, "'Tis thieves the kitchen window break!"
 Fast to the pastor's room like doves they fly,
 "Thieves, master, thieves!" the pastor rubb'd his eye.
 "Who—what—where—when—which!" out from bed he
 jump'd,

And on the landing on all hands he plump'd.
 This roused the house, the dreadful panic flew,
 All from their beds rush'd out like shipwreck'd crew,
 Shivering and shrinking all; but one eye turn'd
 Upon the pastor, and his courage burn'd.
 "Fall in!" he cried aloud, "each maid now take
 A taper in her hand for safety sake."
 Then from the scabbard which adorn'd the wall
 He drew a rusty blade, and 'fore them all
 Begg'd pardon from above for blood that might
 Flow from that blade that melancholy night.
 A prudent leader! he his troop review'd,
 As there array'd in uniform they stood.
 White was the dress, the cheek, the trembling hand—
 From head to foot it was a milk-white band;
 But still they follow'd onward, near the spot
 Where noise was heard, and where was laid the plot.
 In manner firm the pastor challenged loud,
 In voice that spoke of death, without a shroud—
 "Who's there? Why this ado? Who breaks the law?"
 With tap-tap-tap the answer came—"Caw! Caw!"
 "Ah, Jack, you rogue! 'tis you!" "Ah, Jack, you dear!"
 Exclaim'd the Amazons in front and rear.
 The daw replied, "'Gainst me the door was shut:
 To be neglected is a cruel cut—
 More cruel still, when in the heart we see
 Another dwelling where we used to be."
 Now once again the cheeks with blushes bloom,
 And back the maidens rush within their room.
 And, strange! that she who arm'd the breast for fight,
 Was now observed to be the first in flight.
 "Stop! to conclude," the pastor spake with stress,
 "This trying night a moral doth express.

MORAL.

Learn, timid youths, from this eventful story,
 That valour is the safest road to glory;
 And, maidens, mind! raise not your hope or fear
 On ev'ry word that's whisper'd in the ear."

* Muse is pleased to call snoring a "song"—*aliquando dormitat Homerus.*

feeling which in point of fact appertained to him, rejected the proposition. He wanted no other bond than the word of a man of honour; indeed all that went beyond this was a burden. It does not exactly appear upon what ground a difference between the surgeon and his inmate first arose, but there had been many such; when an accident so trivial as scarcely to be credited, were not the facts of the case well ascertained, blew the spark all at once into a flame. It happened one day, that Stirn had stayed abroad till after the usual hour of dinner, and on his return found in the parlour two or three broken pieces of bread and butter upon a plate. The absurd youth came at once to the conclusion, that these crumbs were set out as viands sufficiently dainty for a beggar and a foreigner. He became perfectly outrageous at the thought; and rushing to the door of Matthews' bedroom, endeavoured to burst it open; and called upon him, if he had the courage and feeling of a gentleman, to give him satisfaction. Now Matthews chanced that evening to be from home, and his wife was alone in the chamber; and in great alarm told him so, entreating that he would not disturb the neighbourhood; but he refused to credit her, and continued to batter the chamber-door, till the hall-door suddenly opened, and Mr. Matthews himself entered. A hurried explanation now took place. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews both asseverating that the broken bread had been left by the child where the lodger found it at the conclusion of her supper; while Stirn persisted in the assertion that his poverty had been rebuked, and that he would make this trick a dear one to the party by whom it had been played. It appears, however, that by degrees his better judgment gained the ascendancy, for he went to bed at length; and on the following day called upon Mr. Crawford, to whom he gave a detailed account of the whole proceeding, interlarding it with much censure of himself and his exceeding folly.

But the evil was done. A breach had been made between the parties which would not admit of remedial measures; and every succeeding day tended only to widen it. Strange

stories were told on both sides. With tears in his eyes, Stirn came again to Crawford, and complained that Matthews charged him with having endeavoured to corrupt the chastity of his wife,—a crime of which the young man declared himself incapable of entertaining the idea. It appeared, also, that Matthews gave him warning to quit his house, which the young man, as much, perhaps, in the spirit of perverseness as because he really did not know whither to betake himself, refused to acknowledge. Whatever Crawford's behaviour may have been, while yet Stirn was an inmate of his own family, he seems on the present occasion to have dealt very kindly by him. He consulted a magistrate on his behalf, counselled him to proceed cautiously, and would have done more had it been possible to serve effectually one so entirely misled by a morbid sensitiveness. Meanwhile, Matthews told his tale of outrage and indecency in like manner. Moreover, he also consulted a magistrate, who, having been assured that there was no written agreement between them, told the surgeon that he might turn the offensive inmate out of his house whenever he chose. And to turn Stirn out into the streets Matthews made up his mind.

Having arrived at this determination, Matthews, acting still under the advice of a magistrate, arranged his measures so as to obviate the risk of violence, should both remonstrance and command fail to induce a voluntary retreat on the part of Stirn. He engaged two friends and a constable to be at his beck when he should send for them; and taking advantage of the temporary absence from home of his lodger, he, with the assistance of these parties, gathered Stirn's clothes and other baggage together, and placed them in the passage, near the street door. The confederates then sat down in the parlour to await the issue of an adventure which all seemed to consider perilous. Meanwhile, Stirn was again with Crawford, who advised him on this occasion to withdraw voluntarily from Matthews' family, as being the only step which could place him in a just light before the world, as well as relieve others from very painful suspicions and annoy-

ances. It was good advice, and offered in an honest spirit; but it operated on the suspicious temper of Stirn like a spark on a train of gunpowder. He overwhelmed Crawford with abuse, accused him of having conspired with Matthews to ruin his character, and drive him with shame out of England; and threatened if he spoke another word on the subject, that it should be his last. He then sat down, and for a good while continued silent. But when Crawford, imagining that he had become more composed was about to reiterate the advice which had been so ill taken, the unhappy youth gave way with increased violence to his anger, declaring that he neither could nor would survive the loss of his honour. "You tell me," cried he, "that if I refuse to go quietly Matthews will turn me to the door. Let him try it. He will never so insult another human being."

It was to no purpose that Crawford strove to pacify the young man. He would listen neither to reason nor remonstrance, so Crawford held his peace.

The clock of St. Anne's struck eleven, and Stirn hearing it started up. It was a clear, starlight night, in the month of August, and the air warm and soft; so Mr. Crawford made no opposition to his going forth, though he had neither cloak nor wrapper. Indeed the school-master was relieved by the departure of his quondam usher, of whose sanity he had begun of late to entertain serious doubts. Neither was Matthews at all put out when a knock at the street door gave notice that the decisive moment was come. Matthews himself, however, did not open the door: he left one of his friends to perform that office; and heard without surprise the fierce demand, which sounded through the hall into the parlour,—

"Who has done this?"

"I have done it," cried Matthews, without moving from his seat. "You told me you would not leave my house except by force; and now, I am resolved that you shall go!"

In an instant Stirn rushed into the parlour. There were no terms of abuse which he did not heap upon the surgeon, calling him among other base things a coward; and assert-

ing that he would not have dared to speak or act as he had done, but for the presence of the parties whom he had called on to protect him. Matthews, however, took the matter coolly; and having waited till the young man's breath failed, begged of him to take a glass of wine (there were bottles and glasses on the table), and not to disturb himself unnecessarily. "It can't be helped, David. We couldn't get on together, and it's best to part; but let us part as friends."

Stirn made no reply, but looking wildly round the room exclaimed, as if to himself, "I will play my last tune." The reader will observe that Stirn was an enthusiast in music. At all hours in the night and day he would seat himself at the harpsichord, and bring forth tones, composed as his fingers swept the keys, sometimes bold, sometimes touchingly plaintive. His reading, likewise, being chiefly among the poets, appeared not unfrequently to work him into a state of high excitement; whereas, for mathematics, or even for the graver study of history, he had little taste. Accordingly, he sat down this night, and drew from the instrument strains of such surpassing melody, that the resolute men who had assembled to push him into the streets held their breath to listen. He ceased; and turning abruptly round, said to Matthews,—

"I want but half-a-guinea. You may do what you will with my books and clothes."

"Tell me what you mean to do with half-a-guinea," replied Matthews, "and I will lend it to you."

Upon this, Stirn took from his pocket some loose money and began to count it.

"No," he then exclaimed, "I have as much as I want. Do you know that I spoke to a man to-day, who will write your life and mine?"

"Have a care what you say," replied Matthews. "This is not the first time you've held language to me, for which, if I were vindictive, I would lay you by the heels."

"What have I said?"

"You said," replied Matthews, "that Crawford might thank God for having got rid of you as he did, but that you would have your revenge of me."

Stirn rose from the music-stool, advanced towards Matthews, and desired him to give him his hand; which, when Matthews did, he took it between both of his own, and wrung it. "You are right!" he exclaimed, "I have said the words which you repeat; and mark, here is my hand that I *will* have revenge of you!"

He then threw the hand of Matthews from him; and followed by the constable, who, however, made no effort to arrest him, walked out into the street.

Where this wayward and unhappy young man passed the night does not appear. Probably he walked the streets, or went forth into the fields, for in those days the green fields were not, as they are now, a good day's journey from Hatton Garden; but however this may be, neither that night nor throughout the following day was he seen by any of his acquaintances. On Friday, the 15th, however, Mr. Crawford met him; and compassionating the dejected and melancholy air of the youth, carried him home with him to dinner. While the meal went forward, no man's behaviour could be more sedate or rational than that of Stirn; but just after the cloth had been removed, he broke out into an abrupt tirade against Matthews, speaking loud, and with a rapid articulation, "Not only an adulterer, but a thief! He called me a thief; can I be expected to bear that?"

So saying, he rose, and went away. The same evening Crawford again met, or rather overtook him going down Cross Street; and the expression of his countenance was so woe-worn, that the schoolmaster's heart bled for him. It appeared to him that he certainly meditated self-destruction, which it was said, indeed, that he had attempted unsuccessfully about six months previously. In the hope of diverting him from such a subject of contemplation, Crawford began to speak of the Bible, in which he once took great delight, and of the comforts which arise from religion; but other thoughts were in Stirn's mind. The point of honour was that which he wished to settle; "For," continued he, "if we come short of that, of what benefit will religion be to us? Am I

not an outcast? Who will entertain an adulterer and a thief?"

"No, no," replied Crawford, "here the tide may have set against you; but England is not the world. Why not return home to your brother? you will find shelter, and a new field of exertion there."

"To my brother!" said Stirn. "No. Neither my brother nor my country can receive me disgraced as I am with the imputation of crimes so heinous."

As he uttered these words he burst into tears; and Crawford, no longer able to sustain the pressure of such a conference, quitted him.

They had not been long parted ere a growing persuasion that Stirn meant to destroy himself induced this man, whose feelings were neither delicate by nature nor much refined through culture, to go again in search of the youth. He found him in Owen's Coffee-house, and the conversation fell at once into the former channel, only the young man appeared upon the whole to be more composed, though he started from time to time as the door opened, and declared that in every one who entered he expected to see Mr. Matthews. Thus they sat together till about ten at night, when Stirn rose and avowed his determination of going to an ale-house in the neighbourhood, which Matthews and his friends were in the habit of frequenting. It was to no purpose that Crawford urged him to return to his lodgings and go to bed. The only answer which he got was a squeeze of the hand, so energetic that it well-nigh brought the blood from the tips of his fingers, after which they quitted Owen's together and proceeded towards the house of which Stirn had spoken.

At the door of that house the friends (for such they had now become) parted, Crawford making the best of his way to Hatton Garden, while Stirn entered. He found a good many persons in the coffee-room, and among the rest Matthews, with two others, who occupied a table apart. Towards it Stirn immediately advanced, and took a seat beside them. It is necessary to state that, previously to this meeting, Stirn had sent Matthews a challenge to fight a duel, which the latter de-

ances. It was good advice, and offered in an honest spirit ; but it operated on the suspicious temper of Stirn like a spark on a train of gunpowder. He overwhelmed Crawford with abuse, accused him of having conspired with Matthews to ruin his character, and drive him with shame out of England ; and threatened if he spoke another word on the subject, that it should be his last. He then sat down, and for a good while continued silent. But when Crawford, imagining that he had become more composed was about to reiterate the advice which had been so ill taken, the unhappy youth gave way with increased violence to his anger, declaring that he neither could nor would survive the loss of his honour. "You tell me," cried he, "that if I refuse to go quietly Matthews will turn me to the door. Let him try it. He will never so insult another human being."

It was to no purpose that Crawford strove to pacify the young man. He would listen neither to reason nor remonstrance, so Crawford held his peace.

The clock of St. Anne's struck eleven, and Stirn hearing it started up. It was a clear, starlight night, in the month of August, and the air warm and soft ; so Mr. Crawford made no opposition to his going forth, though he had neither cloak nor wrapper. Indeed the school-master was relieved by the departure of his quondam usher, of whose sanity he had begun of late to entertain serious doubts. Neither was Matthews at all put out when a knock at the street door gave notice that the decisive moment was come. Matthews himself, however, did not open the door : he left one of his friends to perform that office ; and heard without surprise the fierce demand, which sounded through the hall into the parlour,—

"Who has done this?"

"I have done it," cried Matthews, without moving from his seat. "You told me you would not leave my house except by force ; and now, I am resolved that you shall go!"

In an instant Stirn rushed into the parlour. There were no terms of abuse which he did not heap upon the surgeon, calling him among other base things a coward ; and assert-

ing that he would not have dared to speak or act as he had done, but for the presence of the parties whom he had called on to protect him. Matthews, however, took the matter coolly ; and having waited till the young man's breath failed, begged of him to take a glass of wine (there were bottles and glasses on the table), and not to disturb himself unnecessarily. "It can't be helped, David. We couldn't get on together, and it's best to part ; but let us part as friends."

Stirn made no reply, but looking wildly round the room exclaimed, as if to himself, "I will play my last tune." The reader will observe that Stirn was an enthusiast in music. At all hours in the night and day he would seat himself at the harpsichord, and bring forth tones, composed as his fingers swept the keys, sometimes bold, sometimes touchingly plaintive. His reading, likewise, being chiefly among the poets, appeared not unfrequently to work him into a state of high excitement ; whereas, for mathematics, or even for the graver study of history, he had little taste. Accordingly, he sat down this night, and drew from the instrument strains of such surpassing melody, that the resolute men who had assembled to push him into the streets held their breath to listen. He ceased ; and turning abruptly round, said to Matthews,—

"I want but half-a-guinea. You may do what you will with my books and clothes."

"Tell me what you mean to do with half-a-guinea," replied Matthews, "and I will lend it to you."

Upon this, Stirn took from his pocket some loose money and began to count it.

"No," he then exclaimed, "I have as much as I want. Do you know that I spoke to a man to-day, who will write your life and mine?"

"Have a care what you say," replied Matthews. "This is not the first time you've held language to me, for which, if I were vindictive, I would lay you by the heels."

"What have I said?"

"You said," replied Matthews, "that Crawford might thank God for having got rid of you as he did, but that you would have your revenge of me."

Stirn rose from the music-stool, advanced towards Matthews, and desired him to give him his hand; which, when Matthews did, he took it between both of his own, and wrung it. "You are right!" he exclaimed, "I have said the words which you repeat; and mark, here is my hand that I *will* have revenge of you!"

He then threw the hand of Matthews from him; and followed by the constable, who, however, made no effort to arrest him, walked out into the street.

Where this wayward and unhappy young man passed the night does not appear. Probably he walked the streets, or went forth into the fields, for in those days the green fields were not, as they are now, a good day's journey from Hatton Garden; but however this may be, neither that night nor throughout the following day was he seen by any of his acquaintances. On Friday, the 15th, however, Mr. Crawford met him; and compassionating the dejected and melancholy air of the youth, carried him home with him to dinner. While the meal went forward, no man's behaviour could be more sedate or rational than that of Stirn; but just after the cloth had been removed, he broke out into an abrupt tirade against Matthews, speaking loud, and with a rapid articulation, "Not only an adulterer, but a thief! He called me a thief; can I be expected to bear that?"

So saying, he rose, and went away. The same evening Crawford again met, or rather overtook him going down Cross Street; and the expression of his countenance was so woe-worn, that the schoolmaster's heart bled for him. It appeared to him that he certainly meditated self-destruction, which it was said, indeed, that he had attempted unsuccessfully about six months previously. In the hope of diverting him from such a subject of contemplation, Crawford began to speak of the Bible, in which he once took great delight, and of the comforts which arise from religion; but other thoughts were in Stirn's mind. The point of honour was that which he wished to settle; "Fer," continued he, "if we come short of that, of what benefit will religion be to us? Am I

not an outcast? Who will entertain an adulterer and a thief?"

"No, no," replied Crawford, "here the tide may have set against you; but England is not the world. Why not return home to your brother? you will find shelter, and a new field of exertion there."

"To my brother!" said Stirn. "No. Neither my brother nor my country can receive me disgraced as I am with the imputation of crimes so heinous."

As he uttered these words he burst into tears; and Crawford, no longer able to sustain the pressure of such a conference, quitted him.

They had not been long parted ere a growing persuasion that Stirn meant to destroy himself induced this man, whose feelings were neither delicate by nature nor much refined through culture, to go again in search of the youth. He found him in Owen's Coffee-house, and the conversation fell at once into the former channel, only the young man appeared upon the whole to be more composed, though he started from time to time as the door opened, and declared that in every one who entered he expected to see Mr. Matthews. Thus they sat together till about ten at night, when Stirn rose and avowed his determination of going to an ale-house in the neighbourhood, which Matthews and his friends were in the habit of frequenting. It was to no purpose that Crawford urged him to return to his lodgings and go to bed. The only answer which he got was a squeeze of the hand, so energetic that it well-nigh brought the blood from the tips of his fingers, after which they quitted Owen's together and proceeded towards the house of which Stirn had spoken.

At the door of that house the friends (for such they had now become) parted, Crawford making the best of his way to Hatton Garden, while Stirn entered. He found a good many persons in the coffee-room, and among the rest Matthews, with two others, who occupied a table apart. Towards it Stirn immediately advanced, and took a seat beside them. It is necessary to state that, previously to this meeting, Stirn had sent Matthews a challenge to fight a duel, which the latter de-

clined, and that the refusal was couched in terms which were certainly not calculated to soothe the feelings of the individual to whom it was addressed. Though the others, therefore, might wonder at the increased fury of Stirn's countenance, Matthews himself expressed no surprise, and received with infinite composure both the foul language and the threatening gestures with which he was assailed. One of Matthews' companions, however, of the name of Chapman, became so alarmed that he called Stirn aside and entreated him to restrain himself, and not to do any thing of which the consequences might be disagreeable either to others or to himself. Having said this, he hastily withdrew. Forthwith Stirn began to walk with a hurried step up and down the room, and became so completely engrossed by his own thoughts that he either did not observe, or entirely disregarded, the entrance of Crawford. For again had the dread of some vague evil overmastered the reluctance of the schoolmaster to witness any more of his late assistant's vagaries, and he now rejoined him, hoping to get him away, since to bring about a reconciliation was manifestly impossible.

Crawford had just reached the table, when Stirn confronted Matthews and said,—

"Sir, you have accused me of theft and adultery."

"I have done no such thing," replied Matthews. "I merely said, and say again, that if my wife's virtue had been of the same yielding nature as your honour, evil would have come of it."

A sharp altercation ensued, in which the lie was banded from side to side; till at last Matthews exclaimed,—

"You are a dirty fellow; you're not fit to stand on English ground, and ought to be sent back to your own lousy country."

The face of Stirn grew pale as ashes. He started off to the other end of the room, and taking a written paper out of his pocket, held it up, as if to press it on the attention of Matthews. The latter not appearing, however, to notice the proceeding, Stirn held the paper in the flame of one of the candles till it was con-

sumed. He then advanced once more and sat down; rose again, and placed himself beside Crawford, shifting his position so as to place another person between Matthews and himself, and while Crawford proposed to drink his health, made, or seemed to make, an effort to restrain himself. But it would not do.

"You will have it!" he at length said, speaking with clenched teeth. "You have wronged, insulted, and belied me, and refused to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman. I will take what I can get, and here it is."

So saying, he drew from his bosom a pair of pistols, which, as it afterwards came out, he had purchased and loaded the day after his expulsion from Matthews' house, and stretching across the individual who was nearest to him, discharged the contents of one into Matthews' breast. The wounded man made a spring from his chair, and with a single cry dropped dead. A second report was instantly heard; but its results were harmless. The hand which had been sufficiently steady to take the life of another wavered in its office when turned against Stirn's own life, for the ball passed him by and lodged in the wall.

The unhappy man had risen as soon as his vengeance was wreaked; and now, having failed to commit suicide, he made for the door. But he was seized, handed over to the watch, and locked up. His committal took place on the morrow, and he forthwith began a course of starvation, refusing either to eat or to drink, and assigning as a reason that his life was forfeited, and that it was better to die thus than to incur the disgrace of a public execution. To this determination he adhered for a full week, notwithstanding the earnest exhortations of the ordinary to the contrary, and became, as a matter of course, feeble and emaciated, though his resolute spirit never forsook him.

"I know what I have done," he used to say, "and would do it over again. The only thing I regret is, that my own life did not go at the same time with his."

However, for reasons which nobody at the time understood, he changed, at the end of a week, his system, and eat and drank like other

prisoners, and recovered both his looks and his health.

He was not put upon his trial till the 12th of September, and previous to that event every facility was afforded to his friends to visit him. Among others, came his excellency and his wife. The latter had faded and grown very thin, and exhibited in the cell an excess of emotion which well-nigh overpowered her. Stirn noticed this, and, with an expression in his eye of peculiar wildness, whispered something in her ear which caused her to start. She soon recovered herself, however, and looked him full in the face with an eye that quailed not.

"On one condition," she said, "I agree."

"I understand you," was the answer.

As the lady and gentleman retired, the latter was heard to ask the former what it was that Stirn had said to her; but she answered evasively, and to this hour there is a mystery about the communication which we cannot pretend to explain.

At length the trial drew on, and Stirn, in spite of the urgent entreaties of his friends, refused to plead insanity. That it could terminate only in one way is manifest. Stirn was found guilty of the murder of Matthews, and condemned to be hanged. He was not quite so composed during the proceedings as might have been expected. He more than once reeled, and would have fainted had he not been presented with a chair; and after sentence was passed, he petitioned the court that he might be drawn to the place of execution in a coach with a clergyman beside him, but the petition was denied. He then bowed, and was led away towards the condemned cell.

In passing through the press-yard, a countryman of his own accosted him, and stated that he was a minister of religion. Stirn appeared to know the man, though it was afterwards remarked that till that day he had never been visited by him, and the stranger was in consequence permitted to accompany him to his cell. They remained alone together about half an hour, at the termination of which the German withdrew; and by and by the ordinary called upon

him. He found him sinking fast. Poison, by whomsoever conveyed, he had manifestly received and taken, and not all the exertions of the medical officers of the prison sufficed to arrest its progress. He died that night a little before eleven o'clock, and escaped, as he triumphantly exclaimed, in his last agony, the disgrace of a public execution.

Thus died by his own hand a man who had undeniably taken the life of a fellow-creature, but whose moral guilt is not for one moment to be compared, in point of enormity, with that of multitudes who go to their graves having no weight of blood upon their consciences. To speak of him as insane would be to speak absurdly. He was perfectly sane at every moment in his career; but he had so entirely surrendered himself to the dominion of his impulses that they hurried him into all manner of outrageous acts, and at length placed the brand of Cain upon his forehead. For this he was much to blame; yet a portion of the blame may undeniably be shared by those who, not being ignorant of the peculiarities of his temperament, fostered and nourished his weakness, instead of checking it, by conciliating his humours when it was their duty to thwart them, and encouraging the growth of tastes which tended to confirm him in his folly. Poetry, music, and the *belles lettres*, are admirable instruments wherewith to soften a disposition naturally rugged, and to give susceptibility and refinement to a mind that is strong. But they accomplish this by weakening, in a certain sense, the powers which they refuse, as the act of polishing, while it renders a steel blade more trenchant, takes away from its solidity and diminishes its powers of resistance. Had Francis David Stirn been compelled in early youth to study mathematics instead of devoting his time to the perusal of the poets of Greece and Rome and of the countries of modern Europe, and had he, further, been denied the sort of musical training which rendered him more than an accomplished performer without arriving at the eminence of a composer, we venture to assert that the morbid sensibility which proved his ruin would have hardened into the right feeling which

best befits a gentleman for the purposes of life, and enables him to work good in his generation. But the whole bent of his culture—moral, intellectual, and even physical—was faulty; and the consequences were such as the records of Newgate have preserved.

It is evident that, in the case now under consideration, the judgments of the jurist and of the moralist stand a good deal apart. The jurist affirms that the individual, having been convicted of the most heinous offence upon the statute-book, deserved to die; the moralist, admitting the truth both of the premises and of the conclusion, endeavours, nevertheless, to throw a sort of shield before the victim of the law, by contending that a court of conscience would deal with him more leniently than with numbers who escape from the hands of justice scot free. Perhaps the moralist may be right. Nevertheless, this much seems to be certain, that of all the sources of misery, and it may be of crime, by which men and women are surrounded, there is none more fruitful than that over-weening regard to Number One, which leads its victim always to consider how words spoken or deeds done may affect himself, to

the entire oversight both of the feelings and the just claims of others. Unthinking persons dignify a temper of this kind with all manner of sounding epithets. They describe it as that of a man of acute honour, of great spirit, of generous notions, of an excessive sensibility; whereas, in point of fact, it is selfishness, and nothing more,—the meanest and most despicable of all dispositions. Nor does it greatly matter into what particular line of absurdity it may run. The foolish youth who, in order to keep up what he calls appearances, lives at a rate which his pecuniary circumstances do not warrant, may thank Heaven for the chance which has thrown his vanity into one chamber, out of the many wherein vanity presides, rather than into another. Had his sensitiveness on the head of appearances happened to take the turn—not unfrequently its accompaniment, by the by— which that of Francis David Stirn took, instead of being a spendthrift, he might have become a murderer; in which case, duns would have changed places with peace-officers, and Newgate received him in the end, instead of the Marshalsea or the Queen's Bench.

THE POSITION OF MINISTERS.

WE are not going to be moved either by the queen's speech or by the extraordinary discussions that ensued upon its delivery, in both houses of parliament, from the determination at which we last month arrived. Of the ministerial project for regenerating our commercial system we as yet know nothing. Hints broad, if they be not very clear, may have been dropped in various quarters—and gossip is busy enough, Heaven knows, elsewhere than amid the precincts of the court. But whether it be through some defect in our understanding, or that matters really are as dark as to us they appear to be, we confess, that neither in Sir Robert Peel's explanation, nor in the not less ominous avowal of the Duke of Wellington, can we discover any just reason either to approve or condemn a line of policy of which we are unable to

follow the direction clearly. Under these circumstances we beg to reserve to ourselves the right of choosing our side in the battle, if a battle there is to be, after the grounds of strife shall have been made manifest to us. And seeing that this cannot appear before the article which we now write shall have passed through the printer's hands, and taken its place in the standard literature of the age, our readers, be their prepossessions either for or against the policy of Peel, must have patience with a delay on our parts, which is unavoidable. We do not choose to follow the example of orators who flatter or condemn the minister unheard, according to the dictates of their own prejudices. Sir Robert Peel may be all that the more impetuous of the advocates of agricultural protection call him; and should it appear that he

deserves the opprobrium which they heap upon him, then our sanguine friends may depend upon it that we shall not be behind the most forward of them all in holding him up to the execration of his own times, and the contempt of that posterity to which he is somewhat too fond of appealing. But we must have sure proof of the offence before we sanction the punishment; for, as our old acquaintance Talleyrand used to say, "It would be worse than a crime—it would be a blunder," to cover with premature reproaches a statesman whose position and talents equally entitle him to a fair hearing, and who, as he has done his country good service in times gone by, may, after all, be meditating nothing more than the best means of doing good service to her again. We repeat, then, that for the present we must persist in standing upon our neutrality; and we farther declare beforehand, that, whatever part we may hereafter take in the miserable strife which seems to hang over us, shall be the result of a consideration as impartial and deliberate as we may be able to give to the great questions which shall be brought forward for discussion.

Meanwhile, it is impossible to contemplate the general state of public feeling, and the chaos into which, not so much parties as society seems to be resolving itself, without the deepest anxiety and alarm. We are advancing, or we appear to be, to that war of opinions and of classes which has preceded, and that not at a remote interval, the downfall of all the great empires of the world. Religion is forgotten amid the bitterness of sectarian animosity, and politics have merged in the strife of interests—the interests of order as opposed by disorder, and of man as opposed to man. Look, in regard to the former of these heads, at Scotland, with which we begin, because it is the least populous, and used to be the most quiet portion of the empire. It is torn by disputes which the individuals engaged in profess to treat as religious differences, but which, in point of fact, are begun, continued, and ended, in considerations wholly secular. What is all the stir between the Establishment and the Free Kirk about, except to determine with whom shall be left

the right of dispensing the Church's loaves and fishes? Do not Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Macfarlan sign the same confession of faith, recognise the same form of church government, dispense the sacraments after the same fashion, preach the same doctrine, conduct the public worship of God according to the same rule? What, then, is the true ground of their differences? This, and nothing more—that the one seeks to introduce an absolutely democratic spirit into that portion of the Kirk's laws which takes care of the presentation to benefices, yet keeps a sharp eye towards the privileges of her ministers, by making the presbytery and not the crown the ultimate referee and patron; while the other, conceding a veto to the people on certain terms, seeks to avoid perpetual strife, and therefore assures to patrons the legitimate exercise of their rights, and acknowledges in the courts of law the only tribunals which shall be competent to decide wherein such rights consist. Yet they, and the silly people who adhere to them, imagine that they are at strife about some vital doctrine of Christianity, and hate one another with the rancour which is invariably called into active existence by disputes about questions of religion. Of Ireland, on this same subject of religion, we need not speak. Every healing measure which every successive government has enacted, seems but to have embittered the feud between Protestant and Papist. Listen to Mr. Gregg, and you will be taught by the least inflammatory of his speeches that, in striving to conciliate the Romanists, you have to the same extent exasperated their rivals. And if Mr. Gregg be warm on one side, and carry the zealous, both Churchmen and Presbyterians, along with him, surely we may regard Dr. McHale as his antipodes, swaying as he does, through a narrow-minded priesthood, the millions whom this same priesthood do their best to keep in ignorance and in poverty. And as to England, was her population ever so divided among themselves, not merely in the array of Dissent against Church principles, but in the strife of parties within the Church itself, leading as it has done, and is still leading, to the daily apostasy both of ministers and

of people? Moreover, the adjustment of such questions as have arisen within the bosom of the Church is no longer left to authority, or even to argument, among Churchmen. Congregations make up their minds beforehand, that they will tolerate this practice and not endure that in the celebration of Divine worship, and constitute themselves judges of the soundness of the very doctrines which the individual appointed to instruct them may teach; while bishops are obeyed or disobeyed, exactly as their recommendations happen to fall in with the humours of those to whom they are addressed. And, finally, the daily newspapers do their best to encourage this spirit in the nation, by encouraging every clown to sit in judgment on his church and its pastor, themselves delivering *ex cathedra* sentence of condemnation or approval on men and things, with which, as it appears to us, they have no business whatever to interfere.

All this is very bad. It indicates a state of mind which is directly opposed to the faith which these religionists profess to honour. For Christianity is a religion of order, not of confusion, and foremost among the tempers recommended and approved by its Divine head are single-heartedness and the charity which thinketh no evil and is kind. Yet disputes which turn upon abstract opinion, or, at the worst, do not interfere with considerations more urgent than the forms, or the manner, or the garb in which men prefer offering their worship in public to the Supreme Being, might be listened to with comparative indifference, provided they stood alone. But they do not stand alone; they are intimately connected with matters more tangible by far; they constitute but one symptom out of the many characteristic of a disease which is overspreading the whole body politic. All love of order, all reverence for law, all belief that the well-being of the state depends upon the good understanding that shall pre-

vail among the several classes of which society is composed, appear to be departing from among us. In the Repeal mania, though unquestionably on the decline, has a canker behind to the full as

virulent as itself. Taught to know their own strength, the masses undervalue the strength of the government, and by the outrages which they perpetrate, or sanction, or defend, are preparing the way for such a catastrophe as we dare not stop to contemplate. And wherein is the condition of England and Scotland the better? Life may as yet be more secure in Lancashire than in Tipperary, and the sanctity of an oath, particularly in a court of justice, be held in more esteem; but of agitation we have to the full as much as our neighbours, and we are by no means sure that its purpose is not more hurtful here than it is, or ever could be rendered, on the other side of St. George's Channel. In Ireland there is a sort of opinion cherished that the leaders of mobs, and the speakers in Conciliation Hall, have some public good to achieve. They profess to seek the regeneration of a great nation. They talk about a parliament on College Green, and tell their dupes that it will be the source to them and to the whole country of blessings innumerable. Moreover, they invite all orders of the community to seek the same end. The book of Repeal membership lies as open to a manufacturer as to a landed proprietor, to a peer as to a peasant, to a Churchman as to a Dissenter, to a Protestant rector as to a Popish priest. The great Agitator himself promises, as the issue of his endeavours, peace and unanimity to the land which gave him birth. Is this the case in England and Scotland? By no means. Here the war of classes is begun, and, let it terminate for the present as it may, must lead to a second war of opinion. And a war of opinion, or of principle—call it which you will—leads, as all experience shews, to revolution. Let us explain ourselves.

We do not charge the authors of the Reform-act with seeking the end which is now palpably before them, any more than we accuse the greedy buyers up of rotten boroughs of having purposely provoked the storm beneath which they fell; but no man in his senses can doubt that the strife which the manufacturer for the last ten years has been waging against the proprietor of the soil is the legitimate issue of that ar-

rangement of the franchise which, to a great extent, revolutionised all the influences in this country. If there were any politician in the empire so infatuated as not to foresee that the middle classes, having achieved the power, would wield it for their own purposes, sooner or later, we, at least, never happened to encounter him. Put the truth for them, many might and did, while others affected to see in it just cause of rejoicing; for these made boast of the good sense which they assumed to be spread largely through the nation, though the conduct of the masses gave but small assurance all the while that any portion of it had fallen to their share. We well remember, for example, when the Duke of Wellington's windows were broken, and Bristol pillaged, and Nottingham Castle committed to the flames, that the cry was still "The good sense of the nation will bring every thing round; all things will yet find their just level." But, when closely pressed, did such men as Lord John Russell or Mr. Macaulay venture even then to deny that, so soon as the royal assent should be given to the great measure, the fate of England's "proud aristocracy" would be sealed? We believe that Sir Robert Peel never has made any secret that such was his opinion also. We know that the same view of the subject has been taken, and is still held, by statesmen as able, if not as persuasive, as he; and that the great aim of all their exertions, subsequently to the consummation of 1832, was to let down the constitution with as easy a progress as possible to the level wherein it was to them apparent that it must hereafter rest. Accordingly, there was no eagerness among the leaders of the Conservatives for power, but the reverse. Many a good opportunity of thrusting their rivals out of Downing Street they permitted to pass unimproved, and many a blessing they received in consequence from the Toadys and Tapers who frequented the Carlton Club, and charged wiser men than themselves with lack of courage and we know not all what besides. But while they steadily refused to force themselves into office, Sir Robert Peel and his party acted as a constant drag upon the chariot-

wheels of the movement. Their motto was, "Let us have no more changes. You gave us the Reform-bill as a final measure, and a final measure we are determined that it shall be." And no more changes did they sanction, save only in regard to institutions which appeared to them to be much less intimately connected with their own interests as an aristocracy than the present state of affairs proves them to have been. Now let us not be misunderstood. The insertion of the tenant-at-will clause into the original act was accomplished with the entire concurrence of the whole party. It seemed to afford them some counterpoise against the ten-pounders; it bid fair to give them the counties, however weak they might be in the boroughs. But did any of the followers of Sir Robert Peel in 1833 and 1834 look the length of their noses farther? Surely not; otherwise they would have resisted to the death such a measure as the New Poor-law bill, which has completely alienated the labouring classes from the classes above them, converting into bitter enemies the men who used to be the humble but devoted friends of the aristocracy. Surely not; otherwise they never would have consented to the suppression of ten bishopricks in Ireland, thus weakening the influence of Protestantism in the very portion of the empire where it stood most in need of support, and encouraging further attacks upon the church of which they professed to be the champions. These things, however, they gave up, because their leader told them that it was wise to do so. They flung from them the affections of the poor by invading their vested rights, and alarmed and offended the clergy by the indifference with which they looked on while O'Connell and his adherents, the Popish hierarchy, achieved so signal a triumph over the Irish branch of the united church. But no sooner was a proposal made to extend the franchise, or interfere with the game-laws, or reverse the financial system of the empire, or promote an increased freedom of trade, than to a man they denounced it. Moreover, to do them justice, they were marvellously tender both of the property and the privileges of the Church in England. They ac-

cepted a Tithe Commutation-bill, it is true; but they said, and perhaps believed—some of them—that it would be as advantageous to the clergy as to the country-gentlemen. But they would not hear of Lord Melbourne's plan of national education. And as to Church Reform, the term was never used, except vaguely by the Whigs, and then it was hooted down as synonymous with confiscation. Thus in every question which appeared to threaten their own influence, or their rentals, or the arrangements, fiscal or otherwise, which were connected with their personal influence, the Conservative opposition worked wonders. Their broad principle, in which their chief seemed to go with them cordially, was resistance to change, and they had strength enough to retard the headlong progress of a government which was without power to stop of its own accord, and, for obvious reasons, did not desire that its adherents should believe that it contemplated stopping any where.

In 1835, the party which had won its new name so gallantly in opposition, came, as we all recollect, somewhat prematurely into power. What was the first act of its chief? A manifesto against the established constitution of the Church, and the appointment of a commission under the crown to devise changes in it! The representatives of the party in both houses of parliament threw up their caps. It was a bold measure, but the state of the times required it; and as not a farthing was taken from the Church, however widely diverted some portions of Church property might be from the uses to which the testators had assigned them, nobody could deny that it was a strictly Conservative measure. Accordingly, the Commission sat; extinguished canonries; remodelled sees; reduced bishops from the dignity of land-owners to the respectable position of state pensioners; applied tithes and lands, bequeathed by good men in Durham for the spiritual benefit of Durhamites, to the relief of the spiritual necessities of the dwellers in Cornwall and Sussex; and boldly transferred a prelate from Bangor to Tipperary, with all his Welch revenues in his hand. What was the aristocracy about then? Did they not see

that their own rights and privileges were weakened by such a blow struck at the rights and privileges of the Church? Not a whit. They were consenting and approving parties to a measure which we considered at the time, and still hold to have been the first step on that ladder of descent, to the very base of which, as they themselves now affirm, their champion is going to lead them.

Sir Robert Peel's tenure of office was, in 1835, very brief. He went out upon a foolish question concerning the appropriation to secular purposes of Church property in Ireland, on which he might have borne a defeat in the Commons with perfect equanimity, knowing that the Lords were not only willing but eager to retrieve it. But to have acted thus would have been to test too severely the reasonableness of the opinion at which he had arrived in 1832. He believed, or suspected, or acted as if he did so, that the power of the Lords in the balance of the constitution was abrogated. He, therefore, not only declared in his place that no minister could constitutionally retain office in the face of an adverse majority in the Commons, but in all his appeals to his supporters told them that they must thenceforth fight the battle of the constitution in the Registration Courts. They did fight the battle there, and won it. Once more returned to their proper places, the Conservative Opposition again put a stopper upon every movement which seemed to threaten established institutions with damage. The Whigs tried to carry the appropriation clause, but failed. They endeavoured to remodel the constituencies in the Irish boroughs, and were defeated. Their scholastic device, brought forward again, was again crushed by the influence of the Church and the party. They nibbled at some alteration or re-adjustment of the financial system, but were forced to take refuge in the clumsy and ineffectual device of adding so much per cent to the assessed taxes. But why pursue this subject further? The influence of the Opposition to check and restrain, and the pertinacity with which they withstood change of every kind, is still fresh in the recollection of the youngest; and, finally, when, amid defeat

and disasters in the East, and the apprehension of war nearer home, the Corn-laws were threatened, flesh and blood could stand it no longer.

In 1842, the Conservative Opposition became once more the government party, being strong in the entire possession of the House of Lords, strong in the Commons as numbering a majority of 100 there, and stronger still in the unbounded confidence which seemed every where to be reposed in the sagacity and firmness of the premier. Has he, by any act of his, forfeited this opinion? We think not. True, his measures have all carried us step by step away from the old Conservative standard. We have an education scheme meted out to the people of England on the exact model of that which they would not accept from Lord Melbourne. We have Romanism placed in Ireland in a position to which no other minister than Sir Robert Peel could have advanced it. We have had an income-tax, a new tariff, and various other arrangements besides, which the party now declare that they did not sanction except with undisguised reluctance, and which, on the score of consistency, it was not an easy matter to defend. But what of all that? Rents have not fallen; the price of wheat is as high as any body wishes to see it; no farms have gone out of cultivation; trade is brisk, manufactures and commerce are flourishing; employment is so abundant, and so well remunerated, that recruits for the army are difficult to be got. Sir Robert Peel may, therefore, have betrayed his party—if a leader can be said to betray those without whose co-operation he can accomplish nothing; but the damage done to the country remains yet to be shewn. There can be no doubt that, as far as regards her finances, England was never in a more flourishing condition than now. It is equally certain that peace has been preserved in Europe, and prolonged in America, in the face of numerous and formidable obstacles, which former governments had raised up. And we have neither seen nor heard any thing, on 'Change, in the City, or any where else, which would lead us to believe that, as a minister, the great body of the people of England have lost their confidence in Sir

Robert Peel. What, then, is his position and that of the country at this moment? and whence does it come to pass that—with much to startle, much to alarm, in his speech of the 22d of January—we are yet reluctant to join in the outcry which has been got up against him, and refuse to stir from the ground which, for three years back, we have occupied, till we know better, than at this moment we profess to do, whether it is his purpose to guide us? We will endeavour to answer this question, which is a very grave one; and then, for the present, leave the subject where we found it, that is, in abeyance.

If it be Sir Robert Peel's intention to render England as cheap a country to live in as France or Saxony, for instance, and if he further manage to bring this matter about without forcing the representatives of ancient families to sell their estates, and causing labourers to eat rye bread and sour crout, we shall be extremely sorry to offer to his project the slightest resistance. To us, indeed, the union of comfort and very low prices is a somewhat novel idea, because we are old enough to remember the late war; and the heavy taxation and high prices produced by it are associated in our minds with a season of unexampled general prosperity. Doubtless taxation was heavy, and the national debt swelled from year to year,—thanks, in a great degree, to the improvidence with which foreigners were bribed to fight their own battles, and to lose them. But every where, in all our towns and villages, there was contentment, plenty of work, good wages, an ardent loyalty to the crown and the altar, and, except with the class of annuitants—neither then nor now considerable—abundance of the necessities of life. In like manner, our reminiscences of peace and low prices recall times of trouble, and anxiety, and much suffering. Still the idea, which is novel to us, may be a good one, nevertheless; and if some new method of demonstrating its soundness be discovered, we shall bid God speed to its developement, by whomsoever the task of working it out may be undertaken.

But we must protest against arrangements which, under the plea of

opening new markets for our manufactures abroad, shall lay the axe to the root of the social arrangements which are connected with our holiest affections at home. We will never consent to the eradication of the aristocratic principle from the English constitution, nor sanction any measures which appear to have a tendency in that direction. Wherefore, if Sir Robert Peel's plan do not include a just and ample compensation for the immediate losses which a total repeal of the Corn-laws must necessarily inflict, at the outset, upon the landed proprietors of England, we shall resist it, and denounce it to the utmost extent of our power, because we can regard it only as the first decisive step towards the depths of democracy, whither we shall not willingly be carried. In like manner, we must object to any settlement of the corn or any other law, which shall take away a portion, be it ever so small, from the already inadequate incomes of the clergy. The Tithe-commutation act, to which, be it remembered, the clergy were not consenting, and in the concoction of which they were never consulted, not only deprived the tithe-owners of a property improvable and improving from year to year, but fixed the amount of money-payment which each impropiator was to receive according to the average price of wheat in the market. Now it is manifest, that if the price of wheat be lowered to the extent which the Leaguers anticipate, no conceivable reduction in the costs of the necessaries of life will compensate the clergy for the loss which they must thereby sustain. Accordingly, unless Sir Robert Peel's device imply, that the clergy shall by some means or other be protected against this wrong, it will outrage the first principle of justice, and be by us, and by all who value justice between man and man, resisted. In a word, we are willing to accept cheap living provided we can get it, apart from bad living and mean living, and the consequent overthrow of the established institutions and the habits of social life, which dis-

tinguish this country from all others in the world. But we will never be parties to arrangements which shall threaten to turn our landed proprietors out of doors, and to make beggars both of the clergy and the tenant-farmers even of the present generation.

The queen's speech is an able document. Somewhat oracular it may be in many of its clauses, and in none more so than in that to which the attention of the whole community is at this moment drawn. We go with it cordially in all that it tells regarding peace or war, and the necessity of being prepared for either. We are glad, likewise, to find that the system of open outrage that has prevailed of late in Ireland is to be put down. But the clause which refers to a further relaxation of the laws that regulate commerce and give protection to British industry, we do not pretend to understand; no, not after reading the speech of the minister who concocted it, and the answers more or less sharp which were provoked by it. Before we come again into the presence of our readers, both they and we will know better what all parties be about. And they may rely upon it that we shall take our places where truth, and honour, and good policy, seem to dictate; for it is by the truth and honesty of his purposes that the policy of a minister, not less than the character of a private person, is to be tried.

Since the preceding went to press, Sir Robert Peel has made his promised announcement. It is obvious that we have neither space nor time to give to so grave a matter the notice which it deserves; and we shall, therefore, decline entering at all into the many questions which are stirred by it. But this much of credit we will give to the minister's speech, that it is the boldest that was ever uttered in the House of Commons. What we ourselves think of it, and of its probable effects on the well-being of the country, we must state when a more convenient opportunity shall offer.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CXCv.

MARCH, 1846.

Vol. XXXIII.

MR. NEWMAN; HIS THEORIES AND CHARACTER.

UPON a certain day in the year of which we have so recently taken leave, known in the almanacks as the year of grace 1845, a gentleman was travelling to Oxford by the Great Western. He occupied a seat in one of those carriages which, by their peculiar division into compartments, two four-in-side post coaches,—separated by a window and door,—immediately suggest to an academic observer the appropriate designation of a "Double-First." He had not glided many miles along that agreeable thoroughfare to the west of England, before a casual remark from a stranger, who had the advantage of being placed opposite to him, introduced a dialogue upon the current topics of the hour. "There is no spot in which "news, the manna of a day," descends in so refreshing a shower, as over these iron ways. Even railery itself may be endured by rail. Under such circumstances, however, conversation exercises a very summary jurisdiction; the claims of public candidates are despatched with all the speed of enulation; and Bright and Bolingbroke are treated with equal freedom. The dialogue on this memorable day, which we are thus committing to history, possessed something of the same autocratical character. By a natural transition from the Pope to Dr. Pusey, the name of Mr. Newman came up,—his opinions, his talents, his honesty. "For my part," said the tra-

veller, kindling with his subject, and looking his *vis-à-vis* full in the face, "I have always believed Mr. Newman to be a Jesuit in disguise." What answer the *vis-à-vis* may have returned to this startling declaration,—whether, arguing from what had been, he might have admitted that such things may be again,—or whether he would have sunk into the corner, overpowered by horror and heresy,—we shall never have the happy privilege of knowing, or of informing our readers; for, at the same instant, a face which concentrated the chapel and monastery at Littlemore into the opposite glass, was slowly and solemnly projected through the open window of the "double," and a particularly soft and distinct voice uttered these thrilling accents: "I would have you, sir, to be cautious what you are saying, for there is somebody in this carriage whom you may not like to hear you." The sound ceased, and the apparition vanished, leaving the inhabitants of the other double in a shudder of amazement and awe, which might have been felt by that Homeric gentleman, whose curtains were so fiercely drawn at night, a great many hundred years ago. But our pen is unequal to the effort of painting the scene.

Such is the true story of a journey to Oxford, the accuracy of which we have the strongest reason to be sure of, and which far sur-

passes in interest Pope's narrative of a visit to the same university in the company of Lintot. The only similar occurrence, we remember, that can by any possibility be related in the same paragraph, is one recorded by Byron, and referring to his own appearance in type with Mr. Rogers, when Larry and Jacky solicited the public suffrages together. A gentleman in the Brighton coach, having been engaged in the perusal of the book, laid it down, when it was taken up by a fellow-passenger, who inquired the name of the author. "There are two," was the mysterious reply. "Ay, ay, a joint concern, I suppose, *summut* like Sternhold and Hopkins." The possessor of the volume was a friend of the poets.

The scene in the Double-First returned vividly to our memory, when the recent publication of Mr. Newman announced his descent into Popery. Could it be possible? Was he a Jesuit after all? Had he remained in the fortress long enough to undermine the ramparts, and poison the water-springs? Had he conciliated the garrison, only to betray it? Had he now gone over to the enemy, with all the advantages of a comrade and all the malice of a deserter? Had he made himself so familiar with the battlements of our church, only to lead the storming party of her assailants? While these questions kept thronging to our lips, the observation of a contemporary came under our eyes. He concludes some general remarks on the degrees of trust to be reposed in the author himself "by alluding to one strange, inexplicable, moral phenomenon, which to Englishmen at least must wear an appearance so unsatisfactory, as to supersede much further examination. The present volume is a very elaborate, studied work, full of research, bearing proofs of long preparation; the result of matured thought; the conclusions of a course of reasoning which can now be traced back in Mr. Newman's writings to several years since, during which, we now know from authority, he has been meditating his recent step. It is not the questioning—the anxious, averring questioning of an undecided mind; but the formal proof of a long-weighed conclusion. And ring all this time where has Mr.

Newman been? In what name, and in what authority, has he been teaching the children of the English church, if not by his voice in the pulpit, at least by private communication, and by his previously published works? His sermons have been read as those of a minister of the Church, even those which contained the germs of the poison which he is now openly administering to the Church. His reasonings have been listened to, have been permitted to find access to minds, from which they would have been anxiously excluded under the present title."

These comments, be it remembered, come from no semi-Dissenter, with whom St. Paul's and the Weigh House are equally sacred, and Binney and Barrow co-efficient authorities. On the contrary, they are the sentiments of one of the representatives of that large body in the Church of England, who think that her orders are apostolical, and that her Halls and Beveridges knew something of the Fathers; who, with Hooker, can revere her majestic polity; and with Horsley, refuse to be scared by the bugbear of purgatory; who, with the greatest men of the brightest times, believe nothing to be holy which is not honest; and scorn to acknowledge any devotion to be profitable or sincere which grows only in the dark, and is fed only by deception. Mr. Newman would have us to believe that his conversion rushed upon him with an irresistible impetus, while he was descending these inclined planes of developement. But no, we are wrong. It was not until type had imparted to his arguments that clear symmetry, by which they are recommended to the general reader, that the blaze of conviction burst full upon his eyes. Not by his own, but his printer's proofs, was the change to be effected. "When he had got some way in the printing, he recognised in himself a conviction of the truth of the conclusion, to which the discussion leads, so clear as to supersede further deliberation." Can this statement be received for a moment? Is it credible? Is it possible? Every understanding is undoubtedly open to new accessions of light; and one eye perceives some defects in a book, that another is unconscious of. Montaigne

was accustomed to say that he read in Livy what another could not, and that Plutarch read there what he did not. In like manner, Bolingbroke confessed of himself, that he had read at fifty what he never could find in the same book at twenty-five. This we can easily comprehend; for not only does the intellectual eye-sight reflect its own colours upon the object, but its vigour and penetration vary with conditions of the moral health. But Mr. Newman comes within neither exemption. If the theory of development made him a Romanist, it would have made him one in its working.* No; the solution of the mystery is to be sought and found in the book itself. The author has furnished the key to the problem. At the end of the introduction the inquirer will find this sentence, "It would be the work of a life to apply the theory of developments so carefully to the writings of the fathers and the history of controversies and councils, as thereby to vindicate the reasonableness of every decree of Rome; much less can such an undertaking be imagined by one who IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS DAYS IS BEGINNING LIFE AGAIN."

We entreat our readers to mark these words. Where do they occur? Not in the preface, not in the postscript, not even at the close of the volume, where the faint ray of Roman Catholic sunrise may be supposed to have broken upon the pilgrim, then ascending, after so wearisome a journey, into the sweet garden and paradisiacal atmosphere of indulgences and image-worship. In none of those positions will this declaration be discovered. It stands in the beginning of the Essay, and that essay, which the writer commenced and finished according to his own assurance, while belonging to the Church of England. There can be no mistake here; the meaning of the passage is distinct and positive. To become a Romanist

is literally to begin life again; to begin it with a desecrated Baptism, and an inheritance of imposture. What shall we say, then, to Mr. Newman's assertion, that "his first act on his own conversion was to offer his Work for revision to the proper authorities; but the offer was declined, on the ground that it was written, and partly printed, before he was a Catholic, and that it would come before the reader in a more persuasive form, if he read it as the author wrote it?" We repeat,—what shall we say? What can we say, but that the author has been committing a fraud upon his reader, and perhaps upon himself? When he wrote the first page of this essay on development, he was as much an alien from the English communion as he is at the present moment. He held, indeed, nothing of hers, except her Fellowship. He may not have been a Romanist, but only a sceptic. "Possibly," writes Bishop Taylor in his inscription of the *Great Exemplar* to Hatton, "two or three weak or interested, fantastic and easy understandings, pass from church to church upon grounds as weak as those for which formerly they did dissent; and the same arguments are good, or bad, as exterior accidents, or interior appetites, shall determine." In attributing this fantastic temperament to Mr. Newman, we are not unsupported by the highest authority in that splendid city which he has so long troubled and infected. Bishop Wilberforce was not afraid to denounce him, even in the cathedral of Christ Church, as having been borne upon the wings of an unbounded scepticism into the bosom of an unfathomable superstition. Mr. Newman does not hesitate to confess, that between Popery and infidelity is the only choice; drawn gradually to the grassy margin of the precipice, he may have felt the impulse, so common to those who gaze down

* "If, then, I am asked, What I believe to be the principal evil of the system inculcated by Mr. Newman and his friends? My answer must be,—*disregard of truth*, and the disregard more dangerous, because it certainly appears to originate in their having in the first instance confused their own notions of truth and falsehood, both as to their nature and their importance."—See the Rev. J. C. Crosthwaite's very ingenious papers on Modern Hagiology, recently collected in two small volumes, and well worthy of a perusal, for their argument, their directness, and plain speaking; not to mention an irony which sometimes proves highly effective, though occasionally, perhaps, carried a little too far.

into an abyss, to plunge into it; but, scared back again by the appalling darkness beneath, he caught at Romanism. Will it hold him? We doubt it. For what Romanism is it, which this unhappy person has grasped in his plunge, and now seeks to recommend openly to the hopeful youth of England? Is it that Romanism which strikes out its roots into the early seed-land of Christendom; and whose boughs have truly sheltered some of the noblest spirits who fought, or perished, for patriotism or virtue? Is it the system of faith that sweetened the temper of Fisher, or endears to the affection of all time the beautiful piety of More? which woke the eloquence of Bossuet, and wasted the bloom from the cheek of Pascal? It is none of these. It is German infidelity communicated in the music and perfume of St. Peter's;—it is Strauss in the garment and rope of the Franciscan. It is a system which offers no insurmountable difficulty to the producer, because, in the words of Horsley, it is a system of his own making.

These complaints are uttered in no bitterness of controversy. We write them with sorrow and pain, though the vehemence of Pascal might well be pardoned, when Escobar is alive again. We know how admirably it has been said by Donne, that when God gave a flaming sword to cherubims in Paradise, they guarded the place, but the sword killed none, wounded none; and that, in like manner, God gives to his servants zeal to guard their station and integrity of religion, but not to wound or deface any man. May we never forget the allegory and its lesson! Let every available apology be tendered for one, who manifests so little disposition to apologise for himself. No eye becomes dim or confused at once. It is the result of continued derangement of the constitution. So may Mr. Newman have weakened the intellectual eyesight, not only by the disordered junctions of the moral frame, but by protracted labours in the dark mines and heavy air of papal theology. Nay, we will even give him the advantage of Johnson's remark on Burnet, and think that he has not sold falsehoods with intention; but that prejudice, or scepticism, de-

tered him from recognising the truth when he saw it. That he will adhere to his theory for a season, now that he has launched it, is naturally to be expected. The French essayist had looked into the heart, when he said, "*Toute opinion est assez forte pour se faire épouser au prix de la vie.*"

It was one of the many forcible sayings of Atterbury to his most celebrated friend, that he hated to see a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, that proves nothing and says nothing,—the only object of which is to occasion a general distrust of our own faculties, to unsettle our conclusions and bewilder our vision, until the reader is driven to doubt whether it be possible, in any case, to distinguish truth from falsehood, the good from the evil, the beautiful from the coarse; whether, in fact, the Lutheran be more a Christian than the Arian, Cæsar a braver soldier than Horace, or Pope a nobler poet than Pomfret. Now, of Mr. Newman's essay, in whatever degree the other objections of Atterbury may be able to attach themselves, it cannot, with the slightest show of justice, be affirmed, that it says nothing. Throughout 450 very closely printed pages, the learning and ingenuity of the writer are kept in constant motion; and cloud after cloud of sophism is subjected to the embrace of a genius, singularly vigorous, lively, and productive. That the offspring inherit some of the unsubstantial elements of their creation, will excite surprise in none who reflect upon their composition.

And, perhaps, of all the subjects which the author endeavours to demolish, not one engages so much of his attention as that religious designation which is known as *Protestant*. Almost from the very first page of the book, the attack upon Protestantism begins. Whatever be historical Christianity, we are assured that it is not the religion of Protestants. Again (p. 6), the Protestant is said to be compelled to allow, that if such a system as he would introduce, "ever existed in early times, it has been clean swept away as if by a deluge, suddenly, silently, and without memorial; by a deluge coming in a night, and utterly soaking, rotting, heaving up, and hurrying off every vestige of what it

found in the Church." This is only a weak specimen of the hard things which Protestantism has to submit to in the course of 400 pages. It is quite melancholy to see how naked and defenceless the objector turns it out, to brave the hail, and wind, and snow ; with not a shed to shelter its penury and starvation, amid all the sumptuous architecture of development. Now, we wish it to be distinctly understood, that in using the word Protestant, we are not identifying ourselves with those well-meaning, but not particularly well-informed gentlemen, who deliver historical mistakes, with such vehement seriousness, to a tumult of bonnets, or drive over the May streams of Exeter Hall, before a hurricane of pocket-handkerchiefs. We understand the word in the sense in which Bishop Taylor understood it, when he affirmed of the Church of England, that "Catholic is her name, and Protestant her surname;" when, in the preface to his excellent devotions at Golden Grove, he said, "Let us secure that our young men be good Christians, it is easy to make them good Protestants." In the sense in which the late admirable Mr. Davison employed the word, when remarking of Taylor, that he had an absolute and independent grasp "of Protestant principles;" in the sense in which Bishop Hall accepted it, when he summoned believers in general to have no peace with Rome; in the sense of our Articles and our Liturgy. Catholic is our name, and Protestant our surname; we acknowledge the Homilies and the Prayer-Book, not the Evangelical Alliance and Dr. Leifchild. And of the faith of this Catholic Protestant Church, the famous rule of Vincentius furnishes a concise and a just interpretation; it holds what *has been held always, every where, and by all*. Mr. Newman, of course, attacking the rule, because it confirms the English Church, and overthrows the Roman. He accordingly finds insurmountable difficulties in rendering it available. He formerly professed a different opinion. He could once describe it as being not of a mathematical, or demonstrative, but of a moral character; and, therefore, requiring practical judgment and good sense to apply it. He was plain and forcible

then, he is mystical and weak now. The rule of Vincentius, like every canon in literature, in science, or in art, demands judgment in its employment. Will the most admirable telescope *act* upon the landscape or the planet, if the proper elevation or depression be not obtained? Could Herschell discover a star, if Hume directed the glass?

When Goldsmith presumed on one occasion to differ from Johnson, he was interrupted by this vehement oburgation, "Nay, sir, why should not you think what every body else thinks?" Goldsmith was unconsciously silenced by the rule of Vincentius. Literary history swarms with illustrations. Virgil has been elevated to the throne of Latin poetry by the acclamation of criticism; yet Scaliger considered him inferior to Lucan. Among descriptive poets, Thomson has been regarded as the most attractive, yet he only excited the scorn of Walpole. *Lycidas* is the delight of every poetical heart; yet Johnson thought death in a surfeit of bad taste—a reasonable retribution for a repeated perusal. What then? Is not the *Æneid*, after all, the most precious of Latin poems? and are not the *Seasons* delightful transcripts of nature? and is not Milton's *Elegy* worthy to be bound up with *Paradise Lost*? Certainly; each and all deserve their fame. The rule of Vincentius binds them together. *Always, every where, and by all*, their grace, and fancy, and truthfulness, have been acknowledged; and the corrupt taste of Scaliger, the contempt of Walpole, and the prejudices of Johnson, no more weaken the universal and potential reputation of the authors, than the election of a member of parliament is affected, by the indignant opposition of those voters who expected to be bribed; or the sermon of the preacher is shorn of its eloquence by the disapproval of the beadle, who received notice in the morning to relinquish his hat.

Now, in despite of all the vehement arguments, with which the Roman besiegers seek to beat down this admirable breast-work of Catholic-Protestantism, we entertain no doubt whatever of its capacity of resistance and permanence. Of those great central doctrines which our Church

holds and teaches, we affirm, without hesitation, that they have been held always, every where, and by all. Remembering Mr. Newman's own caution, that this rule is not demonstrative or mathematical, but moral, and therefore requiring discrimination and good sense in its application, we trace up to immediate contact with the Apostles and earliest missionaries of the Faith, our orders of ministers, our discipline and unity, our form of worship, our doctrines and creeds. We prove that the English, like the primitive, is a Trinitarian Church. The corrupted Nature of man, the new life of Regeneration, its communication in Baptism, sacramental Grace, justification by Faith, the omnipotence of the Cross, the sanctification by the Spirit;—these are central doctrines, and orbs of glory diffusing light and warmth over the entire system of the Gospel, which our Church teaches; and not only teaches, but follows back through the fathers of the first and second centuries, and asserts to have had from the beginning an universal admission; to have been received *always, every where, and by all*. And we consider the rule of Vincentius, thus applied, to be no more mutilated by heresy here, or scepticism there, than we admit the genius of Virgil to be humbled by the preference of Scaliger, or the music of Milton to be jarred out of tune by the growl of Johnson.

But it does not answer the Romanising mission of Mr. Newman to admit the completeness of Revelation. "As to Christianity, considering the unsystematic character of its inspired documents, and the all but silence of contemporary history, if we attempt to determine its one original profession, undertaking, or announcement, we shall be reduced to those eclectic and arbitrary decisions which have in all ages been so common."* Gibbon seems to be a favourite with this writer; and if we rightly remember, he calls him our only Church historian; but really to sneer at the Gospel is almost too low. The philosopher of Lausanne would have shaped it into a more monstrous sentence of mystery. Of course it will startle ordinary

Christians, to be told that the one original profession, undertaking, or announcement of their holy Faith, cannot be ascertained from any direct or internal testimony. The Bible is to be a blank, until it has been illuminated into a missal; the form of godliness is a mutilation and a wreck, until it has been moulded into symmetry by the artistical handicraft of Councils; the Cross and Expiation, the Resurrection and Beatification, the Life of Probation, and the Season of Judgment;—nothing is clear; every thing is confused. Religion is lifeless, the Gospel is a chaos; and our single method of interpreting the Epistle of St. Peter is by the paraphrase of his Successor; and the Vatican contains the only serviceable key to the cypher of St. John.

But if that numerous class who, unfavoured by the visions of Mr. Newman, are called by him "ordinary Christians," continue to inquire how it is that inspired documents, such as the Holy Scriptures, do not at once determine a doctrine without further trouble, their scruples are thus removed:—

"They were intended to create an idea, and that idea is not in the sacred text, but in the mind of the reader, and the question is, whether that idea is communicated to him, in its completeness and minute accuracy, on its first apprehension, or expands in his heart and intellect, and comes to perfection in the course of time. Nor could it be maintained, without extravagance, that the letter of the New Testament, or of any assignable number of books, comprises a delineation of all possible forms which a divine message will assume when submitted to a multitude of minds."

Now we say nothing here of the frame of thought that could venture to classify Christianity among the fine arts, and try its Author by the rules of criticism. The impiety is not ours, we have only to expose its fraud. Of the gradual growth and expansion of religious truths on a mind disposed by God's grace to receive, and by God's blessing to mature them, no person will presume to express a doubt. Nay, rather every tongue will join in proclaiming

* Essay on Development, p. 66.

the joyful reality. In hours of loneliness and suffering, in vigils of sickness or sorrow, in the desolation of distant lands and amid the abandonment or ruin of whatever is dear and precious to the heart—oh! then it is that the promises of the Gospel, and the consolations of Faith, and the hopes of Apostles, return upon the heart with light, and bloom, and fragrantcy, and strength, of which it had hitherto been unconscious. Every declaration of a Prophet, every recollection of an Evangelist, every song of a Psalmist, seems to expand and brighten into new revelations of loveliness, of joyfulness, and of gratitude. Before the earnest, lingering, believing eye of the lowly and sincere disciple, every jewel in the breast-plate of Righteousness appears to give an answer in hues of lustre, beauty, and fulness, never revealed before.

If you call these clearer views of truth by the name of *developements*, we shall not litigate the question.

Again, the whole Providential intercourse of the Divine Founder with his church has partaken of a progressive character, and has been so regarded by the greatest theologians of ancient and modern times. But not to go beyond our own vineyard, we find one of its skilfullest dressers speaking of the Hebrew people as receiving the teaching of holy truth in single rays; and comparing the spirit of manifestation that was given to them to the germ of a vine or the bud of a rose; "plain indices and significations of life, and principles of juice and sweetness, but yet scarce out of the doors of their causes."* In the infancy of sacred knowledge they received only slight rudiments of spiritual instruction, and were put into the catechism of religion.

But as years after years rolled on, and the Divine Presence made that Hebrew people a lighted temple in the darkness of the world, and from the lips of prophets and men of spiritual might, His Oracles and Messages were sent forth into the shadows and twilight, we cannot but perceive the future, not less than the present, to have been the object of His legislation. Those truths, it has been well said, which they pro-

claimed, presented a front "not merely to the lies of their own day, but of every later age as well." The Bible was not to pass through continual revisions, and keep for ever reappearing with emendations and a new title-page. It was printed for ever in those types which the Author had chosen; and it was endowed with the capacity of adapting its lessons to every variation of temperament, of intellect, and of climate. Simple with the simple, it was, nevertheless, to be mighty with the powerful; stooping to the humblest, and towering above the proudest; full of meekness and forbearance in the cottages of the poor, and by the pillow of the penitent; but where the strong man of sin keeps his goods, descending to the pillage, the strongest of the strong; and, as it has ever been, so will it always be. We have entire confidence that Truth will remain, in the language of Bacon, "a hill not to be commanded;" and that those Scriptures, which are Scriptures of very truth, shall shew themselves a hill which shall never be commanded, but rather itself commanding all other heights and eminences of the spiritual and intellectual world; and the thought of Bacon had been taken up or reborn by one who lived among the noblest of English heroes in all the chivalrous warfare and exploits of genius. He, too, looked upon the Bible as containing passages which, almost destitute of immediate application to a present, might be intended, by a Providential foresight, to expand into wisdom and admonition for a future, age. We allude to that great virtuoso, as Evelyn called him, Robert Boyle. However deep science may dig her mines into the mysteries of the universe, and bring up the wisdom of her subterranean discoveries; however she may educate the elements into submission to her service, and wrest from them secrets serviceable to man; however literature may grow in stature and ripen in capacity; or however widely civilisation may enlarge the desires, or increase the luxuries, or refine the taste, of the human family, we believe that the developing process of Revelation will keep pace with them all; grow-

* See Bishop Taylor, *Of the Spirit of Grace*, Part II.

ing with their growth, strengthening with their strength. Mature in the infancy and vigour, and not old in the decrepitude and death of Time. Yes, however unpleasing such doctrine may be to the young and intrepid followers of Mr. Newman, either halting at Romanism, or precipitated, by so many daring plunges, into infidelity:—

“*Purpurei cristis juvenes, auroque
corusci;*”

we cannot cease to utter the same declaration, and to affirm that, as at the beginning, so at the end, the Gospel will continue to be in advance of the age; a science always being learned and never acquired; perpetually opening new wonders, which also unfold into other manifestations. But it is a peculiarity of all these, that they send back the beholder to the elements; always going forward, he is always going backward; and, therefore, we think the preacher did well in asserting, that

“There is a sense in which there is no getting beyond the alphabet of Christianity; that alphabet will always be beyond us; any one of its letters being, as a mighty hieroglyphic, which the prayerful student may partially decypher, but the more accomplished scholar never thoroughly expound. * * * The heights and depths of Christian doctrine are but the first elements expanded: the simple truths are the germs of the mysterious; and it is the little cloud which at length spreads, like that seen by the Prophet's servant, into an impenetrable vast, though only that it may refresh and fertilise the earth.”

Nor will the following remarks upon this most interesting subject be read without gratification and improvement; they occur in the recent very eloquent Hulsean Lectures of Mr. Trench:—

“Now, doubtless, there is a true idea of Scriptural developments, which has always been recognised, to which the great fathers of the Church have set their seal, and it is this, that the Church, informed and quickened by the Spirit of God, more and more discovers what in Holy Scripture is given her; but it is not this, that she unfolds by an independent

power any thing further therefrom. She has always possessed what she now possesses of doctrine and truth, only not always with the same distinctness of consciousness. She has not added to her wealth, but she has become more and more aware of that wealth; her dowry has remained always the same, but that dowry was so rich and so rare, that only little by little she has counted over and taken inventory and stock of her jewels. She has consolidated her doctrine, compelled thereto by the provocation of enemies, or induced to it by the growing sense of her own needs. She has brought together utterances in Holy Writ, and those which apart were comparatively barren, when thus married, when each had thus found its complement in the other, have been fruitful to her. Those which apart meant little to her, have been seen to mean much when thus brought together and read each by the light of the other; and in these senses she has enlarged her dominion, while her dominion has become larger to her. * * *

“We do not object to, rather we fully acknowledge, the theory of the development of religious Truth so stated. We no more object than we do to a Nicene Creed following up and enlarging an Apostolic, which rather we gladly and thankfully receive as a rich addition to our heritage. But that Nicene Creed, in the same manner, contains no new truths which the Church has added to her stock since the earlier was composed, though it may be some which she has brought out with more distinctness to herself and to her children, as it contains broader and more accurately guarded statements of the old. But the essential in this progress of truth is, that the latter is always as truly found in Scripture as the earlier,—not as easy to discover, but, when discovered, as much carrying with it its own evidence; and then, not in some obscure hint and germ, putting one in mind of an inverted pyramid, so small the foundation, so vast and overshadowing the superstructure.”†

Such a theory of development all men must acknowledge. What, in truth, is the fruit of learned investigation and hallowed meditation during a period of 1500 years—the gold of the fathers, the costly wisdom of English eloquence in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the sagacious scrutiny of criticism, ancient and modern—what is it all, but the exposition of Scripture truth? Thus

† Mr. Melvill, *Sermons on the Less Prominent Facts of Scripture*.
and Mr. Trench's Hulsean Lectures, p. 97. 1846. Parker.

Pearson's illustration of the Creed and Paley's history of St. Paul are both developements, and they are so because they bring prominently out into the gaze of men facts and doctrines which really do exist, and require only combination and induction to give them irresistible force and impression. It is quite different with the pretended developements of Popery. When these are not corruptions, they are certainly inventions; when they are not distortions of the tree, they are grafts into it. The worship of the Virgin Mary is not only unsanctioned by every passage of the New Testament, but the impious probability of such an event seems never to have presented itself to the minds of the Evangelists. It was, however, very important to discover some scriptural countenance for the key-stone of the Romish superstition. Accordingly, Mr. Newman assumed the *cultus* to be a true development of an incident at the marriage at Cana. In his latest work he takes this for granted; his ingenious proof of it had been previously given in the sermons on subjects of the day, in which the members of a Protestant university were taught, by a clergyman of a Protestant Church, to perceive "*the present influence and power of the mother of God.*" But hear the interpretation. "Observe, He said to His mother, 'What have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not come.' Perhaps this implies, that *when* His hour was come, *then* He would have to do with her again as before; and such really seems to be the meaning of the passage." And such daring travestie of the inspired narrative was suffered to pass without rebuke in the home of sound learning and religious education, where Hammond meditated and Usher preached!

But Mr. Newman shall state, in his own words, the nature of this developing theory, which is to accomplish what erudition and eloquence have hitherto failed in performing, and shew that Romanism is in harmony with Revelation. His essay is directed, as we are told, towards the solution—

"Of the difficulty which lies in the way of using the testimony of our most natural informant concerning the doctrine and worship of Christianity; viz., the

history of 1800 years. The view on which it is written has at all times, perhaps, been implicitly adopted by theologians, and, I believe, has been recently illustrated by several distinguished writers of the Continent, such as De Maistre and Mühler; viz., that the increase and expansion of the Christian Creed Ritual, and the variations that have attended the process in the case of individual writers and churches, are the necessary attendants on any philosophy or polity which takes possession of the intellect and heart, and has had any wide or extended dominion; that, from the nature of the human mind, time is necessary for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas; and that the highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, would not be comprehended all at once by the recipients, but, as received and transmitted by minds not inspired and through media which were human, have required only the longer time and deeper thought for their full elucidation. 'This may be called the *Theory of Developments.*'"—P. 27.

Now in this exposition of a theory there is little, at the first glance, to censure in the general spirit and tendency, or, more properly speaking, in the abstract signification of it. The assertion that the constitution of the mind demands periods of time for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas, is so obviously in accordance with all experience, that, instead of a novelty, it is only a truism. The history of Genius is a commentary on the maxim. Our eyes travel back to the rising of the star by the luminous path it has kindled during its journey into our horizon. We are sometimes tempted to estimate the influence of Shakespeare among his contemporaries by the splendour which his poetry sheds upon ourselves. But it should be remembered, that this clear and brilliant atmosphere of opinion, in which we now contemplate his beauty, has been produced by the gradual influence of his own vital energy and heat, transfused by slow degrees and effluxes of radiance into the cold and colourless mists by which his genius was for a long time enveloped. The same remark would be true of Milton. It was only after many pauses, with long intervals of gloom, that the darkness finally rolled away from his Garden, and the bloom of his Paradise was felt upon the breeze.

Reynolds, by continued meditation absorbing into his own perception the divine graces of Raffaele, is a corresponding example in art. With reference, therefore, to the intellectual application of the theory, we do not complain of its author; but when we find it employed upon Religion, when we are assured that every peculiarity of Romanism so far from being an accretion, a distortion, or even a supplement, is only a development, we are entitled to ask for some certain means of distinguishing such a transformation when we see it. And Mr. Newman has provided tests for that purpose, of which we will specify one or two of the most important. The first is supplied by the analogy of physical growth, it being necessary that the *developed* form should correspond in parts and proportions to the *rudimental*—the adult to the infant. The wing of the bird becomes stronger, but it never changes into a fin; unity of type is, therefore, the most "obvious characteristic of a faithful development." But the author had no sooner made this admission, than he perceived its fatal consequences to his own argument, and immediately prepared to ward them off. A development may admit of *variation*. "The fledged bird differs from its rudimental form in the egg; the butterfly is the development, but not, in any sense, the image of the grub." This expedient of variation is worked with rare subtlety and talent, but the gulf cannot be crossed upon it. The torrent will soon bear away the bridge. Ingenuity may build it up again, with new artifices of support; but it cannot stand; and if Romanism has no other means of keeping up a direct intercourse with the primitive ages of faith, she must be contented to put out to sea again, and endeavour to reach the harbour through all the perils and difficulties of tradition and infallibility.

But we are informed that a true development may be described as conservative of the course of the movement that preceded it, "which development, and something more—an addition which illustrates and not obscures, corroborates and not corrects, the body of the movement from which it proceeds."

And this of Romanism! And men, "ordinary Christians," and in the possession only of those ordinary gifts of understanding known as common sense, are to receive the invocation of saints as the conservative development of the doctrine of Mediation, purgatory of Baptism, and celibacy of the Sacraments. They have no choice. "You must accept the whole or reject the whole; reduction does but enfeeble, and amputation mutilate." (P. 155.)

Let us for a moment make a familiar application of one of these tests, and see how a development may be conservative of the thing developed. It may be truly said that the rich light of an autumnal evening, filling the woods with many-coloured shadows, is a diffusion of the ray that gilded the boughs in the morning; and the tree, with its gnarled trunk, and massy umbrage, and far-spreading gloom, is the natural growth and expansion of the sapling that a century before cast a reflection of a span's width over the warm grass, as it swayed to and fro in the breeze of summer; and the river, flowing in a broad surface of crystal to the distant sea, is truly the confluence of many streams all kindred of the same lone spring far up in the green retirements of pastoral hills; and the autumnal twilight of evening, the glimmering branches of the tree, and the majestic tide of the river, are so many enlargements of original types, each conservative of the nature of its original, only imparting to it a wider diffusion and an enlarged energy, and therefore coming under the definition of Development. But take the contrary view, and suppose the purple flush, that called up the lark to matins, to disappear in storm and rain; the tree to be interlaced, encumbered, and choked by parasitical plants, and mouldering into decay by the corrosion of insects; and the river to be not only discoloured by the soil through which it has flowed, but rendered impure by artificial springs, designedly set running into its current. Is not the character of each altogether altered? The peculiarity of a development is gone, and that of a corruption appears in its place. The beautiful light is not recognised in the vapour and tempest, nor

the tree in its distortion and rottenness, nor the mountain-spring in the discoloured and infected river.

And if our test be applied to the faith which Romanism produces as that which was once delivered to the saints, we think that it will be found not less demonstrative. For, once more taking up those examples which we have submitted to its agency, let the ray of sunrise behind the hills represent the early gleam of the spiritual Day-Spring, slowly ascending over the dark mountains; and let the mellow and fuller light of Evangelic and Apostolic message and commentary be the illumination that filled the dark recesses of Paganism with beauty; and let the tree, spreading into verdant amplitude, indicate that growth of Gospel-doctrine which was to cover the human race with the shadow of its boughs; and let the river become the emblem of that sacramental stream of Grace on which the Holy Spirit moves, quickening and sanctifying the waters for the restoration and cure of wounded souls. Under each of these aspects we recognise the lineaments of the primitive type; each is conservative of its original. The scattered beams have converged into orbs and melted into atmosphere; the seed is lost in the tree, that yet retains all the properties of vigour, and fruitfulness, and beauty, which that germ of vegetation at first communicated; and the river is equally clear, only with a fuller current and a deeper channel.

But examine the same objects in the interpretation of Romanism, prove them by the same test, measure them by the same standard, resolve them into the same elements. What is the result? You perceive the Day-Spring, indeed, but the spiritual is contrasted with the artificial light; you have the sun with the farthing candle flaring up at it; you have the tree of sacred truth, but trained into distortion, choked and decaying, flaunting with streamers, and offering in its leaves no blessed healing for the nations; you have the stream of sacramental grace, but no longer preserving the purity of its source, no longer the "river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God." Mr. Newman's own defini-

tion (p. 63) is completely fulfilled; and if "the corruption of an idea is that state of a developement which undoes its previous advances," then is Romanism, in all its intricate multiplicity of ritual and doctrines, only one vast corruption of the perfect and luminous idea of Christianity. Nor should we lose any advantage by accepting the more amplified definition which the writer furnishes a little further on, and admitting that "every developement is to be considered a corruption, which *obscures or prejudices its essential idea, or which disturbs the laws of developement which constitute its organisation, or which reverses its course of developement.*"

It is needless to specify any more of Mr. Newman's tests. And is it by these, or such as these, that the purity of Romish gold and Romish jewels is to be ascertained and established? If it be, is there any well-informed and honest member of that Communion who will abide by the result? If supplications to the Virgin as a mediator, almost as a deity, do not *prejudice* the essential idea of the one Intercessor, and disturb the whole organisation of Christianity—if the belief in the *atoning* influence of penance do not altogether *reverse* the course of developement in the universal Satisfaction of the Cross—if the setting a premium upon sin in the dispensation of indulgences and the sale of absolution, be not, in the strictest sense of the word, an *undoing* of the previous advances of that idea of Christianity which confronts every crime with the stern eye of a judgment to come—If each and all of these instances be not a prejudice, a reversing, and an undoing of the original truth, then, indeed, has the holy sun of Scripture risen and shone in vain; then in vain has the eyesight been healed by spiritual ointment. The whole landscape of divine history swims and wavers; the nerve of vision is diseased; and, instead of accurately distinguishing objects, we are only able, by looking up, to see *men, as trees, walking.*

But there is another argument which it is now the practice to urge upon the ear with every artifice of vehemence and persuasion, and that is, the unity and harmony of Popery. We might appeal to every visitor of

foreign climes to state the effect of this unity and harmony upon his own feelings. When that accomplished person, whose epitaph, in Richmond Church, records him to have been the chosen friend of one of our dearest poets, was at length enabled to make his long-desired journey to France, his road led him to Amiens. It was a lovely summer morning when he rose to survey the magnificent cathedral of that city. But what a scene met his eye! He found, as he said, a thousand different kinds of devotion going forward at the same time at different altars and in different chapels, little bells of various tones perpetually tinkling,—in short, he declared that the Boulevards subsequently put him very much in mind of it, and that the exterior of French life was the aptest emblem of their religious interiors. Both were alike picturesque, changeable, showy, and superficial. And this beholder was no common idler—ignorant or irreligious; but a Christian and a gentleman, a clergyman and a scholar. Who has not felt the same sensations? Who has not sighed over the developments of Christianity?

These difficulties have not affected the expounder of this new theory, and no passages of his book are more instinct with life, or more glowing with eloquence, than those in which he weaves all the hypothetical beauties of Romanism into one crowning panegyric. The following is a happy example:—

“If there be a form of Christianity now in the world which is accused of gross superstition, of borrowing its rites and customs from the heathen, and of ascribing to forms and ceremonies an occult virtue,—a religion which is considered to burden and enslave the mind by its requisitions, to address itself to the weak-minded and ignorant, to be supported by sophistry and imposture, and to contradict reason and exalt mere irrational faith,—a religion which impresses on the serious mind very distressing views of the guilt and consequences of sin, sets upon the minute acts of the day one by one their definite value for praise or blame, and thus casts a grave shadow over the future,—a religion which holds up to admiration the surrender of

wealth, and disables serious persons from enjoying it if they would,—a religion, the doctrines of which, be they good or bad, are to the generality of men unknown; which is considered to bear on its very surface signs of folly and falsehood so distinct, that a glance suffices to judge of it, and careful examination is preposterous; which is felt to be so simply bad that it may be calumniated at hazard and at pleasure, it being nothing but absurdity to stand upon the accurate distribution of its guilt among its particular acts, or painfully to determine how far this or that story is literally true, what must be allowed in candour, or what is improbable, or what cuts two ways, or what is not proved, or what may be plausibly defended,—a religion such that men look at a convert to it, with a feeling which no other sect raises, except Judaism, Socialism, or Mormonism; with curiosity, fear, suspicion, disgust, as the case may be; as if something strange had befallen him; as if he had had an initiation into a dreadful mystery, and had come into communion with dreadful influences; as if he were now one of a confederacy which claimed him, absorbed him, stripped him of his personality, reduced him to a mere instrument or organ of the whole,—a religion which men hate, as proselytising, anti-social, revolutionary; as dividing families, separating chief friends, corrupting the maxims of government, making a mock at law, dissolving the empire, the enemy of human nature, and a ‘conspirator against its rites and privileges,’—a religion which they consider the champion and instrument of darkness, and a pollution calling down upon the land the anger of Heaven,—a religion which they associate with intrigue and conspiracy, which they speak about in whispers, which they detect by anticipation in whatever goes wrong, and to which they impute whatever is unaccountable,—a religion, the very name of which they cast out as evil, and use simply as a bad epithet, and which, from the impulse of self-preservation, they would persecute if they could; if there be such a religion now in the world, it is not unlike Christianity as that same world viewed it, when first it came forth from its Divine Author.”

We shall not analyse the veracity of these statements, but rather give our own delineation of that system which they profess to recommend. Did we say our own? Nay, rather, the delineation of history itself, drawn in

its bold and vivid outline and attitude, and bright with its lasting colours. Look, then, we ask our readers, upon *this* picture, as well as on *that*; hang them together, as two vast antitheses upon canvass.

If there be a religion which has almost elevated a creature to the throne of the Creator, and withdrawn the Cross of the Redeemer behind the picture of Mary; if it violate the injunction of St. Paul, to "do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him," by substituting for the name of Jesus the name of his mother; if it mutilate the grandeur of the Intercessor, by the invocation of saints; if it blaspheme the Divine Presence, by affirming that He contracts his glory to dwell in the Elements; if it cherish idolatry by image-worship, and desecrate the Lord of Heaven by a familiarity so dreadful, that, more than a century since, a scoffer beheld a representation of Him over the altar of a chapel, in a full-bottomed wig, well powdered; if it replace the Atonement by penance, and repentance by Purgatory; if it make the word of God to be of none effect by tradition, and expound, not the gloss by the Gospel, but the Gospel by the gloss; if it proclaim the infallibility of a ruler, and bracket the council-chamber of Trent with the upper room of the Apostles; if it uphold the sanctity of relics and the fitness of falsehood; if it encourage persecution, and preach with the *façot*; if it has been ever animated by an imperial heart, and looked upon conversion and conquest as convertible terms; if it has stooped only to rise, and worn the horse-hair only to make sure of the purple; if it has cast over all this variety of superstition and error, the splendour of enthusiasm and the allurements of poetry; if it has combined the noblest achievements with the basest designs; if it has helped to decorate and to defile the world, to illuminate and to darken it; if it created a Bonner and a Fénélon; if it has fostered Raffaele, and imprisoned Galileo; if it erected St. Peter's, and invented the Inquisition; if it elicited all the wonders of genius to emblazon its home, and

paid for them by the traffic in Indulgences; if it kept the torch of Virgil burning in the night of civilisation, and closes the Bible to the eyes of the weary; if it exhibits the martyr who perished in triumph, and the bandit who purchases absolution with his plunder; if there has ever been, if there be at this time, such a religion as this, — magnificent and sordid, true and false, divine and human, — it is not very unlike what Romanism may be proved to have been, as it rose from beneath the plastic hands of its successive developers, and as it has been, and continues to be now, in every stage of its disastrous, its splendid, and its tremendous career.

We said of Mr. Newman that in his plunge into infidelity, he caught at Romanism. Since that page was written, we find that our apprehension is shared by others, — with this difference, that our remark upon the leader is expanded to embrace his party: —

"If they stay long enough to take in a fresh supply of moving power, it is quite as much as their friends in the eternal city should venture to reckon on. Their pilgrimage seems destined to the fate that Milton tells of: —

'St. Peter at heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys; . . .
. When, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse a thousand league
away
Into the devious air!'"*

It is quite clear that no system of belief, however elastic, can contain the rapidly enlarging proportions of Mr. Newman's speculation. One more spring, such as he has just made, and the Roman Catholic Directory will not hold him. He must have a red book to himself. He cannot be supposed to be blind to the imminence of his peril. He is travelling to Germany by way of Italy, and enjoying the picturesque before he settles down in the commonplace. He may take Berlin after Rome; and, perhaps, as Voltaire proffered his services to interpret Pascal, so

* Modern Hagiology, vol. i. ch. xiii.

in like manner, some aspiring Neologian may be destined to find his translator in the priest of Littlemore. For the present, he distinguishes developement from Rationalism :—

“ To develop is to receive conclusions from revealed truth, to rationalise is to receive *nothing* but conclusions from received truths ; to develop is positive, to rationalise is negative ; the essence of developement is to extend belief, of rationalism to contract it.” *

If this parallel, or contrast, be not particularly lucid, we must patiently await its commentary. At all events, the Neologians have no cause to despair ; nay, scepticism is looking up. The infidel's commodity rises in the market. Three hundred years, and the labours of modern writers have done much for its cause. For this we have a competent witness. “ Infidelity itself,” writes Mr. Newman (p. 28), “ is in a different, I am obliged to say, in a more hopeful position, as regards Christianity.” Such a result might reasonably have been expected from recent efforts ; and we cannot doubt that the new theory of composing lives of saints, after the manner of Butler or Scarron, and giving us Hudibras in a martyrology, must have proved highly effective. A great step has also been taken in the discovery (p. 73), that men may pass from infidelity to Rome, and from Rome to infidelity, “ from a conviction in both courses, that there is no tangible intellectual position between the two.” Moreover, illustrious examples are not wanting to keep changers in countenance ; they only require developing. “ St. Augustine was nine years a Manichee ; St. Basil for a time was in admiration of the Semi-arians ; St. Sulpicius gave a momentary countenance to the Pelagians ; St. Paula listened, and Malaria assented, to the Origenists.” (P. 245.)

If, therefore, this ingenious author should at a future time perceive his Romanism developing into Neology, he will only have to treat his present essay, as he has handled his former lectures on the superstition which he now professes ; reverting

with momentary self-reproach to his association with Dr. Wiseman and his reverence for Trent, and heaving a deeper sigh for his earlier abode among the corruptions of Protestantism, its fellowships, and its friends.

Do we write these things of a learned and an eloquent man, without feelings of poignant regret and commiseration ? We do not. Such a capacity, so strengthened by exercise, so brightened by reflection, so enriched by labour, who might not honour ; and for its enchantment and its obscurity, who can refuse to mourn ? If his mind be viewed only on that side which intellect illuminates, it will be found to be full of beauty and light. His sermons contain thoughts that Hooker might have brooded over, and images that Augustine himself might have loved. He touches the most familiar object with a pencil, that gives life as well as colour. If he animates new ideas, he adorns old. How happy is the comparison of baptism to the “ effect of the sun's light in place of twilight, removing the sameness or the dullness of the landscape, and bringing it out into all sorts of hues, pleasant or unpleasant, according as we profit by it or not.” † And who will not lament that the writer of these admirable remarks upon the value and use of excited feelings in religion, did not ponder over them with his own eyes, and endeavour to practise the lesson which he taught ?—

“ When sinners are first led to think seriously, strong feelings usually precede or attend their reflections about themselves. The view of their manifold sins, their guilt, &c. breaking upon them, strikes, astonishes, agitates them. Here, then, let them know the intention of all this excitement of mind in the order of Divine Providence. It is not religion itself, though it is accidentally connected with it, and may be made the means of leading them into a sound, religious course of life ; it is generally designed to be a set-off against the distastefulness and pain of doing their duty. Learn, therefore, to obey promptly these strong feelings, and as it were, the graceful beginnings of obedience—graceful and becoming in children—but in grown, spiritual men ludicrous and unseemly, as the

* Essay on Developement, p. 83.

† Sermons, vol. vi. p. 77.

sports of boyhood would be in advanced years. Hasten to use them while they last (for soon will they die away), and you may have made an effectual commencement in reformation. Many and grievous are the mistakes of men upon this head. Some look upon the turbid zeal, and fervent devotion which attend their repentance, not as, in fact, the corrupt offspring of their previously corrupt state of mind, and partly a providential provision, only temporary to encourage them to set about their amendment, but as the substance and real excellence of religion. They think to be thus agitated is to be religious ; they indulge themselves in the luxury of these warm feelings as long as they last ; and when they begin in nature to subside, they resort to the more powerful stimulants of new doctrine and strange teachers, while no advance has been made in practical religion. Others, again, on their awakening, despise plain obedience as a mere unenlightened morality, and think that they are called to some high and singular office in the Church of Christ. These mistake their duty, as those already described neglect it ; they do not waste their time in mere good thoughts and good words as others, but they are impetuously led on to wrong acts ; and that from the influence of those same strong emotions, which they have not learned to use aright, or to direct to their proper end. Now, the error of both these classes of persons is the error of the restored demoniac (Luke, viii. 38), who 'beaught Jesus' in vain that he might 'continue with him.' They desire to keep themselves in Christ's immediate presence, instead of 'returning to their own home' (as he would have them) ; i.e. the common duties of life. They must learn to live by faith, which is a calm, deliberate, rational principle, full of peace and comfort, and which sees him, and rejoices in him, though sent away from his presence to labour in the world. Let them return to their old occupations and pursuits ; they did them all before, when they lived to the world ; let them do them well now, and live to God. Let them do their duties, little as well as great, heartily for Christ's sake ; go among their friends ; shew them what God has done for them ; be an example to them, and teach them."

Our readers will not have forgotten a former expression of hope on our part that the Tractarian movement, having in its earlier stages promoted the cultivation of ecclesi-

astical learning, and contributed to raise the standard of church principles, might subside into dignified tranquillity. We trust that the agitation of Dr. Pusey will not interfere with that most desirable consummation. Yet his proceedings may well excite alarm in the minds of reflecting men. An enemy might suggest that, having provided for the religious improvement of his readers by the adaptation of Avrillon, he was about to furnish them with an enchriridion of Christian morals in a similar abridgement of Macchiavelli. He has already spoken of his friend, as only gone to labour in another part of the vineyard. This is significant. Does Dr. Pusey remain behind to get his portion of the ground into better cultivation, to complete a line from Christ Church to Oscot, and then to follow leisurely with the luggage-train ? It does not fall within our present design to dwell upon his theology. It may be true, or it may be false ; we only assert that it is not the theology of the Church of England. It insults her Articles, it contradicts her Liturgy, it violates her authority, it tampers with Scripture. Are these things to be suffered ? are they to go on ? are they to develope ? If so, let us know it and be prepared. Already Mr. Newman hints at the lawfulness of persecution. Such hints are certain to possess the characteristic of a true developement, and be conservative of the original idea. Men who utter such sentiments have the Inquisition in their eye. Already the most influential journal in Europe has called public attention to this startling revelation.* They, who smile at a confessional-box in the Oxford cathedral, should think for a moment of the terrible apparatus it would bring with it. Such keys, as Dr. Pusey talked of, are turned with a muscular wrench. They open and shut Purgatory as well as Paradise, and rule the familiar, not less than the family.

If men will sleep let them sleep in the day, not when the shadows of declining truth begin to lengthen, and the night of superstition lowers over the land. We call upon those

* See an article on the persecution of the Polish nuns in the *Times* for Thursday, February 6.

to whom the discipline of our universities is intrusted, to warn their flocks of the dangers that surround them. We say their flocks, because it is in that relation that every tutor in holy orders is bound to regard his pupils. They have not discharged their duty when they have lectured on Aristotle. We call upon them to point out the misery of even the slightest deviation from sincerity and plain dealing. We demand of them, in the name of the fathers and mothers whose children they hold as sacred deposits, to repudiate the fearful heresy that, *in certain cases, a lie is the nearest approach to truth.** Let the Jesuitical and non-natural sense of signing the Articles be designated by its proper name; let the inexperienced and venturous footstep be deterred from attempting to glide over the frozen stream upon the smooth polish of a sophism by the warning "DANGEROUS!" written in the largest letters of experience.

Lastly, we call also upon the young men themselves—those to whom the poison is administered with the most engaging seduction—to take heed unto their ways. Circe has other transformations than those of the companions of Ulysses. Esteem for bright talents, wide attainments, or unblemished sanctity, must not be suffered to conciliate favour for the theories or the doctrines which they are employed to recommend.

No piety can extenuate, however genius may embellish, a fraud. Already the voice of earnest admonition has been raised in that cathedral, where most especially it ought to be heard.

"I am sure," are the words of Bishop Wilberforce, "that a more deadly blow could not be inflicted on our Church than that the people, of whose character, thank God, sterling honesty is the distinctive feature, should have reason to suspect that their clergy believed one thing while they taught another."†

Every bond of union with such a party ought to be resolutely and immediately broken asunder. Friendship, habit, kindness, personal advantages, what are these to an uncorrupted heart and a conscience void of offence? Under cover of our own betrayers, Rome advances. Not a moment ought to be lost. Let the separation from the Jesuitism of Pusey and the developement of Newman, be instant and complete. Severe crises demand decided measures.

If private sympathies still weigh down and detain the struggling disciple,—if the anchor, encumbered by drifting weeds, will not rise to the hand,—then one course only remains, and that is to cut the cables and prepare for action at the signal, which ought now to be making from every high place of education throughout the kingdom,—"*ENEMY AT SEA.*"

* The words of Mr. Newman.

† A charge delivered to the candidates for ordination, Dec. 21, 1845.

LE JEU DE NOEL.

FROM THE NOTES OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

My first trip to Paris was made in—I have forgotten the year, but it was one in the reign of Catalani, who swayed so long and well the sceptre of the stage, it was the second season of her glory and the first night of “*La Tentation de Saint Antoine*,” and I made my way through a crowd whose pressure is still in my recollection to the overthronged pit of the Italian Opera. There was no other spot in that vast and splendid edifice where even standing room might be found; for I had come late, and the house had been filling for the last three hours. There I stood, surrounded by half Paris, in an atmosphere of at least 120° Fahr., with scarcely room to breathe, and sundry English suspicions crossing my mind at times touching the safety of my pockets and their contents; but all the crosses and trials of the hour were lost and forgotten as the curtain rose in the rich music and gorgeous scenery of that queen of operas. Now presenting the arid expansion of an Egyptian desert,—its sands, its ruins, and its pyramids, clothed with the burning glory of a southern sunset; and then the luxuriant garden of an Oriental palace, rich in fountains and in flowers, at one moment shewing in the depth of their regal darkness the court and councils of the for-ever-fallen; and the next, with harmonies not all unworthy of their harps, displaying the angel choirs that walk on rosy heights beside the fount of day; and then the dweller of the trackless sands himself, the deeply tried and the strong of purpose, what shapes of beauty, and what forms of fear rose around his world-forgotten solitude, and what voices filled the waste, till, above all, like a crowning glory, swept the still unrivalled tones of Catalani, singing the final triumph of faith and virtue.

“*C’est magnifique, monsieur!*” said an elderly, but very intelligent-looking Frenchman at my side, as the last burst of enthusiastic applause gradually died away. The speaker

was a person who, by his dress and appearance, should have been a frequenter of the front boxes; but a crowded theatre levels all distinctions for the time in France; and he had given an example of his country’s hospitality by exerting himself to make room for me. In the course of the evening’s performance we had interchanged remarks and snuff-boxes; and at this stage of the proceedings our acquaintance had advanced quite as far as that of two English families on the return of the second visit.

“It is indeed magnificent,” said I, in answer to his last observation, which was made with all the power and spirit of his theatre-loving people. “Are all your Parisian operas so splendid?”

“Ah, not all,” said my new friend, with a look far exceeding in its gratification that with which the first waiter at Mivart’s contemplates a golden *douceur*, [and, readers; I have seen no deeper delight;] but he added, with patriot pride or vanity, “Monsieur knows we have always the best things in Paris.” I, of course, assented, and he went on in a graver tone.

“What a sombre thing it is, after all the late brilliancy, to see the curtain fall! It is strange, monsieur, but I never witness that circumstance without recurring to a singular story well known in my youth, and to which I was actually an eye-witness some years before the revolution.” This preface roused my curiosity, for the love of strange stories had followed me from childhood, and, as might be expected, I was earnest in requesting my new friend for the tale. “The house is emptying slowly,” said he, “and as we will not get out easily for at least half an hour, take a seat beside me, for, thank our stars, there are seats to be had now, and you shall have it, such as it is.”

Down I sat accordingly, and some two or three persons who had lingered like ourselves to avoid the

general rush, came and did likewise, and the Frenchman proceeded:—

“I was just fifteen, and it was Christmas time in the year 1787; my friend, the young Marquis de Marigny, had invited me to spend some time with him at Versailles, and I was nothing loath to exchange the discipline of the Jesuit college for the court festivities, which were at that season peculiarly attractive. Never, indeed, had the gay Christmas time been more joyously celebrated in that courtly city: nobles poured from the provinces, and strangers from the frontier. Balls, theatres, and concerts, of the most brilliant description, succeeded each other more rapidly than I can remember; and all was glorious to me, for it was almost my first taste of life; but Christmas-day at last arrived, and its evening was devoted to a magnificent masquerade, given at the palace on a scale of extraordinary liberality; all comers, in fact, were welcome, and as there was little scrutiny and much disguise, the company were extremely numerous. My friend and I, of course, were there; but we had agreed on disguising ourselves from each other, in order to test our respective powers of recognition. I had arrived late in the garb of a brother of St. Francis, and for some time perambulated in vain the apartments of that apparently interminable palace; but amongst all their motley groups of well and ill-disguised figures I could not discover the marquis.

“Hours had elapsed, and I had grown weary in the fruitless search, when in one of the most crowded saloons, I was suddenly accosted by a Benedictine nun in the usual masquerade style, ‘Holy brother, what is your opinion of these profane and worldly amusements?’

“I was about to reply, when she added in a whisper, ‘Turn to the apartment called the Rose Cabinet on the right, where you will find the Marquis de Marigny, and tell him that the play in the Rue de Savonier is about to commence.’

“Before I had time to inquire the meaning of her message, the nun was to my sight among the evering multitude; but I still recollected at the voice, though unknown had a very unfeminine sound,

and who that nun was I have never since been able to discover. However, I soon found the Rose Cabinet, a small and beautiful apartment of Marie Antoinette's own choosing, and so called because its ceiling was ornamented with a rich painting of the Eastern Feast of Roses, whilst the floor and walls represented in their carpet and tapestry the riches of summer's garland in every possible variety, from the deep purple of the African to the fading snow of the funeral rose.

“Within it I found seated on a low divan a group who seemed to have retired for social conversation; but various as their disguises were, I knew them all; for in the ease of the moment they had taken off their masques. The Duke of Orleans was there like a knight Templar, clad in armour; and Madame de Genlis, no doubt, with her usual complaisance to his taste, habited as a dame of the twelfth century; beside the lady stood her pupil, the duke's eldest son, as Cupid, with wing and dart; and Madame Elizabeth, in the humility of her taste, wore the garb of the Sisters of Charity; whilst a Turkish sultana, who still wore her masque, sat conversing with an ancient Roman citizen, but well I knew that his tones were those of De Marigny.

“My friend was five years older than myself; but there were few, even at Versailles, like him, stately, and tall, and handsome; he was, in air and person, and in mind brave as a hero, and wise as a philosopher; besides, he was a true lover of liberty and a believer in her coming, then so ardently expected by the best and wisest of our land; for the age was full of promise, and De Marigny was faithful in his generation, for he would have willingly laid down rank, and fortune, and honours, to pave a highway for her chariot. He had no relations but an old and widowed aunt, by whom he had been brought up; yet all classes loved the marquis, for he was good, and far above the silly prejudices and paltry pride which characterised too many of our old noblesse. His fortune was ample, and his family might rank with the best in France; but it is gone from among us now, for the marquis was the last, and he never married, it was

said, for the sake of one whom he might not think to wed, the Princess Matilda of England, whom he had seen at her father's court just before she sailed to share the crown of Denmark, perhaps not dreaming then of the grave so soon to close over her youth, and the blot that fell so darkly on her royal name; it might have been but a whisper of the court gossips, for the marquis never mentioned it to me, though I had his confidence in all other matters, and we were friends from childhood, but many a true tale is untold.

"I took the opportunity of a pause in their conversation to approach De Marigny, and give him the nun's message; he recognised me immediately, and rose with a most respectful adieu to the masqued sultana, and a sign for me to follow him, and was turning to the door when the duke suddenly stopped him with, 'Whither so fast, most noble Roman? we little imagined that the descendants of Æneas were so far subject to the cord and cowl of St. Francis as to leave even a sultana's converse at the bidding of a monk.'

" 'Valiant Templar,' said De Marigny, who could be gallant at times, as he was frank in speech, 'the rose of royal grace and full moon of beauty should be but poorly entertained with far more brilliant company than mine; but, to drop masquerading,' he added, 'as your highness has dropped your masque, my monastic friend and I are going to a petty theatre established in the Rue de Savonier, which, if all tales be true, has mysteries enough to fill much wiser heads with curiosity.'

" 'What is remarkable about it, monsieur?' said the sultana, in a voice whose clear and silvery tones I still remember, and could even then guess.

" 'Why, madame,' said the marquis, in the same respectful manner with which he always addressed that masque, 'it is a moveable concern, and said to be the property of a travelling Italian, or perhaps a charlatan who comes here only once a-year, and has done so at the Christmas holidays ever since the birth of the Dauphin, punctually taking his departure on the Jour de l'Anée. It is added, that where he spends the intervening time remains unknown,

but Christmas always finds him at Versailles with his little portable theatre, established in the same spot, a corner of the Rue de Savonier; he is manager and proprietor himself; but who his actors are is yet a mystery, for none are ever seen, nor indeed does the stage present any scenery whatever; the benefit of the audience, it seems, lies all in hearing. The theatre can accommodate comparatively few; yet I am told it is always crowded by the lowest of the people, who pour from Paris for the sole purpose of attending it; and they say,' continued the marquis, 'that none who ever witness will forget the performance.'

" 'We'll go, De Marigny,—by heavens! we'll go. What say you, sister of the Sun?' said the Duke of Orleans, addressing the sultana, who shook her head, and for a moment seemed to hesitate; then, rising, whispered something to the duke, which of course we could not hear, but his highness's reply was in a louder key.

" 'Ah, nothing easier, we go in our masques, of course; De Marigny will provide us in hackney-coaches; won't you, marquis?'

"My friend nodded assent, though I thought him, but why I could not guess, less anxious to oblige than usual; for De Marigny was always a willing assistant in every frolic of his friends, which we, of course, considered the visit to Le Jeu de Noël, as it was called. However, all was arranged in a few minutes, for even the ladies seemed eager to go, and a couple of hackney-coaches being provided by De Marigny, we all slipped out by a small postern which opened from the palace-garden, and with masks firmly fastened, and high glee at the adventure, away we drove to the Rue de Savonier.

"The street was an obscure one, and but dimly lighted by a single lamp, which burned before its crucifix, for gas had not yet enlightened the cities of Europe. The night was keen with intense frost, but bright with a thousand stars; and we found the neighbourhood thronged with hundreds, though, as De Marigny observed, apparently belonging to what we then called the *cannaille*, hurrying like ourselves to that attractive theatre. It was a portable wooden fabric, like those with which itinerant players

are accustomed to perambulate the provinces, which, when fairly set up, form pretty substantial edifices, and can be removed at a quarter of an hour's notice. We had some difficulty in finding room, for the house was densely crowded, but that might be accounted for by the terms of admission being three sous for the boxes, two for the pit, and one for the gallery; for the arrangements were perfect, though on a small scale, but it had only one entrance, at which stood the Italian himself, in his double capacity of manager and door-keeper. He was a small active-looking man, dressed in an ultra-fashionable style, with long queue and flash jewellery, and a countenance that would have been strikingly handsome but for an expression of mingled craft and keen penetration which blended with the never-varying smile of welcome bestowed on all comers.

"It is strange," continued the narrator, "that though many chequered years have passed since that period, with all their troubled and stirring scenes, the smallest circumstance connected with that night's adventure, then deemed so trifling, remains indelibly written in my memory; and I still recollect, though it might have been the work of imagination, the look of malicious recognition with which he marshalled us to the boxes; but whether imaginary or not, it had a singular effect on all our party; for, in spite of their masques, I could perceive they felt strangely disconcerted, especially the sultana, and even the duke,—though he tried to assume his usual careless air, and enjoy the general surprise which our appearance excited,—evidently wished himself safe back in the palace; but the Italian closed with the announcement, that the house could accommodate no more, and at the same time gave the signal for the play to commence, by ringing a small bell which he held in his hand.

"The dark curtain which hid the stage still remained unlifted, and indeed seemed fastened down; but from behind it came a rushing sound like the march of a moving city, thousands on thousands of trampling feet, and wild shouts, words of fury, and hate, and vengeance, sent up by countless voices, till they grew into

a tumult so tremendous that we thought all France might hear. Then came the clash of weapons, the uproar of a conflict, and the thunder of cannon; but, above all, we could hear the cry, 'Vive la Liberté!'—'Down with the Bastille!' I heard it, messieurs, as plain as I hear my own voice now; not a feeble theatrical imitation, but near and strong, as if conveyed to our ears in all its terrible reality, the noise of some old embattled fortress assailed by a fierce and fearless multitude. The cannon ceased in a few minutes, and then cheer after cheer made the very walls round us tremble, and we felt it was the joy of a people in their victory; but amongst the thousand cries, some for retribution of past wrong, and others of wild congratulation, as if to men set free. We could catch the words, 'Here are the bones from the lower dungeons!'—'Death to the tools of tyranny!'—'Destruction to the accursed hold!'—'Level it, brothers!—Level it to the ground!' There was a rushing forth and a sound of combined labour, like what thousands of masons and miners might make if working together with all their instruments. We heard the removal of heavy stones, the falling of walls, and the toppling down of turrets, and another prolonged and piercing shout which said that the work was done, and the Bastille demolished for ever. The curtain moved, and quivered from top to bottom; and the Italian, who had hitherto stood in front, calmly surveying the effect of his invisible play on the audience, with his wonted smile and a profound bow, said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first act.'

"There was silence for some minutes, so deep that we could hear each other's respiration; for every sense seemed merged into that of the ear, and never before had I imagined the perceptive power which dwelt in that wondrous organ.

"Again, there came a sound of hurrying steps, like the tread of coming thousands; but now they seemed pouring into some vast chamber or hall of assembly. We could distinguish the various sounds produced by the entrance of a crowd, the noise of opening doors, the tramp of feet on the floor, and even the people taking their seats, but the din ra-

pidly subsided, and then we heard a voice distinctly reading the order of the day which styled the assembly the National Convention. There was something of fearful interest in feeling, as we all did, with the force of actual truth, that only that coarse dark curtain divided us from a mighty, though invisible assembly, whose every word and movement were so plainly heard; but how composed or summoned, God knows, for we could never learn. This feeling rose to an overpowering degree, when another voice, which I knew not then, in clear and very audible tones, delivered a decree of the Convention, by which all rank, names, and titles of nobility and priesthood, were abolished for ever in France. Messieurs, I lived, and so did others of our company, to hear that decree, long after read under the broad noonday sun in an assembly of living men; and it was our unanimous belief that both its words, and the voice which read them, were the same; but even at the moment the effect on our party was electric. De Marigny started from his seat with a gesture of wild joy, as if all his visions of the victorious march of liberty had been at last realised; but he was recalled to himself by the thunder of deafening acclamation that burst from the invisible multitude; and as it ceased, the Italian who still kept his former place, with another bow and smile, informed us that this was the second act.

"Even as he spake there came from the shrouded stage a mingled murmur of many voices, like the sound of some far-off tumult that swelled as it came nearer; at times it sunk away, and then we heard strong and earnest voices that seemed to reason deeply; but, again, it grew into a very Babel of confusion. Some of the voices were familiar in their tones, but others were strange, stranger far were the things they uttered. There were words of bitter and boundless scorn of all that mankind regarded, in throne, in hearth, and in altar, of powers held sacred in the reverence of ages, and of rights which generations had found and left unquestioned. And there were brief but half-told tales of the deep strong heart's devotion; and bursts of unbounded hope, whose promise

time could never fulfil; there were pæans of triumph that had in them the waving of all the Delphian laurels, blended with sounds of frantic strife and imprecations of relentless fury; and still, through the varying tumult, growing more frequent. Through all its changes there fell on our ears a dull heavy clank, like no sound of earth that I had ever heard, except the descending axe of the guillotine.

"By degrees the noise decreased, and the sounds grew more definite, but they were changed, and now seemed to be those of some great and important trial held in a city's crowded court, and before a supreme tribunal, which that dingy curtain covered from our view. At first we could catch but faint and broken outlines of the proceedings, through the noise of the crowd within and the wilder clamour without, but think how felt that party of masqueraders from the palace of Versailles to hear a voice proclaiming, 'The capital indictment of Louis Capet, formerly called King of France.' The clamour still continued, and nothing reached us but confused sentences from the court, lost at times amid the loud applause, or no less violent disapproval of the listening throng, but my eye involuntarily turned on the sultana, who sat bending forward as if to catch the tones of a low and sad, but firm voice that still went on reading what seemed a long defence; it ceased at last, and we heard another say, 'Let the sentence be decided by vote.'

"There was a dead silence, like the pause of a thoughtful moment, falling on a maddened multitude; but, messieurs, the horrors of that moment I shall never forget, for, from amidst that viewless court, clear and audible came the very voice of the Duke of Orleans, saying, 'Citizens, I vote for death.' Instinctively I cast a look on the living man by my side, —masque and all, he seemed actually paralysed. Then came a sound like the rising of a crowded house and a din of approving voices; but through it sounded a shriek so loud, and long, and piercing, that it seemed the very outbreak of pent-up fear and horror, and the masqued sultana dropped as if struck by lightning from her seat. Another instant,

and De Marigny and I had borne her to the door, which the Italian opened with the rapidity of thought. 'Give her air,' said he, and I unfastened her masque; the lady was already reviving, but the broad light, flashing from that open door, fell full upon the ghastly and horror-stricken features, and well I knew them, for it was the Queen Maria Antoinette.

"The first act of her returning powers was to take the masque from my hand, as she said, 'Fasten it again, monsieur, and many thanks for the service you have rendered me; but call the coach immediately, for I wish to return to the palace.' By this time Madame de Genlis, with the duke and his son, were beside us; and the people, who were now pouring from the theatre, crowded round, anxious to learn the explanation of so strange an occurrence. I, of course, hastened to call our vehicles, into which the whole party stepped; but when about to take my place, I discovered that De Marigny had left us, and requesting them to drive on without me, I followed him into the half-empty theatre, for there he was, in earnest conversation with the Italian, who wore the same smile, and bowed low as my friend said hastily, 'Ten thousand francs, signior, for one peep behind that curtain?'

"'It is a large price, monsieur,' remarked the imperturbable manager.

"'It is, but I will pay it,' said De Marigny; 'Signior, I am serious.'

"'I hope so,' said the Italian, approaching him and speaking low. 'Monsieur, there are few that have seen that sight; but I agree, for your offer is handsome, though it cannot be done before this rabble; but, an hour hence, the street will be cleared; come then, and bring your friend, if you please.'

"At this moment one of the postillions arrived out of breath, to tell us that our company had requested us to come, and would wait no longer. We knew they could not be detained, and were evidently unwilling to go without us, as I believe, from a vague apprehension of danger. Therefore, go we must, and the last words I heard from the Italian was a warning to be punctual. 'With the ten thousand francs,' murmured De Ma-

igny, as we took our places in the coach. We reached the palace in safety and unobserved, for our absence had not been more than an hour; but the sultana and the Templar were seen no more in the masquerade that night; as for De Marigny and me, we perambulated the rooms for some time, and took the opportunity of the company going to supper to hasten to the house of the marquis, where we changed our dresses, and half wild with curiosity and expectation, were once more in the Rue de Savonier, provided with 'the one thing needful,' at least fifteen minutes before the appointed time. It was now a quarter to twelve; the lamp was still burning before the crucifix; but there was neither step nor stir in the street, so thronged but an hour before; and when we reached the spot where it had stood, there was neither sign nor trace of the Italian or his theatre. All were gone, and the solitary corner lay dark and cold between the old brick houses; and had it not been for the traces of many feet in the thawing ground where such numbers had trodden, we could scarcely have believed that the place was indeed the same. Terrible was our disappointment; but scarce had we turned from the spot, when a party of gendarmes approached it and examined it with the greatest care. Like ourselves they were too late, and for weeks and months after a secret and silent search was carried on through all France, but at length given up as hopeless, for nothing ever transpired to throw light on that mysterious transaction. But from that period the whole court remarked that a growing enmity subsisted between the royal family and the Duke of Orleans.

"The Italian never returned to Versailles, nor was he ever seen in any other city of Europe, at least as far as we could learn; and who the actors were in that dark and fearful drama our search could never discover, for time, that so terribly fulfilled its omens, brought no explanation of its mystery.

"De Marigny never lost hopes of finding the Italian, and sought him over all the continent, through the storms and changes of his after years. In the early glories of the revolution he took an active part, for his

heart was true to the world's old love of liberty; but when the Jacobins came into power, and blood began to flow, he went down to his family château in Normandy, with a supply of gunpowder, which he caused to be stored in the vaults, then paid off all his servants, and sent them away with the exception of one young page, who would not leave him. For many an hour the peasantry saw the lights flashing from window to window, and the figures of the marquis and his page passing from vault to turret-chamber, like those who sought for hidden treasure, or to look their last on haunts they might see no more; but at midnight De Marigny and the youth rode out together. The marquis carried the keys of his castle in one hand, and a flaming brand in the other, and, saying that there would never again be peace or justice in France, he threw the torch on the ground, before his father's gate, where his own hands had laid the train, and then rode fast away, followed by his faithful page. The country round was shaken that night as if by an earthquake, for the stately

château of De Marigny was blown from its foundations, and the morning sun rose upon its shapeless, blackened ruins, but neither De Marigny nor his page were ever seen on French ground after.

"And I have lived to be a spectator, though not an unconcerned one, of scenes more strange and terrible than all the nameless voices of that wild night prophesied, and to find the evening of my days falling on still ominous and troubled times. Years have darkened around, friends have passed from me, and the haunts of youth lie, like far and sunny isles, which my bark can reach no more; but there is one spot still green, with its early attraction to my steps, and that," said the worthy narrator, with a rather comic expression gathering over the momentary gravity of his countenance, "is the box, pit, or gallery—for, observe, I am not particular—of a Parisian theatre; but, believe me, *messieurs*, I never see the curtain fall, or enter while it remains unlifted, without remembering, in all its mysterious power, *le Jeu de Noël*."

TO ONE WHO WAS MOVED TO TEARS AT SIGHT OF IMHOFF'S
STATUE OF HAGAR AT ROME.

I.

Oh! turn not aside, nor that tear conceal,
Should thy manhood blush, because *thou* canst feel?
Whilst yet unconscious Jerusalem slept
 'Neath her fated wall,
 Predicting her fall,
The eyes of a God — of a Saviour wept.

II.

If e'er Man's nature reveal the divine,
And something of God in the mortal shine,
Not science, not beauty that spark may disclose;
 But the sigh that tells
 That a kind heart swells,¹
And the eye that fills for another's woes.

Naples, May 30, 1845.

J. M. M.

PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON.

No. III.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS.

CHAPTER V.

Situation of the contending Parties.—Field-Marshal Alvinzy advances to the Relief of Mantua.—Combats of Citadella and Caldiero.—Battle of Arcole.—General Clerk's Mission into Italy, and Attempt at Negotiation.

ANOTHER series of victories had been gained, hostile armies had again been dispersed; but the faulty principles on which the victors had based their operations prevented their situation from being improved by the success which they had achieved. Nor were the advantages followed up in a manner that could atone for previous error. Marshal Wurmser, instead of being closely confined within the walls of Mantua, and forced to subsist on the stores of the fortress, which would probably have obliged him to surrender by the end of October, was allowed to retain possession of the Seraglio, a considerable district of country, to extend his foraging parties far and wide, even beyond the Po, and to receive supplies from the surrounding country. When we consider how closely the sanguinary chance-games of Arcole and Rivoli were afterwards balanced, we are brought to the conviction, which every page of Napoleon's history forces upon us, that battle and an appeal to the exertions of brave soldiers was his only, as it was his constant resource, in all situations of difficulty. There were many circumstances which at this time tended to render the situation of the French army of Italy very precarious, notwithstanding the victories they had gained. The republican government mistrusted the court of Turin; they could not prevail upon the King of Sardinia to join them in the war against Austria, without relinquishing a greater share of the spoil than they were disposed to part with. The mountainous frontiers between France and Piedmont were also infested at this time by a number of plundering bands, composed of smugglers and disbanded soldiers, and known by the name of Barbets, who

were supposed to be encouraged or tolerated, at least, by the Sardinian government, which was also believed to be in close and friendly communication with the court of Vienna. The relations with Genoa were on no better footing.

Lombardy was still tranquil; but though the French were popular with the middle classes, a fierce spirit of hostility was entertained against them by the peasantry, nobility, and clergy—ample cause for apprehension in case of future disaster. The provisional government of Milan had, however, raised a corps of 3000 men, which, though not admitted into the French line, helped to render some of the detached corps of the French army disposable.

The Directory were at this moment keenly alive to the necessity of concluding a peace; and as they were determined to retain Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine, their intention was to restore Lombardy to the emperor, as an equivalent; they did not, therefore, encourage any revolutionary proceedings in Italy. Bologna, Ferrara, and Rovigo had, as related, placed themselves under provisional governments; and Napoleon, disregarding the treaty he had concluded with the Grand Duke of Modena, superseded the ducal regency by a provisional government of his own choosing, and combined the four provinces in a federal union, under a representative government. This government also raised a corps of 2000 or 3000 men for the service of the republic.

The Directory disapproved greatly of these proceedings; but as every thing appeared to have originated with the States themselves, things were allowed to remain as they were.

The benefits which the French de-

rived from these arrangements were counterbalanced by the augmented hatred excited against them in the hearts of the other party, and which the first turn of fortune would be sure to call into activity. The Pope and the King of Naples could turn the scales against the Republicans. The Neapolitans were still in arms, and their forces were assembled on the frontiers; the Roman government, more clear-sighted than the other Italian governments, had resisted all the insolent demands lately made by the French, and continued its military preparations. It was probable that both powers would declare themselves; and allowing that they could only bring 30,000 men into the field, it was evident that such an army striking-in along with the next advance of the Austrians, would liberate Mantua, clear Lombardy, and replace things exactly where they had been at the opening of the campaign. The good fortune of Napoleon averted the danger. The defeat of Wurmser and the flight of Jourdan, which events happened about the same time, accelerated the peace with Naples. The news of the first-mentioned action naturally reached Naples before the other, and the terrified court instantly sent orders directing the Neapolitan minister at Paris to conclude a peace at all costs; and as the Directory had on their part been rendered very pliant by the defeats sustained in Germany, matters were soon arranged. The treaty was signed on the 10th of October, and the King of Naples retired from the scene at the very time when Fortune was inviting him to act a great and brilliant part.

The pope, judging rightly enough that his fate was decided upon, as we know from Napoleon's letters that it was, continued his preparations, expecting, no doubt, to be assisted by Austria, as he was evidently too feeble to act an independent part.

It may well be supposed that Napoleon, thus encompassed by foes, pressed hard for reinforcements, and we consequently find that 26,000 men were gradually sent into Italy. When they arrived is not mentioned, as many were, no doubt, drafts from the regimental dépôts. On this subject his mendacity exceeds its usual

extravagance; and as he addresses the government, who could hardly fail to know the truth, it shews, also, with what extreme contempt he regarded them. Writing on the 14th November, on the eve of the battle of Arcole, he says, "Not a day passes without bringing 5000 men to the Austrian army; and though our want of reinforcements has been known for two months and more, we have only received a single battalion of the 40th,—bad troops, not accustomed to fire." In his *Memoirs* he says, on the other hand, "The Directory promised much, and performed little; they sent twelve battalions, however, which arrived at Milan during the months of September and October." That there could be no great error in the last statement is certain, for at the end of October his army had again 42,000 men effective in the field, notwithstanding the losses it must have sustained during the previous operations. The army was, probably, in good order at this time, as all the resources of the country were at the disposal of the victor, who, it seems, sent 20,000,000 livres to Paris for the use of the government.

It was during the period of which we are speaking that Corsica was reunited to France. Some supplies, together with a body of Corsican patriots, having been embarked at Leghorn, obtained for Napoleon the honour of this conquest also: but from his letters to the Directory it is evident that he took little interest in the affairs of his native island, and made no particular exertion for its recovery.

Though the letters written at this particular moment by order of government, bear testimony of far greater honesty of purpose than those of Napoleon, the Directory were determined, nevertheless, to shew that on some points they could descend to the level of their general. Marshal Wurmser happening to be a native of one of the lately conquered provinces on the left bank of the Rhine, they passed a decree declaring him liable to be arraigned as an emigrant. This act of republican legislation was sent to Napoleon, and it was intimated to him that he might threaten the Austrian field-marshal with its execution if the latter con-

tinued to delay the surrender of Mantua. It does not appear that any attempt was made to intimidate a man of honour by such unworthy proceedings. Napoleon's project of burning Trieste, though objected to in the first instance, was too congenial to the spirit which animated the French government of the period to be altogether lost upon them. After Wurmser's defeat the general is, therefore, desired to acquaint the Emperor of Austria, that such a measure will be immediately resorted to unless an ambassador is sent to Paris for the purpose of concluding a peace. Napoleon obeyed, and addressed a letter to the emperor, written in the real *carmagnole* style, which so well accorded with the Vandal threat it contained. No answer was ever sent, and it may be a question whether it was delivered. During the interval of repose of which we have been speaking, Napoleon resided principally at Milan; and though he was the conqueror and absolute ruler of the country, he was more on the level of ordinary society, and more within the reach of observation, than at any subsequent period of his life; and it is known to many who, like the author of these sketches, had afterwards opportunities of mixing in Italian society, that the most intellectual members of that society looked upon him as a man of moderate capacity and of very limited information. Those who thought so, however, were silent, while sycophants and panegyrists were loud enough, and with the world at large the loudest talkers generally carry the day.

Having seen how the French were situated, let us observe how matters stood with the Austrians, when they prepared for their third invasion of Lombardy. In Germany success had crowned their efforts. Jourdan had been defeated, and Morcau forced to retire. The troops which had guarded the northern passes of the Tyrol thus became disposable, and were enabled to join Davidowitch, who had reformed his army in that province after the rout of Calliano. In Friuli, Quasdanowitch, who had been separated from Wurmser at the battle of Bassano, had assembled the remnants of his corps behind the Piava. Both generals were rapidly

reinforced; regiments were brought from the interior of Austria, new corps raised, the dépôts were emptied, and all recruits and convalescents fit for service hurried on to their respective battalions, so that by the end of October nearly 50,000 men were ready for the field. Marshal Alvinzy was placed in command of this hastily collected force. As the principal divisions of the French army were stationed at Trent, Bassano, Verona, and Villa Franca, the Austrians must have known, independently of their frequent communication with Mantua, that the fortress was not closely blockaded, and in no very immediate danger; and yet with this knowledge clearly before them, they hurried this new army on to its relief, without a single fair ground on which a prospect of success could be founded.

The Austrians could bring about 40,000 into action; but the long series of defeats had avowedly injured the *morale* of the old troops, from whom the new ones would naturally take their tone and feeling. The French, leaving 10,000 or 12,000 men to observe Mantua, and acting on a theatre of war of extraordinary strength, could take the field with about 30,000, all tried soldiers, emboldened by victory and by the confidence they placed in themselves and their leaders,—advantages that far overbalanced the numerical superiority of four to three, which their adversaries possessed. Nor was there any good reason for believing that the new commander would be able to atone for the deficiency of his army. It is evident that Alvinzy belonged to the same class with Wurmser and Beaulieu: like them, he was a brave, able, and honourable man; but, like them, he was without the high energy of character and fiery genius which could alone rally the sinking spirit of an army, rekindle the hopes and aspirations of the brave, and carry the whole mass, torrent like, along with him in a daring and gallant career. Fortune smiled upon his first efforts, and boldness might have won her; but it was wanting, and the goddess having shewn the leaders of mighty hosts who was the real disposer of victory, returned to her first favourite, to abide at his will till,—

"By gazing on himself grown blind,
He taught the rest to see."

According to the new plan of operations proposed by the Austrians, the main body of their army, consisting of about 25,000 men under the field-marshal himself, was to advance towards Bassano and the Brenta, while Davidowitch, with 14,000 men, should attack Trent, force the pass of Calliano, and then aid, as circumstances might best direct, the main army in striking a decisive blow in the neighbourhood of Verona. Marshal Wurmser was to support the movement by a general sally from Mantua. The difficulty of making separate corps act in perfect concert and fall on at the proper time and place renders all such complicated operations extremely precarious, however much they may heighten success and augment the trophies of victory when the day is won. But to win the day must be the first object sought for; and the Austrians evidently threw away their best chance of success when they neglected to combine their army before they fought a general action. Events had surely rendered it apparent that the French army was far more active and movable than their own, and more capable of executing rapid manœuvres. A stand-up battle, fought in open field, and with all forces, was their game, for it would have given them the benefit of the acknowledged steadiness of their troops, of the tactical training of the soldiers, and of their power of moving with accuracy. In such a field, also, their numerical superiority would have told to advantage, instead of being frittered away between separate corps, whose partial success brought no gain to the general cause. The Austrians courted defeat at the outset, and were yet nearly proving successful.

Napoleon, apprehensive that Davidowitch might fall with superior numbers on General Vaubois, who was stationed at Trent with his division, ordered him to drive in the Austrian posts and alarm them for their own safety. This measure, at the very moment when operations were about to commence, naturally led to the result which it was intended to avert. Vaubois attacked

the Austrians at St. Michael on the 2d November without any decisive result; the consequence was that the Austrians concentrated their forces and fell upon him on the 3d and again on the 6th and 7th, and hit him so severely that he was driven from Trent, Calliano, and Mori. Here Davidowitch, astonished no doubt at the giant strides he had made, thought proper to halt and remain inactive for eight days, at the very time when minutes were worth ages. The cause of this incomprehensible delay, which occasioned the failure of the whole enterprise, has never been explained. The Austrians, who have so fairly and liberally furnished the documents necessary for a right understanding of these campaigns, have left this difficult point still in the dark. On the 17th November Davidowitch awakened from his stupor and attacked the French in the position of Rivoli; the Republicans were again defeated, and, as it would seem, with great loss; they fell back to Castello Nova, where they were next day followed by the Austrians, who were thus close in rear of Napoleon's left wing and within a single march of Mantua. And where now, when victory was in sight, were the field-m Marshals? where was Alvinzy, and where Wurmser? The answer is a sad one; but the tale, however afflicting, must be told, and many a tale of woe must follow before we see the light of hope and gladness break through the dark gloom which these reverses cast over the political horizon of Europe.

On the 5th November Alvinzy reached the Brenta, the French troops giving way before him. Napoleon, though informed of Vaubois' ill-success on the 3d, determined nevertheless to save the foe the trouble of a longer march, and to advance himself to a very dangerous distance indeed from his basis of operation and give them the meeting. He attacked them at Citadella on the 6th, but was forced, after a severe struggle, to withdraw from the combat. He informs us, indeed, that this was owing solely to Vaubois' second defeat and the capture of Mori by the Austrians, the news of which reached head-quarters at two o'clock on the morning of the 7th.

Unfortunately for this statement, Mori is fifty miles from Bassano, and was only taken on the forenoon of that very day. Napoleon fell back to Verona, and was slowly followed by the Austrians, who, on the 11th, established themselves at Villa Nova, thus putting almost an end to their own forward movement. With Verona and Legnano, both capable of making some resistance, in their front, with the Adige to be forced under the very guns of so formidable and well-prepared an enemy as the one they had to encounter, it is really not easy to see what they could expect to achieve; but what they could not do for themselves the enemy was nearly doing for them.

Prince Hohenzollern, who commanded the Austrian advanced guard, informed Alvinzy that, owing to the success of Davidowitch, the French were in full retreat across the Mincio; in consequence of which he recommended that Verona should be instantly attacked. The field-marshal paused upon this project, and as it was strongly objected to by the chief of the staff, a *reconnaissance* was determined upon. A body of about 5000 men advanced almost close to the walls of Verona, while another brigade took post on the heights of Caldiero to cover their retreat in case of accidents. The precaution was a salutary one, for Napoleon no sooner perceived this threatened onset than he brought out his divisions and drove the Austrians back on this support. The troops now assembled in the strong position of Caldiero amounted to about 8000 men, and these also it was resolved to dislodge. Alvinzy, however, determined to risk a general action for their support, and when, on the morning of the 12th, the French, after failing to force the position in front, turned it on both flanks, they found themselves assailed in their turn by the whole of the Austrian army; they were forced to retire, leaving a few guns and about a thousand prisoners in the hands of the enemy. This was a victory, no doubt, but not of a character to break either the moral or the physical force of the French army, or very much to raise the courage and confidence of the victors. Napoleon says that a heavy shower of sleet

and rain induced him to break off the battle. As sleet and rain would tell as much against one party as against the other, it is more likely that the unlooked-for appearance of Alvinzy, who fell on the flank of the divisions which were turning Caldiero, decided the measure. Falsehood would seem to have been so congenial to this extraordinary man, that he could hardly speak the truth even when it told to his advantage. At this time Davidowitch was, as the reader will recollect, recovering from the astonishment into which his own victories had thrown him, while within the walls of Mantua, Wurmser was tranquilly awaiting the result of what others should achieve in his favour.

Napoleon's position at Verona was so strong and central that to have awaited the attacks of the enemy would probably have been his best policy; for, unless they struck in perfect concert, at exactly the same time, they were not likely to effect much against him. On the other hand, any movement on his part, either to his front or left, was giving one of his adversaries an opening. If he moved to the front against Alvinzy, he left an opening for Davidowitch; if he moved against the latter, the former had it in his power to pass the Adige unmolested; if he moved away to his right, he gave both his adversaries an advantage; and yet this was the move he made, and such is war that it proved successful. A proof, we shall be told, that genius is superior to rules; but war has only principles and no rules, and a mere challenging of fortune, however successful, is no evidence of genius, as this very tale should prove.

During the night between the 14th and 15th of November bridges were thrown over the Adige at Ronco, about eight miles below Verona, and a sufficient force having been left to defend that town against an off-handed attack, the whole army began their march towards the point of passage before daybreak on the morning of the 15th. As the troops proceeded at first by the Mantua road, they could not, we are told, immediately comprehend the object of a march which seemed to indicate a retrograde movement, and it was only when their conversion to

the left was effected that the blaze of their leader's genius and the sublime conception of which we have now to speak, flashed fully upon their benighted minds.

"Then it was," says the imperial historian himself, "that officers and soldiers who had traversed these districts when in pursuit of Wurmser, began to perceive the intentions of their general. 'He intends,' they said, 'to turn Caldiero, which cannot be stormed, by a front attack; unable to contend in open plain with only 13,000 men against 40,000, he is transferring his battle-field to causeways surrounded by vast marshes, where numbers will not avail, and where every thing will be decided by the bravery of the heads of columns.'"

If the reader will have the kindness to divest his mind of the recollection, that the *strategical monologue* here ascribed by Napoleon to his army has been seriously repeated, not merely by the crowd of ordinary writers, but by men of high talents and the greatest and best deserved literary fame, then will his own smile furnish the only comment which it can require. Of some of the assertions, however, we must say a word.

Unless we suppose Napoleon to have lost nine or ten thousand men in the actions of Bassano and Caldiero, which would be out of all question, the divisions of Massena, Angereau, Macquiere, Guyeux, the reserve and the cavalry must still, by his own previous shewing, have amounted to at least 20,000 men; nor was it possible for Alvinzy, from the number with which he took the field, to have above 2000 or 3000 more. But, leaving this exaggeration of numbers entirely untouched, as the practice is much too frequent with all modern generals, it certainly required the assurance of Napoleon Buonaparte to assert in the face of the world, that an advance upon narrow causeways afforded the assailants an advantage over the defenders, and that to contract the opening by which an enemy was to be struck at was a benefit to the attacking instead of the attacked party. The head of a column composed of forty or fifty modern infantry soldiers could, of course, effect absolutely nothing against masses; and,

to pass over altogether the frightful enflading lines that causeways must often present to the fire of artillery, there is not a cultivated marsh land on the face of the globe, from the Delta of the Ganges to the fens of Holland and Lincolnshire, in which a single causeway could be found that would not by branch causeways, roads, outlets, and adjoining patches of dry ground, offer ample opportunities for the defenders to extend their front and fire in a manner ruinous to the advance of any column, however brave: as indeed Napoleon was about to experience. We are bound to add, however, even for his own credit, that the whole of this pretended project which he ascribes to himself was, by his own shewing, a mere after-thought, resulting from the events that accidentally took place. His intention was to turn the position of Caldiero and to attack the Austrians in their left flank. The causeways *led into the open plains* round the position where he intended to fight, and therefore he followed them; and he tells us himself that he was greatly chagrined when it was discovered, from the steeple of Ronco, that the Austrians were leaving their ground and making a counter movement, so as to present a front instead of a flank to the advancing foe.

The French army having crossed the Adige on the morning of the 15th, advanced in two columns along the two causeways leading in the direction of Caldiero. Massena's division took the left and followed the causeway that opens into the plains at Porcil, and ended their easy day's work by driving out the few Austrian light troops that occupied the village; but at Arcole sterner doings were in progress.

The right column, with which was Napoleon himself, moved along the causeway leading up the right bank of the Alpon, a small river which falls into the Adige at Ronco. This river is rarely fordable late in autumn, but is crossed by a bridge at the village of Arcole, where the causeway leading out of the marshes leaves the right bank and ascends along the left. It therefore became necessary to obtain the command of this bridge if the movement was to be proceeded with, and it was for the

possession of this post that the three days' sanguinary combat of Arcole was fought.

The Austrians, though not surprised as pretended, offered at first but slight resistance to the advance



of the columns through the marshes; but there is a causeway along the left of the Alpon as well as upon the right; and for about a mile below Arcole, this left dyke runs close to the river and parallel to the one by which the French were advancing. It was lined with infantry; two light battalions, with some field-pieces, defended the village; and no sooner did the French attempt to cross the bridge and force an entrance, than so murderous a fire was opened on their front and flank, that they were instantly forced to give way. It was clearly apparent to all that nothing could be effected except by force of sacrifices and by excess of daring; nor were gallant efforts wanting. Augereau seized a standard and planted it with his own hand upon the bridge, but in vain; the column was broken, scattered, and driven back. Onset followed onset in sanguinary succession; General Lannes, Verdier, Bon, and Verne, were wounded in fruitless efforts to gain the fatal pass. Napoleon himself dismounted, rallied the troops, reminded them of Lodi, and seizing a standard, again led them forward; but in vain;

within thirty yards of the enemy the column is again arrested by the terrible fire of musketry, and the Austrians rushing upon the foe, drove the broken and confused mass in headlong rout into the morass, whence Napoleon himself was only extricated by the exertions of some of the grenadiers.

The baffled commander, convinced at last that nothing was to be effected by these repeated and sanguinary front attacks, ordered General Guyeux to cross the Adige at the ferry of Albaredo, and to ascend the left bank of the Alpon and dislodge the Austrian infantry from behind the causeway that flanked the advance against the village. This movement succeeded completely; the Imperialists no sooner saw their position turned than they fell back, allowing the long-contested pass to be carried at the first renewed onset. Arcole was now gained; but it had lost its value, and was no longer the object for which so much gallant blood had been shed during the previous combats. Alvinzy no sooner saw that the French were advancing in force from Ronco, than he withdrew the

greater part of his army behind the Alpon, took up a new position at Villa Nova, placed Arcole, which had been on his left, immediately in his front, and now stood in battle-line ready for the fray. Napoleon, however, shrunk not only from the contest, but withdrew altogether behind the Adige, forsaking his dearly purchased conquest as soon as it was gained.

We should certainly praise this proceeding, if it could be reconciled with the battle of the next day; but the two measures following each other, seem altogether incomprehensible. The stern combats which had just been fought for the mere opening of a road, were no very promising preliminaries to a general action, and Massena's division was separated from the main body by a broad arm of the morass, which, in case of a night alarm, it might be dangerous to pass. All these were good grounds for a change of position; but not for giving up a blood-stained battle-field, to be repurchased if possible by an equal waste of blood next morning.

Before proceeding, however, we must again ask where was Wurmser, and where Davidowitch? Napoleon was at a distance, engaged in stern combats amid the marshes of Ronco; General Kilmain had been called in with 2000 men of the blockading corps; General Guyeux had brought an equal number from General Vau-*bois'* division to aid the main army; the French had not above 14,000 men between the Adige and the Mincio; and from the ramparts of Mantau and from Molaré's mountain-range, double that number of Austrians are ready to burst upon the foe; their sabres gleam, their hearts are stout, but fatality has paralysed the arms of the brave!

On the morning of the 16th Napoleon again crossed the Adige and moved on as before, in two columns, against Porcil and Arcole. On the causeways he encountered and threw back the Austrian advanced guards, and Massena again carried Porcil after a sharp encounter with Provera's corps, and here his second day's work ended even as the first had done; but at Arcole every effort to carry the bridge and village by a front attack failed exactly as they had failed the day before. One

bloody and bootless effort followed another; repulse succeeded repulse; an attempt to cross the Alpon by the aid of fascines met with no better success; and after a day passed in these fruitless and sanguinary efforts, Napoleon again fell back behind the Adige, not having obtained even momentary possession of the long-contested village. On this day no flank movement was even attempted; and the conduct of the French, coupled with their retreat of the night before, is incomprehensible in its way, as the continued inactivity of Wurmser and Davidowitch are in theirs. None of the parties have explained the motives of their conduct, though it would hardly have been concealed had it promised to cast any very radiant lustre on the fame of the mighty actors in this deep and deadly drama.

If we can discover no comprehensible motive for Napoleon's conduct in resigning the advantages gained on the evening of the 15th, to fight for them again on the morning of the 16th—for his own statement will not bear the test of examination—we can well understand that circumstances might now induce him to continue his attacks upon Alvinzy. His position, which was difficult at the best, had been rendered critical by these unsuccessful combats. He had not, perhaps, lost many more men than the Austrians; but to relinquish the contest would be to confess himself vanquished, to sacrifice a part of that moral courage and confidence from which his army derived so great a portion of its strength and efficiency.

He was, therefore, obliged to fight; and it was evident that these continued blows, however unskillfully dealt, would in the end, if no decisive result or great disproportion of loss took place, tell most in favour of the party which had the largest fund of confidence and stamina to draw upon, and here the balance was entirely on the side of the French. Besides, they were forced to stand at bay; for as long as Mantua held out, the fate of all their previous conquests depended on the result of every battle fought for its relief; if they sustained a single defeat in the field and allowed Wurmser to join the other Austrian armies, nothing con-

save them from being driven back behind the Apennines, to the very point whence they started at the opening of the campaign.

All these circumstances led naturally to a renewal of the action on the 17th; and the altered dispositions shew at once how anxious Napoleon was to extend his front and not to fight on the causeways by mere heads of columns. On this occasion Augereau, followed by the reserve cavalry, was to cross the Alpon on bridges prepared during the night near Ronco; a corps was to march from Legnano to turn the extreme left of the Austrians; a single brigade only of Massena's division was to move on Porcil, with the rest the general was to attack Arcole. An accident had nearly frustrated all these dispositions at the very moment they were about to be acted upon. One of the bridges over the Adige gave way at the very time when the Austrians, informed that the French were in full retreat, were advancing to overthrow what they thought a mere rearguard left at Ronco. Fortunately for Napoleon the French artillery, on the right bank of the Adige, enfiladed both causeways so completely, that its fire was alone sufficient to drive back the assailants; the bridge being repaired, the Republicans proceeded with their movement. The Austrians attacked the advanced guard as they moved along the causeway; but following some trifling success too far, were taken in both flanks and repulsed with loss. The manœuvring also of entire brigades and battalions in these marshes shews how completely the ground was at variance with the principle on which Napoleon pretends to have acted.

Whilst these advanced-guard combats were fought along the causeways, Augereau had reached the left wing of the Austrians, drawn up between the village of Arcole, which was now the centre of their position, and an extensive morass that covered their extreme left. The French attacked with their usual gallantry, but met with so resolute an opposition that they were obliged to give

way at all points and at every onset. Napoleon seeing the ill success of these efforts, fell, as he tells us, upon the idea of sending a troop of fifty *guides*, accompanied by several trumpeters, round the morass, with orders to sound the charge as soon as they should have turned the Austrian position; and this measure, he assures us, decided the fate of the day and induced the enemy to retire, thinking they were assailed by the whole French cavalry. Those who know how much better such stratagems tell in books than in the field, will have little hesitation in placing this brilliant device on the level with so many other puerilities already exposed in this memoir; and Berthier, in a private letter to Clerke, makes no mention of this pretended stratagem.

The Austrians tell us that they resolved to retire as soon as they perceived that Augereau had crossed the Alpon, and that a corps was on its march from Legnano, and that they only made front with their left wing to give the troops still before Verona time to fall back on Villa Nova. This being effected, they withdrew to the same place about two o'clock in the day. Their retreat was not molested. From the position which they occupied, it is evident enough that they had no intention to fight on the left bank of the Alpon. Their right wing fronted that river above Arcole where their centre was posted, and whence the left fell back to the morass already mentioned in an angle of about 90°: this was no formation in which a French army could be encountered. The Austrians lost about 6000 men* in these three actions; the French, perhaps, a few more. Little was gained by either party in the field; but what arms left undecided, the superior moral force of the French troops here achieved for their commander.

The reader will recollect that on the 17th November, at the very time when Alvinzy was falling back from Arcole, abandoning the cause as hopeless, forgetting, it would almost seem, the very object of the enterprise, Davidowitch was defeating

* In the St. Helena Memoirs the loss of the Austrians is estimated in one place at 18,000, and in another at 20,000, and in a third at 25,000 men; that is, in the last instance, at 2000 or 3000 more than they brought into field.

Vaubois at Rivoli, and gaining a battle which, if achieved one day sooner, would probably have turned the scale in favour of Austria; but standing by itself, a victory gained over a single division could not retrieve what an army had abandoned; and Napoleon no sooner found that Alvinzy was in full retreat towards Montebello, than he immediately turned against Davidowitch. The latter, however, was apprised of his danger, and fell back rapidly into the mountains; and as Alvinzy also countermarched and made a new demonstration against Verona, Napoleon was obliged to return to the Adige. On the part of the field-marshal this was only a feint in order to gain time for his lieutenant, who, thus relieved, retired quietly to Trent, while the marshal himself established his army at Bassano.

Wurmser had, of course, been apprised that an army was in march for the relief of Mantua. The thunder of artillery was distinctly heard in the direction of the Adige; and, from the steeple that served as an observatory, the combats round Arcole were plainly discernible; but no movement was made to aid the relieving force, as the field-marshal waited for a signal which circumstances never permitted Alvinzy to make. Three *salvoes*, fired at five minutes' interval, from eight 12-pounders, were to tell Wurmser that his friends were preparing to pass the Adige, and to call upon him to sally from the fortress and join in the general onset. But Alvinzy, attacked at Arcole, was never in position to give the signal; and the hundred of guns fired on the banks of the Alpon, the stern combat in which, for three days, he saw the adverse hosts engaged, were unfortunately not deemed enough to convince Marshal Wurmser that the hour to strike home had arrived!

It was in vain that victory seemed to court these unhappy commanders, even with open arms. At last, on the 23d of November, and when all the blockading corps had returned to their posts, a sally was made from the fortress. It proved singularly successful: the Favorita, St. Antonio, and Montado, were taken; but with them, also, a number of prisoners, who informed Wurmser of what

had happened. The field-marshal again withdrew to his fastnesses, and a gallant army, which, if properly employed for one hour, while the combats were waging round Arcole, might have averted from its country twenty years of humiliation and sorrow, was doomed to perish by famine and sickness amidst the pestilential marshes of the Mincio.

The Austrians had recovered Trent and the line of the Brenta by this expedition, and could, probably, shew a few guns and standards as trophies gained in the various combats; but, however much these advantages might be put forward, the undertaking had, nevertheless, proved a complete failure, and one which, added to so many previous disasters, was certain to produce the most unfavourable effects on the minds of the soldiers, for they had often been victorious, whereas their leaders had been constantly foiled. A complete want of confidence in the skill and fortune of their superiors was the natural consequence; and the next act will shew what may be expected even from brave troops once impressed with so fatal a sentiment.

To enter into any serious examination of the movements already described, would, of course, be worse than useless; for it is sufficiently evident that neither of the parties had any clear idea of what their respective manœuvres were to produce. From the moment that Alvinzy placed himself, with an army that had gained little advantage over the French in open field, close before Verona—a fortified town, if not a fortress—and the Adige, from that moment his career was run. And this he seems to have felt himself, for, there arrived, he stood motionless, and like a conscious malefactor, over whom the sword of vengeance was suspended, waited, in crouching inactivity, till the oft-repeated blows of an unskilful adversary struck him fairly to the ground.

The French, on their part, were victorious, notwithstanding the reverses they had experienced in most of the combats, for they had maintained their point—the blockade of Mantua; and the buoyant and elastic spirits of the soldiers were naturally elevated by this additional proof of their own prowess and of the skill of

their leader; for soldiers are liberal in such cases, and readily ascribe to the talents of their general not only what fortune has effected, but much, also, of what their own gallantry has achieved. Napoleon's confidence was also heightened by this continued success, and that self-exaggeration which formed the most prominent feature in his character, was naturally fostered into active strength, and tended, no doubt, to augment for a time some of the most essential elements of force belonging to his army. His manner also began, about this period, to be more strongly affected by his rising fortunes than had before been visible. Every victory that he gained diminished in something his republican frankness; the *thou* and *thee* were entirely laid aside, and the reserved air of conscious superiority was gradually assumed, not yet in the haughty and imperial style of after days, but in the mysteriously tranquil manner that might best befit "the man of destiny;" and, backed by a wonderful career of victory, even this produced effect.

During the two months of repose that followed on the fourth act of the Italian Campaign, we find both parties engaged in preparing for the ultimate struggle which was rapidly approaching. The period beyond which Mantua could not possibly hold out was now drawing near, and it was an imperative duty on the part of the Austrians to use every effort for the relief of a fortress on which the fate of Lombardy still rested. The Republic was also bound to strain every nerve to secure the prize for which so many battles had been fought and so many victories gained, for it was still evident that a single defeat on the Adige would deprive them of all the fruits of the campaign: the end of the next act will shew how far either of the parties acted up to their duties on this occasion.

In Italy, circumstances were daily becoming more favourable to the Austrians. The French troops, left without food or pay, notwithstanding the immense sums levied on the country, were guilty of great excesses, and Vial's brigade even mutilated at this period; while the authorities continued their usual exertions, and thus cooled the ardour of their friends and strengthened the

hands of their enemies. The government of Venice, conscious that they would not be spared if France prevailed, assembled troops in the capital, but did not venture to employ them in support of the cause on which they knew that their own safety depended. Napoleon was bolder; being fully aware of their sentiments, he seized on the fortress of Bergamo by open force. Many of the nations engaged against France during the course of the long wars that arose out of the Revolution found brave soldiers to fight their battles in the field, but few, indeed, were those who found themselves ruled over by governments possessed of sufficient courage and character to act with energy and decision at the proper time and place; and the small republican governments displayed, in their humble way, far more of trembling and temporising timidity than their more powerful neighbours.

The insolent demands of France had obliged the Pope to break off all negotiations with the Republic, to recall the 15,000,000 livres that were already on their way to the French head-quarters, and to continue his military preparations. It was generally believed that Naples was willing to aid the Roman government, if a favourable opportunity—that is, an opportunity offering a prospect of success without any chance of danger—should present itself. And yet it was the consciousness of existing danger which inspired the Neapolitan government with this hostile feeling, without also inspiring it with the necessary courage to strike a bold blow for safety and honour.

The court of Turin continued neutral, suspected by the French, and conscious, like all the other Italian states, that its ruin would not be long delayed if the Austrians were ultimately defeated. The French Directory, aware of their total want of popularity, were becoming every day more anxious for peace, in order to establish themselves in the good opinion of the nation. And as they intended to exchange the Italian conquests against Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine, they discouraged all revolutionary proceedings in Italy. Napoleon, however, was not so desirous of peace, and seemed now to display more revolutionary zeal than

he had done in the early part of the campaign; he allowed Bologna, Ferrara, and the duchy of Modena, to form themselves into a republic, called the Cispaden, and would have been equally liberal to the Lombards, had not the Directory interfered; the Milanese were obliged, therefore, to content themselves with their provisional government.

Much has been said of Napoleon's success in ingratiating himself with the Italians, and even with their clergy, during these periods of military inactivity. Such things could not fail to be said and written a million of times over, however the case might really have stood. His iron hand rested for twenty years on Europe; he was dreaded and all-powerful, had thousands of flatterers who were allowed to speak, while those who entertained sentiments unfavourable to him were forced to be silent. He wrote a few complimentary letters to men of science, which were widely circulated, and produced, no doubt, some effect; on the other hand, his abruptness of manner, totally devoid of courtesy and elegance, was long remembered in the best circles of Italian society.

We shall illustrate the probability of the pretended popularity by a couple of simple facts that historians have neglected to record. When the provisional government of Milan solicited permission to confiscate certain portions of the property belonging to the clergy and nobility, they requested leave to seize the whole of the church plate for the immediate use of the state. This last request was granted to the full; but no sooner was the treasure collected, than the spoilers, who might possibly have expected some slight share for their trouble, were directed to account for the produce to a French commissioner, and then to pay the amount into the military chest of the French army. In this manner were the clergy conciliated. Our other fact is one respecting which every idle traveller in Italy may still satisfy himself. Near every town which happened to be the seat of a military government or commission, the country people point out, even to this day, some spot as the place where the "French shot all peasants who were condemned by the military tribunals."

The belligerent parties made at this time some attempt to terminate the war. The English government sent Lord Malmesbury with pacific overtures to Paris, but as he insisted on the restoration of Belgium to Austria, he was soon ordered to leave France. The Directory, on their part, despatched General Clerke into Italy for the purpose of negotiating a general armistice, preparatory to the assembling of a congress. The general had some conferences at Vicenza with Baron Vincent, aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Austria, who was willing to agree to a local but not to a general armistice; and as General Clerke had no power to accede to these terms, his negotiation also failed. We now find, however, that this was not the sole object of his mission, for he was further directed to act the noble part of a spy, and report on the conduct and sentiments of Napoleon, and of the principal officers of his army, the rapid rise of the youthful conqueror having already inspired the Directory with some alarm. The general was evidently no unerring observer, for, after bestowing great praise on Napoleon's conduct as a commander, he proceeds to say, that "nothing need be apprehended from him; that he is sincerely attached to the constitution, and never likely to take any steps against the liberties of the Republic." He adds, however, that "General Buonaparte has his faults, and is too lavish of the lives of the soldiers; that he does not always speak to the military men who approach him in the measured terms that become his character, and is often harsh, impatient, and imperious."

Napoleon had also been accused or suspected of some acts of peculation, but of these Clerke acquits him entirely. The civil authorities attached to the army he describes as dishonest, worthless, and rapacious in the extreme; and even as Napoleon found them at the commencement of his career, so he left them at the termination of his reign, as continental Europe can testify to its cost. The well-known fact furnishes an ample refutation of the praise so lavishly bestowed upon him for ably regulating the commissariat and financial department of the army.

COUNSEL MAL-À-PROPOS.

"You may replenish my cup, Mrs. Proby," said Mr. Bradford to his housekeeper, who was performing her wonted duties at the breakfast-table, "I could relish another slice of that broiled ham, too. You don't think it will do me any harm?"

"Harm! I assure you I am quite glad to see you so hearty, sir."

"And I certainly do not see wherefore I should not have my indulgences. At any rate I can afford them; have neither 'kin nor kith,' as they say, that is, none whom I care for, or who, I suspect, care for me, whatever regard they may have for my money. But they may be disappointed after all. Eh, Mrs. Proby?"

An odd humour he is in this morning, thought the dame; and then, without seeming to notice the last remark—much as it excited her curiosity—anxious as she was to ascertain its import, she replied,—

"Why, to be sure, sir, if you cannot have your indulgences, who should? For my part, I think you would be to blame not to enjoy as many as you can. And you can, as you well observe, not only afford them, but have no one's will except your own to consult."

"Very true; thanks to my old-bachelorship for my independence. Still, even that independence is not without its alloy—at least, I almost begin now to fancy so. Hang it! after all, one likes to have some one to care for. Were it not that my cousin Ellingham's family are such a strange, untoward set—don't you think they are, Mrs. Proby? Did you ever see such a conceited, extravagant puppy as that Tom Ellingham? However, that is no business of mine: if his father can afford to make a *harum-scarum* fine gentleman of him, and fine folks of all the rest, so much the better. They are all much wiser than me, I dare say, only they must not look to me to be their banker. To say the truth, they seem to think they are doing me a favour by allowing me the opportunity of bestowing upon them

with my own hands what they think would be theirs after my death."

How far honest Mr. Bradford was justified in this *sprightly* tirade against the Ellinghams; whether he either overrated his own liberality, or their unworthiness of it, it is not necessary for us to inquire into very strictly. Certain it is, that although she thought proper to dissemble her satisfaction, his remarks were not particularly disagreeable to Mrs. Proby, who was aware that these cousins did not regard her with much goodwill. In fact, some of them had gone so far as to insinuate, that she was so attached not only to Mr. Bradford and to his interests, but to his name; that she desired nothing better than to exchange her own for it. Now, if she did entertain any idea that way tending, it probably originated in their incautious, not to say unceremonious betrayal of their own suspicions, and was afterwards cherished by her, out of the laudable desire of proving to the world their excessive foresight. The reader must not call upon us for an explanation of this doubtful point; because, instead of vindicating Mrs. Proby, we have to attend to the colloquy at the breakfast-table.

"Really, sir, it is astonishing how they have contrived to do so long as they do, even with your generous assistance. Why, there's Miss Ellingham's and her sisters' finery alone must cost a tolerable income, and all to no purpose, too, for not one of them seems likely to get a husband. And Mr. Thomas, again! racketing about every where—now up to town, now post haste down into the country; riding, coursing, hunting, horse-racing, curricledriving! Upon my word, generosity towards such people is only a premium to extravagance. However, as you observe, sir, their goings-on need be no concern of yours."

"Most certainly, Mrs. Proby. I am not one of those who sympathise with genteel distresses,—with folks who '*must*' live in a certain style, no matter who pays for it; and who *will*

run headlong into difficulties with their eyes open, considering that it is the duty of their friends to extricate them. If people will trust to a lucky chance, to mere windfalls, to the well-timed death of rich old relations, rather than to common prudence; why, they ought to be prepared for blanks as well as prizes in the lottery of life: accordingly, if they find all their fine castles in the air suddenly transformed into a real castle—that is, a gaol, they ought to enter it with the *sang froid* of a Turk."

"In my opinion, it is quite wicked for any one to speculate upon advantages that may befall them in case of another's death, especially when there can be no reasonable expectation of such an event. Why, the Ellinghams may be all dead and gone long before you, sir!"

"At any rate, were they to know what a hearty breakfast I have made this morning, it might damp their appetites. Pshaw! People don't die exactly in the nick when the *wreckers*, as I call them, are looking about for a good 'godsend.' That is all very well in novels, where titles and money-bags fall down from the clouds, as it were; and where an author makes no scruple of bringing a rich old uncle, cousin, or cousin's cousin, from India, merely to despatch him into the other world, that he may leave his rupees and treasures to those who have run through their own fortunes, or else have been too idle to think of making one. Morality, poetical justice, indeed! I call it poetical manslaughter at the least. By-the-by, Mrs. Proby," continued he, "don't you remember the alarm the Ellinghams were all in at the time of that silly report about me and the Widow Dareall? Poor woman, what insinuations did they throw out against her! I verily believe that that ugly anonymous letter might be traced to the E.'s. However, it did not disturb my *ease* much, for nothing was further from my thoughts than any matrimonial views in that quarter. Had it taken any effect at all, it might have proved a very different one from what was intended. It is, therefore, perhaps quite as well that I paid no attention to it. Mrs. Dareall was certainly a very fine woman—a very fine wo-

man, indeed; a woman of spirit, one of your dashers; still I very much question whether she would, with all her good qualities, have been exactly the wife for me. I have, as you have doubtless long ago found out, my little oddities and humours, Mrs. Proby; and although—that is speaking hypothetically—I should have no objection to a wife who could awe people, I should wish to be excepted from the number. To be a good manager is, no doubt, an excellent recommendation in a wife, but her husband ought to find her manageable also."

"Which is not always the case, sir, with your very high-spirited ladies."

"Right, right! Besides, thanks to you, my good Mrs. Proby, I have never experienced the want of a careful manager."

"You are pleased to compliment."

"Nay, I assure you it is no more than the truth. I enjoy as many comforts and have as few troubles as the most of those who are best off in the world."

"Indeed, you do so, sir. For my part, I think you have all the comforts that can reasonably be desired."

"Including a good appetite. You did, however, in some degree, qualify your remark. Pray what am I to understand by that? That a wife is a comfort out of all reason, or that she is no comfort at all?"

"Why, sir!" exclaimed the good lady, with a look that seemed to say, "Go on."

"You evidently do not agree, I perceive, with our great English moralist when he observes, 'Matrimony has many pains, but celibacy has no comforts.' I think, now, I myself am a tolerably convincing proof to the contrary of the last assertion; and still I do not say but that even now, had I no one else to please but myself——"

"And pray whom else should you have to please, sir, I should like to know?" inquired the lady, who seemed mightily busy at that instant in rubbing out some spot she fancied she discerned on the well-polished silver coffee-pot.

"Who, Mrs. Proby! Why the world, to be sure—that is, the whole parish of Hampfield, and all the neighbourhood for ten miles round. Suppose now, by way of argument,

I was to take it into my head, one *beau matin*, as the French say, to bid good-by to old bachelorship—or suppose that people only *supposed* I had now an intention of marrying, should I not make myself the unlucky topic of every tea-table within earshot? Only think what comments, what remarks would pass from tongue to tongue! Consider the quizzing!—ay, and from those, too, who would have looked upon the old bachelor as a capital catch for themselves. They shall make neither *catches* nor *glees* of me, however.”

“Dear me, sir, and is that all? Let them gossip, tittle-tattle, and make as many impertinent remarks as they please. Provided folks do not do so to one’s face, all the rest is but mere imagination. It is not so much what we hear as what we fancy that disturbs us. You would not do for a prime minister if you cannot endure the idea of stupid busy-bodies sitting in judgment upon you incessantly. Why, sir, for aught you can tell, censorious folks may be blaming you every day—excuse my hinting at it—because you have never married!”

“Really, Mrs. Proby, there is a good deal of solid, though homely philosophy in what you observe. You have put the matter, if not in the most sentimental, at least in a most good-sensible light. ‘De rebus non apparentibus et non existentibus,’ as the lawyers have it, ‘*eadem ratio est*.’ Of which your interpretation is, ‘The scandal that does not reach our ears is no scandal at all.’ Most assuredly it is very absurd for a man who is sitting comfortably by his own fire-side to torment himself by conjuring up to his imagination the silly nonsense his neighbours may be uttering about him, or to heed their unsolicited and disinterested interference in his private concerns, when their prudence might be so much better employed at home. So then,” added he, after a slight pause and the interjection of a pinch of snuff, “you have at least convinced me that, whether I continue an old bachelor, or turn an old Benedick, if I do but please myself in the matter, I am not exactly bound to please all the world. To say the truth,” here another interjection from the snuff-box, “I begin to think—I don’t know,

but really, Mrs. Proby, you are enough to tempt one to commit matrimony.”

“I tempt you!” simpered the dame, at the same time casting a side-long and not disapproving glance at her own comely visage and smart cap, reflected in a highly polished silver waiter that formed part of the breakfast equipage.

“Yes, Mrs. Proby,” continued the other interlocutor in this *tête-à-tête* (we know not whether first or second person in this breakfast-table eclogue), without noticing the meaning implied by her tone, and indeed hardly aware of her exclamation, “yes, Mrs. Proby, I begin to question whether I should incur very much more ridicule by marrying even now than may be my lot if I remain even as I am. Besides, you know, one gets the name of ‘old bachelor’ before one is actually an old man; so that by taking a wife I should not only for a certainty get rid of my bachelorship, but might, perhaps, also get rid of the impertinent epithet attached to it. There are many, I believe, who have married much later in life than myself—ay, by some ten years.”

Thus ingeniously did the worthy Mr. Bradford devise excuses, all the more ingenious and refined because he could not help secretly feeling that what they wanted in soundness must be made up for in plausibility. He had, however, an auditor who was by no means disposed to scrutinise them severely, or to display her own ingenuity by exposing their fallacy;—rather one who was willing to help him out of every dilemma and doubt.

“Assuredly,” responded she. “No sooner does a single gentleman reach the prime of life than the world instantly dubs him an ‘old bachelor!’ Well, people are so malicious and ill-natured! After all, sir, you are much younger—ay, and a much younger-looking man, too, than Mr. Frankton, who married not so very long ago.”

“Yes, I remember that, and the plaguy noise it made at the time. I thought the Miss Goslings would never give over joking and prating about the affair.”

“Dear me! who cares for the joking of such ill-bred young women as the Miss Goslings?” observed the

lady, who almost repented at having quoted the Frankton case as a precedent in point. "Besides Mr. Frankton married such a mere chit."

"Humph! the girl was young, to be sure, and, in my opinion, no great beauty,—without a sixpence, too."

"As you say, sir, without a sixpence; and what's more, poor Mr. Frankton had a grown-up family immediately provided for him, that is, who expected to be provided for by him. I mean all his wife's brothers and sisters. Her relations had more gentility than cash, Mr. Frankton more cash than gentility; they, therefore, looked upon the alliance as a relief of their mutual necessities."

"At any rate, then, he did not marry beneath himself. There is something in that. I can afford to disregard money quite as well, or a great deal better than Frankton. Whether I should not be thought to commit myself by marrying below my own rank is another question."

To this certainly not unimportant question Mrs. Proby soon came to his aid with a reply. "I do not pretend to judge; but, for my own part, I should say that those who can afford to take a wife without a fortune, can surely afford to take one without a pedigree. They who think otherwise stumble at mere straws. If you look at the peerage you will find a coronet on many a woman's head of whose father and mother the world knows no more than if they had been *antedivillians*, who have had no more to boast of in the way of family and connexions than I have—nay, not so much, for, thank Heaven, I never had any *connexions* that I need be ashamed of."

"That is very true," assented Mr. Bradford, although he was too gallant to hint that, let her family be ever so respectable, there was never any danger of her running her head into a coronet. "And, in fact, if a man makes up his mind to marry chiefly to please himself, and without greatly caring whether he please the world, the degree of offence, more or less he may give the latter, is hardly worth his consideration. We may as well be soured over head and ears in scandal at once, as have it come drop by drop."

The *impersonal* "we" here made use of by the speaker was understood

by his auditor as of course applying to the two parties engaged in this interesting *téte-à-tête*; and she, therefore, replied,—

"Your meaning is plain enough, and your observation very correct, yet scandal is by far too harsh a term. There would only be a little gossiping, a little curiosity, and a good deal of envy. The election, which they say will be very hotly contested, is just coming on, so that people will not have much leisure to busy themselves about their neighbours' private affairs; and by the time that stir has subsided, the other matter would have lost its first novelty."

"So it would! that is very happily argued. To confess the truth, my dear Mrs. Proby, you have now removed all my scruples; or rather, you have confirmed a resolution that was before somewhat wavering. This conversation has relieved me of not a little uneasiness; because, to deal frankly with you, I rather expected that you would have endeavoured to dissuade me from any idea of marrying." Here the lady looked disconcerted; for this speech seemed to hint that she had neglected to make that show of obtuseness of comprehension which is, upon some occasions, more becoming than greater quickness of mind. Her very confusion, however, came to her relief, inasmuch as it seemed to make up for her previous want of reserve. "I felt embarrassed," continued Mr. Bradford, "apprehending that the change I contemplate would not be a particularly agreeable one to yourself. I thought —"

"Why what did you think, my dear sir? To be sure the change will be a considerable one, but that it should be unwelcome —"

"Well, it gives me sincere pleasure to find that you so readily come into my plan; and be assured my marriage shall not make the slightest difference in your present situation."

"Why, what is it you mean, Mr. Bradford? You really can't mean to say that our marriage —"

Poor Bradford! his astonishment was far greater than that just expressed by the lady, and equalled only by his confusion.

"Was there ever such an unfortunate blunder!" exclaimed he, as

soon as he could find breath to make any exclamation at all. "What have I been saying, or what have you been understanding all this while, Mrs. Proby? How vexatious, that I should have forgotten to inform you! though I thought you might have guessed that the wife I have in view is — Mary Simpson!"

"Mary Simpson!" ejaculated, or rather shrieked out Mrs. Proby.

"Why, ay, Mary Simpson! who else should it be? Is there any thing so prodigiously wonderful in that? You surely could not for an instant conceive — pshaw! that would have been ridiculous, indeed!"

Thus saying, and eager to make his exit from a scene where he now sustained a very embarrassing part, he reached the door with more than the agility of a bridegroom, when, on his jerking it open, who should fall into his arms but the identical blooming Mary Simpson herself?

Struck by the very unusual length

of this morning's breakfast, and wondering wherefore the bell had summoned no one to clear the things away, she had come into the hall, and, hearing her own name pronounced in a very emphatic tone, was listening against the door, when Mr. Bradford suddenly opened it as described.

Here was a fine *tableau vivant*! all the finer and more natural for being quite an impromptu, since not all the previous study and rehearsing in the world could have got it up with such spirit and effect: the actors were all perfect in their parts. It is, however, far easier, as all novel-writers know, to get people into striking situations, than to get them out again naturally and cleverly. We shall not, on this occasion, attempt it, but leave the task of extricating Mary from her master's embrace, and all the parties from their awkward embarrassment, to the graphic imagination of our readers.

MARGARET LUCAS, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

"The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic."

PEPYS.

WHEN Waller was shewn some verses by the Duchess of Newcastle, *On the Death of a Stag*, he declared that he would give all his own compositions to have written them; and being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, answered, "That nothing was too much to be given that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance." This was said by the courtly Waller of the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent princess, as she calls herself, Margaret Lucas, the wife of the thrice noble, high, and puissant prince William Cavendish, duke, marquis, and earl of Newcastle. But the worth of all the poems by the Duchess of Newcastle is not to be tested by her poem on the death of the stag; nor should her abilities be looked meanly upon through the contemptuous smartness of a happy remark.*

Wit and satire have done much to keep her down. Pope has placed her

works in the library of his *Dunciad* hero:—

"Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete."

And Horace Walpole, a far inferior poet to the duchess, endeavoured to turn to ridicule, not the duchess only, but the duke—to do for the names of Cavendish and Lucas what he had attempted to do for Sydney and for Falkland. But Walpole, who affected a singularity of opinion, raised a laugh, and a laugh only; there is too much good sense in the duchess's writings, and too much to love about her character, to deprive her altogether of admirers. Charles Lamb delighted in her works; Sir Egerton Brydges shewed his respect for her genius by reprinting, at his private press, her own little, delightful autobiography, to which he appended a selection of her poems. And

* By the way, Waller has a copy of verses *On the Head of a Stag*, far below even the middle level of the duchess's genius.

Mr. Dyce, who has as much good taste as variety of knowledge, is too well acquainted with her writings to dislike them; and, fresh from "Greek and Latin stores," can yet return to her pages with renewed enjoyment, and lose nothing in a reperusal of the complete works of the Duchess of Newcastle.

As if certain that some day or other the curiosity of after-ages would be extended to her own personal history, the duchess drew up *A True Relation of her Birth, Breeding, and Life*—the too short but charming piece of autobiography we have already referred to. Her father was Sir Thomas Lucas, of St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex; her mother's maiden-name was Elizabeth Leighton. Margaret was born about the year 1626.

"My father," she says, "was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes. He had a large estate. He lived happily and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons and five daughters, I being the youngest he had, and an infant when he died."

Of her brothers she says:—

"There was not any one crooked or anyways deformed; neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but everyways proportionable, likewise well-featured, clear complexions, brown hairs, but some lighter than others; sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices.—I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering or wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely (unless they had a cold), or squeakingly, which impediments many have." "How they were bred," she continues, she was too young to recollect; "but this I know, that they loved virtue, endeavoured merit, practised justice, and spoke truth." . . . "Their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such-like exercises, for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance, or play on music, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits; neither had they skill, or did use to play, for ought I could hear, at cards or dice, or the like games, nor given to any vice, as I did know, unless to love a mistress were a crime; not that I knew any they had, but what report did say, and usually reports are false, at least exceed the truth."

Of these brothers, one became the first Lord Lucas; the youngest was the Sir Charles Lucas, whose melancholy but heroic end is told so affectingly by Lord Clarendon. "He had," says his sister, "a superfluity of courage."

Her own breeding, she says, was according to her birth and the nature of her sex. Her mother, of whom she speaks in the highest and most affectionate terms,—

"Never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery amongst the nurse-maids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words, in the presence of her children. As for the pastimes of my sisters," she says, and their pastimes were her own, "when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse with each other. Commonly they lived half the year in London. Their customs were, in winter time, to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets, to see the concourse and recourse of people; and, in the spring time, to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water; these harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for, I observed, they did seldom make visits, nor ever went abroad with strangers in their company, but only themselves in a flock together; agreeing so well, that there seemed but one mind amongst them."

Margaret was a mere girl in her teens when she went to Oxford to become one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria; an office, she tells us, she had a great desire to fill, and to which she "wooed and won" her mother's consent to her seeking and accepting. But in the then disturbed state of the three countries, Oxford was not long a place for Henrietta; and the queen, accompanied by her youthful attendant, left, in 1643, the shores of England for the court of the French king. In April, 1645, for she has herself recorded the period, Margaret Lucas had the good fortune to see the Marquis of Newcastle for the first time. This nobleman, whose name for loyalty deserves to be proverbial, had come to Paris to tender his humble duty to the queen. The fight at Marston Moor, that ill-fated field to King Charles, had been fought some ten months before; and Newcastle

seeing the utter hopelessness of the king's cause and the complete exhaustion of his own finances, had resigned his command; and retired to the Continent.

"And after," says the duchess, "he had stayed at Paris some time, he was pleased to take some particular notice of me, and express more than an ordinary affection for me; inasmuch that he resolved to choose me for his second wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had I the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein, for it was not amorous love; I never was infected therewith; it is a disease, or a passion, or both I only know by relation, not by experience: neither could title, wealth, power, or person, entice me to love; but my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and the affection he professed for me." . . . "Having but two sons," she says in another place, "he purposed to marry me, a young woman, that might prove fruitful to him, and increase his posterity by a masculine offspring. Nay, he was so desirous of male issue, that I have heard him say he cared not so God would be pleased to give him many sons, although they came to be persons of the meanest fortune; but God, it seems, had ordered it otherwise, and frustrated his designs by making me barren; which yet did never lessen his love and affection for me."

The widower of fifty-two prevailed with the fearful maiden of twenty-one,—they were married.

"A poet am I neither born nor bred,
But to a witty poet married,"

she was wont to say in after life, and certainly the Marquis of Newcastle was not without pretensions to literature: his comedies are bustling pieces of intrigue and wit, characteristic of his age, and very readable; at least we have found them so. His lyrical attempts are sad failures. He was the munificent patron and friend of Ben Jonson and Sir William Davenant, and lived long enough to succour Shadwell and befriend Dryden.

"He was," says Clarendon, "a very fine gentleman, active, and full of cou-

rage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing, which accompany a good breeding, in which his delight was. Besides that he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time; and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure, which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour and ambition to serve the king when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him and by him." . . . "He liked," Clarendon adds, "the pomp and absolute authority of a general well, and preserved the dignity of it to the full; and for the discharge of the outward state and circumstances of it, in acts of courtesy, affability, bounty, and generosity, he abounded; which, in the infancy of a war, became him, and made him, for some time, very acceptable to men of all conditions. But the substantial part and fatigue of a general he did not, in any degree, understand (being utterly unacquainted with war), nor could submit to, but referred all matters of that nature to the discretion of his lieutenant-general King, a Scotchman. In all actions of the field he was still present, and never absent in any battle; in all which he gave instances of an invincible courage and fearlessness in danger; in which the exposing himself notoriously did sometimes change the fortune of the day, when his troops begun to give ground. Such articles of action were no sooner over than he retired to his delightful company, music; or his softer pleasures, to all which he was so indulgent; and to his ease, that he would not be interrupted upon what occasion soever; inasmuch as he sometimes denied admission to the chiefest officers of the army, even to General King himself, for two days together, from whence many inconveniences fell out."

The times pressed hard upon the marquis and his lady, as they did indeed upon every loyalist abroad. "The people would have pulled," she says, "God out of heaven, had they had the power, as they pulled royalty out of his throne." Of the large rental of his estate, not one farthing could the marquis get for his own use, and he lived on his credit abroad, which was large, till even it was exhausted. His wife was once left, she tells us, at Antwerp, as a pawn for his debts.

"He lived on credit," says the duchess, "and outlived his trust, so that his steward was forced at one time to

tell him, 'That he was not able to provide a dinner for him, for his creditors were resolved to trust him no longer.' Turning to his wife, he said, that I must of necessity pawn my clothes to make so much money as would procure a dinner. I answered, that my clothes would be but of small value, and, therefore, desired my waiting-maid, Miss Chaplain, to pawn some small toys, which I had formerly given her, which she willingly did."

It was at this time that the duchess went to England with her husband's only brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, to try and extract some money from the implacable Independents. The confiscated estates were at auction to any that would buy them, free, it was said, of any incumbrance, but the claims, and they were either few or rejected, of the wives and children of the old possessors. But the marchioness solicited in vain; Newcastle had been too steady a loyalist to receive any mark of favour or of justice from the Independent party, so that she had to return to her husband abroad with but a trifling produce from her mission.

"On my return," she writes, "his creditors came clamorous round me, supposing I had brought a great store of money along with me."

Even royalty itself was in a more reduced condition; and the duchess relates a saying of Charles the Second's to her, when dining privately at the table of her lord, when his funds were at their lowest, "That he perceived my lord's credit could procure better meat than his own."

When in London, she says,—

"I gave some half-a-score of visits, and went with my lord's brother to hear music in one Mr. Lawes his house, three or four times [the Lawes that called Milton friend], as also some three or four times to Hyde Park with my sisters to take the air, else I never stirred out of my lodgings, unless to see my brothers and sisters; nor seldom did I dress myself, as taking no delight to adorn myself, since he I only desired to please was absent."

But his lordship was not idle abroad. He lived at Antwerp, and in great state, in the house "which

belonged to the widow of Van Ruben, a famous picture-drawer."* His horses were of the finest breed. He was attended by all skilled in a knowledge of the stable, of the noble art of horsemanship, and the science of fencing.† It was Newcastle who taught the profligate Villiers the cunning of the sword. Nor was his time misemployed in writing his noble book on horsemanship, a work, as Horace Walpole observes, "read by those who scarce know any other author." The duchess, too, learnt much from his tuition; "for I being young," she says, "when your lordship married me, could not have much knowledge of the world. But it pleased God to command his servant Nature to induce me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my very birth; for I did write some books in that kind before I was twelve years of age, which, for want of good method and order, I would never divulge."

The year of the Restoration was the sixteenth of the exile of the loyal marquis, and the year, too, of his return. His lordship was among the first of the exiled loyalists to land, and so eager was he, though then sixty-six, to set his foot once more on English ground, that he left his wife to follow him at her own leisure, and crossed the Channel in a leaky vessel. How interesting is the duchess's picture of her lord's return:—

"My lord (who was so transported with the joy of returning into his native country, that he regarded not the vessel), having set sail from Rotterdam, was so becalmed, that he was six days and six nights upon the water, during which time he pleased himself with mirth, and passed his time away as well as he could; provisions he wanted none, having them in great store and plenty; at last, being come so far that he was able to discern the smoke of London, which he had not seen for a long time, he merrily was pleased to desire one that was near him to jog and awake him out of his dream, 'for surely,' said he, 'I have been sixteen years asleep, and am not thoroughly awake yet.' My lord lay that night at Greenwich, where his supper seemed more savoury to him than any meal he had hitherto tasted, and the noise of

* Rubens' house, still shown at Antwerp.

† Ben Jonson has two commendatory epigrams to the duke, on his horsemanship and on his fencing.—Gifford's *Jonson*, viii. 444; ix. 17.

some scraping fiddlers he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he had heard.'

Her ladyship soon followed her lord, and in the general joy, the marquis, whose services for the king had been unsurpassed throughout the war, was elevated by Charles, whose governor he had been, to a dukedom. The house at Clerkenwell received once more its rightful owner, and the people about Welbeck and its neighbourhood rejoiced again at the return of the princely proprietor. But from the court and the general intoxication which followed the restoration of the king, the duke and duchess absented themselves as much as possible. For this they were made the laughing-stock of the Villierses and Wilmots, the Ethereges and the Sedleys, that frequented the courts of St. James's and Whitehall. Even the king joined in the general ridicule of his satellites, and Sir Walter Scott, in his *Peveril of the Peak*, has entered into this feeling with his usual exactness, with his wonted vivacity and vigour.

Now and then the duchess made her appearance in public. One of her visits was to the Royal Society, and Birch, in his *History*, has recorded the visit, and the day on which it took place. Evelyn was there, and in his *Diary* has commemorated the occurrence:—

"May 30, 1667.—To London, to wait on the Duchess of Newcastle (who was a mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy, and had in both published divers books), to the Royal Society, whither she came in great pomp, and being received by our lord president at the door of our meeting-room—the mace, &c., carried before him—had several experiments showed to her. I conducted her grace to her coach, and returned home."

But Pepys has the superiority over Evelyn:—

"30th May, 1667.—After dinner I walked to Arundel House, the way very dusty, where I find very much company, in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society, and was after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the duchess, with her women attending her; among others the Ferabosco, of whom so

much talk is, that her lady would bid her shew her face and kill the gallants. She is, indeed, black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise but a very ordinary woman, I do think, but they say sings well. The duchess hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all: nor did I hear her say any thing that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration—all admiration. Several fine experiments were shewn her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors: among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. . . . After they had shewn her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several lords that were there; among others, Lord George Berkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset."

The excellent Evelyn has recorded some of his visits to this extraordinary woman:—

"18th April, 1667.—I went to make court to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at their house at Clerkenwell, being newly come out of the North. They received me with great kindness, and I was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the duchess." . . .

"25th April.—Visited again the Duke of Newcastle, with whom I had been acquainted long before in France, where the duchess had obligation to my wife's mother for her marriage there; she was sister to Lord Lucas, and maid of honour then to the queen-mother; married in our chapel at Paris. My wife being with me, the duke and duchess would both needs bring her to the very court." . . .

"27th April.—In the afternoon I went again with my wife to the Duchess of Newcastle, who received her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humour and dress, which was very singular."

"When young," says the duchess, "I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing, and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as were invented by others: also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits."

Candid enough!

"At Welbeck," says Walpole, "there is a whole-length of the duchess in a

theatric habit, which, tradition says, she generally wore."

Pepys, the most entertaining of journalists, has spoken of the duchess and her doings in several places throughout his interesting *Diary*:—

"30th March, 1667.—To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called *The Humorous Lovers*; the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not have but seen it, that I might the better understand her." . . .

"11th April.—To Whitehall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night to court to make a visit to the queen, the king having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, *The Humorous Lovers*; the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it; and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to court, that so people may come to see her as if it were the Queen of Sweden: but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night."

On the 26th of the same month and the same year (April, 1667), Pepys saw his romantic duchess for the first time. His entry is in his usual short picturesque style:—

"Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself (whom I never saw before), as I have heard her often described (for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies), with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black *just-au-corps*. She seemed to me a very comely woman: but I hope to see more of her on May-day."

Well, May-day came, and Pepys and his friend Sir William Penn went by "coach, Tiburne way, into the Park, where a horrid dust, and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we, and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by

coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and every thing black and white, and herself in her cap." "On the 10th," says Pepys, "I drove hard towards Clerkenwell, thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle, whom I saw before us in her coach, with a hundred boys and girls running looking upon her; but I could not: and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her." If this time ever came, Mr. Pepys overlooked its entry. His last notice of the duchess refers to the biography of her husband:—

"18th March, 1668.—Home, and, in favour to my eyes, staid reading the ridiculous history of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife; which shews her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to and of him."

The plays, poems, letters, essays, and philosophical fancies of the duchess fill some twelve folio volumes; all are scarce and all are interesting.

"My great desire," says the duchess, "is to be had in remembrance in after-ages. All I desire is fame; I would rather venture an indiscretion, than lose the hopes of a fame."

Unfortunately, her knowledge was more multifarious than exact; and her reason, overruled by an overflowing fancy, controlled by no kind of judgment or taste. She was indebted to herself for all her thoughts, reading little, and talking but with her lord or her attendants. Yet this masculine-minded but misdirected woman lived on in the belief—the pleasing belief—that she would stand high with posterity as an authoress.

"Perchance," she says, "many that read this book will hardly understand it. . . I verily believe that ignorance and present envy will slight my book, yet I make no question, when envy is worn out by time, but understanding will remember me in after-ages."

The work by which the duchess is best known is the *Life of her husband*, the ridiculous history to which Pepys, as we have seen, alludes. Nor is the title the least curious part of

* *The Humorous Lovers* is the work of the duke, not of the duchess.

this curious compilation; Jones's not more stately or taking than this magnificent portico to St. Paul's was doorway of the duchess:—

THE LIFE
of the

Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince

WILLIAM CAVENDISHE,

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Newcastle; Earl of Ogle, Viscount Mansfield; and Baron of Bolsover, of Ogle, Bothal and Hepple; Gentleman of His Majesties Bed-chamber; one of His Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council; Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; His Majesties Lieutenant of the County and Town of Nottingham; and Justice in Ayre Trent-North: who had the honour to be Governor to our most Glorious King, and Gracious Sovereign, in his Youth, when He was Prince of Wales; and soon after was made Captain General of all the Provinces beyond the River of Trent, and other Parts of the Kingdom of England, with Power, by a special Commission, to make Knights.

WRITTEN

By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess,

MARGARET, Duchess of Newcastle,

HIS WIFE.

London

Printed by A. Maxwell, in the year 1667.

[folio]

This is lengthy and pompous enough; but no one page is free from vanity, from folly, affectation, and good sense.

"Such a book, for instance," says Charles Lamb, "as the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess*; no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel."

"When I first intended," says the duchess, "to write this history, knowing myself to be no scholar, and ignorant of the rules of writing histories, I desired my lord, that he would be pleased to let me have some elegant and learned historian to assist me: which request his grace would not grant me; saying, that having never had any assistance in the writing of my former books, I should have no other in the writing of his life, but the informations from himself and his secretary, of the chief transactions and fortunes occurring in it, to the time he married me. I humbly answered, that without a learned assistant the whole history would be defective; but he replied, that truth could not be defective. I said again, that rhetoric did adorn truth; and he answered, that rhetoric was fitter for falsehoods than truths.

Thus was I forced by his grace's commands to write this history in my own plain style, without elegant flourishings or exquisite method."

Her grace went resolutely to work at once:—"I am resolved to write in a natural, plain style, without Latin sentences, moral instructions, politic designs, or feigned orations." "I write it," she says, "whilst my noble lord is yet alive, and at such a time wherein truth may be declared and falsehood contradicted; and I challenge any one (although I be a woman) to contradict any thing I have set down, or prove it to be otherwise than truth." But for the composition and style, she says:—"Nobody can certainly be more ready to find faults in this work than I am to confess them."

Of the principal passages of his life his lordship himself informed her; other intelligence she had from Rolleston, his secretary. It is not our intention to inquire into these; "they are as full of truth as of words," she herself says, and at this distance of time it would be unfair to question or impugn in any way her

* ELIA. *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

statements. We are told, and there can be no doubt of the fact, that the annual rental of his lordship's estates was about 22,298*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* (for stewards' accounts deal always in pence), and that in three entertainments to Charles I. he had spent the income of a year. Lord Clarendon bears testimony to the magnificence of these feasts. A pound then was equal to five pounds of our money.

The duchess's admiration of her husband, whom she had looked up to from the first, is perhaps pardonable, — it certainly is amusing. "His behaviour," she says, "is manly without formality, and free without constraint." "I have observed," she says in another place, "that many, by flattering poets, have been compared to Cæsar, without desert; but this I dare freely, and without flattery, say of my lord, that though he had not Cæsar's fortune, yet he wanted not Cæsar's courage, nor his prudence, nor his good-nature, nor his wit. Nay, in some particulars he did more than Cæsar ever did." After this we may expect to hear her say, as say she does, that "he was the best lyric and dramatic poet of his age!" without wonder. Nor can one refrain from a smile when they read that Archbishop Laud (who had left her husband a diamond pin of the value of 200*l.*) once said to King Charles, and the bequest confirmed the observation, "That my lord was one of the wisest and prudentest persons that ever he was acquainted with."

All this is, as Lamb thought, exquisitely delightful. But the duchess is not always in the vein of exorbitant panegyric, but lets us see at times a little of domestic portrait-painting in words. "In short," she says, "I knew him not addicted to any manner of vice, except that he has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex; which, whether it be so great a crime as to condemn him for it, I'll leave to the judgment of young gallants and beautiful ladies." She then enlarges on the elegance of his exterior, the becomingness of his dress, on his diet, and discourse. Of his diet, she writes, "He makes but one meal a-day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small-beer,—one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof,

and a little glass of sack in the middle of his dinner; which glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small-beer." The duchess herself lived on *boiled chickens and water*; her mind, she says, was so *active*, that her appetite became *passive*.

There is much of what Fanny Kemble calls *dear good little me* in all her ladyship's writings. Thus, she tells us (and how desirable is the information) that she cared not for cards or for revellings:—

"As for dancing, although it be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet, for those that are married it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof." . . . "I am as fearful as a hare; for I start at the noise of a pop-gun, and shut my eyes at the sight of a sword, and run away at the least alarm." . . . "I speak but little, because I am given to contemplation; and though I have seen much company, I have conversed with few, for my nature being dull and heavy, and my disposition not merry, makes me think myself not fit for company; for I take conversation to be in talking, which I have not practised very much, unless it be to particular friends, for naturally I am so wedded to contemplation, that many times, when I have been in company, I had not known one word they have said, by reason my busy thoughts had stopped the sense of my hearing."

In learning languages she had a natural stupidity.

"I understand no other language than my own; not French, although I was in France five years. Neither do I understand my own native language very well; for there are many words I know not what they signify." . . . "I think it against nature," she says in another place, "for a woman to speak right; for my part, I confess, I cannot." . . . "As for the grammar part, I confess I am no scholar." . . . "My fancy is so quick, that it is quicker than the pen with which I write; insomuch, that my ideas are many times lost through the slowness of my hand, and yet I write so fast, as I stay not so long as to make perfect letters."

What she was writing, she tells us, she uttered audibly, and that her waiting-maids deciphered her hieroglyphics, and at times took down the wisdom that fell from her lips.

"Many times," she confesses, "I did not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should distract my following conceptions; by which neglect many errors have slipt into my works."

She has defended her own authorship, however, and ably, too.

"Instead," she says, "of running, like other wives, from church to church, from ball to ball, from collation to collation, gossiping from house to house, I dance a measure with the Muses, feast with the Sciences, and sit and discourse with the Arts. Our sex takes so much delight in dressing and adorning themselves, as we, for the most part, make our gowns our books, our laces our lines, our embroideries our letters, and our dressings are the time of our study; and instead of turning over solid leaves, we turn our hair into curls." . . . "Sure this kind of work," she apologetically adds, "is better than to sit still and censure my neighbour's actions, which nothing concerns me, or to condemn their humours because they do not sympathise with mine, or their lawful recreations, because they are not agreeable to my delight; or ridiculously to laugh at my neighbours' clothes, if they are not of the mode, colour, or cut, or the ribbon tied with a mode-knot; or to be busy myself out of the sphere of our sex, as in politics of state; or to preach false doctrine in a tub, or to entertain myself in hearkening to vain flatteries, or to the incitements of evil persuasions, when all these follies, and many more, may be cut off by such innocent work as this." . . .

And to the reader of her *Poems and Fancies* she says,

"Pray be not too severe in your censures, for I have no children to employ my care and attendance on; and my lord's estate being taken away, had nothing for housewifery, or thrifty industry to employ myself in." . . . "I began a book about three years since," says this scribbling duchess, "which I intend to name *The World's Olio*; and when I come into Flanders, where those papers are, I will, if God give me life and health, finish it, and send it forth in print. I imagine all those that have read my former books will say that I have writ enough, unless they were better; but say what you will, it pleaseth me, and since my delights are harmless, I will satisfy my humour.

For had my brain as many fancies in't
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;
No matter whether they be well expressed,
My will is done—and that please Woman best!"

A determined authoress indeed! "This is to let you know," she says at another time, "that my book is neither wise, witty, nor methodical, but various and extravagant. I doubt it will never gain applause."

There were many in the duchess's day who affirmed that her conceptions transcended her capacity, denying her to be the true authoress of them. "As for my being," she says to the duke, "the true and only authoress of them, your lordship knows best, and my attending servants are witness that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations to assist me; and, as soon as I have set them down, I send them to those that are to transcribe them and fit them for the press."

"Truly," says the duke, in his justification* of his duchess, "she did never imp her high-flying fancies with any old broken feathers out of any university. As for her *Poems*, where are the exceptions to these? Marry, they miss sometimes in the numbers and in the rhymes. It is well known by the copies, that those faults lie most upon the corrector and the printer; but put the case, there might be some slips in that kind, is all the book damned for it?—No mercy, gentlemen? When, for the numbers, every schoolboy can make them on his fingers, and for his rhymes, Fenner† would have put down Ben Jonson; and yet neither the boy nor Fenner so good poets! No, it is neither of those that either makes or condemns a poet; it is new-born and creating fancies that glorifies a poet; and in her book of poems I am sure there is excellent and new fancies, as have not been writ by any; and that it was only writ by her is the greatest truth in the world. It is said she has not the experience or the terms. But here's the crime,—a lady writes them, and to intrench so much on the male prerogative is not to be forgiven; but I know gowmen will be more civil to her, because she is of the gown too, and therefore, I am confident, will defend her and truth."

* "An Epistle to Justifie the Lady Newcastle and Truth against Falshood, saying those false and malicious Aspersions of her, that she was not Author of her Books." — *Plays*, fol. Lond. 1662.

† See Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, vii. 432.

She was accused of pilfering from Des Cartes and Hobbes; and, in her vindication of herself, tells us what she knew of these two extraordinary men.

"Some say that, from my *Book of Philosophy*, it seems as if I had conversed with Des Cartes or Master Hobbes, or both, or have frequented their studies, by reading their works; but I cannot say but I have seen them both; but, upon my conscience, I never spake to Monsieur Des Cartes in my life, nor ever understood what he said, for he spake no English, and I understand no other language, and those times I saw him, which was twice at dinner with my lord at Paris, he did appear to me a man of the fewest words I ever heard. And for Master Hobbes, it is true I have had the like good fortune to see him, and that very often, with my lord at dinner, for I conversing seldom with any stranger, had no other time to see those two famous philosophers; yet I never heard Master Hobbes, to my best remembrance, treat or discourse of philosophy, nor I never spake to Master Hobbes twenty words in my life. I cannot say I did not ask him a question; for when I was in London I met him, and told him, as truly I was, very glad to see him, and asked him if he would please do me that honour to stay at dinner; but he with great civility refused me, as having some business which, I suppose, required his absence."

The duchess, however, admits that, at times, the duke assisted her, with "this my lord writ," and such-like acknowledgments: "For I being no lyric poet, my lord supplied that defect of my brain with the superfluity of his own brain; thus our wits join as in matrimony,—my lord's the masculine, mine the feminine wit, which is no small glory to me that we are married souls, bodies, and brains." "What a picture of foolish nobility," says Walpole, "was this stately poetic couple, retired to their own little domain, and intoxicating one another with circumstantial flattery on what was of consequence to no mortal but themselves!" Welbeck was, at least, as Gifford says, when commenting on this passage, as big as Walpole's baby-house at Strawberry Hill.

The folio works of this indefatigable woman are stored with prefaces, notices, dedications, apologies, and advertisements. Every idea she considered of consequence, every fear

required its committal to paper; the duke interested himself in her pursuits, and why, she thought, should not the public participate in their pleasure? Some of her requests from her readers are characteristic. "Let me entreat you," she says, "to consider only the fancies in this my book of poems, and not the language, numbers, nor rhymes, nor false printing; for if you do you will be my condemning judge, which will grieve my muse." This is before her *Poems and Fancies*; at page 123 of the same volume, she writes:—

"I must entreat my noble reader to read this part of my book very slow, and to observe very strictly every word they read; because, in most of these poems, every word is a fancy. Wherefore, if they lose by not marking, or skip by too hasty reading, they will entangle the sense of the whole copy."

At page 212:—

"I know those that are strict and nice about phrases, and the placing of words, will carp at my book, inasmuch as I have chose to leave the elegance of words rather than obstruct the sense of the matter:—

When that a Book doth from the press
come new,
All buy or borrow it, this Book to view,
Not out of love of Learning and of Wit,
But to find faults that they may censure
it."

"Excuse and pardon me," she says in another place, "for making all this noise about my own books; I have launched my labours into the world, and am rejoicing at my own handiwork:—

Just like a bird, when her young are in
nest,
Goes in and out, and hops, and takes no
rest;
But when their young are fledg'd, their
heads outpeep;
Lord! what a chirping does the old one
keep!"

A natural image naturally expressed. The duchess's most unreadable works are her six-and-twenty plays. Langbaine, however, ventured a commendation in their behalf.

"I know there are some," he writes, "that have but a mean opinion of her plays; but if it be considered that both the language and plots of them are all her own, I think she ought, with justice, to be preferred to others of her sex

which have built their fame on other people's foundations."

Something like this the duchess herself says, in the general prologue, where the reader is entreated not to try her performances by the master-hand of Jonson's muse:—

"What length of time he took those plays to write,
I cannot guess, not knowing his wit's flight;
But I have heard Ben Jonson's plays came forth
To the world's view as things of a great worth;
Like foreign Emperors, which do appear
Unto their subjects not 'bove once a year;
So did Ben Jonson's plays so rarely pass
As one might think they long in writing was."

* * * * *

"Greek, Latin poets I could never read,
Nor their historians, but our English Speed;
I could not steal their wit, nor plots out take,
All my plays' plots my own poor brain did make."

Her volume of *Philosophical Fancies* was written in less than three weeks. In what space of time she composed her plays she has not thought fit to tell us.

A lady of the rank, and wit, and wealth of the Duchess of Newcastle could not be without her train of attendant flatterers.

"Methinks I behold in you," writes Dryden to the duke, before he had lost the art of praising,* "another Caius Marius, who, in the extremity of his age, exercised himself almost every morning in the Campus Martius, amongst the youthful nobility of Rome; and afterwards, in your retirements, when you do honour to poetry, by employing part of your leisure in it, I regard you as another Silius Italicus, who having passed over his consulship with applause, dismissed himself from business and from the gown, and employed his age among the shades in the reading and imitation of Virgil. In which," he adds, "lest anything should be wanting to your happiness, you have, by a rare effect of fortune, found in the person of your excellent lady, not only a lover, but a partner of your studies; a lady whom one may justly equal with the Sappho of the Greeks, or the Sulpitia of the Romans; who, by being taken into your bosom, seems to be inspired with

your genius, and by writing the history of your life in so masculine a style, has already placed you in the number of the heroes. It cannot be denied but that your grace has received a double satisfaction, the one to see yourself consecrated to immortality while you are yet alive; the other, to have your praises celebrated by so dear, so just, and so pious an historian."

This was the age of flattery, and Shadwell and Flecknoe pursued the duke and the duchess with the same sort of adulatory language; but it cannot be concealed that the excellent-minded Evelyn has the better of them in the force and variety of his encomiums. Her grace had made him a present of her works (complete), and of her husband's very useful book of Horsemanship, and Evelyn's acknowledgment is an unrivalled piece of forced and foolish flattery: a complete ransacking of the names of illustrious ladies of all countries and of all ages.

"I do not intend," says Evelyn, "to write a panegyric of your virtues, which all the world admires, lest the indignity of my style should prophane a thing so sacred; but to repeat my admiration of your genius and sublime wit, so comprehensive of the most abstracted appearances, and so admirable in your sex, or rather in your grace's person alone, which I never call to mind but to rank it amongst the Heroines, and constellate with the Graces. Such of ancient days was Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, that writ the history of her country, as your grace has done that of my lord duke your husband, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Your grace has title to all her perfections. Such was Anna Commens, who called Alexius father, and writ fifteen books of history. Such was St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Bridget, and Theresa (for even the greatest saints have cultivated the sciences). Such was Fulvia Morata, Isabella Andreini, Margerite of Valois (sister to Francis I.), whose novels are equal to those of the witty Boccaccio. But all these summed together possess but that divided which your grace retains in one. For what of sublime and worthy in the nature of things does not your grace comprehend and explain?"

Surely the arrow of adulation is here drawn to the head; and this is the mighty pretender, too, to the science, philosophy, and poetry of the *Diary* of the same individual!

* See his Dedication to Plutarch's *Lives*.

Soothed with a series of letters full of flattery of this description, and buoyed up with a belief that her fame would stand high, and securely high with posterity, the duchess descended quietly to the grave, as Fulman informs us, on the 7th January, 1673-4. The produce of her brain was her only offspring. The duke survived her some three years, when he was laid by the side of his wife and biographer, in the chapel of St. Michael, in Westminster Abbey, where there is to this day a stately monument to their memories (erected at the duke's expense), with an inscription which has called forth the admiration of Addison, and of Mr. Washington Irving:—

"Here lies the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess, his second wife, by whom he had no issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. This duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many books do well testify: she was a most virtuous, and loving, and careful wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries; and when they came home, never parted with him in his solitary retirements."

This is evidently, in part, the composition of the duchess herself; it is very beautiful.

We have as yet but looked upon the eccentricities of this extraordinary woman, whom it has been too long the custom to decry. There is no volume altogether without its good, without a redeeming sentence, without something to praise. The occasional poetry and good sense and wit of the duchess atone for all her whims and oddities of thought and manner. Her verse is eminently characteristic—vigorous at times, and at times poetical. We select a few pieces not generally known:—

"A REQUEST TO MY FRIENDS.

When I am dead and buried lie
Within a grave, if friends pass by,
Let them not turn away their sight,
Because they would forget me quite;
But on my grave a tear let fall,
And me unto remembrance call.
Then may my ashes rise that tear to meet,
Receive it in my urn like balsam sweet.

O you that are my dearest friends, do not,
When I am dead, lie in the grave forgot,

But let me, in your mind, as one thought
be;
So shall I live still in your memory.
If you had died my heart still should
have been
A room to keep and hang your pictures in.

Here is what she calls "An Elegy,"
pretty and fanciful in the extreme:—

"Her corps was borne to church on *gray-
goose wing*,
Her sheet was *paper-white* to lap her in.
And *cotton dyed with ink* her covering
black,
With *letters* for her scutcheon's print in
that;
Fancies bound up with *verse*, a garland
made,
And at the head upon her *hearse* was laid;
And *numbers* ten did bear her to the *grave*,
The *Muses* nine a monument her gave."

Nor is what she styles "A Farewell
to the Muses" without its excellen-
cies:—

"Farewell, my Muse, thou gentle, harm-
less sprite,
That us'd to haunt me in the dead of
night,
And on the pillow where my head I laid
Thou sit'st close by, and with my fancies
play'd;
Sometimes upon my eyes you dancing
skip,
Making a vision of some fine landscape.
Thus with your sportings kept me oft
awake,
Not with your noise, for ne'er a word
you spake;
But with your fairy-dancing, circling
wind,
Upon a bill of thoughts within my mind.
When 'twas your sport to blow out every
light,
Then I did rest, and sleep out all the
night."

The following is impressive, but
careless in its execution:—

"Great God, from Thee all infinites do
flow,
And by Thy power from thence effects
do grow.
Thou order'st all degrees of matter, just
As 'tis Thy will and pleasure — move it
must.
And by Thy knowledge order'st all the
best—
For in Thy knowledge doth Thy wisdom
rest.
And wisdom cannot order things amiss,
For where disorder is, no wisdom is.
Besides, great God, Thy will is just; for
why?
Thy will still on Thy wisdom doth rely.

O, pardon, Lord, for what I now here
 speak
 Upon a guess — my knowledge is but
 weak.
 But Thou hast made such creatures as
 mankind,
 And giv'st them something which we call
 a mind;
 Always in motion, never quiet lies,
 Until the figure of his body dies.
 His several thoughts, which several mo-
 tions are,
 Do raise up love and hope, joys, doubts,
 and fear.
 As love doth raise up hope, so fear doth
 doubt,
 Which makes him seek to find the great
 God out.
 Self-love doth make him seek to find,
 if he
 Came from or shall last to eternity.
 But motion being slow makes knowledge
 weak,
 And then his thoughts 'gainst ignorance
 doth beat.
 As fluid waters 'gainst hard rocks do
 flow,
 Break their soft streams, and so they
 backward go;
 Just so do thoughts, and then they back-
 ward slide
 Unto the places where first they did
 abide:
 And there in gentle murmurs do com-
 plain
 That all their care and labour is in vain.
 But since none knows, the great Creator
 must:
 Man, seek no more, but in His goodness
 trust."

The prose of the duchess is bold but involved, her thoughts and her style are peculiarly her own. We select a few of her most striking sentences; the mind continually active, could not fail at times to write something that was good:—

"The reason why women are so apt to talk too much, is an overweening opinion of themselves in thinking they speak well; and striving to take off that blemish from their sex of knowing little, by speaking much, as thinking that many words have the same weight as much knowledge."

"Courts should be a pattern and an example of virtue to all the rest of the kingdom, being the ruler and chief head to direct the body of state; but most commonly, instead of clemency, justice, modesty, friendship, temperance, humility, and unity, there is faction, pride, ambition, luxury, covetousness, hate, envy, der, treachery, flattery, impudence, many the like; yet they are oftentimes

covered with a veil of smooth professions and protestations, which glisters like gold when it is but coppered tinsel."

"Great memories are like standing ponds that are made with rain; so that memory is nothing but the showers of other men's wits."

"Poetry is so powerful, and hath such an attractive beauty, that those that can but view her perfectly could not but be enamoured, her charms do so force affection. Surely those that do not delight in Poetry or Music have no divine souls or harmonious thoughts."

"Men who can speak long and eloquently, contrasted with those who can say but little, but that to the point, are like several sized candles, the longer or shorter ere they come to a snuff."

"Vanity is so natural to our sex, that it were unnatural not to be vain."

"Platonic love is a bawd to adultery."

"True affection is not to be measured; because it is like eternity, not to be comprised."

"There is no greater usury or extortion than upon courtesy; for the loan of money is but ten, twenty, or thirty in the hundred; but the loan of courtesy is to enslave a man all his life."

"Some have more words than wit, and more wit than judgment. And others have more years than experience, and more experience than honesty."

"Our natural English tongue was significant enough without the help of other languages; but as we have merchandised for wares, so have we done for words: but indeed we have rather brought in than carried out."

"Ben Jonson, I have heard, was of opinion that a comedy was not a natural or true comedy if it should present more than a day's action."

"In truth, I never heard any man read well but my husband, and have heard him say, he never heard any man read well but Ben Jonson, and yet he hath heard many in his time."—*Letters*, p. 362.

"King James was so great a lover of peace, that rather than he would lose the delights of peace, he would lie under the infamy of being thought timorous; for in that it was thought he had more craft than fear."

"Children should be taught at first the best, plainest, and purest of their language, and the most significant words; and not as their nurses teach them, a strange kind of gibbrish, broken language of their own making, which is like scraps of several meats heaped together,

or hash'd, mixt, or minced : so do they the purest of their language ; as, for example, when nurses teach children to go, instead of saying, Go, they say, Do, do ; and instead of saying, Come to me, they say, Tum to me ; and when they newly come out of a sleep, and cannot well open their eyes, they do not say, My child cannot well open his or her eyes, but My child tant open its nies ; and when they should bid them speak, they bid them peak ; and when they should ask them, if they will or would drink, they ask them if they will dinck ; and so all the rest of the language they teach children is after this manner. . . . Likewise they learn them the rudest language first ; as to bid them say, such a one lies, or to call them rogues and the like names, and then laugh as if it were a witty jest. And as they breed them in their language, so they breed them in their sports, pastimes, or exercises, as to play with children at bo-peep, blindman's-buff, and cock's-hod."

"A gentleman ought to be skilful in the use of his sword, in the manage of horses, to vault, to wrestle, to dance : the first defends his honour and country ; the next is for command in cavalry ; the third makes him ready in the day of battle to horse himself ; the fourth keeps him from being overcome by a clown or peasant, for the sleights in wrestling will overcome great strength ; the fifth gives his limbs a graceful motion. His exercises should be masculine : for better it were to see a gentleman shoe a horse, than to play on the viol or lute, virginal, or any other musical instrument ; for that sheweth the command man hath over beast. Or to carry a burthen on his back, than to sit idly at cards or dice : for idleness is like the sluggish worm, that is neither able to help nor defend itself."

"Some, in their praises of women, say, they never speak but their words are too many in number for the weight of the sense ; besides, the ground of their discourse is impertinent, as enquiries who dined and who supped at such a table ; what looks, words, and actions passed among the company ; what addresses such a man made to such a woman, and what encouragement they received in their courtships ; then who was at court, who at church ; or slandering or defaming one another ; or bragging of themselves, what clothes they have or will have ; what coaches or lacqueys, what love-servants they have or may have ; what men are like to die for love of them ;

what feast they made for such a company ; who took them out to dance at such a ball ; who ushered them out of church, and who they saw there, and not of what they heard there ; and for their pastimes, say they are seldom at home but to receive visits. Neither are they pleased with the company of their own sex ; for if there be no man amongst them, they are very dull, and as mute as one would wish ; unless it be at a gossiping, where a cup of good liquor runs about."

"All women are a kind of mountebanks ; for they would make the world believe they are better than they are ; and they do all they can to draw company ; and their allurements is their dressing, dancing, painting, and the like ; and when men are catcht, they laugh to see what fools they were to be taken with such toys : for women's ends are only to make men profess and protest, lie and forswear themselves in the admiration of them : for a woman's only delight is to be flattered of men ; for they care not whether they love truly, or speak falsely, so they profess earnestly."

"Some parents suffer their children to run about into every dirty office, where the young master must learn to drink and play at cards with the kitchen-boy, and learn to kiss his mother's dirty maid for a mess of cream. The daughters are danced upon the knee of every clown and serving man, and hear them talk scurrilous to their maids, which is their complement of wooing, and then dancing *Sellingier's Round* with them at Christmas time."

"Some say a man is a nobler creature than a woman, because our Saviour took upon him the body of man ; and another, that man was made first : but these two reasons are weak ; for the Holy Spirit took upon him the shape of a dove, which creature is of less esteem than mankind ; and, for the pre-eminency in creation, the devil was made before man."*

Mrs. Piozzi gave a saffron colour to her cheeks by painting. Thousands, by following a very foolish and pernicious fashion, had done the same before her.

"Painting the face, when it is used for a good intent, as to keep or increase lawful affection, is, perhaps, admissible ; but in a widow, painting is most disallowable—a widow once, a widow ever. I am utterly against the art of painting, out of three respects ; the first is dangerous — for most paintings are mixed with

* "He to God's image, she to his was made,
So farther from the fount the stream at random stray'd."

DRYDEN.

mercury, wherein is much quicksilver, which is of so subtle and malignant a nature, as it will fall from the head to the lungs, and cause consumptions, and is the cause of swelling about the neck and throat. The next is, that it is so far from adorning, that it disfigures : for it will rot the teeth, dim the eyes, and take away both the life and youth of a face, which is the greatest beauty. Thirdly, and lastly — the sluttishness of it, and especially in the preparatives, as masks of sear-clothes, which are not only horrid to look upon, in that they seem as dead bodies embowelled or embalmed, but the stink is offensive. Then the pomatum and pultis, which are very uneasy to lie in, wet and greasy, and very unsavoury ; for all the while they have it on it presents to the nose a chandler's shop, or a greasy dripping-pan, so as all the time they fry, as it were, in grease ; neither will their perfumes mend it, or their oils : and though I cannot say they live in purgatory, because they shun all hot places, for they cannot have the comfortable heat of the fire, and shun the natural heat of the sun, as they must live always as if they were at the North Pole, for fear the heat should melt away their oil, and oily drops can be no grace to their face. Dry painting shrivels up the skin so, as it imprints age in their face, in filling it full of wrinkles ; wherefore paintings are both dangerous, ill-favoured, and sluttish, besides the troublesome pains. But for other adornments in women, they are to be commended, as curling, powdering, pouncing, clothing, and all the varieties of accoutrement."

One of the most interesting works of the duchess's composition is a large folio volume of *Sociable Letters*, for so they are styled, 211 in number. The odd eleven are for individuals with names, the 200 to some madam, evidently an admirer of the duchess and her writings. There is no such thing as a date throughout the work, and names are distinguished by initials, which, provokingly enough, are of frequent occurrence. The letters, however, seem to have been written wholly abroad, and the collection was printed at London in 1664.

There is, of course, a complimentary copy of verses by the duke, and a letter of gratitude and extravagant adulation from the duchess, with a preface to all professors of learning and art, and another to the Many.

"It may be said to me," she writes to her lord, "as one said to a lady, 'Work,

lady, work,—let writing books alone, for surely wiser women ne'er writ one ;' but your lordship here bid me to work, nor leave writing, except when you would persuade me to spare so much time from my study as to take the air for my health ; the truth is, my lord, I cannot work, I mean such work as ladies use to pass their time withal : but I am not a duncie in all employments, for I understand the keeping of sheep, and ordering of a grange, indifferently well, although I do not busy myself much with it, by reason my scribbling takes away most part of my time."
 . . . "As for the present book of letters," she writes, "I know not, as yet, what aspersion they will lay upon it, but I fear they'll say, they are not written in a mode style, that is, in a complimenting and romantical way, with high words and mystical expressions, as most of our modern letter-writers use to do."

The twenty-first letter contains a sad character of her sex.

"I observe," she says, "that cards is one of the chief pastimes of our sex, and their greatest delight ; for few or none of our sex loves or delights in poetry, unless a copy of verses made in their praise, wherein, for the most part, is more flattery than wit." . . . "Neither doth our sex take much pleasure in harmonious music, only in violins to tread a measure ; the truth is, the chief study of our sex is romances, wherein reading, they fall in love with the feigned heroes and carpet-knights, with whom their thoughts secretly commit adultery, and in their conversation and manner, or forms or phrases of speech, they imitate the romancy-ladies."

The forty-seventh letter is a long account of the pains that ladies take, and the cost they go to, in getting, making, and buying fine and costly child-bed linen, swaddling-clothes, mantles, and the like, their banquets of sweetmeats, cakes, wafers, biscuits, jellies, and such strong drinks as hippocras and burnt wine, with hot spices, mulled sack, strong and high-coloured ale, well spiced and stuffed with toasts of cakes. This should be read with Letter cii., where there is an account of a gossip-meeting.

Some of her descriptions are very graphic, such as that of the sanctified lady to whom black patches had become abominable, and fans, ribands, pendants and necklaces, the temptations of Satan, and laced shoes and galooshes, as so many steps to pride. (Lett. li.)

"You were pleased, in your last letter," she writes (No. cXLVI.), "to request me to send you my opinion of Virgil and Ovid, as which I thought was the better poet. Truly, madam, my reason, skill, or understanding in poetry and poets is not sufficient to give a judgment of two such famous poets, for though I am a poetess, yet I am but a poetastress, or a petty poetess; but, howsoever, I am a legitimate poetical child of Nature, and though my poems, which are the body of the poetical soul, are not so beautiful and pleasing as the rest of her poetical children's bodies are, yet I am, nevertheless, her child, although but a brownet."

Here is a very beautiful picture of the qualities required of a ballad-singer:—

"The vulgar and plainer a voice is, the better it is for an old ballad; for a sweet voice with quavers, and trilloes, and the like, would be as improper for an old ballad, as golden laces on a thrown suit of cloth, diamond buckles on clouted or cobbled shoes, or a feather on a monk's hood; neither should old ballads be sung so much in a tune as in a tone, which tone is betwixt speaking and singing, for the sound is more than plain speaking and less than clear singing, and the rumming or humming of a wheel should be the music to that tone, for the humming is the noise the wheel makes in the turning round, which is not like the music of the spheres; and ballads are only proper to be sung by spinsters, and that only in cold winter nights, when a company of good housewives are drawing a thread of flax."—*Lett. ccc.*

Her admiration of Davenant's *Gondibert* is made the subject of a letter, (No. cxxvii.), where she speaks with great discrimination when finding fault with the over-precision of his language and the compact closeness of his expressions, "for the language is like so curious and finely engraven a seal as one cannot readily see the figure engraven thereon without a magnifying glass."

Her love for the writings of Shakspeare breaks out in two or three places, nor has it been hitherto noticed that the duchess was among the first who dared to publish their admiration:—

"I wonder," she writes, "how that person you mention in your letter could either have the conscience or confidence to dispraise Shakspeare's plays, as to say

they were made up only with clowns, fools, watchmen, and the like." . . . "Shakspeare," she says, with admirable wit, "did not want wit to express to the life all sorts of persons, of what quality, possession, degree, breeding, or birth whatsoever; nor did he want wit to express the divers and different humours, or natures, or several passions in mankind; and so well he hath expressed in his plays all sorts of persons, as one would think he had been transformed into every one of those persons he hath described; and as sometimes one would think he was really himself the clown or jester he feigns, so one would think he was also the king and privy-counsellor; also as one would think he were really the coward he feigns, so one would think he were the most valiant and experienced soldier; who would not think he had been such a man as his Sir John Falstaff? and who would not think he had been Harry the Fifth? and certainly Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, and Antonius did really never act their parts better, if so well, as he hath described them, and I believe that Antonius and Brutus did not speak better to the people than he had feigned them; nay, one would think that he had been metamorphosed from a man to a woman, for who could describe Cleopatra better than he has done, and many other females of his own creating? Who would not swear that he had been a noble lover? who could woo so well? and there is not any person he hath described in his book but his readers might think they were well acquainted with them."—*Pp. 246, 6, 7.*

All this is excellent, but when the duchess tells us, some hundred pages on (p. 338), that her husband is as far beyond Shakspeare for comical humour, as Shakspeare is beyond an ordinary poet in that way, we love and respect the wife, but laugh outright at the silly weakness of the woman.

Here we stop, and in the belief, be it known, that our readers are as much in love with Margaret Lucas as Oliver Yorke is, or was old William Cavendish himself.

"Is this a lady's closet? 't cannot be,
For nothing here of vanity we see,
Nothing of curiosity or pride,
As most of ladies' closets have beside.
Scarcely a glass or mirror in't you find,
Excepting books, the mirror of the mind.
Nor is't a library, but only as she
Makes each place where she comes a
library."*

* On the Duchess of Newcastle's Closet.—*FLECKNOE'S Epigrams.*

MILLINERS' APPRENTICES.

"Etsi nullum memorabile nomen
Femineâ in pœnâ est nec habet victoria laudem,
Extinxisse nefas tamen, et sumsisse merentis
Laudabor pœnas."—VIRG. *Æn.* ii.

THE warmest advocate for the advantages of luxury and civilisation in a state, cannot disguise from himself the melancholy truth, that to administer to that condition and those advantages, the privations and sufferings of many individuals must be increased in such a ratio as fully to bear out what otherwise would seem a paradox, that where there is the greatest wealth, there is the greatest misery. Whether it is that man, naturally tyrannical and arbitrary, shews this disposition more particularly when successful industry makes him less dependent on his fellow-man, or that the excitement of competition, which is inseparable from wealth and aggrandisement, renders him selfish and hard-hearted, certain it is that at no period is it more necessary to protect the weak against the strong, than when one might suppose that increased security and abundance of every thing conducive to happiness or comfort would cause him to do all in his power to relieve the condition of those less prosperous or fortunate than himself. While this reflexion leads the speculative philosopher to examine and discuss the relative good or evil of luxury and refinement in the abstract, the practical philanthropist will endeavour to mitigate the disadvantages arising from them by wise and salutary laws. The sympathy of the British public has been awakened in behalf of those so hardly tasked under the factory system, and notwithstanding the opposition created against the measure by the advocates of what is termed uncontrolled freedom of labour, the Ten-hours' Bill will sooner or later become the law of the land, and the truth of that maxim of our poet, "Be just and fear not," be fully and universally recognised. At the very moment, however, that the hardships undergone by the youth of both sexes in the manufacturing districts have been engaging the attention of the

public mind, and the feelings of society have been harrowed by the piteous description of the trials they are exposed to in their round of daily toil, there has been discovered to exist a class of persons whose sufferings far exceed those of the poor mechanic or the factory-girl. I allude to the young women employed by the milliners and dress-makers to assist in their business, either as apprentices or day-workers, in large towns, more particularly in the metropolis. The object of the present article is, first, to enumerate some of those evils, physical and moral, which arise from the tyranny and severe tasking so generally practised in this department of trade; and, 2dly, to examine briefly if any remedies, legislative or otherwise, can be applied to a system of over-working so manifestly requiring alteration and improvement.

If we enter the work-room of some dress-maker in tolerable business, we shall see a number of girls, many of them pale and emaciated, crowded together, and under the superintendence of a forewoman, whose office it is to keep order and urge on the appointed task. Of these some are "apprentices," others are "day-workers," the remainder are what are termed "improvers." The apprentices are placed with the proprietress of the establishment for a certain period, generally for about two or three years, sometimes five. They are apprenticed usually about the age of fourteen, and reside entirely on the premises. The premium, of course, varies according to the situation and notoriety of the house. It is sometimes as high as sixty guineas. The day-workers either live at home or in their own lodgings; they come to the dress-maker's from nine in the morning till nine at night, and receive from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per day. If required to work extra hours, they are paid accordingly. They bring their own dinners

with them, but are found in tea and sugar. The "improvers" are girls from seventeen to twenty years of age, who come up from the country, and remain usually six months with their employer, during which period they make themselves generally useful; their time is entirely at the disposal of the dress-maker; they reside with her, but receive no wages and pay no premium. During the London season, the fatigue they undergo is excessive. At a period of life when adequate rest, and even some relaxation, are absolutely necessary to the bodily health, they are confined, with scarcely any intermission for their meals, which they are frequently obliged to leave half-finished to return to their work, often till three or four o'clock in the morning, in a heated and unwholesome atmosphere. The whole frame exhausted, and the nervous system frequently too much unstrung for the enjoyment of the little sleep allowed them, they are expected to be early again at the work-table, and return with apparent cheerfulness to the toil which is silently sapping the secret springs of life. No wonder that many fall victims to untimely disease, or, escaping the immediate bad consequences, in after life become the mothers of an unhealthy and miserable offspring. It is lamentable to see the change that sometimes comes over the country girl shortly after her admission as an apprentice. Arriving, perhaps, from her happy village home, where she has been the pride of honest and industrious parents, her cheeks redolent of rosy health, her step elastic, her spirits light and buoyant, at first the novelty and excitement, and constant variety of the busy town amuse her; she delights in the companionship of girls of her own age, and strives to the utmost of her power to win the approbation and confidence of her employer. By degrees her pallid cheek and attenuated form shew that the loss of fresh air, and the absence of accustomed exercise, are eating into the bud of youth. Her appetite leaves her: she sighs occasionally over her work, but utters no complaint. Then comes the short hacking cough, the supernaturally brilliant eye, the hectic spot. She is de-

spatched in haste to her native home, but rest then comes too late.

"Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus
aratro
Languescit moriens, lassove papavera
collo
Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gra-
vantur."—VINO. *Æn.* ix.

This is not a highly coloured picture, sketched by fancy, but the history of many a poor girl, the words of truth and soberness. And if it be possible to prevent such tales from being so common, if we can devise any scheme for rescuing one victim from being immolated on the shrine of Vanity and Fashion, will not every Englishman and every Englishwoman—for much is in her power—join with us in the sacred work?

It appears that the diseases to which the young dress-maker is most subject are complaints of the liver and stomach. The constant waste which, to constitute vigorous health, must be carried on by means of the secretions, being interrupted by want of air and exercise, the circulation becomes languid and sluggish, the blood is loaded with impure humours, and congestion of the abdominal viscera necessarily ensues.

Not only are the sedentary habits of young dress-makers, so long continued, prejudicial to the full development of the body, but the stooping position which they are obliged to adopt, with the head and neck bent forwards, are productive of serious mischief. Accordingly, spinal diseases, and the contortion commonly called the wry-neck, which arises from the sterno-mastoid muscle growing out of its natural place, are often the consequences of this position. It is not uncommon also to see disorders of the eyes, arising from painful and difficult work done by candle-light, sometimes by gas-light. It is at this time of the day that the young prisoners suffer most from confinement. After the atmosphere of the work-room has been corrupted by the numbers employed in it during the morning, perhaps during winter, when the windows have not been opened, the lighting of it up at night generates a quantity of carbonic acid, which it is extremely pernicious to breathe. If we

suppose, what is not, perhaps, often the case, that gas is employed in the work-room, the noxious effects are still greater. To shew the importance of proper ventilation, we will quote a passage on the subject from an article by Mr. Squire, in a late number of the *Pharmaceutical Journal* :—

"The usual argand gas-burner consumes about five cubic feet of gas per hour, producing rather more than five cubic feet of carbonic acid, and nearly half a pint of water. Shops using thirty of these lights, therefore, in an evening of four hours, produce upwards of nine gallons of water, holding in solution the noxious products of the gas. An argand lamp, burning in a room twelve feet high and twelve feet square, containing 1728 cubic inches of air, with closed doors and windows, produces sufficient carbonic acid in rather more than three hours to exceed more than one per cent, which is considered unfit for respiration, and when it amounts to ten per cent it is fatal to life. A man makes on an average twenty respirations in a minute, and at each respiration inhales sixteen cubic inches of air. Of these 320 cubic inches inhaled, thirty-two cubic inches of oxygen are consumed, and twenty-five cubic inches of carbonic acid produced."

With regard to exercise, the apprentices and day-workers are better off than the improvers. The apprentices are often sent out on what is termed to "match," that is, to fetch from large houses of business the different articles which ladies have made choice of to be made up. Sometimes they are out on these errands the whole morning; but, with the exception of what they get on Sundays, this is the only exercise they are allowed to take. The day-workers coming early in the morning, and returning home at night, have some time of the day at least to themselves; but there is this serious disadvantage to which they are exposed, namely, that they are turned loose upon the town at a time of the day when the public streets are least respectable, and living as they often do alone, or one or two together, in lodgings, they are liable to form improper connexions, and become lax in their moral habits. The poor improvers seldom get out at all, and they are usually the

greatest sufferers. The time they remain with the milliner is indeed short, but it is often quite sufficient to undermine their constitutions, and sow the seeds of disorders which last for life. Sunday, that day of rest so grateful to the whole creation, cannot be said to be one to the young dress-maker. Much moral evil necessarily ensues from the way she is treated on a Sunday. Having worked perhaps on the evening before till long past midnight, she is expected not to remain at home on the Sabbath. Her employer is quite regardless whether she frequents a place of divine worship or not, her presence is disagreeable, and the work-room shut up. Perhaps a stranger in the metropolis, she has no relations or friends with whom to spend her hours of recreation, and no wonder that she often spends her time at such places of amusement as are open on the Sabbath, or in the parks, with some acquaintance or admirer she accidentally picks up. This is an evil which should be remedied. The mistress should make their home comfortable and agreeable to the girls on the Sabbath; her table should be as open to them on that as on any other day in the week; she should place in their way suitable books, and they should not be driven, fatigued in body and mind as they must be, to seek amusement and relaxation abroad.

In case of temporary illness and indisposition, the young dress-maker's position is very forlorn and distressing. She cannot absent herself from the work-room without incurring the displeasure of the lady of the house, and if she fancies any little delicacy, such as broth or gruel, she can only obtain it by purchasing it at her own expense, and giving a perquisite to the cook to prepare it for her. If her indisposition continues, she must either go to her friends or to the hospital. With this alternative before her, she often struggles on against sickness, rather than put her friends to the additional burthen of keeping her, after the payment of a premium for her instruction, the amount of which perhaps they have raised with great difficulty and self-denial. To the expenses of her washing and her

clothes is now added the apothecary's bill, and she has not unfrequently to bear the reproaches of the forewoman, and what are called the "first-hands," for the neglect or unskilfulness of her work. Many a heart has been broken under this severe and cruel usage. Not that we would have it inferred that the description given in these pages of the hardships endured by the young apprentice are of universal application; far from it. There are many houses where the kindness and consideration shewn her, and the efforts made by the mistress to counteract any mischief arising from her close confinement to business by occasional indulgence and relaxation, have long been remembered by the inmates with feelings of the deepest gratitude and affection. It is indeed the policy of the employer to be considerate and kind to the girls placed under her care. Such kindness is by no means thrown away upon them. When called upon to make any extraordinary exertion, the readiness and cheerfulness with which they endeavour to give her satisfaction, and the pains which they take to execute well the commission entrusted to them, shew clearly that a willing industry and unforced obedience are most successful and happiest in their results. Such a mistress will make the call for particular application only when it is necessary. At the dull season of the year, when business is slack, she will not keep her girls up till a late hour, employed in sewing for herself or her family. She will allow them to take that opportunity of making or mending their own clothes, or permit them to amuse themselves in any manner they may think best. She will join in their conversation, enter into their hopes and prospects, sympathise with them in sickness, and endeavour to make herself rather beloved by her kindness to them, than feared by the strictness and severity of her discipline. Were such treatment more general, the whole moral character of the establishment would not only be greatly improved, but even the despatch of business itself accelerated. There would not be that system of deceit carried on between the girls and their employers which is now so prevalent. When the mistress or

forewoman are absent from the work-room, as they often unavoidably are, for the purpose of taking orders, the girls, from mere physical exhaustion, watch their opportunity and leave off work; the pent-up spirits now escape; they make up for the previous silence which they have been obliged to keep, and the greatest anarchy and confusion prevail.

The diet in many houses is very deficient. Between five and six in the morning the girls are expected to get up; half an hour is allowed them for dressing themselves. The breakfast hour is eight o'clock, and this meal consists of two cups of indifferent tea, and a round of bread and butter. The dinner at 1 p.m. is usually composed of a joint of meat and potatoes. Of this each girl is helped once; she seldom asks for more without being subject to unpleasant remarks. Pudding is a great rarity. In some houses they have table ale, not of the strongest or most nourishing quality, but in very many water is the only beverage allowed. The tea at 5 p.m. is a repetition of the breakfast, and the supper at nine consists of bread and cheese, termed by the girls "the dry meal." If they are obliged to sit up very late, they are allowed additional tea and coffee during the night. Sometimes there is a strike among them, when the mistress is too unreasonable even for a house of business. An apprentice informed the writer that she remembered having sat at work, with a short interval for meals, from 5 a.m. till the next morning at 3 a.m., when the employer brought in more work. The girls had previously determined among themselves to hold out against her if she should expect more to be done, and accordingly, on coming in, she tried each apprentice, but they resolutely refused, informing her that "they thought they had done a fair day's work." The Penelope retreated from the scene of rebellion in sullen dignity, giving a reluctant permission to her maidens to retire then to bed, but adding "that they must take care to be all up early in the morning." This circumstance occurred during the pressure to get ready a court mourning, but it might as readily occur during the urgency of preparation for a lady's court dress.

Among the evils arising from the hard life of the young work-woman, it does not appear that the bad habit of recruiting the exhausted spirits by drinking is to be met with. Examples of this vice, of itself so pernicious to health, are extremely rare. Tea and coffee seem to be the restoratives chiefly coveted among the girls. Their confinement, under the immediate eye of the mistress, possesses, among many bad consequences, this good one, that they cannot get out to obtain wine or spirits; nor, if they did, could they conceal them on the premises, or resort to them without detection. The extra pocket-money they possess appears to be chiefly spent in purchasing little articles of dress or finery, for this is a temptation to which they are, from their very profession and employment, particularly liable. If a girl has a pretty face, she is often made to try on a bonnet or a mantle for a customer, and if she is told that it becomes her, which she very soon discovers, it is no wonder that she acquires a taste for personal decoration. Hearing so much said on every side respecting dress and ornaments, she learns naturally to give them an undue value in her estimation. Perhaps less fortunate than those around her, in the supply of pocket-money allowed her by her relatives, this love of dress, and the ambition of appearing as nice in her personal appearance as those who are richer than herself, cause her often to fall a victim to her own vanity, and lead to the degradation of her character and the ruin of her moral happiness. It is inconceivable how many of those unfortunate beings who live on the wages of prostitution, might refer the first step taken towards the downward path to the house of the milliner or dress-maker. The love of dress would perhaps be found to be one of the chief temptations which led them to go astray. But let the censorious and uncharitable reflect at the same time how severe the trials they were exposed to, when the character and principles were most pliant, most prone to receive every external impression. Let those whose advantages are great, to whom decorous conduct from their difference of circumstances is comparatively

easy, consider how the image of Mammon and worldliness was constantly before them; how the kinder and more genial feelings of woman's heart, expanding as they do with most warmth and "beauty most admired" in the early spring of youth, were chilled and frozen by hardships and neglect. Happy are ye who have the culture and discipline of Religion to throw their shield around you when the passions begin to assert their despotic power, who have the mother's arm to lean on, or the voice of the friend to warn you, when the jeers of companions, already lost to shame, assail your tottering virtue, or your own heart is treacherous to itself! Surely, O ladies of England—ye women that are at ease, you have some part or lot in this matter—the cry of the poor dress-maker appealing to you for assistance to alleviate her condition will not be heard in vain? Will you continue to require your orders to be executed in an unreasonably short time, when you know that many a poor girl must be deprived of rest, of health, of strength, nay perhaps of life, for the satisfaction of your fashionable caprice, and for the sake of a luxury which you would be just as well, and just as happy, if you had it not? Will you cheapen and haggle for the price of a silk or muslin, when you learn that the few pounds or shillings you may gain to yourself will be wrung out of the forced labour and midnight weariness of a jaded artisan, who has feelings as well as you, and necessities far greater than you can ever have? Think not only of yourselves in that crowded show-room, where the mirrors reflect your jewelled forms, arrayed in all the splendour that the most costly material can furnish forth. More enviable would you be if you made one of those pale girls less miserable for a single hour, than if night after night you shone at the brilliant opera, or in the dazzling ball-room, the brightest stars of rank, and wealth, and beauty.

Not much now remains to be said respecting what we proposed to make the first part of our present inquiry. The great competition in every department of trade and business at the present day, in dress-making and millinery among the rest, and the

exertion made to manufacture every article at the lowest price, cause fewer hands to be engaged than are properly competent to do the work expected from them; and hence the burthen of labour presses very heavily on those few. Ten or fifteen apprentices are made to do the work of thirty. In many houses the accommodation would not admit of more; in many it is entirely inadequate for those employed. The sleeping rooms are improperly crowded, and the work-room is made to contain double the number it ought. But this grievance arises as often from the desire of the proprietress of the house to realise a rapid profit, as it does from the deficiency of accommodation. If the profit is small on each individual article, it is made up for by the number of articles which a few hands by means of exaggerated labour can produce. This is an evil very difficult to remedy, while the importance of wealth, so strikingly characteristic of a commercial age and country, is so universally recognised. We all struggle to be rich, high and low, young and old; those behind press on those before, they in their turn on those in front: if it is the spur to our industry, it at the same time gives the rein to our selfishness; if it develops and calls into full action our perseverance, our activity, our untiring energies, it is at the same time a clog to the secret springs of virtuous action, and an impediment to the finer feelings of the heart. "If we make haste to be rich," said the wisest of men, "we shall assuredly not be innocent."

If the number of work-women employed in each house of business is, consistently with a healthy and proper system of treatment, quite inadequate to the drudgery imposed upon them, we shall not expect that they can obtain many intervals of relaxation, when they can be entirely absent from the establishment. Accordingly, we find that the holidays allowed to each girl seldom exceed three weeks or a month, during autumn, a period of the year when their attendance is least requisite. Were it not for this breathing time to recruit their exhausted energies, no degree of physical strength would enable them to bear up against the

fatigues they submit to, sometimes voluntarily, to obtain a knowledge of their business, but more frequently from necessity, and a persuasion that if they abandon this service, they have no other prospect before them but poverty and want. An increased population, and wealth unequally distributed, have depreciated the value of labour, and, while the merchant or manufacturer is amassing a splendid fortune, the poor mechanic or artisan earns a scanty subsistence where he can. The amount of the pittance, called his wages, is fixed by others, who exercise the tyranny of opulence, and he must either take that or starve. The condition of the poorer orders of society at the present day deserves the most careful attention of the statesman. The comforts which refinement, and many years of uninterrupted peace, have diffused among the higher and middling classes, have not yet reached the operative; he alone seems chained to the earth without power to rise; the bread he eats by the sweat of his brow is barely sufficient for his maintenance. His history, were he to tell it, would in many points resemble that of the young milliner described in these pages—chiefly in this, that his labour, inadequately paid as it is, is bestowed upon another for his aggrandisement, and the fruits of his patient industry doth a stranger take.

"Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves :
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra, boves."
VIRG.

From this imperfect description of the hardships endured by the milliner and dress-maker's apprentice, in many houses—for we must recollect that there are honourable exceptions to the rule, but that, if proper treatment were universal, this essay would be useless—we may now proceed to enumerate some of those remedies by which her condition appears capable of improvement. And on entering this part of our subject, it must be remembered that the mitigation of evils, such as have been described, depends very materially upon the disposition of the employers themselves. At the same time, although public opinion is so powerful in this country that to lay open an abuse may be said almost to rectify it, yet

in a matter where the motives of self-interest are so contrary to humanity, it is scarcely safe to trust too far to the influence of general feeling and sympathy upon individual conduct. The first and most obvious remedy that suggests itself is, that the legislature should interfere to prevent any young person from being obliged to work more than twelve hours in the day, exclusive of the time devoted to her meals. Extra work should be optional, but it should be entitled to extra remuneration. This single and simple enactment would be productive of incalculable good, and would strike at the root of most of the evil we have been discussing. This boon obtained, the young dress-maker's lot would be comparatively a happy one. It would give her rest, it would give her relaxation, her actual slavery would be no more. Fatigues she would have to undergo, hard words to put up with, close confinement to brook; but then its term would be fixed and definite. She would no longer have to watch through the weary hours of night at another's will and for another's gain. In the gladsome summer evening she might then sometimes, at the close of her work, step forth, not to do her mistress's bidding, but to breathe the refreshing air of heaven, and liberty.

The legislature might also extend its power to regulate the time allowed to each girl for vacation during the year. This should never be shorter than one month. From the first of these regulations, viz. by shortening the hours of labour, a twofold advantage would ensue. Not only would a considerable improvement take place in the condition of each individual employed, but it would oblige the employers to keep more hands at work than they do now. The quantity of business done would be the same, but it would give occupation and a livelihood to a greater number of young women, who, under the present system of late hours and few apprentices, continue out of work, or whose services, if engaged, are considerably underpaid. By an occasional exertion out of work hours, the apprentice might then earn something towards keeping herself in shoes or clothes. Then the knowledge that she was entitled, as of

right, to a certain season in the year for relaxation, and for visiting her friends, would materially contribute to support her health and spirits. With this to hope for and look forward to, she would take greater pride in the dignity of her own character, and be less apt to forget the early lessons of duty and virtuous principle taught her by those under whose immediate control she no longer is.

The more we examine the subject, the more inclined shall we be to the opinion that the only material remedy for the evils under discussion, to be obtained at the hands of the legislature, is that already suggested, and which would probably suggest itself immediately to every one, namely, an act for shortening the hours of labour. The legislature might also fix the age, under which girls should not be allowed to become apprentices. Much, however, would still remain to be done for them, which it would not be in the power of any act of parliament to accomplish. A society of benevolent individuals has, we believe, been already formed, with a view of discussing and adopting the best means for improving their condition. One of the most acceptable gifts which the society could offer would be the institution of a hospital, appropriated entirely to the use of young workwomen when out of health, and affording them at those times a comfortable home. When the nature of their indisposition would admit of it, they might here receive religious instruction, and be employed in light work, and of this they should be allowed to receive the profits. The certificate of a physician or surgeon should be necessary to procure them admission to the institution. Many girls would most gladly and gratefully avail themselves of such a charity who now have an insuperable objection to a public hospital. On their return to their employment, religious books should be lent to them, and they should be encouraged to come to the chaplain or matron of the hospital, if at any future time in want of comfort or advice. By these means the good impressions made upon them in sickness would be fostered and kept alive. They might possibly be extended to others also. It is a question

whether lending libraries, not confined to the girls who have been ill, such as are common in the factories of the United States, would not be very popular among this class and produce much good. Attached to the hospital above proposed should be a dispensary, where medical advice should be given, and medicines furnished to such as are not sufficiently ill to leave their work. The machinery of such an institution would be very simple, and the sympathy of the British public would not be in vain appealed to for its support. At the house of business itself a considerable change in the present system is absolutely necessary. Sunday should be a day of rest to the girls. It would be desirable, if possible, that one of the show-rooms should be cleared on the Saturday night, and given up entirely to them for their use and recreation on the Sabbath. The mistress should see, as far as her power extends, that her apprentices and improvers go to divine service; or, at all events, she ought to provide for them a pew in some neighbouring church, where those who were desirous of attending might do so. As before mentioned, the mistress's table should be as open to such as have no friends to visit on that as on any other day. There might even be on that day a little improvement in the dinner. An indulgence of this sort would make them feel less anxious to get out, and what now often occurs would be less common, namely, that they are quite as much, if not more fatigued and exhausted on the Sunday night, than on any other night in the week. It would be very desirable that morning and evening prayers should be offered daily in each house of business, the whole establishment being present. Independently of its good moral effect, this practice would tend greatly to regularity and order. Each girl, on her first arrival, should be expected to bring with her a Bible and Prayer-book. For meals a certain period should always be allowed. At present the girls are often obliged to rise from dinner almost before they have finished it, and to return immediately to the work-room. This is not one of the least causes of the indigestion and nausea from which they often suffer. An interval of twenty minutes or half an hour after

the principal meal ought, compatibly with health, to occur, before they sit down again to their work. During their absence in the dining-room, the apartment where they have been working should be well ventilated. There is an objection often made to the windows being opened, that the dresses or bonnets will spoil by the admission of air or damp; but this might easily be avoided by their being covered up. When the ventilation has been complete, the apprentice will feel greatly refreshed after her meal, even without exercise, and apply herself to her work with a feeling of lightness, which she would be quite a stranger to if the atmosphere were unchanged. Gas should never be admitted to the work-room; it is scarcely ever so now, except where there is a shop attached to the business. Cleanliness of the person is so conducive to bodily health, that it seems scarcely necessary to urge it as indispensable to the young workwoman. This is a point on which every mistress, it appears, is very particular. Cold ablutions, and the use of the flesh brush, particularly on rising in the morning, will greatly assist the circulation, and prove the best substitute for exercise. The importance of the skin secretions has been as yet scarcely attended to sufficiently by the physician, and yet the skin is an organ, on the state of which, especially in our variable climate, the health materially depends. An occasional use of the warm-bath would be one of the best restoratives and safest stimulants that the young milliner could resort to. When at work, she should, if possible, not continue very long in the same position, standing on every opportunity, and avoid all tight ligatures round the body, particularly tightly laced stays, which often of themselves occasion great derangement to the health. How much more so when the person who wears them is obliged to maintain so long a stooping position? The French women when at work wear their stays much looser than the English, and, consequently suffer less inconvenience. The food supplied should be simple, but of the most nourishing quality; above all, it should not be always of the same description. The capricious appetite sometimes fancies coffee or cocor

when it rejects tea; sometimes has a relish for soup or broth when it is disinclined to solid food. In the absence of much exercise it will be found absolutely necessary, to the maintenance of anything like health, to vary the dishes. We should not be understood to mean that the inmates of a house of business should have luxuries, but merely that the nature and ingredients of their food should be occasionally changed. Great attention should be paid to the apartments where the girls sleep; these should be thoroughly ventilated and kept clean; the number of females sleeping in one room should not exceed four. A reform in many of these apparently insignificant matters would enhance greatly the comfort and alleviate the physical sufferings endured by the apprentice. Let those who are disposed to laugh at some of the above recommendations as frivolous, reflect that there is no circumstance so trifling as not to derive value from the consideration that it detracts from the misery of a fellow creature.

It is time to draw this article to a close, protracted already to a considerable length. Imperfect as it is in the catalogue of the evils it attempts to describe, and incomplete in the remedies it suggests, enough at least has been said to shew that the case is not altogether a hopeless one and incapable of amelioration. We would not conclude our remarks, however, without a few observations to the young milliner herself, as well as to the mistress who employs her. To the former we would say: "Remember you have duties to perform, as well as rights to assert; shew by

your conduct that you are not unworthy of the sympathies which have been enlisted in your behalf. Endeavour to win the confidence and approbation of your employer by doing the work allotted you in the best and neatest manner you can. Be as diligent in her absence as in her presence. Be meek and gentle in your temper; pay a ready obedience to her orders; if any indulgence is shewn you, do not abuse it; and above all, forget not your religious duties; they will not only brighten and cheer the gloom of your daily daily toil, but they will strengthen you against those temptations which will frequently be thrown in your way."

To the employer our advice is: "Reflect that it is no small responsibility you have undertaken. The future conduct and happiness of the young women under your charge depend in a great measure upon you. Do not consider that they are under your roof for the single purpose of assisting to make you rich. While you enforce a rigorous discipline in the work-room, neglect not entirely the moral discipline of their minds. In your treatment of them, let that golden rule of Christianity, 'Do ye unto others as ye would they should do unto you,' guide and direct you. And while you expect from them steadiness of conduct and rectitude of principle, remember, that what we see makes a far more vivid impression upon us than what we hear, and that example is more powerful than precept. Let your pupils, for so they may be called, learn to look up to you as a model for their virtuous imitation, and respect you as a friend."

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

No. VIII.

LORD PALMERSTON.

IN a debate some few years ago in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel excited considerable merriment by calling Lord Palmerston "a pure old Whig." The expression was felt to be an equivocal one. It might be taken as an ironical allusion to the ostentation with which the noble lord then paraded what he termed "Whig principles" before the House,—principles which he, at that time, adhered to with the tenacity, and propounded with the zeal, proverbial in recent converts; or, still in the same spirit of quizzing, the right honourable baronet might have meant to allude to the weight of authority which the noble lord added to any intrinsic truth there might be in the political views referred to; because, from the opportunities he has had of testing the opinions of other political parties of which he has, during his long life, been a member, his preference for "Whig principles" might be held to be the result of settled conviction. There was still another sense in which the sly humour which dictated the phrase might have designed it to apply to the noble lord.

The sexagenarian juvenility of Lord Palmerston has been the subject of much good-humoured railery. The public are already sufficiently familiar with the somewhat stale jokes which the newspapers have for some time applied to the noble lord, because they have chosen to assume that he, more than most men, sacrifices to the Graces. Lord Palmerston is too respectable, both in talents and character, to be affected by such harmless nonsense; more especially as it is, in point of fact, founded on error. Nor should we here so particularly refer to the subject, but that not only in his outward man, but also in his mind, the noble lord certainly does reverse some of the usual laws of Nature. Although from early youth he has been, in some capacity or other, before the public, and, during the greater part

of the time, in the service of the state, it is only of late years that he has "come out" either as a statesman or as an orator. Perhaps this may have arisen from constitutional indolence, yet the restless activity of his subsequent ministerial career almost forbids the assumption. It may have been because he did not desire to thrust himself prominently before the public while he still occupied a position in the senate, or filled situations in the government comparatively subordinate; but a reference to Hansard will shew that at no time was the noble lord deficient in a characteristic propensity for self-display, although his efforts in parliament for many years scarcely distinguished him from the ordinary herd of level speakers. Like the blossoming of the aloe, the parliamentary fruition of his genius, though long delayed, is marvellous. Few, indeed, are the men who, after passing through a youth and manhood of indifference, apathy, or, at the utmost, of persevering mediocrity, could, long after the middle age has passed, after the fire of life might be supposed to be almost exhausted, blaze out, like the sacred flame on the altar of the fire-worshipper, at the very moment of decay. In this respect, as in many others, Lord Palmerston is a puzzle. He has begun where most men end. Long passed over and forgotten by Fame, he suddenly recalls her, and arrests her in her flight, compelling her to trumpet forth his name. Not even recognised as a statesman, but classed among the Red Tapists; as a speaker ranked with the steady-paced humdrums; he was almost the very last man in the House of Commons on whom one would have fixed as being likely ever to rival Lord John Russell in the leadership of the Whig party. Suddenly, without apparent cause, without its being discovered that he had become possessed of the elixir of life, he astonished his contemporaries by

the display of a vigour which neither his youth nor middle-age had shewn; he entered the lists alike with the veterans and the young, ardent spirits of the House of Commons, proving himself a very master of the art which he had thus with so tardy a haste essayed, and raising himself to a level with the very best speakers, nay, even ultimately rivalling Lord Lyndhurst himself in the ability and power with which he used the ordinary weapons of party for the annoyance of his foes. Like the sleeping prince in the fairy tale, although by the influence of the spell half an age had passed over his bodily frame, the fire and energy of his early days remained. The heat, the vigour, even the rashness of youth, were in him most strangely combined with the authority and experience of more advanced years. The hero of Godwin's romance did not more secretly or more instantaneously discard the crust of time. It is told of Mathews, that one of his most pleasing pastimes was—suddenly, chance wise—to mingle with any group of boys, asking to join in their play; when he would, by the force of his rare genius for imitation, throw himself completely into the childish character, romp with them, laugh with them, cheat with them, quarrel with them; till, although they could not at first quite fraternise with the very tall stranger, they gradually began to look on him as less unlike themselves, and, at last, admitted him to the full rights of companionship. Similar, one may suppose, were the feelings of the leading men of the House of Commons, when Lord Palmerston, after having wilfully hid his powers so long, burst out upon them as a first-rate speaker. It took them some time to believe it possible, but gradually their incredulity gave way under the proofs of his ability and vigour, and they now acknowledge to the utmost of their admiration the mistake which they, in common with the noble lord himself, had made during so many years. Like some diseases, Lord Palmerston's oratorical and political talent was chronic; it required time for its development.

All things taken into account, Lord Palmerston is, perhaps, the best debater among the Whig leaders of the House of Commons. In the

different qualities which, when combined, go to render a man an orator, he is excelled by many individuals among his contemporaries. Lord John Russell shews more tact, more intimate acquaintance with party history (not with parties, for, in that knowledge, Lord Palmerston beats all men living, having been a member of almost every government within the memory of man), greater skill in pointing allusions to the political errors of opponents, and altogether more refinement in the management of his parliamentary case. In eloquence, both of conception or in delivery, Lord Palmerston is, of course, excelled by Mr. Sheil or Mr. Macaulay, and even by men holding a far inferior rank as speakers. In soundness and vigour of argument he cannot stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Cobden or with Earl Grey (when that nobleman does justice to his own powers), or even with Mr. Charles Buller. Each speaker on his own side, in fact, is in advance of him in some particular quality of the orator. Yet no one would for a moment hesitate to place Lord Palmerston amongst the first speakers in the House of Commons, or would deny that he had derived from hearing one of that nobleman's speeches as much pleasure, of its kind, as if he had listened to the most brilliant efforts of Macaulay, the most spirit-stirring of Sheil, or the most skilful and satisfying of Lord John Russell. The peculiarity in Lord Palmerston which gives him this singular power of charming with an oration as a whole, the several parts of which are not calculated to please, if critically analysed, is the thorough and hearty spirit of partisanship, not malignant, or angry, or mean, as is that of most zealous advocates of embodied opinion or interests, but frank, manly, open-hearted, and undisguised, so much so as to assume almost a sportive character, as if parliamentary politics were a mere pastime, a kind of relaxation from the heavier cares or labours of administration or of ordinary political life, in which all men are bound by a sort of mutual compact, answering to the laws of a game, to exert their utmost powers to excel or to overcome each other, for the sake of the distinction and ap-

plause which are the reward of success.

This peculiarity must always be borne in mind in forming our opinion of the noble lord. He takes up political questions in parliament in the true forensic spirit, but also with much of that interest which an advocate feels, not so much in the fate of his client as in the success of his own efforts. Lord Palmerston appears to feel in a less degree the importance of "Whig principles" than the advantage of a triumph for the Whig party, and for himself as a member of the party. In this he differs from Lord John Russell, who ministers to party feeling only so far as it is identified with the principles which he considers ought to regulate him. Lord Palmerston, if he is one of the most ready, facile, clever, adroit, among the leaders of the Whigs in either House, appears also to be one of the least earnest. His politics are as a garment, worn because it is thought to be the most becoming. As far as it is possible to divine the motives of public men, hidden as they sometimes are for years under accumulations of almost necessary deceit, this appears to be the ruling tendency of Lord Palmerston's public character. On one subject alone is he always terribly, inconveniently in earnest—the praise of his own foreign policy. However artificial may be his advocacy on other questions, however he may, when he is determined to make a good party speech, spur himself out of the languor which seems to be his habit of body if not of mind, no such aids to his energy are required when the doings of Viscount Palmerston, sometime her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, are concerned. But of this more hereafter.

Lord Palmerston, in a very good speech—a sort of summary of the session, *à la* Lord Lyndhurst, which he made at the close of the parliamentary campaign of 1842—said of Lord Stanley, "No man is a better off-hand debater than the noble lord, but off-hand debaters are apt to say whatever comes in their heads on the spur of the moment, without stopping to consider whether it is strictly the fact." Had the noble ex-secretary been engaged in painting his own portrait instead of Lord Stanley's, he

could not more successfully have hit on a leading trait. It is chiefly on this very account that Lord Palmerston is so useful to his party as a debater. A more thoroughly sincere politician would be more cautious. He would have more reverence for truth, more respect for political character. Resting his faith on principles, he would be more chary of trifling with the facts on which they are founded. But Lord Palmerston is a debater, not a statesman. He is a first-rate gladiator in the great political arena, and usually a successful one; but, gladiator-like, he inquires little whether the cause he fights in be the cause of truth, being only anxious to shew his own skill and overcome his rival. The dexterity with which he fences at the case opposed to him, touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom, or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home-thrust, is only equalled by his corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from his attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. In these qualities, Sir James Graham approaches the nearest to him. But Lord Palmerston, besides all these practised arts, has also great plausibility, can work himself up admirably to a sham enthusiasm for liberal principles (just as Sir James used, in former days, to give a high colouring to his Conservatism), and can do it so well that it really requires considerable experience and observation to enable one to detect the difference between his clever imitation and the reality. He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purpose of party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open to even the most practised debaters. They may ridicule him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score, but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular case which it suits him for the time being to make out. On the other hand, he possesses himself considerable power of ridicule; and when he finds

argument of an opponent either unanswerable, or that it could only be answered by alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, he is a great adept at getting rid of it by a side-wind of absurd allusion. He very well understands the temper of the House of Commons, and especially of his own party. He knows exactly what will win a cheer and what ought to be avoided as calculated to provoke laughter in an assembly where appreciation of what is elevated in sentiment is by no means common. He is good at parliamentary clap-traps, and an invaluable coadjutor in the leadership of a party, which, for want of some common bond of cohesion, and distracted as the Whig-Radical party was by conflicting opinion and interest, required to be kept in good-humour by the meaningless yet inspiring generalities of Liberalism. Of the sort of quasi-philosophical language—the slang of undefined but developing democracy—which pleases the crude, unformed minds of those who are self-chosen to decide on public affairs, and on the conduct of trained statesmen and practised politicians, Lord Palmerston is a master. He is clever at setting traps for such vain and voluntary dupes. Vague and vapid generalities become, under the magical influence of his congenial intellect, high-sounding and inspiring principles. His process of development, unlike that ascribed to the material world by a recent theorist, stops short at the nebulous stage. To resolve these seductive immaterialities into their elements, so that they might form more natural combinations—to allow the misty mass to become concrete—to let relaxed Whiggism consolidate itself into Chartism, or even into more congenial and more despised Radicalism, would be most inconvenient and disagreeable to one who, like Lord Palmerston, is a thorough aristocrat in all his real, self-confessed thoughts and prejudices, and who is disposed to treat all *parvenus* in politics with the genuine heartfelt contempt, the hereditary hauteur, of a “pure old Whig.”

It partly follows from these things that Lord Palmerston is a good political tactician. He scents keenly and quickly the changing wind. He probably thinks little, but he ob-

serves much. A superficial glance is sufficient to decide him on his line of conduct, because the popular feeling of the hour is what he seeks to captivate. He is clever in the arithmetic of party. He counts heads, and with the increase of numbers correspond his swelling periods. This sort of time-serving policy is not usually favourable to political foresight, nor would any one be disposed to accord that quality in any remarkable degree to Lord Palmerston.

Yet we are going to exhibit the noble lord in the character of a prophet. We would much rather attribute to his sagacity what we are, however, compelled to ascribe to some unlucky accident,—the fact that he foretold not only the free-trade policy of Sir Robert Peel, but also the period of its adoption. Speaking in September 1841, Lord Palmerston said, “The right honourable baronet had said that he was not prepared to declare that he would never propose a change in the Corn-laws; but he certainly should not do so unless at the head of an united cabinet. Why, looking at the persons who form his administration, *he must wait something near five years before he can do it.*” It is a remarkable coincidence, that in *four years and eight months* from the date of this prediction, Sir Robert Peel introduced his measure for the repeal of the Corn-laws. So well did the Whigs understand their man.

To securing success as a debater, Lord Palmerston sacrifices the hope of becoming a first-rate orator. It is the province of the orator, while he is appealing to the passions or developing the policy of the hour, also to shape and polish his discourse and to interweave in it what will render it interesting for all time. Such qualities and such objects are not to be distinguished in the excellent party speeches of Lord Palmerston. They are made for the House of Commons, not for posterity. Except in the clap-traps we have mentioned, there is no ambitious language, no pretence of that higher eloquence which will stir the hearts of men after the particular voice is dumb and the particular man dead. You cannot pick extracts out of his speeches which will bear reading, and will excite interest, apart from

the context. There are no maxims or aphorisms, nor any poetical illustrations or passages of declamatory vehemence; but, on the other hand, the language is choice, the style pure and simple, the construction of the sentences correct, even elegant, and the general arrangement of the topics skilful in the extreme. The speeches seem not to be prepared with art, yet they are artful in the extreme; and there is a general harmony in the effect, such as might be expected from the spontaneous outpouring in argument of a highly cultivated and well-regulated mind. And although, as has been said, he is chargeable with inordinate garrulity on the subject of his foreign administration, yet you will sometimes find him speaking on topics personal to himself in a high and gentlemanly tone, quite unaffected, and which is extremely impressive. It is because his party speeches are a sort of serious pastime that he can at will throw aside all party feeling, and speak in a manly and elevated tone on great public questions. One of his amusing peculiarities is to identify himself with his party in all their great proceedings. "We" acceded to power; "We" brought in such a measure; "We" felt this or that; a sort of "I-and-my-king" style, which, in the somewhat self-important tones of the noble lord, and associated with his reputation for dictatorship in his own official department, sometimes borders on the ludicrous.

However much Lord Palmerston may fall into the sham-patriotic vein in his usual party speeches, there is one subject on which, as we have said, he is inconveniently in earnest. Touch his foreign policy, and on the instant his soul is in arms. Nay, he does not wait till it is touched, aspen-like though his vanity be on that theme. So intimately possessed is he of the absolute excellence of his foreign administration, and of its importance to mankind, that he is unceasingly, and without being asked, expounding and explaining it. He defends himself spontaneously, without having been attacked; and he never defends himself without gratuitously attacking some one else. Sir Robert Peel once charged him, in well-sugared parliamentary phrase,

with assurance. The imputation was well aimed; every one instantly responded to it; for, indeed, the noble lord has no unnecessary modesty in speaking of himself or his services. He is assiduous, and altogether unrestrained by delicacy, in trumpeting his own exploits as foreign minister. All the wars he didn't and all the wars he did bring about; all his dexterous manœuvres by which, while proclaiming peace, he was countenancing a kind of war in disguise; these have been paraded session after session, upon all imaginable pretexts, before the House of Commons, till Lord Palmerston's pertinacity has become proverbial. His *amour propre*, in fact, on the subject of his foreign policy almost takes the shape of a mania. His constant references to it, and the extent to which he has trespassed on the patience of the house, have detracted, to a considerable extent, from the influence which his undeniable talents as a speaker, and even his admitted abilities as a foreign minister, have long since entitled him to and secured for him. He is so easily excited on this topic, that whatever subject he may be talking on, however much his speech may necessarily be confined to subjects of a domestic nature, his mind seems, by a natural affinity, to glide into the one great theme which occupies his thoughts. At a guess, it might be hazarded that, taking the average of his speeches during the last ten or twelve years, four-fifths of them, at least, have consisted of self-praise, or self-defence, in connexion with his foreign policy.

It must not, however, be supposed that Lord Palmerston is, therefore, held in any contempt by the house. Quite the reverse. They may think that he shews a want of taste and tact in thus yielding so constantly to the ruling influence of his mind; but they are not the less prepared to award him the full amount of praise, and, what he more values, of attentive listening, to which his position, whether officially or legislatively, entitles him. They are willing to admit that, as the foreign minister of England, he has shewn himself animated by something of the spirit of the great Earl of Chatham, in his magnanimous determination to uphold, at all hazards, the national

honour. His task was to make a peace-at-any-price party, pursue a war-at-any-price policy. It was his duty, as well as his ardent desire, to make the English name respected throughout the world. He took a high tone with foreign nations; and they felt that, while Lord Palmerston was at the head of our foreign affairs, they could not insult us with impunity. The House of Commons were fully aware of these things, and were disposed to respect him accordingly; but while listening to his perpetual explanations and justifications, they could not help feeling that a minister who was thus paltering between peace and war was very likely to illustrate the old adage, concerning the ultimate fate of him who tries to sit on two stools. They saw that his manly policy, instead of shewing itself in quiet dignity, was detracted from by a restless spirit of intermeddling, a habit of provoking the irritability of foreign nations, as if for the mere purpose of shewing our strength to disregard it. An opponent characterised his proceedings by the terms, "restless activity and incessant meddling." Lord Palmerston seems conscious that such is the opinion entertained of his conduct; for he has himself quoted the terms and deprecated such an application of them.

But the verdict seems to have been pronounced by the House of Commons, that the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston has been more spirited, vigorous, expert, than politic, dignified, or wise. It is confessed that he has enlarged views, which, perhaps, he has scarcely had a fair opportunity of developing; but, at the same time, it appears to be felt that

the steps he took to carry out those views acted as so many obstructions. He was for universal peace and free commercial intercourse, but he thought to obtain them by bellicose demonstrations. He had Peace in his mouth, but War in his right hand.

Out-of-doors, Lord Palmerston is very much misunderstood. The popular idea of him represents him as an antiquated dandy. He is really nothing of the sort, but a man of unusual vigour, both of mind and body, upon whom time has made less impression than usual. He is not more particular in his dress than are most men of his station in society; and if he be charged with sacrificing to the Graces, all we can say on the subject is, that we could point out a hundred members of the House of Commons, of all ages, who are more open to ridicule on this score than Lord Palmerston. Any pretension he may have is, in fact, not personal but mental. His bearing is eminently that of the gentleman, quiet and unassuming, but manly. As a speaker, his physical powers are scarcely equal to what his mind prompts him to achieve. There is a kind of faded air which you cannot help observing; but this impression may, after all, only arise from a constitutional languor of manner, and from the peculiar intonation of his voice, which has a hollow and fluty sound. With all his talents as a debater, he wants that special combination of personal dignity with popular qualities, which alone could qualify him to be the sole leader of his party, should any cause bring about the secession of Lord John Russell.

THE VILLAGE OF LORETTE, AND THE NEW SETTLEMENT OF
VALE CARTIER.

THE VILLAGE OF LORETTE.

THE Indian village of Lorette, inhabited by the remains of the Huron tribe (one of the "five nations" so often alluded to in American history), is situated on the little river St. Charles, at a distance of ten miles from Quebec, and forms a sort of border-post, the fertile and cultivated valley of the St. Charles lying in front, while the black pine-forest, covering an apparently interminable tract of undulating hills (for they scarcely deserve the name of mountains, with which they are often honoured) stretches out from its back to the northward.

The entrance to Lorette from Quebec is made over a little wooden bridge, of a sufficient width to admit of a narrow Canadian market-cart and a foot-passenger passing each other in safety. To the right of the bridge the river may be seen broken into rapids by the rocks which project in jagged points in every direction, while the water foams and bubbles around them; on the left it tumbles in a beautiful cascade, to obtain a view of which it is necessary to pass through a part of the village, and descend the bank of the river just below the fall, which rushes obliquely over a bed of rock, the water afterwards passing in a narrow channel between steep and bushy banks, and running so tumultuously that it appears an absolute mass of foam.

The best view of the fall is to be obtained about half way down the bank, which is upwards of a hundred yards high; but the spray, rising in a cloud from the cascade, renders the descent so slippery as to require great caution in making it, and is quite sufficient to wet the spectator to the skin, should he be unprovided with a great-coat.

To return, however, to the entrance of the village, which has been already described.

An Indian house, formed of spruce-logs, planed and roofed by rough slabs of deal, something like a large "shanty," or Irish cabin, stands to the left of the bridge, and consequently on the right bank of the river. It was at this house I made

my first inquiries, and here that I saw the first Indian I ever encountered. He was a young hunter, scarcely more, I should fancy, than sixteen years of age, finely made, and but for the half coppery tinge of his dark skin, would have been acknowledged handsome in any country. He leaned in the entrance of his log-hut with the half-lazy, half-graceful ease of his people; one leg at the half bend, the head slightly inclined forward, as he listened to and answered my questions, whilst, with the rough blanket coat hanging about his shoulders in all the elegance ascribed to the loose robe of the Asiatic, he might have stood for the picture of "the savage."

The house I found him at I have particularly noticed here on account of its romantic situation; the others are not worthy of mention, being like the rougher sort of Canadian farm-houses, having attached to them small patches of corn and plots of ground containing potatoes, planted in "lazy beds," which are broad barrows of earth thrown up, with trenches between, similar to those prepared for asparagus in England.

The chief's house is on the right hand soon after entering the village. It is like a Canadian farm-house of the better sort (that is to say, a wooden building of commodious size, variously coloured, with a profusion of long glass-windows), and at the time I saw it was occupied by an Indian woman, lively and communicative for her nation, with, not to say the most beautiful "papouse" (Indian baby), but the most beautiful infant I ever saw. As I looked on its small but distinctly marked features (far more distinct than those of a European child), and observed its clear, though dark skin, and rosy-coloured little cheeks, I could not help thinking that it must be the child of some white man, when just as the mother (looking the model of what we may call an Indian matron) stooped over the child, apparently delighted with the stranger's notice of it (for no woman so flattered by attention to

children as the *squaws*), the father entered, and lo! he was one of the purest Indians in the village.

The Indians have seldom large families. The conjugal passions (if we may so speak), such as love for their wives, &c., are by no means powerful; indeed, with the exception of jealousy and anger, which at moments break out with the more violence from their ordinary state of quiescence, these people appear almost passionless, and, strange as the assertion may sound, nature appears to have placed barriers against the increase of their race, as if she *intended* that the forest should fall and the Indian with it.

An anecdote I know to be authentic occurs to my recollection as I speak of these traits of Indian character.

About fifteen years ago, Colonel G—, of Montreal, in crossing the bridge of Lorette was attacked by five Indians, who (instigated by jealousies) had lain in wait for him. They rushed at once upon the object of their revenge, intending to throw him over the bridge and into the rapids below; but, being an extremely powerful man, he succeeded in beating them off bare-handed, and escaped after a desperate struggle.

The circumstance will appear less surprising when it is remembered that the Indians are so little an athletic race that the Canadians themselves, by no means so robust as Englishmen, are apt to boast that one of their men will fight three Indians. The latter, indeed, are generally more the size and make of the Bengalees, and though capable of enduring great fatigue, are endowed with but little bodily strength, and appear utterly unable to labour, as well as indisposed to do so.

For the Indian women, many of them are decidedly pretty, though they require to be taken at an advantage—rigged out in their Sunday best, with clean blankets by way of shawls, coarse blue cloth short gowns, and leggings of the same material, trimmed with yellow silk, moccasins ornamented with beads, and last, but not least, with their jet-black hair (of which, being very good, they appear somewhat vain) neatly parted in the middle of the head. The time, however, to see the "*squaws*" in their

glory is just after mass (for they are all Roman Catholics) when they remain assembled for a short time in front of their church, previous to dispersing to their different habitations. They are small, neatly made women, with uncommonly little hands and feet, and would be graceful were it not for the peculiar form of the latter, which turn in as much as those of a soldier on drill turn outward. This conformation of the foot is more peculiar because no defect can be observed in the bone; on the contrary, the ankle is small, the joints appear well set, and indeed all the parts in proportion; but the muscles of the leg are twisted in the direction of the foot. This defect unfortunately spoils their walk, which would otherwise be graceful, as their short springy step, with the heel just sufficiently raised not to expose too much of the sole of the foot, would be considered highly becoming, were the feet turned, according to our notions of beauty.

The "*Indian trot*," which has so often been remarked upon, was, as near as I could estimate, a pace of about six miles and a half to the hour. In this trot the Indian makes a sort of half lurch from the hips, swinging his body from side to side, the step at the same time being short and quick. I have observed when I have been in the north of France the march (for it can hardly be called a walk) of the Norman peasants, a race renowned for their pedestrian powers; but in them the step is long and regular, and they carry their bodies firm and erect. The Indian trot, however, would certainly distance them, whilst the appearance of a party of Indians, their curious swinging walk, the mingling of straw and felt hats, long guns, light hatchets, and long sheath knives stuck in leather belts, bound round red shirts, with blanket and cloth coats, and their blue leggings with yellow moccasins, is certainly very striking; and their slight, nimble, well-proportioned forms, which seem to be framed by nature upon the model of the beasts of prey; their dark, half copper-coloured complexion, slightly prominent cheek-bones, and strongly marked features, are no less picturesque than their dress.

The Indians are seldom tall; the

few whom I observed to be above the usual stature of ordinary men appeared thin and gaunt, as if they had outgrown their strength. They are all Roman Catholics, and have a good church in the centre of their village. They speak the same sort of French, or rather *patois*, as the Canadians, except when talking to each other, and then they make use of their own language, which in the mouths of the women (who have usually pretty voices) sounds soft and musical. The men, however, have a harsh, growling mode of speaking, which, it seems to me, they cultivate from a notion that it is manly, though they are generally taciturn, seldom speaking but in monosyllables, and then only when spoken to.

For the honour of the Indian, I must say that his name never figures in the gaol register or the kalendar of crime, circumstances like that of Colonel G—— being very rare; nor is he ever ashamed of his race; unlike the black, who detests the name of negro and is pleased to be addressed as a mulatto, even should it cast a slur upon his parents. The Indian, on the contrary, being asked what he is, will growl forth the word "Indien," as if indignant at being mistaken, and boasts of pure Indian blood, though only of a half breed. To the white man in distress, whether poor or rich, he is hospitable and obliging. And now, with one parting trait of the Indian's loyalty, I leave him to the mercy of the "pale faces," who may glance over this description of a short acquaintance with him.

During the rebellion a party of Canadians, being desirous of seducing the Delawares to their cause, crossed over (armed and organised) to the Island of Cocknewaga, belonging to those Indians situated between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, not far from Montreal; and commenced their operations on a Sunday, just after mass, when the Indians (according to the custom I before mentioned) were assembled in the open space in front of their church, with their women and children about them, and of course without arms. The leader of the rebels explained the intention of their visit in a long harangue, to which the Indian chief gave not the slightest reply, but listened, as they are in the habit of doing, in dead silence. As the oration proceeded, the Delawares kept mingling in closely with the Canadians, until each man had an Indian by his side; and then the chief waiting only the conclusion of the rebel's speech, quietly tripped up his heels, and wrested his gun from his hand,—his example being instantly followed by his people. In a moment of time, the Canadians lay upon the ground disarmed and prisoners; for so completely had they been surrounded, and so sudden had been the onset, that not a man could move an arm to his musket, or get an instant for defence. A few hours after this they were on their march to Montreal, where, uninjured, the rebels were delivered up to the authorities, by an escort of armed Indians, painted, and in their war-dress.

THE NEW SETTLEMENT OF VALE CARTIER.

The Irish out-settlement of Vale Cartier is situated in the midst of the low, wooded mountains to the north of Quebec, from which it is distant about fifteen miles,—ten miles of the way being through the level country near Quebec, called the Valley of the St. Charles. After crossing this valley there is a somewhat abrupt ascent, and on attaining the summit of the high land above the valley, the distance to the settlement is about five miles, lying entirely through a dense pine-forest, and over a "corduroy road," which is a path made through

the forest, by felling a line of trees, and covering the trunks with earth.

Vale Cartier is the farthest settlement north of Quebec; beyond it, the whole country (if this word can be used to describe such a hideous waste) is a mere desert, up to the posts of the fur company, in the extreme north of America. I did not reach the settlement until nearly eight o'clock in the evening, having been accidentally sent, by the misrepresentations of those to whom I made my inquiries, five miles out of my road, which had also the disadvantage

of compelling me to turn homeward before I had taken as full a survey of the place as I had wished to have done. Such as it was, however, I found much in it that was new to an English eye, and which may be the same to others as to myself.

At the outskirts of the Vale, there was still left standing the remnant of a "shanty," one of those hastily raised huts the emigrant constructs on his first arrival at a new settlement. It was the only one remaining; the others, probably, as their place became better supplied, having been used for firewood or other purposes, to save the time required for "cutting down." That in question was a small square building, formed of rough slabs of deal, roofed in with the same material, and after the same manner. It was divided into two compartments; in one of which was a rude fire-place, consisting of a large hearth-stone, a quantity of earth banked up by way of a back to the fire, three barrels (with their tops and bottoms knocked out) lashed together, for a chimney, and a hole cut in the roofing for the smoke to escape by.

The generality of the houses forming the new settlement, were, at the time I saw them, large and comfortable, well built of wood, and equal to almost any English farm-house. Each house contained a good-sized room, having low windows, which was commodious and neatly furnished, and seemed to be reserved for the "Granny" of the family, or occasional state visitor; as I invariably found the general inhabitants sitting about the fire in the kitchen,—a low-roofed wooden building apart from the house.

The settlement itself was formed on either side of the road, and extended to a considerable distance, each dwelling having its own allotment of about 100 acres of ground attached to it.

In one or two places the tree was still burning, the other plots having been already partially cleared, or rather fired, and the stumps left to rot, whilst the bare and blackened trunks of trees stood out of the ground in all directions; some of them rising to the height of forty or fifty feet, and so burnt throughout, that they were hollowed like a trough; a few

of these having still their topmost branches adhering to them, but, of course, dead or withered.

In many places there were trunks of fallen trees, so completely rotted, that I have passed my walking-stick through them from side to side; and these, though reduced to a mere pulp, retained their form, owing their early decay, I conclude, to the sudden change that takes place at the melting of the snow, when they become saturated throughout; the effect of this being so powerful, that pine, fir, and spruce, are reduced to powder in less than four years; the other species of wood, such as maple, and those of similar nature, resist this destructive power a longer period, often for ten or twelve years.

As the evening drew in, my attention became fixed to another part of the wood of Vale Cartier—that portion where the timber was still blazing; and among these I observed the large stump of a tree of great size, which appeared to have been previously felled by the axe to within two feet of the ground. The burning of the surrounding underwood had fired the roots, from which the earth had fallen away through the intensity of the heat; so that the lower part of the stump being of unusual circumference, was seen burning, while the upper part continued whole and sound; and the trunk, with the fire issuing from among its roots, and shewing itself to be creeping stealthily about its different crevices, glowed in the dusk, like the lower smouldering coals of a furnace; whilst the sinking of the sun, which had been gradually disappearing, gave to the scene an air at once so peculiar, and so picturesque, that, though plainly warned to depart, I still lingered about the spot.

At length, with my back to Vale Cartier, I set off homewards, walking with my utmost speed, but had hardly proceeded a mile and a half from the last house in the settlement, when the jingling of bells, and the sound of human voices, appeared to be coming towards me. I listened for a moment uncertain whether to proceed, or stand and face the approaching party; for the darkness of night, and with no weapon but my walking-stick, amongst settlers of new character, as well as new home,

were not assuring circumstances, though I had nothing to fear, beyond the possibility of being taken for an "*habitan*" (a French Canadian), between whom and the Irish settlers, there exists a running account of incivilities, which often extends to actual and unlawful deeds of revenge. My previous foreknowledge that fire-arms in the hands of strangers who visit the settlement, was a thing distasteful to the Irish blood, will account for my defenceless state.

As the sound advanced, the rattling of cart-wheels, many and loud, decided my movements—and it is well they did so—for I had no sooner scrambled up a ridge by the narrow road-side, to escape being run down, when four carts drawn by small horses, and filled with "Vale Cartier boys," five or six in each, came rattling over the "*corduroy*" at full speed, shewing a noble disregard of the pledge every soul in the Vale had taken, by proving themselves to be what seamen call "three sheets in the wind;" one and all shouting forth the chorus of a well-known Irish song, accompanying the performance by tattooing each with his feet upon the foot-board, at the same time flourishing a stick with the right hand, as he balanced himself with the left.

They would have passed me without notice, for the safety post I had chosen served me for two purposes. But I have a lurking fondness for the Irish, meet them where I may; and so I bade them a fellow-traveller's "good night;" to which they, one and all, heartily responded by a friendly "good night t'ye, sir, good night t'ye," as they rattled forward, being on their return from the market at Quebec.

I now redoubled my pace; for, noisy and undesired as the interruption had been, it was preferable to the deep, dead stillness that followed the hubbub, as the last sound of the wheels died away in the distance, and left me to grope onwards as I best could. But I was not doomed to travel long in this state of lonely quietude, for presently the roll of the Quebec nine o'clock gun pealed through the air, and almost in the same instant an animal of a light colour, long-legged, and about the

height of a calf, but with a sort of cat-like form, emerged from the wood upon my right hand, cleared the road at a bound, and springing into some thick underwood on the opposite side, disappeared. It was now a bright star-light night, so that I could perceive the space into which the animal had entered, to be apparently a piece of "cleared ground," which had been abandoned, and was now overgrown with low bushes.

I had been warned, by a previous rencontre of a similar nature (and of which I shall speak hereafter), that to be in such company unarmed was not a situation to be desired; so apprehensive of an immediate attack, I jumped into the shade of the trees on my right hand, and, after waiting a due length of time without moving or scarcely even breathing, I ventured to creep cautiously past the spot, and then darted off at the top of my speed, which, sooth to say, a "*corduroy*" road is not the best encourager of; for the logs of wood beneath the earth, and by which the road is formed, lie often in ridges, compelling the pace to a continual up-and-down tread, which alike torments the walker and the runner, permitting him to take *neither* at his ease, for he finds his walk must be a slow run, and his would-be run a slow walk. As fast as the road would let me, however, I ran on about three-quarters of a mile, a glimmering light in the distance serving me for a direction, which by the time I reached I found to proceed from the hut of an "*habitan*." I knocked for admittance, and, the door being opened, I found there a dark-complexioned man of about forty, seated upon a chair by the bedside (the log-house consisting of but a single room). His coat and moccasins were off, and he was preparing, in sea phrase, for his "turn-in," whilst the only other inmate (the wife) busied herself in putting the place in order, preparatory to the same movement. The Canadian rose from his seat at my entrance, and waited, with their customary air of politeness, for my explanation. I told him at once of the wild animal I had encountered, and inquired if he knew where I could obtain a cart and horse by which I could be conveyed to the end of my journey.

had addressed him in French, and in the same language, plentifully interlarded with broken English, he gave me to understand that for the cart and horse they were luxuries I had no chance of procuring; that the beast I had met was, by my description, the "loup cervier," but that I need be under no alarm so long as the starlight remained as bright as it was; for though there were such, as well as bears, in the immediate neighbourhood, they would not prowl out unless the sky became obscured, in which case danger, no doubt, might be apprehended. This was poor comfort, but I had at all events the pleasure of listening to his description of the loup cervier whilst I remained in his hut, and it agreed so exactly with what I had had time to observe of the animal that had just passed before me, that I could not doubt its being the same. He particularly described the size as that of a calf, to which I had compared it in my own mind; and from what I gleaned I have come to the conclusion that the loup cervier, which is often confounded with the wolverene, is altogether a distinct animal.

The loup cervier of the French, by its Latin name "*lupus cervarius*," commonly called the lynx, is described by naturalists as being in Europe the size of a fox—in Canada, that of a wild cat; the Canadian animal being classed by them as the "*felix cervarius*" or small species of lynx, whereas it in reality is the larger of the two, standing higher than the wolf itself. Its legs, moreover, are long in proportion to its body, contrary to the usual supposition that the lynx is a short-legged animal. In every other description given of it by Buffon and other naturalists, it is a very active creature, moves by bounds and leaps, climbs trees in pursuit of its prey. From its spotted skin and its long of the cat genus, it is often called by the settlers the "tiger-cat," which has given rise to the conjecture that there is a new species of wild cat exclusively belonging to this part of America.

The wolverene and loup cervier are often confounded together, though they are of a totally different species, and, perhaps, from the similarity

in the first syllable of their names than from any other circumstance, for the wolverene is one of the most formidable animals of the Canadian portion of British America, being very imperfectly classed and described by naturalists under the name of the "*gulo arcticus*."

By what I could gather concerning the wolverene whilst I was in the province, it appeared to be a creature of much the same nature as the hyena, prowling by night in the neighbourhood of towns and villages for the purpose of carrying off any stray animal it might be able to overpower, or, in fault of better prey, to gorge itself upon such offal as had been thrown out by the inhabitants to rot.

I had the good fortune, while in Quebec, to have a close rencontre with this animal myself. The house at which I was staying was some distance without the gates, and had a garden attached to it, portioned off from some fields which lay between the house and a cemetery or graveyard without the town; on the other side of the dwelling-place were the residences of several neighbours. It had been many times observed that a dog or some other animal was in the habit of laying at night in the garden, the grass being pressed down by its weight, and footmarks traced upon the garden path. These were described by a man, who had been much in the woods, as the trail of a wild beast; and the animal having once or twice been descried in the dusk of the evening, I was warned not to stay out after dark as I had been in the habit of doing.

I paid little attention, however, to the matter, thinking it probable that the animal would, after all, turn out to be some bitch who, on a former occasion, might have been deprived of her offspring, and now sought to litter a new progeny in safety, until, one evening, as I entered the garden, at something after nine o'clock, a huge black animal stole past me in the gateway, leisurely making towards the burying-ground. I turned and followed the creature, which permitted me to run almost by its side the distance of about 150 yards, during which I had ample opportunities of observing my companion, the first glance convincing me that it was no

Dog. The animal was of a dark colour, and something bigger than a Newfoundland dog of the largest size, enormous in the bulk of the body, with a thick tail, resembling the brush of a fox; short legs, the fore ones much shorter than the hind, and apparently bandy, whilst the front quarters bore the appearance of great muscular strength. I noted the animal well, for it was new to me, and I observed that its hair was short and furry, and its pace awkward and shuffling like that ascribed to the hyena, while with a sly, skulking appearance it kept its head downwards like a dog on the scent, until I came close to the graveyard, when it slackened its pace, and shewed a decided inclination to turn and attack me; seeing which I had recourse to my switch (a piece of whalebone with a ball of lead at the end, technically called a "supple-jack"). This I whirled quickly and repeatedly round my head, accompanying the performance with a hurrah! that might have been expected to awaken the neighbouring dead, upon which my friend, arching up his back like a cat at the spring, bounded off with the speed of a greyhound, and, crossing some swampy ground in the direction of the St. Louis road, disappeared. I returned home, thinking I had lost all trace of my wild companion, but not so; in a few days I found him figuring in all the newspapers of the province, in an adventure with a Mr. Philips, which occurred not many hours after my own rencontre. It stated that this gentleman had been attacked, within a short distance of Quebec, by a wolverene, which, flying from the town, met him coming on horseback in a contrary direction. The brute turned to the attack, and flying at the rider repeatedly endeavoured to seize his leg and dismount him, being each time driven back by a shout similar to the one by which I had scared the creature from myself; for the courage of most wild animals is cowed by the human voice. In this manner, pursued by the wolverene, the horseman continued at his utmost pace for upwards of a mile, till, at length, he reached a house and obtained shelter; no doubt owing his life to his own presence of mind and the speed of his horse, for

he was without arms of any description.

Such adventures, however, are extremely rare in this part of Canada; but what rendered the case in question still more singular was the circumstance of the animal's directing its attack entirely against the *rider*, for it is more the nature of beasts of prey to fasten upon the animal. However, the assailant of Mr. Philips was proved, without a doubt, to be the nightly guest that had infested our garden; and, from after circumstances, it was supposed to have been a she wolverene with young, who, having by some chance been driven from the woods to the neighbourhood of the town, had become confused at the novelty of her situation, and, being afraid to move during the day, had hung about the graveyard and garden (which, as I before said, were close to each other), until, being dislodged, and irritated by the dislodgment, she galloped straight to the woods again, and then meeting the unfortunate Mr. Philips, as it were, intersecting her pathway, she took him for an opponent, and, rendered doubly savage by her situation and previous rencontre with myself, pursued him in the unusual manner described.

Some months after this I heard that the carcass of a sheep had been discovered partially buried in a hole on the top of a high bank, not far from the spot where I first met the wolverene; that is, about 100 yards from our house. With my old companion fresh in my recollection, I repaired to the spot, and found that the bank, thick with brushwood, was full eighty feet high, so steep that no sheep could, unassisted, have climbed its height. To have first killed and then dragged the body up the bank, was a feat surpassing the strength of a dog; whilst to have left the body exposed to public view, would have been as little the act of a rational being. Moreover, that the sheep when killed could scarcely have been occupying the upper ground, which was ploughed land, and strongly enclosed; whilst a day or two previous to the discovery of the carcass, a small flock had been seen feeding from a meadow of excellent pasturage beneath. Under all these circumstances, I was much disposed to thi

of the deed as the work of the redoubtable wolverene, who had generally been supposed since the rencontre with Mr. Philips to have lurked in a wood two or three miles distant from the town. In the hope that the animal would return at dark to devour his prey, I repaired with a friend to the spot where the carcass lay, and watched for some hours after dark (both of us being well armed), but to no purpose, beyond our own disappointment; for the wolverene (if such it were), having probably gorged itself during the day, had abandoned the carcass which by this time had become a mere skeleton; for though when it was first discovered the animal was fresh killed, it was even then one half devoured; whilst the bank on which it lay being so thickly covered with bushes and extending nearly to the small wood (the reported haunt of the wolverene), it was very possible for that creature to have visited the spot unperceived, even during the day, and to have finished at his leisure what he had previously begun. Besides, it is a well-known fact that the wolverene, though possessed of great power of enduring hunger, is capable of gorging an animal much larger than itself in two or three days' time; in this respect almost surpassing the boa constrictor.

It is singular enough that though the skin of this animal is well-known in the furriers' shops, its habits have never been fully described; naturalists seem to know but little of it beyond its name.

But I must regain the thread of my day's adventure to the Vale Cartier settlement, which I have almost lost in my digression with the "loup cervier" and "wolverene."

After I quitted, in disappointment, the lone hut in the wood, an hour's walk brought me into the open country again; and thankful was I that the clouds, which began rapidly to obscure the starlight, had delayed their work, until I was freely out of the region of the wild gentry. The inhabitants scattered over the valley of the St. Charles were fast retiring to rest. Here and there I could discern lights burning in the houses, and sometimes had the mortification to find them cautiously put out, as

my footsteps were heard near the door. At one of these, however, I knocked; and, looking through the low glass window to ascertain if those within were sleeping or awake, I discerned a French Canadian farmer, apparently just returned from a day's *chasse*, at a considerable distance from his dwelling. The man held one of the long Spanish-looking guns (commonly used by the *habitans*) in one hand, and a candle in the other; and upon the table near which he stood, there lay a powder-horn and a pouch. He came to the door upon my summons, courteously enough; upon which, addressing him in French with a bare question regarding my route (by way of introduction), I received in return an answer after the well-mannered tone of his race; which, tempting me to open upon him my real business in the question, "Could he supply me with horse and cart?" a sudden change in the tide of things became perceptible. He who had been, not to say courteous, but polite, falsely presuming my country, either by my appearance or the accent of my French, turned angrily away, and muttering between his teeth, "Irlandois," stalked, gun and all, into an inner room, shutting to the door with an evident determination to leave my question unanswered. Somewhat wearied, but not altogether daunted by these fruitless efforts, I made still another trial, and then *but* another. In the first the lights were put out, and the family carefully closed in, the moment I knocked at the door; which so angered me, that, raising a tremendous din, I hammered with all my might against the door, expecting at least to find a head popped out of the window to inquire into the cause of such disturbance; but no, every thing remained as before, and even more still, from the contrast of my own angry summons; so giving them the benefit of an awful farewell salute (but, at the same time, fancying that these inmates who had so suspiciously questioned my right to hospitality, might take it in, as part of the account between us, to send a bullet after me in my retreat), I slipped cautiously behind a lonely barn, which ran from a short distance in front of the door of the house, nearly to the road-side, some forty yards from the dwelling-place, and

so got again to the highway. I had determined upon but one more trial, which made me cautious in selecting it, and, presenting myself at the window, by way of reconnoitre, I discerned within a young man and two women, evidently keeping later hours than the generality of their neighbours, for they were seated in comfortable enjoyment by their fireside.

Knocking at the doors having proved ineffectual, I thought I would this time make known my wants by means of the window; so calling to the man within, I begged he would come and speak to me at either one or the other. A muttered denial, however, given by a dogged shake of the head, and the churlish monosyllable, "No, no!" was all I could gain from him; until the women, probably discerning from my appearance that I was much fatigued, looked wistfully in their companion's face; a silent appeal in my favour, but a vain one; until the two, tauntingly upbraiding him with "*vous avez peur, vous avez peur!*" the man rose gingerly, and with slow, cautious step, approached the window.

To my question respecting a cart and horse, he informed me in as few words as possible that at a house a little farther on, there was a cart to be had, but, alas! there was no horse; and where there was a horse, the owner had no cart; the fact being, that they would not stir out of their bed to assist what they supposed to be an "Irlandois," were it to save his life; so seeing that all efforts to obtain a conveyance were ineffectual, I gathered up the little strength I had left, and proceeded the rest of the way (about ten miles) still on foot.

The whole valley was now in darkness, the inhabitants having all retired to rest; but a large fire, kindled by the Indians on the outskirts of the wood, which I understood to be at that minute in use for the manu-

facture of maplesugar, burnt brightly, and served me as a beacon on my way. I had not proceeded far before I was met by a cart, leisurely driving along, with two Canadians in it. I ran joyfully forward, but to little purpose, for to all my entreaties to them to stop and take me in, I could get no answer; the horse was put to the top of his speed, and, with themselves, soon out of sight. Thus compelled, I blundered on the rest of the way upon foot, reaching my home at three o'clock in the morning, so completely exhausted, that I believe a mile farther would have knocked me up, or rather would have been "*impossible*," for "*knocked up*." I certainly was to the full extent of the word, having walked nearly forty miles without rest, and passed seventeen hours unable to obtain food; for, relying upon the chance of getting some conveyance by means of which I might finish my expedition with ease, I had set off wholly unprovided with a traveller's comforts, save and except a stout heart and a well-practised pair of legs.

In conclusion, it is but fair to say, that want of hospitality or even of politeness is not a general trait in the character of the French Canadians, for they excel in both these qualities. Their antipathy and fear of the Irish (for one of whom, no doubt, they mistook me) will account for the behaviour I have observed upon in the instance before us. In broad daylight I have gone amongst these same people, experiencing from them nothing but the utmost kindness and attention, and often I have been surprised and delighted to find the *habitant* courteously and even gracefully performing the functions of host, guide, or ferryman, as might be required, without claiming or expecting the slightest compensation.

A BROTHER OF THE PRESS ON THE HISTORY OF A LITERARY MAN,
 LAMAN BLANCHARD, AND THE CHANCES OF THE
 LITERARY PROFESSION.

IN A LETTER TO THE REVEREND FRANCIS SYLVESTER AT ROME,
 FROM MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

London, Feb. 20, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our good friend and patron, the publisher of this Magazine, has brought me your message from Rome, and your demand to hear news from the *other* great city of the world. As the forty columns of the *Times* cannot satisfy your reverence's craving, and the details of the real great revolution of England which is actually going on do not sufficiently interest you, I send you a page or two of random speculations upon matters connected with the literary profession: they were suggested by reading the works and the biography of a literary friend of ours, lately deceased, and for whom every person who knew him had the warmest and sincerest regard. And no wonder. It was impossible to help trusting a man so thoroughly generous and honest, and loving one who was so perfectly gay, gentle, and amiable.

A man can't enjoy every thing in the world; but what delightful gifts and qualities are these to have! Not having known Blanchard as intimately as some others did, yet, I take it, he had in his life as much pleasure as falls to most men; the kindest friends, the most affectionate family, a heart to enjoy both; and a career not undistinguished, which I hold to be the smallest matter of all. But we have a cowardly dislike, or compassion for, the fact of a man dying poor. Such a one is rich, bilious, and a curmudgeon, without heart or stomach to enjoy his money, and we set him down as respectable: another is morose or passionate, his whole view of life seen blood-shot through passion, or jaundiced through moroseness: or he is a fool who can't see, or feel, or enjoy any thing at all, with no ear for music, no eye for beauty, no heart for love, with nothing except money: we meet such people every day, and respect them somehow. That donkey browses over five thousand acres; that mad-

man's bankers come bowing him out to his carriage. You feel secretly pleased at shooting over the acres, or driving in the carriage. At any rate, nobody thinks of compassionating their owners. We are a race of flunkies, and keep our pity for the poor.

I don't mean to affix the plush personally upon the kind and distinguished gentleman and writer who has written Blanchard's Memoir; but it seems to me that it is couched in much too despondent a strain; that the lot of the hero of the little story was by no means deplorable; and that there is not the least call at present, to be holding up literary men as martyrs. Even that prevailing sentiment which regrets that means should not be provided for giving them leisure, for enabling them to perfect great works in retirement, that they should waste away their strength with fugitive literature, &c., I hold to be often uncalled for and dangerous. I believe, if most men of letters were to be pensioned, I am sorry to say I believe they wouldn't work at all; and of others, that the labour which is to answer the calls of the day is the one quite best suited to their genius. Suppose Sir Robert Peel were to write to you, and, enclosing a cheque for 20,000*l.*, instruct you to pension any fifty deserving authors, so that they might have leisure to retire and write "great" works, on whom would you fix?

People in the big-book interest, too, cry out against the fashion of fugitive literature, and no wonder. For instance,—

The *Times* gave an extract the other day from a work by one Doctor Carus, physician to the King of Saxony, who attended his royal master on his recent visit to England, and has written a book concerning the journey. Among other London lions, the illustrious traveller condescended to visit one of the largest and most

remarkable, certainly, of metropolitan roarsers—the *Times* printing-office; of which, the Doctor, in his capacity of a man of science, gives an exceedingly bad, stupid, and blundering account.

Carus was struck with “disgust,” he says, at the prodigious size of the paper, and at the thought which suggested itself to his mind from this enormity. There was as much printed every day as would fill a thick volume. It required ten years of life to a philosopher to write a volume. The issuing of these daily tomes was unfair upon philosophers, who were put out of the market; and unfair on the public, who were made to receive (and, worse still, to get a relish for) crude daily speculations, and frivolous ephemeral news, where they ought to be fed and educated upon stronger and simpler diet.

We have heard this outcry a hundred times from the big-wig body. The world gives up a lamentable portion of its time to fleeting literature; authors who might be occupied upon great works fritter away their lives in producing endless hasty sketches. Kind, wise, and good Doctor Arnold deplored the fatal sympathy which the *Pickwick Papers* had created among the boys of his school: and it is a fact that *Punch* is as regularly read among the boys at Eton as the Latin Grammar.

Arguing for liberty of conscience against any authority, however great—against Doctor Arnold himself, who seems to me to be the greatest, wisest, and best of men, that has appeared for eighteen hundred years; let us take a stand at once, and ask, Why should not the day have its literature? Why should not authors make light sketches? Why should not the public be amused daily or frequently by kindly fictions? It is well and just for Arnold to object. Light stories of Jingle and Tupman, and Sam Weller quips and cranks, must have come with but a bad grace before that pure and lofty soul. The trivial and familiar are out of place there; the harmless joker must walk away abashed from such a presence, as he would be silent and hushed in a cathedral. But all the world is not made of that angelic stuff. From his very height and sublimity of virtue he could but look down and deplore

the ways of small men beneath him. I mean, seriously, that I think the man was of so august and sublime a nature, that he was not a fair judge of us, or of the ways of the generality of mankind. One has seen a delicate person sicken and faint at the smell of a flower, it does not follow that the flower was not sweet and wholesome in consequence; and I hold that laughing and honest story-books are good, against all the doctors.

Laughing is not the highest occupation of a man, very certainly; or the power of creating it the height of genius. I am not going to argue for that. No more is the blacking of boots the greatest occupation. But it is done, and well and honestly, by persons ordained to that calling in life, who arrogate to themselves (if they are straightforward and worthy shoe-blacks) no especial rank or privilege on account of their calling; and not considering boot-brushing the greatest effort of earthly genius, nevertheless select their Day and Martin, or Warren, to the best of their judgment; polish their upper-leathers as well as they can; satisfy their patrons; and earn their fair wage.

I have chosen the unpolite shoe-black comparison, not out of disrespect to the trade of literature; but it is as good a craft as any other to select. In some way or other, for daily bread and hire, almost all men are labouring daily. Without necessity they would not work at all, or very little, probably. In some instances you reap Reputation along with Profit from your labour, but Bread, in the main, is the incentive. Do not let us try to blink this fact, or imagine that the men of the press are working for their honour and glory, or go onward impelled by an irresistible afflatus of genius. If only men of genius were to write, Lord help us! how many books would there be? How many people are there even capable of appreciating genius? Is Mr. Wakley's or Mr. Hume's opinion about poetry worth much? As much as that of millions of people in this honest, stupid empire; and they have a right to have books supplied for them as well as the most polished and accomplished critics have. The literary man gets his bread by providing goods suited

the consumption of these. This man of letters contributes a police report; that, an article containing some down-right information; this one, as an editor, abuses Sir Robert Peel, or lauds Lord John Russell, or *vice versa*; writing to a certain class who coincide in his views, or are interested by the question which he moots. The literary character, let us hope or admit, writes quite honestly; but no man supposes he would work perpetually but for money. And as for immortality, it is quite beside the bargain. Is it reasonable to look for it, or to pretend that you are actuated by a desire to attain it? Of all the quill-drivers, how many have ever drawn that prodigious prize? Is it fair even to ask that many should? Out of a regard for poor dear posterity and men of letters to come, let us be glad that the great immortality number comes up so rarely. Mankind would have no time otherwise, and would be so gorged with old masterpieces, that they could not occupy themselves with new, and future literary men would have no chance of a livelihood.

To do your work honestly, to amuse and instruct your reader of to-day, to die when your time comes, and go hence with as clean a breast as may be; may these be all yours and ours, by God's will. Let us be content with our *status* as literary craftsmen, telling the truth as far as may be, hitting no foul blow, condescending to no servile puffery, filling not a very lofty, but a manly and honourable part. Nobody says that Dr. Locock is wasting his time because he rolls about daily in his carriage, and passes hours with the nobility and gentry, his patients, instead of being in his study wrapt up in transcendental medical meditation. Nobody accuses Sir Fitzroy Kelly of neglecting his genius because he will take any body's brief, and argue it in court for money, when he might sit in chambers with his oak sported, and give up his soul to investigations of the nature, history, and improvement of law. There is no question but that either of these eminent persons, by profound study, might increase their knowledge in certain branches of their profession; but in the meanwhile the practical part must go on—causes come on for

hearing, and ladies lie in, and some one must be there. The commodities in which the lawyer and the doctor deal are absolutely required by the public, and liberally paid for; every day, too, the public requires more literary handicraft done; the practitioner in that trade gets a better pay and place. In another century, very likely, his work will be so necessary to the people, and his market so good, that his prices will double and treble; his social rank rise; he will be getting what they call "honour," and dying in the bosom of the genteel. Our calling is only sneered at because it is not well paid. The world has no other criterion for respectability. In Heaven's name, what made people talk of setting up a statue to Sir William Follett? What had he done? He had made 300,000*l*. What has George IV. done that he, too, is to have a brazen image? He was an exemplar of no greatness, no good quality, no duty in life; but a type of magnificence, of beautiful coats, carpets, and gigs, turtle-soup, chandeliers, cream-coloured horses, and delicious Maraschino,—all these good things he expressed and represented: and the world, respecting them beyond all others, raised statues to "the first gentleman in Europe." Directly the men of letters get rich, they will come in for their share of honour too; and a future writer in this miscellany may be getting ten guineas where we get one, and dancing at Buckingham Palace while you and your humble servant, dear Padre Francesco, are glad to smoke our pipes in quiet over the sanded floor of the little D—.

But the happy *homme de lettres*, whom I imagine in futurity kicking his heels *vis-à-vis* to a duchess in some fandango at the court of her majesty's grandchildren, will be in reality no better or honest, or more really near fame, than the quill-driver of the present day, with his doubtful position and small gains. Fame, that guerdon of high genius, comes quite independent of Berkeley Square, and is a republican institution. Look around to our own day among the holders of the pen: begin (without naming names, for that is odious) and count on your fingers those whom you will back in the race for immortality. How many fingers

have you that are left untold? It is an invidious question. Alas! dear —, and dear * *, and dear † †, you who think you are safe, there is futurity, and limbo, and blackness for you, beloved friends! *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*: there's no use denying it, or shirking the fact; in we must go, and disappear for ever and ever.

And after all, what is this Reputation, the cant of our trade, the goal that every scribbling penny-a-liner demurely pretends that he is hunting after? Why should we get it? Why can't we do without it? We only fancy we want it. When people say of such and such a man who is dead, "He neglected his talents; he frittered away in fugitive publications time and genius, which might have led to the production of a great work;" this is the gist of Sir Bulwer Lytton's kind and affecting biographical notice of our dear friend and comrade Laman Blanchard, who passed away so melancholically last year.

I don't know any thing more dissatisfactory and absurd than that insane test of friendship which has been set up by some literary men, viz. admiration of their works. Say that this picture is bad, or that poem poor, or that article stupid, and there are certain authors and artists among us who set you down as an enemy forthwith, or look upon you as a *faux-frère*. What is there in common with the friend and his work of art? The picture or article once done and handed over to the public, is the latter's property, not the author's, and to be estimated according to its honest value; and so, and without malice, I question Sir Bulwer Lytton's statement about Blanchard, viz. that he would have been likely to produce with leisure, and under favourable circumstances, a work of the highest class. I think his education and habits, his quick, easy manner, his sparkling, hidden fun, constant tenderness and brilliant good humour, were best employed as they were. At any rate he had a duty, much more imperative upon him than the preparation of questionable great works,—to get his family their dinner. A man must be a very Great man, indeed, before he can neglect this precaution.

His three volumes of essays, plea-

sant and often brilliant as they are, give no idea of the powers of the author, or even of his natural manner, which, as I think, was a thousand times more agreeable. He was like the good little child in the fairy tale, his mouth dropped out all sorts of diamonds and rubies. His wit, which was always playing and frisking about the company, had the wonderful knack of never hurting any body. He had the most singular art of discovering good qualities in people; in discoursing of which the kindly little fellow used to glow and kindle up, and emphasize with the most charming energy. Good-natured actions of others, good jokes, favourite verses of friends, he would bring out fondly, whenever they met, or there was question of them; and he used to toss and dandle their sayings or doings about, and hand them round to the company, as the delightful Miss Slowboy does the baby in the last Christmas Book. What was better than wit in his talk was, that it was so genial. He *enjoyed* thoroughly, and chirped over his wine with a good humour, that could not fail to be infectious. His own hospitality was delightful: there was something about it charmingly brisk, simple, and kindly. How he used to laugh! As I write this, what a number of pleasant, hearty scenes come back! One can hear his jolly, clear laughter; and see his keen, kind, beaming Jew face,—a mixture of Mendelssohn and Voltaire.

Sir Bulwer Lytton's account of him will be read by all his friends with pleasure, and by the world as a not uncurious specimen of the biography of a literary man. The memoir savours a little too much of the funeral oration. It might have been a little more particular and familiar, so as to give the public a more intimate acquaintance with one of the honestest and kindest of men who ever lived by pen; and yet, after a long and friendly intercourse with Blanchard, I believe the praises Sir Lytton bestows on his character are by no means exaggerated: it is only the style in which they are given, which is a little too funereally encomiastic. The memoir begins in this way, a pretty and touching design of Mr. Kenny Meadows heading the biography:—

"To most of those who have mixed generally with the men, who, in our day, have chosen literature as their profession, the name of Laman Blanchard brings recollections of peculiar tenderness and regret. Amidst a career which the keenness of anxious rivalry renders a sharp probation to the temper and the affections, often yet more embittered by that strife of party, of which, in a Representative Constitution, few men of letters escape the eager passions and the angry prejudice—they recall the memory of a competitor, without envy; a partisan, without gall; firm as the firmest in the maintenance of his own opinions; but gentle as the gentlest in the judgment he passed on others.

"Who, among our London brotherhood of letters, does not miss that simple cheerfulness—that inborn and exquisite urbanity—that child-like readiness to be pleased with all—that happy tendency to panegyrisé every merit, and to be lenient to every fault? Who does not recall that acute and delicate sensibility—so easily wounded, and therefore so careful not to wound—which seemed to infuse a certain intellectual fine breeding, of forbearance and sympathy, into every society where it insinuated its gentle way? Who, in convivial meetings, does not miss, and will not miss for ever, the sweetness of those unpretending talents—the earnestness of that honesty which seemed unconscious it was worn so lightly—the mild influence of that exuberant kindness, which softened the acrimony of young disputants, and reconciled the secret animosities of jealous rivals? Yet few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal of narrow circumstance, of daily labour, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of ambition, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmaturing resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination; is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, depending less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive en-

thusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good.

"It is, regarded thus, that the character of Laman Blanchard assumes an interest of a very elevated order. He was a choice and worthy example of the professional English men of letters in our day. He is not to be considered in the light of the man of daring and turbulent genius, living on the false excitement of vehement calumny and uproarious praise. His was a career not indeed obscure, but sufficiently quiet and unnoticed to be solaced with little of the pleasure with which, in aspirants of a noisier fame, gratified and not ignoble vanity rewards the labour and stimulates the hope. For more than twenty years he toiled on through the most fatiguing paths of literary composition, mostly in periodicals, often anonymously; pleasing and lightly instructing thousands, but gaining none of the prizes, whether of weighty reputation or popular renown, which more fortunate chances, or more pretending modes of investing talent, have given in our day to men of half his merits."

Not a feature in this charming character is flattered, as far as I know. Did the subject of the memoir feel disappointment in the higher aims of ambition? Was his career not solaced with pleasure? Was his noble calling a thankless one? I have said before, his calling was not thankless; his career, in the main, pleasant; his disappointment, if he had one of the higher aims of ambition, one that might not uneasily be borne. If every man is disappointed because he cannot reach supreme excellence, what a mad, misanthropical world ours would be! Why should men of letters aim higher than they can hit, or be "disappointed" with the share of brains God has given them? Nor can you say a man's career is unpleasant who was so heartily liked and appreciated as Blanchard was, by all persons of high intellect, or low, with whom he came in contact. He had to bear with some, but not unbearable poverty. At home he had every thing to satisfy his affection: abroad, every sympathy and consideration met this universally esteemed, good man. Such a calling as his is *not* thankless, surely. Away with this discontent and morbid craving for renown! A man who writes (Tennyson's) *Ulysses*, or *Comus*, may put in his claim for fame if you will, and demand and deserve it: but it

requires no vast power of intellect to write most sets of words, and have them printed in a book:—To write this article for instance, or the last novel, pamphlet, book of travels. Most men with a decent education and practice of the pen, could go and do the like, were they so professionally urged. Let such fall into the rank and file, and shoulder their weapons, and load, and fire cheerfully. An every-day writer has no more right to repine because he loses the great prizes, and can't write like Shakspeare, than he has to be envious of Sir Robert Peel, or Wellington, or King Hudson, or Taglioni. Because the sun shines above, is a man to warm himself and admire; or to despond because he can't in his person flare up like the sun? I don't believe that Blanchard was by any means an amateur-martyr, but was, generally speaking, very decently satisfied with his condition.

Here is the account of his early history—a curious and interesting one:—

“Samuel Laman Blanchard was born of respectable parents in the middle class at Great Yarmouth, on the 15th of May, 1803. His mother's maiden name was Mary Laman. She married first Mr. Cowell, at St. John's Church, Bermondsey, about the year 1796; he died in the following year. In 1799, she was married again, to Samuel Blanchard, by whom she had seven children, but only one son, the third child, christened Samuel Laman.

“In 1805, Mr. Blanchard (the father) appears to have removed to the metropolis, and to have settled in Southwark as a painter and glazier. He was enabled to give his boy a good education—an education, indeed, of that kind which could not but unfit young Laman for the calling of his father; for it developed the abilities and bestowed the learning, which may be said to lift a youth morally out of trade, and to refine him at once into a gentleman. At six years old he was entered a scholar of St. Olave's school, then under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Blenkorn. He became the head Latin scholar, and gained the chief prize in each of the last three years he remained at the academy. When he left, it was the wish of the master and trustees that he should be sent to college,

one boy being annually selected from the pupils, to be maintained at the university, for the freshman's year, free of expense; for the charges of the two remaining years the parents were to provide. So strong, however, were the hopes of the master for his promising pupil, that the trustees of the school consented to depart from their ordinary practice, and offered to defray the collegiate expenses for two years. Unfortunately, the offer was not accepted. No wonder that poor Laman regretted in after life the loss of this golden opportunity. The advantages of an university career to a young man in his position, with talents and application, but without interest, birth, and fortune, are incalculable. The pecuniary independence afforded by the scholarship and the fellowship is in itself no despicable prospect; but the benefits which distinction, fairly won at those noble and unrivalled institutions, confers, are the greatest where least obvious: they tend usually to bind the vagueness of youthful ambition to the secure reliance on some professional career, in which they smooth the difficulties and abridge the novitiate. Even in literature a college education not only tends to refine the taste, but to propitiate the public. And in all the many walks of practical and public life, the honours gained at the University never fail to find well-wishers amongst powerful contemporaries, and to create generous interest in the fortunes of the aspirant.

“But my poor friend was not destined to have one obstacle smoothed away from his weary path.* With the natural refinement of his disposition, and the fatal cultivation of his intellectual susceptibilities, he was placed at once in a situation which it was impossible that he could fill with steadiness and zeal. Fresh from classical studies, and his emulation warmed by early praise and school-boy triumph, he was transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctors' Commons. The result was inevitable; his mind, by a natural reaction, betook itself to the pursuits most hostile to such a career. Before this, even from the age of thirteen, he had trifled with the Muses; he now conceived in good earnest the more perilous passion for the stage.

“Barry Cornwall's *Dramatic Scenes* were published about this time,—they exercised considerable influence over the

* “The elder Blanchard is not to be blamed for voluntarily depriving his son of the advantages proffered by the liberal trustees of St. Olave's; it appears from a communication by Mr. Keymer (brother-in-law to Laman Blanchard)—that the circumstances of the family at that time were not such as to meet the necessary expenses of a student—even for the last year of his residence at the university.”

taste and aspirations of young Blanchard — and many dramatic sketches of brilliant promise, bearing his initials, S. L. B. appeared in a periodical work existing at that period, called *The Drama*. In them, though the conception and general treatment are borrowed from Barry Cornwall, the style and rhythm are rather modelled on the peculiarities of Byron. Their promise is not the less for the imitation they betray. The very characteristic of genius is to be imitative—first of authors, then of nature. Books lead us to fancy feelings that are not yet genuine. Experience is necessary to record those which colour our own existence; and the style only becomes original in proportion as the sentiment it expresses is sincere. More touching, therefore, than these *Dramatic Sketches*, was a lyrical effusion on the death of Sidney Ireland, a young friend to whom he was warmly attached, and over whose memory, for years afterwards, he often shed tears. He named his eldest son after that early friend. At this period, Mr. Douglas Jerrold had written three volumes of *Moral Philosophy*, and Mr. Buckstone, the celebrated comedian, volunteered to copy the work for the juvenile moralist. On arriving at any passage that struck his fancy, Mr. Buckstone communicated his delight to his friend Blanchard, and the emulation thus excited tended more and more to sharpen the poet's distaste to all avocations incompatible with literature. Anxious, in the first instance, to escape from dependence on his father, (who was now urgent that he should leave the printer's desk for the still more ungainly mechanism of the paternal trade), he meditated the best of all preparatives to dramatic excellence; viz., a practical acquaintance with the stage itself; he resolved to become an actor. Few indeed are they in this country who have ever succeeded eminently in the literature of the stage, who have not either trod its boards, or lived habitually in its atmosphere. Blanchard obtained an interview with Mr. Henry Johnston, the actor, and recited, in his presence, passages from *Glover's Leonidas*. He read admirably—his elocution was faultless—his feeling exquisite; Mr. Johnston was delighted with his powers, but he had experience and wisdom to cool his professional enthusiasm, and he earnestly advised the aspirant not to think of the stage. He drew such a picture of the hazards of success—the obstacles to a position—the precariousness even of a subsistence, that the poor boy's heart sunk within him. He was about to resign himself to obscurity and trade, when he suddenly fell in with the manager of the Margate theatre; this gentleman

proposed to enroll him in his own troop, and the proposal was eagerly accepted, in spite of the warnings of Mr. Henry Johnston. 'A weak,' says Mr. Buckstone (to whom I am indebted for these particulars, and whose words I now quote), 'was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life; and as there were no 'Harlequins' steaming it from Margate to London Bridge at that day, he performed his journey back on foot, having, on reaching Rochester, but his last shilling—the post's veritable last shilling—in his pocket.'

"At that time a circumstance occurred, which my poor friend's fate has naturally brought to my recollection. He came to me late one evening, in a state of great excitement; informed me that his father had turned him out of doors; that he was utterly hopeless and wretched, and was resolved to destroy himself. I used my best endeavours to console him, to lead his thoughts to the future, and hope in what chance and perseverance might effect for him. Our discourse took a livelier turn; and after making up a bed on a sofa in my own room, I retired to rest. I soon slept soundly, but was awakened by hearing a footstep descending the stairs. I looked towards the sofa, and discovered he had left it; I heard the street door close; I instantly hurried on my clothes, and followed him; I called to him, but received no answer; I ran till I saw him in the distance also running; I again called his name; I implored him to stop, but he would not answer me. Still continuing his pace, I became alarmed, and doubled my speed. I came up with him near to Westminster Bridge; he was hurrying to the steps leading to the river; I seized him; he threatened to strike me if I did not release him; I called for the watch; I entreated him to return; he became more pacified, but still seemed anxious to escape from me. By entreaties; by every means of persuasion I could think of; by threats to call for help; I succeeded in taking him back. The next day he was more composed, but I believe rarely aided with his father after that time. Necessity compelled him to do something for a livelihood, and in time he became a reader in the office of the Messrs. Bayliss, in Fleet Street. By that employment, joined to frequent contributions to the *Monthly Magazine*, at that time published by them, he obtained a tolerable competence.

"Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wan-

dering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain continued; when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, 'Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?' So they walked home and were heroically wet through."

It would have been worth while to tell this tale more fully; not to envelope the chief personage in fine words, as statuary do their sitters in Roman togas, and, making them assume the heroic-conventional look, take away from them that infinitely more interesting one which Nature gave them. It would have been well if we could have had this stirring little story in detail. The young fellow, forced to the proctor's desk, quite angry with the drudgery, theatre-stricken, poetry-stricken, writing dramatic sketches in Barry Cornwall's manner, spouting *Leonidas* before a manager, driven away starving from home, and penniless and full of romance, courting his beautiful young wife. "*Come on, Jerrold! what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?*" How the native humour breaks out of the man! Those who knew them can fancy the effect of such a pair of warriors steering the Greek fire-ships, or manning the breach at Missolonghi. Then there comes that pathetic little outbreak of despair, when the poor young fellow is nearly giving up; his father banishes him, no one will buy his poetry, he has no chance on his darling theatre, no chance of the wife that he is longing for. Why not finish with life at once? He has read *Werter*, and can understand suicide. "None," he says, in a sonnet,—

"None, not the hoariest sage, may tell
of all
The strong heart struggles with before
it fall."

If Respectability wanted to point a moral, isn't there one here? Eschew poetry, avoid the theatre, stick to your business, do not read German novels, do not marry at twenty. All these injunctions seem to hang naturally on the story.

And yet the young poet marries

at twenty, in the teeth of poverty and experience; labours away, not unsuccessfully, puts Pegasus into harness, rises in social rank and public estimation, brings up happily round him an affectionate family, gets for himself a circle of the warmest friends, and thus carries on, for twenty years, when a providential calamity visits him and the poor wife almost together, and removes them both.

In the beginning of 1844, Mrs. Blanchard, his affectionate wife and the excellent mother of his children, was attacked with paralysis, which impaired her mind and terminated fatally at the end of the year. Her husband was constantly with her, occupied by her side, whilst watching her distressing malady, in his daily task of literary business. Her illness had the severest effect upon him. He, too, was attacked with partial paralysis and congestion of the brain, during which first seizure his wife died. The rest of the story was told in all the newspapers of the beginning of last year. Rallying partially from his fever at times, a sudden catastrophe overwhelmed him. On the night of the 14th February, in a gust of delirium, having his little boy in bed by his side, and having said the Lord's Prayer but a short time before, he sprang out of bed in the absence of his nurse (whom he had besought not to leave him), and made away with himself with a razor. He was no more guilty in his death than a man who is murdered by a madman, or who dies of the rupture of a blood-vessel. In his last prayer he asked to be forgiven, as he in his whole heart forgave others; and not to be led into that irresistible temptation under which it pleased Heaven that the poor wandering spirit should succumb.

At the very moment of his death his friends were making the kindest and most generous exertions in his behalf. Such a noble, loving, and generous creature, is never without such. The world, it is pleasant to think, is always a good and gentle world to the gentle and good, and reflects the benevolence with which they regard it. This memoir contains an affecting letter from the poor fellow himself, which indicates Sir Edward Bulwer's admirable and delicate generosity towards him.

bless and thank you always," writes the kindly and affectionate soul, to another excellent friend, Mr. Forster. There were other friends, such as Mr. Fonblanque, Mr. Ainsworth, with whom he was connected in literary labour, who were not less eager to serve and befriend him.

As soon as he was dead, a number of other persons came forward to provide means for the maintenance of his orphan family. Messrs. Chapman and Hall took one son into their publishing-house, another was provided in a merchant's house in the City, the other is of an age and has the talents to follow and succeed in his father's profession. Mr. Colburn and Mr. Ainsworth gave up their copyrights of his Essays, which are now printed in three handsome volumes, for the benefit of his children.

The following is Sir Edward Bulwer's just estimate of the writer:—

"It remains now to speak (and I will endeavour to do so not too partially) of the talents which Laman Blanchard displayed, and of the writings he has left behind.

"His habits, as we have seen, necessarily forbade the cultivation of deep scholarship, and the careful development of serious thought. But his information upon all that interested the day was, for the same reason, various and extending over a wide surface. His observation was quick and lively. He looked abroad with an inquiring eye, and noticed the follies and humours of men with a light and pleasant gaiety, which wanted but the necessary bitterness (that was not in him) to take the dignity of satire. His style and his conceptions are not marked by the vigour which comes partly from concentration of intellect, and partly from heat of passion; it they evince, on the other hand, a purity of taste, and a propriety of feeling, which preserve him from the caricature and exaggeration that deface many compositions obtaining the praise of broad humour or intense purpose. His fancy did not soar high, but its play was sportive, and it sought its aliment with the graceful instincts of the poet. He certainly never fulfilled the great promise which his *Lyric Offerings* held forth. He never wrote up to the full mark of his powers; the fountain never rose to the level of its source. But in our day the professional man of letters is compelled to draw too frequently, and by too small disbursements, upon his capital, to large and profitable investments of

the stock of mind and ideas, with which he commences his career. The number and variety of our periodicals have tended to results which benefit the pecuniary interests of the author, to the prejudice of his substantial fame. A writer like Otway could not now-a-days starve; a writer like Goldsmith might live in May-fair and lounge in his carriage; but it may be doubted whether the one would now-a-days have composed a *Venice Preserved*, or the other have given us a *Deserted Village* and a *Vicar of Wakefield*. There is a fatal facility in supplying the wants of week by the rapid striking off a pleasant article, which interferes with the steady progress, even with the mature conception, of an elaborate work.

"Born at an earlier day, Laman Blanchard would probably have known sharper trials of pecuniary circumstance; and instead of the sufficient, though precarious income, which his reputation as a periodical writer afforded him, he might have often slept in the garret, and been fortunate if he had dined often in the cellar. But then he would have been compelled to put forth all that was in him of mind and genius; to have written books, not papers; and books not intended for the week or the month, but for permanent effect upon the public.

"In such circumstances, I firmly believe that his powers would have sufficed to enrich our poetry and our stage with no inconsiderable acquisitions. All that he wanted for the soil of his mind was time to wait the seasons, and to sow upon the more patient system. But too much activity and too little preparation were his natural doom. To borrow a homely illustration from the farm, he exhausted the land by a succession of white crops.

"On the other hand, had he been born a German, and exhibited, at Jena or Bonn, the same abilities and zeal for knowledge which distinguished him in the school of Southwark, he would, doubtless, have early attained to some moderate competence, which would have allowed fair play and full leisure for a character of genius which, naturally rather elegant than strong, required every advantage of forethought and preparation.

"But when all is said—when all the drawbacks upon what he actually was are made and allowed—enough remains to justify warm eulogy, and to warrant the rational hope that he will occupy an honourable place among the writers of his age. Putting aside his poetical pretensions, and regarding solely what he performed, not what he promised, he unquestionably stands high amongst a class of writers, in which for the last century

we have not been rich—the Essayists, whose themes are drawn from social subjects, sporting lightly between literature and manners. And this kind of composition is extremely difficult in itself, requiring intellectual combinations rarely found. The volumes prefaced by this slight memoir deserve a place in every collection of *belles lettres*, and form most agreeable and characteristic illustrations of our manners and our age. They possess what is seldom found in light reading, the charm that comes from bequeathing pleasurable impressions. They are suffused in the sweetness of the author's disposition; they shun all painful views of life, all acerbity in observation, all gall in their gentle sarcasms. Added to this, they contain not a thought, not a line, from which the most anxious parent would guard his child. They may be read with safety by the most simple, and yet they contain enough of truth and character to interest the most reflective."

Such an authority will serve to recommend these *Sketches from Life*, we hope, to many a library. Of the essays themselves, it is hardly necessary to select specimens. There is not one that can't be read with pleasure; they are often wise, and always witty and kindly. Let us dip into the volume, and select one at random. Here is one which relates to that class, which is ranked somehow as last in the literary profession, and is known under the famous name of—

"*The Penny-a-Liner.*"

"The penny-a-liner, like Pope, is 'known by his style.' His fine Roman hand once seen, may be sworn to by the most cursory observer. But though in this one respect of identity resembling Pope, he bears not in any other the least likeness to author dead or living. He has no brother, and is like no brother, in literature. Such as he was, he is. He disdains to accommodate his manner to the ever-altering taste of the times. He refuses to bow down to the popular idol, innovation. He has a style, and he sticks to it. He scorns to depart from it, to gratify the thirst for novelty. He even thinks that it improves with use, and that his pet phrases acquire a finer point and additional emphasis upon every fresh application. Thus, in relating the last fashionable occurrence, how a noble family has been plunged into consternation and sorrow by the elopement of Lady Prudentia a month after marriage, he informs you, as though the phrase itself carried conviction to the heart, that the

'feelings of the injured husband may be more easily conceived than described.' If he requires that phrase twice in the same narrative, he consents to vary it by saying, that 'that they may be imagined, but cannot be depicted.' In reporting an incident illustrative of the fatal effects of taking prussic acid, he states that the 'vital spark is extinct,' and that not the smallest hopes are entertained of the unfortunate gentleman's recovery. A lady's bag is barbarously stolen from her arm by 'a monster in the human form.' A thunder-storm is described as having 'visited' the metropolis, and the memory of the oldest inhabitant furnishes no parallel to the ravages of the 'electric fluid.' A new actress 'surpasses the most sanguine expectations' of the public, and exhibits talents 'that have seldom been equalled, never excelled.' A new book is not simply published, it 'emanates from the press.' On the demise of a person of eminence, it is confidently averred that he had a hand 'open as day to melting charity,' and that, 'take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' Two objects not immediately connected are sure to be 'far as the poles asunder;' although they are very easily brought together and reconciled in the reader's mind by the convenience of the phrase 'as it were,' which is an especial favourite, and constantly in request. He is a great admirer of amplitude of title, for palpable reasons; as when he reports, that 'Yesterday the Right Honourable Lord John Russell, M.P., his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, dined with,' &c. He is wonderfully expert in the measurement of hail-stones, and in the calculation of the number of panes of glass which they demolish in their descent. He is acquainted with the exact circumference of every gooseberry that emulates the plenitude of a pumpkin; and can at all times detect a phenomenon in every private family, by simply reckoning up the united ages of its various members. But in the discharge of these useful duties, for the edification and amusement of the public, he employs, in the general course of things, but one set of phrases. If a fire can be rendered more picturesque by designating it the 'devouring element,' the devouring element rages in the description to the end of the chapter. Once a hit always a hit; a good thing remains good for ever; a happy epithet is felicitous to the last. The only variation of style that he can be prevailed upon to attempt, he introduces in his quotations. To these he often gives an entirely new aspect, and occasionally, by accident, he improves upon the originals. Of this, the following may stand as a specimen:—

'Tis not in mortals to deserve success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll
command it.'

The good-natured satirist seldom hits harder than this, and makes fun so generously, that it is a pleasure to be laughed at by him. How amusingly the secret of the penny-a-liner's craft is unveiled here! Well, he, too, is a member of the great rising fraternity of the press, which, weak and despised yesterday, is powerful and in repute to-day, and grows daily in strength and good opinion.

Out of Blanchard's life (except from the melancholy end, which is quite apart from it), there is surely no ground for drawing charges against the public of neglecting literature. His career, untimely concluded, is in the main a successful one. In truth, I don't see how the aid or interposition of government could in any way have greatly benefited him, or how it was even called upon to do so. It does not follow that a man would produce a great work even if he had leisure. Squire Shakspeare of Stratford, with his lands and rents, and his arms over his porch, was not the working Shakspeare; and indolence (or contemplation, if you like) is no

unusual quality in the literary man. Of all the squires who have had acres and rents, all the holders of lucky, easy, government places, how many have written books, and of what worth are they? There are some persons whom government, having a want of, employs and pays—barristers, diplomatists, soldiers, and the like; but it doesn't want poetry, and can do without tragedies. Let men of letters stand for themselves. Every day enlarges their market, and multiplies their clients. The most skilful and successful among the cultivators of light literature have such a hold upon the public feelings, and awaken such a sympathy, as men of the class never enjoyed until now: men of science and learning, who aim at other distinction, get it; and, in spite of Doctor Carus's disgust, I believe there was never a time when so much of the practically useful was written and read, and every branch of book-making pursued, with an interest so eager.

But I must conclude. My letter has swelled beyond the proper size of letters, and you are craving for news: have you not to-day's *Times*' battle of Ferozeshah? Farewell.

M. A. T.

THE COMMON LODGING-HOUSE.

THE common lodging-house, as the reader is no doubt aware, is a house of accommodation for all classes, no matter what may be their appearance or character, provided they can produce when required the necessary quantity of coins. In every considerable village in the kingdom there is a domicile called the Beggars' House; and in every town, fewer such houses or more, according to its size or population. In London there are hundreds of such, from that which suits the poor tenant of a room or cellar, with its two or three shake-down-beds upon the floor, to the more substantial holding of the landlord, with his ten or twenty up to two or three hundred beds. In one or other of these the houseless wanderer may find shelter, provided he pay from a penny to sixpence a-night; sleeping, according to the rate of his payments, on iron, or wood, or straw,

or in a hammock. If he be the penny-a-night lodger, he will have no softer resting-place than the floor. This common lodging-house business is a thriving trade; very little capital is required to carry it on. An old house will do in any back street or filthy lane; indeed, the more wretched the neighbourhood the better. Old bedsteads and bed-clothes of the coarsest description, with a few forms and a table for the kitchen, are nearly all that is required for the concern. The front room, or what is usually termed the parlour, is generally fitted up into a shop; or, when this is not the case, there is always some accommodating neighbour at hand who has for sale bacon, butter, cheese, bread, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, potatoes, red and salt herrings, smuggled liquors, and table-beer. Some add the savoury profession of the cook to

that of the huckster, and dish up a little roast and boiled beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, &c. The whole of these viands, the reader may be assured, are of very moderate quality. They are retailed to the lodgers at profitable prices and in the smallest saleable quantities, so that for the trifling sum of one penny the poor epicure may gratify his palate with a taste of beef, mutton, and other luxuries. Very little credit is given in those places, and that only to those who are well known; they who do not happen to possess this advantage are often compelled to take the handkerchiefs from their necks, the coats and even the shirts off their backs, and to give them to the cautious housekeeper, before they can procure a night's lodging or a morsel of food. Indeed, in the country it is a common thing, when a traveller (which is the appellation by which the alms-seeking gentry designate themselves) seeks for a night's lodging, for the landlord to refuse admittance unless the applicant carry a bundle, which is looked upon as a kind of guarantee that he may be trusted should he not have the "desirable" in his pocket.

It may naturally be supposed, that where there are such small outlays and such large returns good round sums must be produced; indeed, there are few who commence this kind of business but earn for themselves a speedy independency. Many whom I could mention have accumulated such enormous fortunes by the encouragement of vagrancy, that they are now the proprietors of valuable houses, in one or other of which they reside, while they continue to conduct their original establishments in the rest. The servants that are kept in such houses are generally male, men being considered better adapted to preserve peace and quietness than women. It is customary with lodgers who have any thing of value to deposit it with the landlord, and, in most cases, it is returned with safety. There are some whose character stands so high for honesty, that twenty pounds and upwards may be intrusted to them; while with others it would be best to trust nothing, for they are thieves and robbers, and often join with ruffians to get up a row during the night in

order to plunder their lodgers. It is not to be supposed that in such establishments the laws of decency, as they concern the sexes, are much observed; and they are universally filthy. But enough of this. Let us rather enter at once amongst those strange scenes, and endeavour to give the reader a correct view of one of them.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that I put myself in order, and had just reached St. George's, in the Borough, as the clock struck five. Opposite to that sacred edifice, and at the end of a narrow, dirty street leading into the main one, were standing some half-dozen fellows in flannel-jackets and other vestments, indicating that the class to which they belonged was that of labourers. On one side of this group sat an old woman with fruit, and on the other a middle-aged female, with that true Hibernian feature—the scowl, and retailing commodities of a similar description. As I looked for the name I could just discern on the wall, in small letters, *THE MINT*. Proceeding along the street, oysters, green-groceries, and huckstery goods, lined the doors and windows of a few dark, low-roofed shops on each side of the way, set off by that very necessary convenience, a gutter, which contributed to carry off the superabundant moisture as it crept between oyster-shells, turnip-tops, and various other matters. Women and children might be seen sitting or gossiping on the sills,—a sure sign of a low neighbourhood. The open door of a licensed victualler was not long in making its appearance; nor was it without a neighbour, another retailer of malt;—both pretty well filled with comers-in and goers-out. The bustle, such as it was, now ceased, and the street widened a little, presenting a number of old furniture and petty chandlers'-shops. Here all was dull, dirty, and quiet. A stout, bucanier-like fellow, in a tight, light-coloured worsted-shirt and canvass-trousers, was coming crouching along with his bare feet, followed by a man upon crutches, both walking steadily in the direction of Barclay and Perkins. A singular-looking house next arrested attention, which was painted with a large board raised to the

tre, and daubed with the same colour, upon which were written, in large white letters, "The Travellers' Rest, No. 18. Stephenson. The Red House. Good accommodations for Travellers." The parlour, or low front room, looked as if it had been a shop, having two large bow-windows, one of which was nearly closed with shutters, and the other partly so. Three or four half-naked, squalid-looking wretches were leaning against the entrance. I gave an involuntary shudder, for the place smelled of bones and rags, and all about the door had the stench of rottenness.

"Does Mrs. Belch live here?" I inquired.

"No, higher up," was the answer.

"Thank God!" I mentally ejaculated, and moved on; and higher up, sure enough, stood another group of ragged gentry, whiling away their time with the sweets of Virginia, and quietly inhaling the evening air.

On one side of these men was a shop, to which I was directed by a nod. There was nothing peculiar that I could perceive about this place. It was a small chandler's shop, with two windows. In the one were placed a few eatables for show, and the other was screened off by a scanty curtain. On entering, the shop assumed a more marked-like character. One half was partitioned, apparently for private use; and the other left open for business, as if the owner had already accumulated so much as to be quite indifferent to trade, and only kept a few articles to pass away the time, or accommodate some old, particular customers. That which was set apart for traffic exhibited the cadging-shop to perfection. Quartern loaves cut into pennyworths (Poverty being a keen bargainer), and piled one upon the other; penny and halfpennyworths of tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco, were all packed in paper, and lying in separate heaps; a large dish filled with the cuttings of rancid bacon, another with pieces of cheese, and a third with the scrapings of butter, were placed upon the counter; and in a corner on the floor were standing some half-dozen bottles of that delicious wash called table-beer, their sides all laving again with the foaming liquid. But, notwithstanding those preparations for the starving, let it not be supposed that there

was any lack of eatables that were worth eating. On a shelf or two in the centre of the shop were a few choice pieces of ham, a half-side of bacon, rolls of butter that might have graced the Mansion House for breakfast, with half and quarter cheeses from the best cheese counties in the kingdom, not forgetting that very necessary relish for a cadger's breakfast, a red herring. And all were temptingly arranged for those who might be pleased to term themselves lucky (namely, gents who depend upon chance, and find a purse or a flat thrown unexpectedly in their way). By this time the landlady had made her appearance, and was favouring me with so penetrating a glance that it convinced me she was a practical reader of that index of the mind, the face. After the usual inquiries and answers, an elderly female was desired to shew me down stairs. I was accordingly ushered through the parlour, a small room behind the shop, most curiously furnished. The walls were literally lined with pictures, for the most part small oil paintings. Two, however, were exceptions, being full-sized portraits. One represented the late John Belch, arrayed in a fashion which Nature certainly never intended him to put on, for he looked as if he had just bludgeoned a gentleman and then dressed himself in his clothes; the other was, of course, designed for his spouse, and a real dowdy it was, neither true nor flattering. The mantelpiece was loaded with superb shells and other marine specimens. Two old-fashioned corner cupboards, with their doors thrown open, fronted each other by the fire, displaying a rich store of china. A comfortable carpet was spread upon the floor; the hearth, too, had its rug. Chairs and tables were crowded together, evincing that the owner was more solicitous for a show of abundance than good taste. "Now here," thought I, "must be the room where the artist, half gentleman and whole vagabond, creeps in of a morning to blarney the good hostess about gentility and all that; where poor Jack, after squandering away his all, offers his last relic from the South Seas to be allowed to stay till he gets another ship; where the honest trader from Bordeaux, with his red nightcap and

long boots, saunters in of an evening, well knowing that Mother Belch is a woman who blabs no tales; where she receives all the tittle-tattle of the place,—in short, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the lady of the den."

Through this room I was led into another, in the side of which was a door, into which I was desired to enter, and to take care, for there was a flight of stairs,—a caution that was absolutely necessary, as I found after I had descended with a slide. Then opened a scene out before me that certainly had something of the appearance of a den, namely, a long, low, narrow, under-ground kitchen. At one end were two small windows, each defended by a wire grate, the tops of which, just peeping upon the pavement of the front street, allowed the light to struggle in between walls of immense thickness. The apertures, or window-seats, were deep or wide, and underneath was fixed to the wall a seat. The whole had much the appearance of the inside of the cabin-window of a ship. At the other end was a large trap-door, which was raised during the day for the benefit of light and air, and which served as an excellent retreat from the police when occasion required, access being had up and down by a broad brick staircase edged with wood. On one side of this professional convenience were two large, flat-bellied water-butts, their tops reaching to the very roof; whilst the drop-dropping below kept the dust in a pretty moist state. Close to these capacious reservoirs was a plate-rack, with a tolerable display of broken dishes. Next to this was a leaden sink, serving the double purpose of scullery and washhand-stand; and above, opening by a door, was the dusthole, a place extremely handy for slops and dirt. A seat here ran along the wall, joining the one below the window, and from which nearly to the roof the wall was wainscoted, the top forming a kind of ledge, on part of which was ranged a row of common tin teapots; on the other were wooden lockers, the repositories of the lodgers' broken victuals. Opposite was a door near the window leading into another room, which was usually denominated the parlour. On this side blazed two large fires, each having a complete kitchen-

range, with a boiler full of water that turned by a cock for the lodgers' use; and in the corner belled out a huge copper, surrounded by frying-pans, saucepans, and iron pots of various sizes. A table, reaching well-nigh from one end of the kitchen to the other, was supported by five wooden posts rising through the centre to the roof, and placed at equal distances from each other, and upon these were hung common tin lamps, the whole being flanked by forms. At this board the street solicitor might sit and feast without any fear of dirtying the floor with the crumbs that might fall from the table; for that, I remember, was of a good serviceable colour, the materials being of brick.

I glided in as unobtrusively as possible, and when I state that there were 108 lodgers in the house, it may be supposed there were a few singular characters amongst them. At the bottom of the table, opposite to each other, sat two seamen, one in his shirt-sleeves and woollen nightcap, mending a pair of old canvass trousers, and stitching away with his long nautical needle. The other a sunburnt, lounging-looking fellow, in a red flannel shirt and trousers, was resting on his elbows, drawling out a sea tale; and, as I moved by, I could distinctly hear the words, "Philadelphia and New York." At the fire near the window stood a tall, athletic young man, in a velvet jacket with large white ivory buttons, a red velvet waistcoat with two rows of small buttons of the same kind, short, wide trousers, and ankle-boots. His waistcoat was loosely buttoned, so as to display part of his shirt, and his black silk handkerchief was slung about his neck in the nautical style. His black hair hung on each side of his face in ringlets, and on his head was alouched on one side most conspicuously a broad-brimmed hat. He was evidently a buck in his way, and somewhat of a gallant, too, as, with his elbow on the mantelpiece and one leg lounging over the other, he kept puff, puffing away at a short, black pipe, "having a word," as he termed it, with a woman who was frying sausages. Close beside this specimen of low dandyism sat a gigantic, looking ruffian about forty, v

red nightcap on, but otherwise dressed as he was, only not so gaudily. He sat scowling before the fire, his legs stretched out, and one crossed over the other, squirting every now and then a torrent of tobacco-juice below the bars; the quid in his cheek by no means diminishing the grimness of his smile, as he cast up his eyes at his neighbour with a look that savoured strongly of the green-eyed monster. They were both navigators, and of the true Lancashire breed.

Round that corner of the table which stood below the window were gathered together a very characteristic group,—a nice variety of thief, cadger, and poacher. The first was a slight-made man, with flat, though Jewish features and complexion. He had on an old great brown coat, that was by far too large. It was left open in front, displaying neither shirt nor neckerchief; and an old hat, beaten in at the front, was drawn, in the thieves' fashion, over his brow. He had a smile on his features—I have seen just such another on that drooping machine which is, at times, seen beside St. Stephen's. The next was a very sinister-looking fellow in a flannel-jacket—he was by far too civil-looking; and, as I approached, gave me such a look that I instinctively put my hands to my pockets, although there was nothing in them. At the corner of the table sat a large sinewy man, with high cheek-bones, and a nose big and hard enough to split a mill on. He was very well dressed according to his trade—a tattered shirt, an old waistcoat, and canvass trousers. He was thumping on the table about his merits as a patterer (a caller), with a fist by far too formidable to admit of any dispute. On the other side, stretched on a form against the wall, was a very pretty specimen of our bold peasantry—our country's pride—in a smock-frock and a white kind of skull-cap. He was lying on his side, resting his head on his hand, with his cap covering part of his head and face; one eye, however, was left to twinkle beneath, and leer about with a very knowing look; and altogether he looked very like a yokell, who understood something else besides whistling "Ge-ho!" By his side sat another brother of the clod, his arms

folded on the table, and his head buried between them, giving evident indications that he was in the arms of the sleepy god.

Turning round I stepped into the parlour, where just such another scene presented itself. The room was of equal breadth, and nearly the same length as the kitchen; and, being more scanty of furniture, had the appearance of being wider. It was now dull and gloomy, lighted up with only three small lights. At a table at the upper end of the room stood two slightly-made, half-starved-looking young men, in dark tattered clothes and old torn hats; on which, in the front of each, was stuck a placard, with "Murder," printed in large letters, as the head-line. They were silently arranging a heap of catch-penny papers, by the dim light of a halfpenny candle. At the other end of the room sat a short but rather respectably dressed man in black. A small ink-bottle was on the table, with three or four pens stuck in it, and his hat was so drawn on as to screen his eyes from an old dull-burning japanned lamp, that was on the table before him. There was some character about this man. His nose was aquiline, or, to speak more correctly, if less elegantly, hooked. His eyes, which were small, twinkled on each side, as if they were more accustomed to look to the right and to the left than straightforward. He looked as if he had been a lawyer's clerk, who had been by far too cunning to be honest. Opposite to this studious gentleman sat a large bald-headed old man, coughing and spitting, and apparently much troubled with a shortness of breath. He was tying matches up into bundles from an immense heap that was lying before him, with a candle stuck in the centre. He was assisted by an individual who certainly had the appearance of being brought up to that trade, or something very like it. He was a stout young fellow, with a shock head of red hair, so matted together by time and sloth as to bid defiance to any thing like a comb. His forehead was low and receding; and he had small grey eyes, which had the sleepy, sulky, thievish look of a tinker's dog. His nose was broad and snubby, the upper part of which was beaten flat to the face; and,

from the dent-like mark on the left side, it appeared as if it had been done by a right-hander. His chin of late had certainly not been much troubled with the razor, and his skin was smoked and dried as if he had soldered pots and pans night and day for a month. His hat, which was beaten into all and every shape, was drawn a little over his brow, and the rest of his garments of a cut that would not have been exhibited by the scientific Walker. In short, he was an individual that would have appeared to great advantage looking over a hedge on Finchley, Hounslow, or any other breezy heath or common with a bit of a thorn, *alias* bludgeon, in his hand; or sauntering about a village on the outskirts of the town, peering into a farm-yard, just within the scent of a hen-roost, with a four-footed follower, half terrier and half fox, cowering knowingly at his heels; a wooden budget slung at his back, with a choice assortment of old nails, old files, and old hammers; a bellows in one hand without a pipe, and in the other a piece of crooked iron, at the end of which might dangle a portable fire, puffing, and reeking, and sending forth a column of smoke that should curl and whirl about his face, and harmonise delightfully to the cry of "Kettles to mend—pots and pans!"

Lodger after lodger now came dropping in; and every one who had the means was not long in satisfying his appetite. They hastened to make their tea or coffee, frying their bacon, or broiling their herring; and when done, they would move each to his seat, placing a tea or coffee-pot on the table,—a cup and saucer with the niceties on one side and the bread on the other; then sit down, and, without doffing their castors, fall-to with an appetite that required no farther relish.

There were some heavy complaints about the loss of property; some had lost one thing, and some another. One surly, carter-looking fellow, who was frying sausages, declared "That this house beat all the houses he had ever been in for priggings. There was no farther back than this very morning, he had hung up his shirt to dry, and had not turned his back five minutes before it was gone, and not a soul knew any thing about it:

but he had a good guess who took it. But by ——" (and here he used some strong language), "the man had better keep out of my way!"

The kitchen was by this time getting crowded, and the lodgers, as they satisfied their wants, would light their pipes and saunter up and down the rooms, out of one into the other, joining the various groups, and observing or listening to what was going on. With one party it was,—

"Where is old Thomas now?"

"Oh, he's at Brixton!"

"What! at Brixton yet?"

"Yes, he's had six months this time!"

"Six months! that's a long time for an old man to be on the mill!"

Another party were talking about Birmingham and Manchester.

"Have you ever been at Wellingborough in Leicestershire?" asked one.

"In Northamptonshire, you mean," was the reply. "Yes, and a pretty little town it is, but nothing doing."

"I've just been down the Liverpool road there," cries another; "but Yorkshire's the place for me. I'll be bound if a man's beat he'll get a lift better there than in any county in the kingdom."

I entered into conversation with two or three, inquiring as delicately as I could what they were and what they had been; and, of course, giving them such information about myself in return as I pleased. The first was a thin middle-sized man, about fifty, curiously robed in tatters. He had served in the army in the East and West Indies; had been with Wellington in Spain, and in America in the late war, and was afterwards discharged in Ireland with a pension. He had given up his pension for four years' pay, and had gone over to Canada to settle; but, feeling the curse of Cain still upon him, had returned to his own country, and narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Goodwin. He was now supporting himself by going about the streets gathering pence, and was in the daily expectation of getting his pension renewed. The other was a short, square-built man, of the same age, with an apron wrapped about him. He was a joiner, but had served in the navy; had been with Cochr in South America, and was discha

from his service with 200*l.* or 300*l.*; and, like a true ne'er-do-weel, had spent every farthing, and being on the *sprees*, as he termed it, had sold his tools into the bargain. He had been tramping the country for two or three years, could get plenty of work, but had no tools to work with (journeymen joiners have to find their own tools), and was now subsisting upon what he could get from the trade and from other people, as a distressed tradesman. The third was a cripple, though a young man. He had apparently done good service for the Queen of Spain, having left both his legs and knees at St. Sebastian, and for which he was now in the full enjoyment of sixpence a-day. He had, however, a good passport from door to door, provided he could only get so far.

With these, then, I contrived to while away the evening till past eleven. I found them all very frank, tolerably civil, and more intelligent than is generally supposed, but by no means inclined to talk of hair-breadth escapes. The story of their lives was not given with the garrulity of veterans who like to shoulder their crutches and shew how fields are won, but drawn from them by questions cautiously, or rather artfully put. These houses, in fact, are not the places for a man to take up the trade of Othello; he mixes with too many who have seen and experienced as much and, perhaps, more than himself. Here are no Desdemonas to listen to tales by flood and field, unless he could supply his hearers well with gin and plenty of half-and-half. Indeed they have been taught, and that pretty dearly, that the honours awarded to "neck-or-nothing doings" are not intended for them, and that of the more solid rewards, as beef and pudding, very little comes to their share. They look upon themselves as having been used like brute beasts, as they term it, where their strength and courage had been brought to the field, and that now in their old age they find they are left with little more than wounds and putrefying sores.

matters not whether their misfortunes have arisen from their own misadventure, or the interested motives of others; these are their thoughts, and this is their situation. Worn out

with poverty and want, unaided even by the buoyancy of youth or the cheering rays of hope, they drag themselves on from day to day, without being able to raise one thought beyond to-morrow. They appear sick; and, if we may be allowed to use such an expression, "almost surfeited with life." It is, therefore, no wonder that they turn a dull ear to that which most men delight to hear,—the history of themselves; or when Luck has thrown a few pence in their way, that they are led as it were instinctively to the gin-shop, there to raise their flagged spirits to their proper level; or, as is their wonted custom, to deaden their feelings with their almost constant but pernicious companion, the pipe.

The only thing worth noticing during the remainder of the evening was a subscription raised for an old man, who lay on his death-bed up stairs. The proposer was a tall, powerful young man, of the name of Jack Barker, a regular cadger. He stood in the middle of the floor, and made a bit of a speech on the occasion. He said that they all knew poor old Walker, and that he had been confined to his bed for nearly six weeks. He had seen him the other day, and had carried him up a basin of broth. The poor fellow, he said, had pined away to a skeleton. His arms (here he attempted to describe the arm by his own wrist, but that comparison not answering), he said, were actually like a little child's. In fact the poor fellow was dying, and would never rise out of his bed more. He reminded them that poor old Harry had always been a trump, and that it was a sore thing for a man to be on his death-bed in a lodging-house without any money or a soul to look nigh to comfort or assist him, and what was his case now might be theirs some time; he, therefore, proposed that a subscription be raised, and that every one give just what he could afford. (Applause.) The landlady stepping in at this moment, the orator exclaimed, "Here comes Mrs. Belch, and I'm sure she'll give something." The landlady assented, but at the same time informed them that she had allowed the old man to remain with her these last three weeks without paying a farthing of rent. This was admitted by several

to be very true, and a murmur of applause was awarded her. The orator then went round with his hat, and gathered as much as half-a-crown, much to the gratification of all present, and no doubt equally so to the poor sufferer.

The bawlers of papers were now coming in by pairs, for they generally do business in partnership. Before taking any refreshment, they usually settle the proceeds of the day. One would examine the papers, while the other counted over the pence. One poor fellow, who apparently did business for himself, came towards the fire smiling and rubbing his hands, as if Luck and he had lately met.

"Have you sold all out?" inquired a man.

"All!" was the reply, — "clean out; the one in my hat, too!" Then stooping down and lighting his cutty, went puffing away to where the frying-pans hung, took down one, examined it, then popped in two nice slices of ham, cut down half-a-dozen slices of bread, and placed them alongside of the ham, all the while puffing away with the self-satisfied air of a man who had done well.

It was now nearly twelve, the fires were almost out, and most of the lodgers gone to bed. The under-deputy was washing and scrubbing the kitchen-table. The landlady was going about first to one and then another, checking those who were coming in rather bounceable from having made too many calls on the road, and advising others to go to bed. As there appeared to be nothing more worthy of observation, I likewise intimated a desire to go up stairs, when a low blackguard-looking fellow, whom I found afterwards to be the under-deputy, with his shirt-sleeves tucked up and his hat slouched over his eyes, requested a stranger and I to come on. In a back room behind the shop, this paragon of a bed-groom selected from a bowl filled with pieces of farthing candles the fag-end of one of those illuminators, placed it in a candlestick, or rather a candle-holder, a piece of tin about the size of a half-crown, with a bit of the same metal in the centre, of the form of a tube, and of just sufficient size to hold so respectable a piece of tallow. With this magnificent taper we were ushered up a winding stair-

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXC.V.

case; which, from the breadth of the banister and a certain creak the stairs made at every step, spoke both of age and debility. From one landing we were led to another, until the roof gave notice that we could go no farther. A door that hung upon its hinges was pushed open—it had no other fastening, bolts and bars being of no use here. The room, or rather attic, was low, and, though of a moderate length and breadth, contained no fewer than five stump-bedsteads, with clothes of a clean but coarse description, two on one side and three on the other, so crowded together as just to leave room for a man to squeeze himself up between them. There was no fire-place, and the room having apparently been newly whitewashed, it felt to us both cold and damp. The windows did not add much to the comfort of the place, being composed of square leaden-framed panes of a diminutive size, with others of more modern dimensions, cased in wood, so patched and mixed together as to leave it almost impossible to say which had been the original. Yet, notwithstanding the pains which had been taken by the mender, there was yet room enough left for the wind and rain to find their way through. The person assigned to be my fellow-lodger for the night was a little man, past the middle life, and meanly clad, but who bore the air of decency as well as poverty. He was exceedingly civil and communicative. Misfortune beats out all reserve, and, when we have had proofs that we are in her power, renders us at once humble and docile.

"This lodging-house keeping," I observed, "must be a good trade."

"Oh, yes, sir!" he said; "they must make a vast deal of money."

"Have you been long here?" I asked.

"No, sir, this is my first night; I was all last week in a sailors' house in Ratcliffe Highway, and have this week been for the most part in Wentworth Street and the Commercial Road. One gets knocked about, you see, sir; first to one place and then to another. Ah, sir, I was very differently situated once! My father, sir, was an anchor-smith, and in a very large way to do. I little thought then that I would have to

A A

come to such a place as this; but he died. He left 4000*l.* though, and we ought to have done better; but I do not know how it was, every thing seemed to go wrong,—one loss came upon another. My mother died, too. She was a very clever woman; and since then I think I have never known a home."

Here he had slipped of his clothes as unobserved as possible, and laid them on the bed with some attention to their defects; then creeping in, said, "That it was very cold, and that really a man now at night needed all the covering he could get."

I resumed the conversation by observing, "he would be some trade—his father's, perhaps?"

"No, sir," he said. "My father was a big, strong man; but you may see that I was never fit for such heavy work."

"Well, but could you not have got a clerk's situation?"

"Why, I do not know, sir. I was promised something of that sort, and was sent from place to place until my clothes were almost worn out; and you know people do not like you to call upon them when you are shabby. It won't do, sir. For my part, I was content to do any thing to earn a bit of bread; but really there is no getting work now-a-days. I have just had one day's work this week, and that was to-day, at the Docks. I had to hang about till half-past ten before I got my money; and what was it when I did get it?—two shillings! Bless you, I had had nothing, I might say, all day. I then got a pennyworth of bread, a pennyworth of cheese, and a half-pint of beer at the house over the way; and there was threepence to lay down for my bed. Now, I will just leave you to judge what there is left, and to-morrow to get over, too; and God knows when I'll get another job."

"Ay," observed a coal-heaver, who was getting into the next bed, "it is a small matter, and a hard look-out for a poor man."

"Yes," said the little man, "it is a small matter; yet, small as it is, how thankful one feels for it! I have seen the time when it would have taken a week to unload one of our West India ships, and now it takes little more than a day! I tell you

what it is, it is all this machinery. Machinery is the ruin of this country."

"You say very right." These were the words of a man coming in at the door with another. "For by and by, I think, there will be work for neither horse nor man."

A fact that appeared so lamentably true, that they all consented to it with a feeling that was truly painful to hear.

The two lodgers who came in last now prepared to go to bed. One, whose head and shoulders seemed more bent with labour and weakness than old age, occupied himself with tucking in his bed, and making it as comfortable as such a bed could be made beneath such a window: while the other, a tall old man, whom I have seen giving away bills in Tottenham Court Road, but whose appearance now strongly reminded me of Shakspeare's "Last Age"—"the slippered pantaloon," busied himself in a similar way.

They were now all in bed, and nothing was heard save a shower of rain, that ever and anon pattered against the window, when the door was once more pushed open, and another wanderer of the night made his appearance. He sat down upon the bed, and for awhile appeared to be absorbed in thought. I observed to him that it was a wet night,—

"Yes," he said, "he knew that. He had just caught the shower in coming from Marylebone."

"Marylebone! why, that is surely a long way?"

"Yes," he said, "it was a long way; but he would mind the way very little if he had only got any thing to do for going."

He then began to put off his clothes, exhibiting as he laid them aside sad signs of want. He was a man past the middle life; and, if I may use the expression, had a solitary look. After disposing of his wretched garments he quietly crept into bed. A little while after I heard him breathing very hard, or, what I strongly suspected, blowing his breath upon his fingers, gathering warmth by all the means that Poverty had left him to employ.

What a cold and an inhospitable place was here!—six or seven human

beings collected by chance; all strangers, and all in want, and each too much absorbed with his own cares to be able to assist, or even to sympathise, with his neighbour. They were all past the meridian of life, and each, no doubt, could tell his own tale; but what could they get by that, save contempt? Poor wretches! for if to be poor and miserable constitutes a wretch, they certainly deserved that name. They slept on, one snoring after another; not the noisy, distorted snore of drunkenness, but the quiet and sober breathing of misery. None moved save one—the man who last came in; he raised his head and looked towards the window, and seeing no light, crept down again, and huddled himself over, as if to thank God it was not yet morning, and that he could yet enjoy a few more hours' oblivion before he should awaken to hunger and to wretchedness.

On going down in the morning, the kitchen presented as fine a picture of a breakfast-scene on a Sunday morning in a cadging-house as could well be imagined. The trap-door was lifted up, which left that part of the kitchen almost open, while the steam from the copper (which was all in readiness for the Sunday dinner) was struggling in clouds with the wind coming in at the door, and was now and then borne back with the small drizzling rain of a raw, foggy, February morning; causing the water-butts, plate-racks, sink, and the dust-hole filled with bones and whitened sheep's skulls, to have, if possible, a damper and more uncomfortable appearance than usual. Below the trap-door stood the very gentleman-like waiter who conducted us to our bed last night, in his shirt-sleeves and hat slouched over his ears, looking as low and as blackguard as ever. He was stirring the contents of the copper with a long wooden-handled fork, sending forth cloud upon cloud of steam, which waved to and fro about the stairs. At this end of the form sat a young woman, rocking and hushing a child, who was squalling and shivering with cold. Close to her were two men in dark, tattered clothes, their hats cooked a little, and their aprons hanging over their sides; before each was a coffee pot, a cup and

saucer, with a pennyworth of bread, a little butter, and a little sugar, in separate papers. Beside these stood a sickly young man, with a tin teapot in his hand, and a bundle of *Penny Satirists* under his arm. He was miserably clad, with an old red comforter about his neck; he was standing before the fire, which was covered with kettles, boilers, and pans, waiting for his turn at the tap, and looking like penury itself. It was not so, however, with his neighbour, a well-set, well-fed man, with his hat set smartly on his head, and a large wrapper of *Weekly Chronicles* under his arm, that indicated he was a man of capital as well as business. He was stooping, or rather squatted before the fire, holding a large slice of ham at the end of a long fork, and toasting it with the air of one who had had full as much custom that morning as he had expected. On the other side of the table stood a young woman, clean and smart, but with much of the street-raking look of a night-walker. She was the wife of an old fellow, a brush and broom hawker, who, whatever he might be considered out of doors, was looked upon as a man of substance here,—one well to do in the world. He had just asked a friend to have a bit of dinner with him; and his wife was now preparing a large dish of meat and potatoes for the oven,—a task which seemed to give her no small importance, both in her own eyes and those of the lookers-on. Behind her splashed and clattered amongst the dishes the under-deputy, with a brass chain around his neck, and key suspended to it,—the emblem of his office as locker-up. On one side of the woman was a man washing his shirt, and another giving himself what he termed a good wash, ah! ah!-ing in that hoarse voice so affected by tap-room puppies, and having a word with a small man with large, dark whiskers, sitting with his back to the table, his hat on one side, and a pipe in his mouth, mending an old boot. At every time he waxed his end you might read in his looks the clever fellow, as well as tramp and snob. Fronting each other not far off stood two men, the one an old sailor, tying potatoes and pork in a net-bag, and the other a fair-haired, round face

Cheshire-like man,—a hawker of small wares,—mixing suet and flour for a pudding; next to them sat the two gigantic navigators, breakfasting on coffee out of a pan on the table, and cutting huge mouthfuls of cold pork and bread placed together. Opposite the fire was an old man, the very prototype of the tinker I saw last night—in fact, he was his sire, sulking and glooming as if he had just got his breakfast, or, which was more likely, had none to get. A little farther on was the model of a cadger partaking a sociable meal of bread, herring, and tea, with the over-civil-looking fellow in the flannel jacket; and by them stood a surly carter, slicing onions and potatoes into a large iron pan on the table, and now and then putting in scraps of beef and mutton. At this end of the table was the Yankee sailor talking to one of the rifle brigade of the Legion, who was thoughtfully whiffing out of a cutty. On one side of the window sat a man reading a newspaper, and beside him stood a barber, shaving for a halfpenny a shave; at the other end, perched cross-legged on the window-ledge, sat an old tailor, with spectacles on his nose, stitching a nether garment; and between these, before a bit of looking-glass stuck in the wall, stood another unfortunate being tormenting himself with a razor,—these sharp-edged tools being lent at a halfpenny a-piece. Round the fire at this end of the room were gathered a very ragged group, toasting and frying; these, with some half-dozen more on the forms and underneath the window, their hats on and pipes in their mouths, completed the scene in the kitchen.

On entering the parlour, I found that room similarly occupied. Both tables were crowded; every man and woman eating his own. In the middle of the room was a man cutting hair, and apparently doing considerable business. The seat against the wall was pretty well filled, and about a dozen or so promenaded up and down the room, almost every one with a pipe in his mouth. There was one thing that particularly attracted my notice, and that was, that the lodgers who preferred the parlour to enjoy their meals in were in general of a grade higher than those in the

kitchen, they being for the most part of the lowest order of mechanics, or the better sort of vagrants; appearances here, as well as elsewhere, claiming a kind of a tacit right to the best accommodation. Amongst the topics that were canvassed by the various groups, politics were seldom introduced. Although there were several in the room who had been in the service of the Queen of Spain, Dom Miguel, and in our own army and navy, yet they neither spoke of naval nor military affairs; and when any news of the day was brought forward, all listened to it with apathy, and rarely offered a remark. Eating and drinking, and the daily struggles of life, seemed principally to occupy their attention. In fact, though apparently idle, they were too much individually employed to give themselves any concern about the public.

The morning was got over with breakfasting, preparing dinners, sauntering up and down, out of one room into the other, and standing in groups at the door. As I was amusing myself by observing what was going on, I noticed a board hung underneath one of the windows, with the word "Rules" as the headline. On going up I read the following:—

"RULES.

"Mrs. Belch, wishing to promote the comfort of her lodgers, hopes they will study the following rules:—First, To be out, and the kitchen to be cleaned, at eleven, and closed at twelve at night. Secondly, No washing after twelve in the day. No smoking up stairs; nor no gambling suffered. Mrs. Belch wishes to conduct her house orderly, and hopes there will no quarrels take place to disturb her lodgers.

"Divine service is held here every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock; and those who feel disposed are desired to attend.

"N.B. Mrs. Belch will not be answerable for any thing, unless previously given into her own charge."

To note this on paper without attracting notice, I found would be impossible; I was, therefore, obliged to walk about, occasionally stealing a glance, that I might be able to commit it to memory.

Two individuals, a man and a wo-

man, afforded considerable amusement this morning by the singularity of their behaviour. The woman, a perfect slattern, and, to complete all, half-drunk, or as the phrase is, "just getting round," with her hair partly hanging down her face; the man, a well-known character at this house, Joe Stott the Newcastle sailor, and in appearance not a whit the better. He was arrayed in a loose great coat, rakishly out at the elbows, and his nether garment barely covered his nakedness; his shoes, too, were exceedingly accommodating, displaying the toe as well as heel; and, as he said, "could let in the water as well as out." In this elegant dishabille the couple marched in; the woman first, and the man after, close at her heels, with downcast eyes. The coy damsel seated herself on a form, Joe did the same close behind her. She turned her back; Joe only steered his face in the same direction, but with a look much like a shipwrecked mariner. The fair one rose and went to another form; the tar followed steadily in her wake. She again turned her back; Joe humbly seated himself behind her. The swain at last softly placed his hand on her arm, she pettishly dashed it aside. Joe felt sore, but by no means despaired; for, taking the cutty (which was till then stuck in his cheek), and gently handing it round, placed it before her face. I had often heard of the Indian pipe of peace, but never before of the cadger's pipe of love. The power of tobacco, however, was too much. She took the pipe, blew a cloud or two, and then handed it back over her shoulder without ever turning her head, or even deigning a word. It was all right. The lady rose and went to the door, and Joe, as if on the wings of Mercury, followed.

"Ay," then whispered several, "Joe's *in fort*."

"Ay, ay," said the old deputy, "I see how it is, poor Joe is clean gone. It's all over with him. There's that man now, the soberest man in the house, and I'll bet any money he'll not be himself this month to come." And out he went, mumbling and grumbling about fools and women.

Amongst the many eccentrics, I observed there was one whose pecu-

liarity of appearance particularly attracted my attention. A journeyman shaver—I suppose he had not been able to get a Sunday morning's job: in appearance, he was as tall and as upright as a barber's pole; and had on a black surtout, threadbare, and rather out at the elbows. The covering of his nether parts was miserably deficient, but that he never saw, he carried his head so erect. A large blue stock was clasped round a neck as lean and as scraggy as Billy Pitt's, with foppish features, and an immense mop of sandy hair arranged in the very acme of the fashion. In short, he was a Regent Street man in caricature. His dialect, for he articulated certain sounds, was of the pure sister kingdom; and his person smelt most villanously of soap, oil, and suds, with a strong breathing of gin diffused round the whole. This *magnifico* partook of tea, and toast, and cheese; and, shocking!—how could he approach the ladies?—actually ate an onion when done; and, by way of giving a finish to the elegant refection, he drew forth from his pocket, not a cigar, but a cutty pipe!

At twelve o'clock the deputy, or cook, announced that dinner was ready, and was poking in the copper with a long wooden-handled fork, and calling to the *owners of the mess*, as "Harry Walker, your pork and tatoes." "Joe Scott, your bacon and tatoes." "Tom Smith, here's your pudding." "Ay, that's all right. I wish it was only a beef-steak one." "I dare say." "Murphy, your murphies, my boy. What have you got to-day, Murphy? Bacon?" "No, by my sowl! nothing but a poor sodger" (a red herring). "Where's the old man, Plymouth Jack? Tell him his sea-pie's ready. Here, mate, where are you? Your sea-pie." "Ay, ay; coming."

Some were now untying their pudding-cloths or net-bags, slapping down the scalding ends on the table, and then emptying the smoking contents in their plates. Anon a fryingpan was fizzing, with "Mind your eye!" as the collops and gravy would be poured, sparkling and sprinkling, before your face. Now a great gourmand of a fellow would come running along with an in-

stewpan, with the usual warning when scaldings were in the way, and then splash would go into a dish broth, meat, potatoes, and all.

"I say, Bill, just lend me your fork; will you?" "What shall I do for a fork?" cries another. "Ask the deputy." "Tom—Tom Smith, will you lend me your knife and fork when you're done?" "Ay, when I am done." "Harry, stick your fork in my bacon; I cannot get it out, it slips about like an eel." "Lay hold with your hand." "I cannot, man; it's as hot as —"

Opposite to me was a man with a pudding on a trencher. Although it was only made of pure flour and water—a genuine Norfolk—yet he cut it down with as much relish as if it had been the best plum. He had not a drop of sauce, yet not a bit seemed to choke him, but descended as if it slid all the way. On one side sat a carter-like fellow in a dirty smock-frock, large dark whiskers that met under his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat on. He had before him a huge brown basin of broth, and a dish piled with scraps of meat and potatoes. He sat very deliberately supping his broth, now and then stopping to put in a potato, crushing it up to thicken his mess; occasionally taking a bit of the meat, merely as a foretaste of the feast that was to come; plied again at the broth, and, when done, carefully ate up all the potatoes with little pickings of the meat, then piled the meat up, took it down again, tasted another little bit or two, piled it up once more, handed it to the deputy, followed it carefully with his eye until it was under lock and key, then stole a scowling glance right and left to see if any one was looking. The table was crowded on both sides, some finishing and others beginning their dinners. On one part of the table lay a heap of potato-skins, at another an iron pan just emptied; and here might be seen a wet pudding-cloth slapped down, the water still running in a stream on the floor. Round each fire were gathered a crowd, toasting, frying, or waiting their turn; while on the seat underneath the window were lying or sitting some half-dozen dinnerless outcasts, among whom were the Kankee sailor in the red flannel-shirt

and two of the Legion, chewing or smoking, and gazing on the scene. The under-deputy was wending his way from one room to the other, crying "Forks! forks! forks!" the landlady was bustling about from fire to fire to see that all was right; the cook was still forking dinners out of the copper, and all was life, bustle, plenty, misery, and want; with a clattering of knives and plates, a fizzing of frying-pans, splashing of broth as it was poured into the dishes, and the whole place stifling with smells and steam.

Just as I was going into the parlour (for parlour people are always late diners) a young man was hurrying in with a large brown dish from the oven, containing a shoulder of mutton, a pudding, and potatoes. He placed his load upon the table at the lower end of the room, and seating himself beside it, prepared for business. He first cut a noble slice off the joint and then performed a similar good service to the pudding, mashed up some of the potatoes with the gravy, and then fell to work like a man in earnest. Having despatched this, he cut again and again, his eyes all the time wandering over every part of the dish, as if they too required to be filled as well as the stomach. Several came to the same table with their dinners, even after he had begun, finished, and went away, but still he ate and ate on. At length he gave indications that he was coming to a close by turning the meat over and over, cutting a morsel off here and another there, as if determined to make up for fast-days. He then, as if unwilling to lose even the sight of what had given him so much enjoyment, continued to amuse himself with placing the meat in one part of the dish and then in another. Anon, he would alter that arrangement, put the meat along with the potatoes; and again his mind would change, and he would place it with the bit of pudding that had escaped his devouring jaws, scrape up the gravy, that now looked like so much dripping, mix it with the potatoes, and indeed seemed to be totally at a loss how to preserve his luxuries in all their sweetness. During the whole of this time every eye in that part of the room was upon him; not regarding him with

the contempt that such an unseemly indulgence of the appetite deserved, but with a longing look as if they only regretted their inability to play a similar part. Two men were sitting beside him, steadily watching every bit he put into his mouth. One ventured (and he was a cast-off butler), but in the most deferential manner, to suggest the propriety of placing them all separate (the dish, I now remember, had partitions); but the lordly owner, as if conscious of the importance such abundance gave him, scarcely deigned an answer. At length, satisfied with his enjoyment, he handed his property to the deputy, intimating that it was now his pleasure it should be put by, following it at the same time with his eye, until it was carefully secured under lock and key. Having assured himself of this fact he arose, still deeming the poverty-stricken wretches around him unworthy of a word, and walked away. A few minutes after I saw him blowing very contentedly out of a cutty. I am not an advocate for tobacco, but I certainly did think he needed a whiff.

Should the reader be curious about person and appearance, I must say that this said gentleman would not have passed as a relation of Daniel Lambert's. He was slender and above the middle size, with mole-skin trousers, a black coat worn threadbare, a white, or rather yellowish, handkerchief pinned tightly about his neck, and an old hat set conceitedly on one side—a kind of an aristocratic cadger; his complexion, too, might have passed as the representative of bile itself. Some weeks after I met him marching up Holborn Hill with a long pole over his shoulder and an immense placard at the end. How he could afford to live so luxuriously was a puzzle to me, but epicurism and gluttony are the bane of the low Londoners.

At half-past two the landlady came down stairs and gave orders to get the parlour in readiness for the approaching lecture. The under-deputy was in the kitchen scouring the table, and the lodgers who were there were crowded on the seat underneath the window, or lying on those against the wall, smoking and chatting, and forming a fine picture of

low life. The servants, among whom was that respectable looking official the cook, began now to clear away the things, to sweep the floor, and sprinkle it over with sawdust. After this introduction to the making up of a chapel, a door was opened at the lower end of the room that led into a large closet, from which were taken a number of forms to the amount of twenty. They were then arranged in the parlour in a very tabernacle-like style. A piece of furniture, like the upper part of an arm-chair cut off by the seat, was placed upon the form against the wall, a cushion was put in the inside, a stool resembling a boot-jack was arranged for the feet, a table was drawn up; and a large writing-desk, fixed upon a square box of equal breadth, the whole covered with crimson cloth, with tassels dangling at the back, and a branch-candlestick on each side, capable of holding two lights, were laid upon the table, making altogether a very passable pulpit. Presently the table was covered with Testaments and Hymn-books, all in excellent condition. I was surprised, but upon examining them I found they belonged to the Bible Loan Society. The chapel now began to fill, all having their faces clean washed, if they could not put on their Sunday's clothes. All took their seats very quietly; some little fun there was certainly with a few young men and women, and that not in the most delicate style. One ease-loving fellow quietly secured himself in a corner and prepared for a nap. He was advised to go to bed. "No," he said, "he could sleep as well there, and hoped that the fellow who had to come would not make such a noise as the one who was here last Sunday, for he could not get a wink of sleep for him." An old man seated himself on a small form, and for some time sat very demurely. At the other end was a strapping young Irishman, denominated the Finger-smith. Paddy, who was brimful of mirth, was not long in discovering that it was he himself who balanced the seat; he slyly slid off the end, bolt upright went the seat, and sent the poor old cadger sprawling on the floor. Roars of laughter followed this exploit. The landlady, on hearing the noise, ca

down stairs, and sternly ordered that all larking should cease, and likewise that there should be no more smoking. By and by a rustling of silks was heard, and the landlady ushered in three or four ladies and as many gentlemen. After the usual ceremonies, a hymn was sung, and most of the inmates joined with as much ease and freedom as if they had not been unaccustomed to attend Methodist or dissenting chapels. A prayer followed, and then the 11th chapter of John was read, beginning with these words, "Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus;" the history of which was very applicable to many who were present, and was listened to with considerable attention. At the conclusion another hymn was given, and for the sermon was selected the 8th verse of the 4th chapter of James: "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you: cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded." A text equally good, and well the lecturer worked it up. He explained to his hearers the necessity of drawing close to so pure a Being, and might have hinted in broader terms of the danger of soiling their hands with other people's property. He exhorted them most fervently on the advantages of a clear conscience. But whether it was that they had heard such exhortations before, or that some other cause operated upon them, certain it is that several of the congregation began now to give indications that if their ears still received the sound, they were fast losing the power of conveying the sense. As for the comfortable gentleman in the corner, he had for some time been as happy as Mr. Morpheus could make him. First, one began to nod, and then another, snore followed snore, till one half of the noses in the room piped a kind of an irregular concert in all the variety of sound—treble, base, and tenor, with an occasional snort. The noise, at last, became so loud as almost to drown the speaker's voice, which was none of the loudest. One man kept bobbing and jerking forward his head, so as not to leave a doubt but that he would shortly salute the floor in the Hindoo fashion. The landlady, who had for some time been making signs to two or three

who had their eyes open, could control herself no longer, for a suppressed tittering was already heard. Pushing forward, she seized the unsteady mortal by the arm with a gripe that could have been none of the gentlest, for the man was up in a moment, and as wide awake as ever he was in his life. Every sleeper was in an instant erect, and even the fellow in the corner, who had been so determined on a snooze, awoke with a stare, and was made aware by certain digs in the side that he, too, was not to be allowed that indulgence. The effect of the landlady's wrath was almost magical. It put me in mind of a country parson, who one sultry Sunday afternoon observing that the whole of his hearers had dropped asleep, roared out, "Fire! fire! fire!" The people began to rub their eyes and cry, "Where? where? where?" "In h—," he shouted, "for sleepy hearers." It may be supposed that there was no more sleeping, neither on the former nor on the present occasion. The lecturer, seeing that the landlady was doing all she could to rouse the attention of his hearers, made an effort to second her exertions. He became a little more animated, and finally related an anecdote of a workhouse-boy, who, feeling a desire to learn to read, intimated his wish to the mistress of the establishment. The lady, like a true bastille governess, refused to encourage so laudable a disposition. The boy, however, was determined, and running away one Sunday afternoon to a Sunday-school, fell on his knees before a clergyman who was there, told his story, and begged his assistance. The gentleman was charmed with the boy, and the result was that the lad was encouraged and the mistress severely reprimanded. This anecdote, well-timed, was listened to with great attention. One of the deputies now lighted the candles, which contributed not a little to the cheerfulness of the place, and certainly presented a scene that was altogether singular. At the head of the parlour, a long, low-roofed, under-ground room, sat the clergyman, with his pulpit-like desk before him, covered with crimson cloth, and the branch-candlesticks on each side lighted up. On his right were

several ladies and gentlemen ; on his left stood Mrs. Belch, with two or three of her chief domestics ; and in the back-ground were a motley crowd of thieves, cadgers, navigators, tramps, sailors, disbanded soldiers, and vagabonds of every description—as fine a congregation of sinners as any man need wish to preach to.

Nothing farther occurred during the sermon ; but in singing the hymn which is usually given at the conclusion, I thought several raised their voices with a feeling something akin to that which boys are apt to shew after they have listened to a long spiritual exhortation, and are in the expectation of an immediate emancipation. After the singing, a tall, old gentleman, who had been in the habit of frequenting this place for a number of years, got up to give, as he said, a few parting words. He

chatted away in the most familiar style, as if most of the listeners and himself were old acquaintances, and related an anecdote or two of his adventures when he was with General Elliot at the siege of Gibraltar. The stories had often been heard before, indeed the old gentleman, like most individuals of his age, was withal rather garrulous, and fond of talking over the scenes of his youth ; and was listened to, therefore, as if an old favourite. In the prayer at the close of the service the poor wanderers were not forgotten, nor was the landlady thought unworthy to be remembered for the care she took in providing spiritual food for the souls of her lodgers. After the universal prayer for all, this singular meeting ended.

The landlady now escorted the visitors to the door.

MODERN PAINTERS, ETC.*

THE motives of a literary author, whose subject especially involves matters of taste and feeling, are generally of a mixed character; *i.e.* of a character which is not less conciliatory than corrective; not less obedient to fashion than opposed to fallacy. Many capable of advancing the cause of unqualified *Truth* have yet become in a great measure, and perhaps unconsciously, the disciples of a mere *conventional orthodoxy*; and they achieve popularity and remunerative success rather by the policy of affording additional reasons for the justness of general opinion, than by the more daring work of exposing popular error. A modest adherence to all the leading canons of time-hallowed decision is, at least, safe and respectable: a radical inclination to subvert those canons is unquestionably dangerous and presuming. Not, however, that we assert the assured propriety of a totally unrestrained submission to catholic custom. A delicately hesitating movement against the errors of a system, assumed to be good in the main, is, perhaps, more politic than obstinate conservatism; because it wears the expression of a candid perception of defect, and, therefore, of a legitimised appreciation of merit. *Some necessity for correction must be admitted, to justify the writing of a book; this having been manifested and met (though it bear no greater proportion to the mass of the subject than Falstaff's half-pennyworth of bread to his abundance of sack), the rest as easy as — "lying."*

Occasionally, however, an author will arise, either merely bold in pre-emption, or really potent in truth, so, scorning to chase away the uttered outposts of conventionality, advances determinately against the very heart of "mountainous error," and exclaiming with Hotspur, —

"Oh, the blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare,"

at once *makes the breach and enters it*. Which is now the admirable peril of

the Oxford graduate's situation. He has, indeed, sought a reputation, "even in the cannon's mouth!" He has scaled the wall of the Castle of Prejudice; and, from its embattled parapet, waves us to follow. Feeling that there is more in landscape art than large sympathies and high intellects have ever yet acknowledged, he has dared the charge of a treasonous rebellion against the sovereignty of "the Old Masters;" assured, no doubt, of his success sooner or later, and that in the prosperity of his attempt no one will be left to impeach him.

His motives are severe in their singleness; his object, unconciliating correction. He hates the more the fallacy which is fashionable, and seems to have industriously freed his mind from every conventional bias. He prefers the "forlorn hope" of confronting popular error, to the easy fame of orthodox championship. He prefers speculating on his presumption, to the insipid security of trusting to his modesty. He prefers radicalism on principle to unprincipled expediency. He does not coquet with Reform; can be scarcely said to woo her; but proclaims her his mistress whether she will or no. He will neither be so merely serviceable as to pioneer for others, nor so cautiously advantaged as by others to benefit. His book originates in what he conceives to be a great and crying necessity, and, under the strong impulse of that conviction, he has written it. His object, in brief, is this, *viz.* to bring us to a confession of the fact, that we have been taught to admire the old masters before we had learned our duty to their older mistress, Nature; and, further, that we have allowed impressions, so made, to prevent or distort the truthful imagery which, otherwise, Nature might have projected on the clear mirror of our unsophisticated eye.

We shall at once proceed to give as brief a digest as possible of the remarkable work before us.

Our author first admits that nothing is consecrated by time without possessing in a high degree *some* sterling excellence.

But what is *really great* never addresses itself to uncultivated faculties.

The world, therefore, now admires what the few in the first instance appreciated, when men in general thought nothing of it.

Therefore one person may see merits in a modern painter which the many see not.

Ex. gr. the Oxford graduate may perceive what the newspaper critics cannot perceive.

But he has learned to feel *with* them in respect to the great *historical* painters; and, in this communion of thought so far, he claims the privileges of a partnership in natural sensibility. He believes, however, that *his* love exceeds theirs in this particular; and that, if it did not, it might equal theirs in respect to the old *landscape*-painters. But the study which led him to the feet of Michael Angelo and Da Vinci has ended in the comparative alienation of his admiration for Claude and Gaspar, and in stimulating his regard for the landscape-painters of his own day. He honours the dead for that on which their greatness is founded; but feels it a duty, no less than an impulse, to manifest that gratitude which can only be for the living.—Pp. 7 and 8.

He then proceeds with his development of the principles of high art, and disposes of mere *imitation* by a course of reasoning, of which the following is the substance:—

He who can represent an object faithfully has only learned the *language* of painting. He is a grammarian and versifier, but not yet a poet. It is not the mode of speaking, but what is spoken, that makes the great poet or painter.—Pp. 10, 11.

Most Dutch pictures are but admirable exhibitions of speech, while the early efforts of Cimabue and Giotto (full of thought, but wholly wanting in executive power) are as "the stammered prophecies of infants." Though perfect language be necessary to perfect eloquence, yet the highest thoughts are the least dependent on language, and three pen-strokes by Raphael are better than the finished works of Carlo Dolce.

He is the greatest artist who embodies the greatest number of great ideas. Where imitation is so finished as to claim prominent regard, either the observer is incapable of appreciating the higher merits of the picture, or the picture has none to be appreciated.

The sources of pleasure derivable from art are thus enumerated:—Ideas of Power, of Imitation, of Truth, of Beauty, of Relation.

1st. *Ideas of Power.*—These are chiefly excited in men of practical knowledge, who can estimate a certain executive ability apart from the subject treated.

2d. *Ideas of Imitation.*—Our author makes no distinction between copying and imitation. Here he merely differs from many of us in the meaning of the words. It is enough for the argument to know, that by "imitation" he means "copying;" that is, making a resemblance of visible material things; and he curiously (but we think truly) attributes the pleasure derivable from this source, to the object not being what it closely resembles. This he regards as the least worthy effect of art, because the mind rejects the address of the thing represented, and only reflects on the representation not being what it seems to be.

3d. *Ideas of Truth.*—Truth seems to be used by the writer in the sense which many attach to imitation. It, of course, involves the imitation of visible and material objects; but it has reference to emotions, impressions, and thoughts (truths of our eternal being), which elevate the mind above the contemplation of mere resemblance.—P. 52.

4th. *Ideas of Beauty.*—These he seems to place in the second rank. The love of beauty is inherent in us, and affects our moral being; but, as we cannot account for its influence, it is not an *intellectual* property.

5th. *Ideas of Relation.*—These he appears to estimate highly, as the sources of pleasure, which, at the instant of their perception, require an active exertion of the intellect to deduce from the type the sentiment to which it relates.—P. 36.

Having detailed the sources of pleasure derivable from art, he proceeds² to consider what should be the ends of the landscape-painter.

These, he says, are two :—

1st. To promote a faithful *conception* of any natural objects; and, 2dly, to guide the spectator to the most worthy of them, by informing him of the thoughts and feelings with which, in the mind of the artist, they are associated. The former is more generally effected than the latter. *All* can appreciate, to a certain extent, the faithful portraiture of natural objects; but many remain incapable of being guided to selection, or of being especially addressed by the mind of the artist. At the same time, the second great end cannot be attained without the accomplishment of the first. The more intellectual property is absolutely necessary to the perfection of the picture; but no power of imagination or intellect can make amends for a departure from the truth of nature.

He asserts (in opposition to the popular opinion) that even *pictorial* truth is *not* easily discernible. Only the commonest general truths of nature impress common observers. Thus, all have a notion of blue sky, white and grey clouds, green grass and trees, brown earth, &c.; and, at particular times, they may have seen more than this; but, not having reflected upon it, so as to make it permanent in their memory, they recognise in the picture only the commonplaces of Nature, while the representation of her occasional effects is either overlooked or pronounced unnatural. One man, in his habit of casual and heedless observation of nature, sees only the broad physical facts of form and colour, light and shade; another, in his constant and devotional worship, sees a thousand rarer beauties; and, requiring all that the ordinary spectator perceives, demands at the same time much more than the latter can comprehend. We surely must concur with our author, when he pronounces it a great mistake for people to suppose that "they know when a picture is like nature." It may represent the amount of nature with which *they* are acquainted; but that amount may be so small (in comparison with Nature's vast variety), that it may be almost said they know *nothing* of nature, and, therefore, nothing of what is like it.—P. 65.

He lays it down as a principle, that *particular* truths are more important than *general* truths; *rare* truths more important than *frequent* ones. The artist's judgment is shewn in the selection of the highest opportunity for truths particular and rare. Every truth is valuable in proportion as it characterises the thing affirmed; but a truth, which should be fully detailed, *if it be the only one to be exhibited*, should *not* be so detailed if it come in connexion with another truth more valuable. Thus, in a Madonna, there are the face and the drapery. The first should exhibit *particular*, the other *general* truth; the one should be *detailed* as much as possible, the other as much as possible generalised.

To his grand principle, that the landscape-painter is a TEACHER OF NATURE we must assent, unless we can regard art as higher than the artist, and place patronage above genius. It is the high province of the painter, not to be always repeating the resemblance of every-day scenes and effects, which are common to common observers; but to inform us of those occasional beauties or grandeurs which he is ever on the watch for, to communicate to us those truths which Nature has manifested in the most peculiar and striking way.

Recurring again to the principles of practice, he says, truth of *colour* is inferior to that of *form*. Colour ever varies with the season, or with its situation in light, shade, or distance; but form being permanent, is always characteristic. The artist, therefore, who forgets form in his fondness for colour, sacrifices a definite to an uncertain property. Form, explained by light and shade, he regards as above that which is expressed by tone and colour. He, however, denounces the tricks of deceptive chiaroscuro, making objects project *from* the canvass, as the lowest of truths, because sacrificing all others. "He who throws an object *out* of the picture, never lets the spectator into it. The *eye* is addressed by that which is properly only a subject of *touch*."

The next principle we select is not only valuable, but interesting in its novelty. "Truths," says he, "which speak more of the past and future

state of an object, are more valuable than those which tell of a mere temporary effect. Thus the effect of any particular character of leaf, or texture of bough, is less important than that appearance of energy and elasticity in the limbs which are indicative of growth and life. Again, the lines which mark the stratification of a crag, and its appearance under the effects of water, speaking of its early and progressive history, are superior in value to the stains of the lichens which change year by year, or the accidental fissures of frost or decomposition, which, though historical, refer to shorter periods."

Such are the leading principles on which our author has grounded the judgment he proceeds to pass on the old masters of landscape. He admits that they gave certain *particular truths* with unequalled power, but asserts that they did not particularise the *highest truths*. "Deep and serious effects of light and tone; exact degree of relief of material objects against light and atmosphere; laborious industry in their foregrounds; pitch of the shade of their trees against the sky; exquisite use of transparent colour and aerial tone in their distances; a fine feeling for beauty of form and great refinement in Claude; in Cuyp, effects of yellow sunlight never equalled; high imitative accuracy both in Cuyp and P. Potter; in Gaspar Poussin, a redeeming perception of the feeling and moral truth of nature; great sensations of power and rapid execution in Berghem and Salvator Rosa; in Canaletti, wonderful mechanism; in Claude, Cuyp, and Teniers, some of the best sky-painting; in Claude and Ruysdael, 'well-done water'; genuine aim and fine passages of mechanical truth in Both and Hobbima, and good foliage in the middle distances of Claude."

For his remarks on Nicholas Poussin, see p. 7.

General remarks on old masters, p. x.

Respect for them, p. xix.*

The author, then, admitting the excellence of the old masters in the

foregoing particulars, maintains, on the unfavourable side, that they were chiefly moved by ideas of imitation in the unmetaphysical sense of the word, *i.e.* as referring to technical matters of execution, as dexterity of touch, clever oppositions of colour, and contrasts between material objects and the atmosphere. He allows that they perfected the lower properties of their art; but that they sacrificed to these all those more precious qualities of truth, which a deeper insight into Nature and an ambition to proclaim her extraordinary and ever-varying phenomena to the world, should have induced them to estimate.

Thus in Canaletti, the architecture stands in proper relief against the sky, and every distance has its relative grade; but, in order to obtain the relief of substance against air, he has left himself to obtain the relative approximations from the distance to the foreground by unnaturally deepening his shadows, till the "flashing, dazzling, exulting light of Venice" is smothered in umbre. In the same manner the old landscape-painters have effected the partial inferior truth of a correct contrast between their middle objects and the sky, by making their foregrounds as much deeper than nature as the light of their canvass or paper is fainter than the light of the sun. This might be allowable, if Nature did not as much surpass Art in her power of shade as in her power of light. There will be parts of a picture where Nature's gloom is as much required for Truth's sake as Nature's dazzling light, and how is this to be had? We have already so darkened our comparatively light parts for the sake of a forced contrast in one particular, that we can get nothing deep enough for what is of paramount depth in nature. The writer conceives it worthy of a great artist to observe all those modifications which his feeble means of light enforce, and thus to gain a general truth by forfeiting a partial one. The particular inferiorities of modern paintings are the consequence of a deliberate choice

* Our references, it must be borne in mind, relate to the second edition. We refrain, in this, as in many other instances, from quoting; our object being, in as brief manner as possible, to give what may be termed the mere skeleton of our suit' argument.

rather to suggest a multitude of truths than to imitate one.—P. 100.

Speaking of truth of colour, he adduces a picture by Salvator Rosa in which a sky-blue mountain exhibits all its details of fissure and crag. Now, the aerial blue signifying distance is utterly incompatible with details which signify proximity. Where detail is visible, there must be a variety of delicate colour; where distance produces a uniform blue, it invariably obliterates all detail.

Alluding to chiaroscuro, this writer repudiates the old masters for giving very dark shadows with softened edges, instead of lighter shadows which would appear sufficiently dark if their outlines were distinct. Again, they often make the *object* conspicuous when the *shadow* should have been more so. When a cane is between a light stone and the sun, the shadow on the stone will be more distinct than the cane itself.

He has before informed us, that particular truths are more valuable than general truths, and we understand him to signify that every picture has, or should have, some grand key-passage, or point. Thus, says he, the foreground or distance must be partially sacrificed; not by slurred or soft lines, but by a decisive imperfection, a firm but partial assertion of form, which the eye feels, indeed, but from which it is driven away of necessity to the part on which it is intended to repose.

The proper degree of distinctness in objects more or less distant is next touched upon. Both vacancy and perfect distinctness are equally destructive of ideas of space; for vacancy affords no measure, and distinctness will most likely give a false

We apprehend him here to mean, that an *accurate* distinctness of all component parts is, for the most part, unattainable, and that *inaccurate* distinctness is injurious.

Thus, in an Italian view, there is a square tower, which, being of plain undetailed surface, gives no idea of its being composed of many layers of stones, and, therefore, no idea of height or width; while, in a Dutch picture, there is a house, the bricks of which are reduced to a number that may be counted; and the size of the building is, therefore, proportionally reduced. "Nothing," says

our author, "can be truly great which is either complete or vacant. Every touch should suggest more than it represents, and every space is injurious which represents nothing. The grand mastery of art indicates the truth which cannot be detailed, and despises the vacancy which implies no detail."

For references to the distances of Poussin, see p. 177.

This admirable writer next proceeds to the subject of "The open sky;" and we cannot but refer to the introductory passage, p. 181, which, extravagant or not, is replete with such high fancy and deep feeling as must promote a deferential regard for the susceptibilities and powers of his mind.

The old master, he says, generally regarded the blue sky as the under-surface of a dome, and the clouds as floating beneath. Thus we look at their clouds in the *near distance*, *against* the blue cupola beyond, instead of *through* the "pure azote and oxygen," in which aqueous vapour is suspended.

The circumstances under which visible rays of light appear are examined by this author with a philosophical regard to natural causes. The old masters, he remarks, always shew the rays as issuing *immediately from the sun* (see p. 193); whereas rays cannot appear at all where the sky is cloudless, and only *seem* to emanate directly from the sun when there is a cloud or some solid body between us and it. In modern pictures it would appear that the rays are truthfully shewn, as not assuming any form within a certain distance of the sun.

He divides the clouds into three regions of altitude: the upper, or region of the cirrus; the middle, or region of the stratus; and the lower, or region of the rain-cloud.

The clouds of the cirrus are formed of the purest aqueous vapour symmetrical in arrangement; delicate, but decisive in their sharpness of edge, infinitely multitudinous in their component parts, and of a vivid and unsullied white. The author remembers no effort of the old masters (saving in one case of Rubens) in which the cirrus is represented at all.

The clouds of the stratus are a

ragged, irregular, and scattered vapour of little form and less colour; when collected in masses, rounded, ponderous, and shaded with dull grey. The *common* cloud, in short; easily executed; useful, as varying the blue monotony; equally innocent of giving high gratification or offence; and, therefore, the favourite cloud of the old masters. At the same time, our author conceives that the mid-region clouds may derive such varieties from the cirrus above or the storm-cloud below, as to afford every opportunity for the highest artistical display; and that Salvator's "rolling skies," in their uniform adhesion to the common-place central effect, are at variance with the truth of general effect.

The clouds of the lowest region differ from those next above, rather in colour than in form. Losing their blue by nearness, they become warm and brown; and when illumined, of an ochrous tone; never bright; and in dark outline against the more subdued lights of the central clouds. They lose definiteness of form; sometimes become a mist, rendering the landscape wholly indistinct and dark; or their outline is ragged, and more like water in the state of spray than elastic vapour. This is increased by formed rain descending like a veil or jagged fringe; often waved and bent by the wind, twisted, and sometimes swept upward from the cloud. With an allusion to the rain-cloud, and the little use of it by the old masters (p. 232), he notices the exquisite blue of the sky as seen through the apertures of a dissipating storm-cloud (p. 244). We must concur with the writer in his opinion, that the true principles of art require a much fuller attention to the varieties and modifications of sky-scenery than was ever awarded by the old masters.

Artistical geology is next considered. "Ground," says he, "is to the landscape-painter what the naked human body is to the historical. To the growth of vegetation, and the action of water and clouds, he likens the folds of dress and the fall of the hair. The spirit of the hills is action, of the lowlands repose. Mountains are the bones of the earth; their peaks only those parts of their anatomy which, in the plains, lie buried under many thousand feet of soil.

The artist must shew that the mountains come *from under* all, and do not rest *upon* it; that all cultivable plains are deposits from water, from which, as from the sea arise the rocks, with lifted earth about them like the breakers." The summary of his leading geological principle is this:—The plunging of the hills underneath the plain, the perfect level and repose of the latter laid in their arms, and the tumultuous action of the emergent summits.

He then particularises the formation of the central mountains, the inferior ditto, and the foreground.

Central Mountains.—Their summits pyramidal wedges: split vertically: fissures like edges of planks leaning against a wall. Rise from twelve to twenty-four thousand feet. When beheld from any region of vegetation, or from any such distance as will display their entire mass, they cannot be nearer the eye than from twelve to fifteen miles; and, therefore, they *must* "become aerial and faint in all their details." *Clear* they may be, but frail. The outline of their summits probably of remarkable distinctness, but their masses more like shades than solids. Never reaching the height of perpetual snow, without an infinite variety of form; jagged, instead of undulating outlines; and, instead of *soft* edges, *decisive* ones.

He finds all ærio-geological truth in Turner. He finds none at all in any of the old masters. In a certain picture by Claude, we observe perpetual snow on a mountain, which, from its lowness above the horizon, must be farther off than would allow of the details it exhibits. It is either too *remote* to have any thing more than a shadowy form beneath its snowy summit, or it is *not* remote, and, therefore, too low to *have* a snowy summit. Its soft outline might do for a Dartmoor hill of 2000 feet high; but it is in direct contradiction of that Alpine form which constitutes the justification of a snowy crown.

It is a truth to which we can all bear witness, that distance, while it makes the mountain mass more and more faint, makes the mountain outline sharper and sharper. Of course the outline will, in its *excess* of sharpness, disappear; but, while the

retains any apparent density at all, the outline will become comparatively dominant, *i.e.* proportionally stronger as the body gets fainter. In Claude's 244, Dulwich Gallery, we have pure blue giving distance, which is incompatible with his blunt outline; *or*, we have a soft outline, arguing a proximity which is inconsistent with pure blue. Except in one or two examples by Nicholas Poussin, the author knows of no instance in the mountains of the Italian school which do not "involve, under any supposition whatever, at least two impossibilities." It would seem that the old masters never employed distant mountains, except as ordinary portrait-painters use curtains, *i.e.* to aid some effect of colour in their leading subject; whereas, says the graduate, "we want the pure and holy hills treated as a link between heaven and earth."

Proceeding to the inferior mountains, he says they are divided into *beds*, with joints "throwing the whole into blocks more or less rhomboidal," &c.; affirming that, for a clear idea of organisation, he would not refer to any geological drawing, but to Turner's "Loch Coriakin." He then notices, with all the technical and practical truth of a mere geologist, the effects of aqueous erosion, as producing a dome-like convexity of outline; and proceeds to consider the action of torrents; shewing how these combined actions produce the two grand general results of simplicity of contour and multiplicity of feature. See what he says of geological truth in reference to Turner, p. 298; and, dropping the geologist, hear him as a poet, p. 301.

Foreground.—Describing Nature's stones and rocks; their obtuse rounding by the wet; their sharp fractures by frost or the quarry-man; the peculiar opportunity they afford for precision of light and shadow, reflection and shade; and their expression of hardness or brittleness; he denounces the old masters as giving us only "toughness, malleability, sponginess, flexibility, tenuity, and transparency."

With equal truth he delineates the character of loose earth, shewing how the old masters give a mere general notion of what is held in *memory*, while the British painter presents us

with an immediate transcript from *Nature*, leaving us to observe and speculate as safely, on the past and future states of the pictured spot, as if we were standing on the spot itself; and, at the same time, teaching us more (by the feeling and skill with which he has represented certain important truths) than we should have learned by a mere contemplation of the material object.—See p. 326.

Having now revelled in *Air* and roamed on *Earth*, we come to *Water*, "the source of the clouds, the agent which has modelled earth into symmetry, and crag into grace,—which, robing the mountain with snow, has afforded the torrent, the iris, the morning mist, the deep crystalline pool, the broad lake, the glancing river, and the sea."

Acknowledging the ease of signifying that water is *meant*, he alludes to the difficulty of representing its infinite variety; its reflective properties, modified by ripple, prolonged, or broken; and its rejection of any shadow save that which *is* reflection. It *mirrors* the shadow in the clouds, but is never *shadowed by* the clouds. See pp. 331, 334. Alluding to the mistakes of Cuyp and P. Potter in this particular, he acknowledges that Ruysdael renders a low waterfall with fidelity, and that if he had painted one or two rough seas, he would have shewn that Vandevelde and Backhuysen were not quite sea deities. The latter throw coal-black shadow on what never takes any shadow, and give us smoke instead of foam and spray, with waves having the undulating lines of ropes instead of curves of projection. Their ships, instead of floating on the sea, are inserted in it; and the circumstances contributing to hide the water-line upon the wood are always neglected under the want of feeling or knowledge. Complimenting British painters on their power as water-artists, he justifies his own judgment by a description of the falls of Schaffhausen. He next alludes to the difficulty of giving *surface* to smooth, clear water, which too frequently invites us to descend into it when we only desire to glide over it. This he attributes to the habit of representing the reflection of distant and exalted objects, which, of course, plunge us to a depth equalling their altitude, instead

of the reflection of small surface-objects which would sustain us on the face of the mirror. He then refers to the error of reflecting objects as we see them above water, whereas their aspect should be as if we were looking at them from beneath. Speaking of falling water, he properly emphasizes the making it *supine*, not active; *i.e.* of making it fall, not leap. It may leap over a salmon weir, it may spring at the top of Niagara; but where there is any depth, it soon exhibits no more than the plunge of its own dead weight. If the depth be extraordinary, it begins to writhe and twist, stretching as it falls, till the counter-wind from the valley strikes the spray from its edges, and carries it back in reverted rags and threads. In a perpendicular fall, the outer spray will rebound from the elastic air below, ascending like a fountain. See the description of the Dranse, p. 367.

Speaking of the sea, he alludes to the very limited idea of its recklessness, power, and breadth, which is afforded on viewing it *from the shore*, when each wave is but a separate individual, which, having performed its part, perishes to be succeeded by another. On the sea we perceive no succession, but the same forms rising, crashing, recoiling, and rolling in again with fresh fury. The expression of weight, the action of recoil, the direct stroke of the breaker, the heaving of the sea after a continued gale,—all these are depicted by our author with all the power of a painter-poet.

A very important portion of his book has reference to the truth of vegetation, and as the old Italian school exhibits but very few instances where foliage does not form the principal part of the picture, it would be reasonable to expect that in this department of art it would be correct. His observation of Nature leads him to the following facts:—

1. That in the ordinary trees of Europe neither trunks nor boughs ever taper in the interval between those points where the offshoots spring:

2. That where these offshoots appear, the trunk or bough becomes less in diameter by the exact quantity of the substance which these offshoots contain:

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXC.

3. That an appearance of tapering shews itself only where the offshoots and buddings have dropped off or been removed; and that the tapering only appears continuous (and then slight) when the distance is such as to prevent our observing the remaining part of the joints or sockets of such offshoots, and consequently does not allow us to perceive the gentle parallel gradations of ascent:

4. That as no boughs diminish where they do not fork, so they cannot fork without diminishing, and they do not diminish without increasing in number:

5. That the almost invariable loss of minor boughs and sprays accounts for the main boughs containing somewhat more than the sum of the main trunk:

6. That the limbs and twigs of a tree, however they may be bent by the wind or otherwise, never lose their elbows and angles, *i.e.* they never continuously curve.

Going from Nature to the great modern English landscape artists, he finds all these truths observed. Going to Poussin and others, he finds them all contradicted. He finds the stems of near trees tapering like carrots, without any indication that boughs have ever existed; and he finds boughs tapering as violently without any twigs to account for it—without any thing to hold the leaves, which, therefore, seem to hold on to one another like a swarm of bees. He finds a diminishing trunk leading to two diminishing boughs, leading to a pair of forks with diminishing prongs stuck into two great bunches of leafage like Dutch brooms. He finds them smooth without parallel gradations—without any irregularities to account for their apparent tapering, and curved without any of the elbows and angles which Nature insists upon. In short, he finds them abundantly wrong on all the six points of tree anatomy.

He then proceeds to the laws of foliage. Nature shews,—

1. A general feeling for symmetry, combined with unlimited though ever harmonising irregularity: never a repetition of any one leaf or any one combination.

2. The outer leaves of trees become mere points and lines, the leaves acquiring body and form

B B

they come down into the mass of the tree: while in certain of the very nearest portions they are seen distinct leaves, twigs, and ramifications. The type and character of all that is the best we feel and imagine has been set for us.

3. The advance intricacy of foliage is always accompanied into perfect unity by a cloud-like disposition of shade and tone, which in the midst of profusion, preserves repose.

4. The mass of a tree's foliage is always included within a certain symmetrical curved outline, within which all the component irregularities, segments, and divisions of a perfect tree are included, each bough reaching the limited boundary with its extremity, but not passing it. When this is not the case, an imperfection in the growth of the tree, or some loss of branch or bough, will always be found to account for it. Thus the *beam ideal* of a well-grown oak will be included within the form of a dome; that of a taller tree within the outline of a pear. The author justifies the adoption of the abstract ideal form, and only insists on its exhibiting that which might be, or has been found exemplified in particular cases.

As before, he finds the modern English artists right; Claude worthy of praise in the trees of his middle distance, and Hobbins and Both equally so in their nearest foliage. He, however, censures them for exhibiting details where detail could not possibly be seen; magnifying the one leaf, diminishing the multitude; making finite the infinite. But it is upon Poussin that the graduate is most severe,—if, indeed, that can be called severity which is justice. In his pictures, he finds a certain computable quantity of resembling leaves, regularly disposed in resembling bunches—more conventional touches mathematically arranged; the whole signifying tree, not resembling it. Sometimes, for a mass of foliage a space of smooth, opaque, varnished brown, with circular groups of greenish touches at regular intervals upon it—not coming out of it, and as far from Nature's intricacy and variety as from her harmony and unity. Lastly, he refers to the total neglect of the old masters in respect to the proper disposition of

their boughs, or the symmetrical curve of their general outline.

Having thus considered the characteristics of the four great elements of landscape—sky, earth, water, and vegetation—he examines architectural painting as involving a mere knowledge of general truths within the reach of the most inferior draughtsman, saying it is disgraceful to misrepresent them, but no honour to draw them well. Any architect's clerk could have drawn the steps and balustrade in the "Hero and Leander" as well as Turner, but no one save he could have so thrown the accidental shadows on them; while many a man, who could not paint so well as Claude, would never have committed the egregious violations of perspective which he has in many instances exhibited. And it stands to reason, that men, who in broad, simple, and demonstrable matters are perpetually wrong, will not be right in carrying out matters delicate, refined, and subtle.

The author then asserts that people begin to find fault with Turner where they cease to have the power of appreciating him; that they are arrogant in *criticising*, where they ought to be humble in *learning*; that the province of such a painter as Turner is to administer delight to the informed, and to afford instruction to the ignorant.

His concluding chapter is on Modern Art and Modern Criticism. He exposes the error of measuring an artist's relative rank by the higher or lower amount of his *feeling*; whereas it is the fidelity and truth with which he exhibits the peculiar subject of his choice that should be regarded. The *feelings* of different artists are not capable of comparison, but their fidelity and truth *are*; and the author seems rather to think, that when a painter exhibits perfect and high truth in some inferior subject to which he habituates himself, and on which he realises fame and fortune, he is *capable* of taking much higher ground with equal success; it being his opinion that no man can draw any one thing well if he can draw nothing else, and that when this appears to be contradicted, it is owing to some trickery which will sooner or later be discovered.

Though material truth does not in

itself constitute *high* rank, he thinks it a perfect test of *relative* rank; and does not so much accuse modern critics of injustice in their decision on artists, as of pampering to the varying and low state of the public taste. He thinks it the business of the press to tell us *what* to ask for, not *whom* to ask; not to tell us which is our best painter, but whether our best painter is doing his best; not to measure our living painters by a comparison with the old masters, but solely with reference to that Nature which scorns the mannerisms of the schools.

He alludes to the morbid fondness of the public for unfinished works, shewing how improperly encouraging this is to the clever idler in art, or the claptrap money-maker; and how unjust towards the man of industry, energy, and feeling, who is desirous of doing something worth having lived for. The one draws a draft on a banker as he draws a sketch; the other drags on an unremunerated life as he labours on a picture. It should be the artist's difficulty to know when to leave off, nor should he do so while he can put another *thought* into his picture. Our author does not mean to censure real sketches, intended only as such; and, in fact, he thinks them not sufficiently encouraged. Young artists, instead of aping the execution of masters, and uttering disjointed repetitions of other men's words without sharing in their emotions, should be industrious with their out-door sketch-book.

As the fault of the generality of modern painters, he instances a "want of solemnity and definite purpose," saying our landscapes are generally "descriptive," not "reflective." He deems them too prone to repeat themselves. "All copyists," says he, "are contemptible; but the copyist of himself the most so, since he has the worst original." He concludes by calling on the press to benefit art by leading the public into a proper estimation of Turner, and by urging that artist to give all his future efforts to great works; such works as may remain for the teaching of nations.—P. 423.

Such is the general account we have endeavoured to give of, perhaps, the most remarkable book which has ever been published in reference to

art. To the truth of all its *principles* we accord the fullest and most entire submission; on the perfect justness of all its *illustrations* we may not, with such unhesitating trust, rely; but, in the main, we are willing to accept *them* also. The author has made us clearly see much that we had overlooked; and has, at least, stimulated in us an increased desire for that knowledge of Nature, without which all patronage of art is foolery and all criticism cant.

All men who have eyes to behold and liberty to range, have presented to them the innumerable distinct varieties and combinations of Nature. This exhibition involves every possible change of position, and modified form, and colour; every grade from impenetrable darkness to intensest light, and from the powerful strength of proximity to the fading and almost imperceptible delicacy of remotest distance.

Some men, from either a comparative insensibility to emotion or partial education, see in all this nothing more than the result of physical creation acted upon by the laws of optics. Others, either from native susceptibility or the accidents of early training, observe in Nature's variety the eloquence of a Creator stimulating the *heart* as well as the mind to that apprehension of the Sublime and Beautiful which will exist for ever, when the physical has passed away and matter is no more.

The Sciences which contribute to the *practical* good of the present world, and the Arts which sustain its *imaginative* condition, are doubtless of equal value, different men having their different missions, either for promoting a knowledge of the *mechanism* of the universe, or a feeling for its *harmony*.

Leaving Science, then, in the hands of its duly appointed disciples, we would regard Art as having for its object the refinement and elevation of the soul in its temporal alliances. Confining our remark to the landscape artist, we would receive him as the minister of those eternal truths which the Creator speaks in the pictorial eloquence of Sky, Earth, and Ocean; it being his duty not to repeat the more commonly known passages in that literal form which is familiar to our memory, but

seize upon the more important, the more pregnant portions, and to render more acute our perception, and more exalted our estimate, of the comprehensive meaning they are intended to convey.

That the work of the Oxford graduate has for its especial aim the promotion of Landscape Nature as a great moral means, and the elevation of the artist as the expounder of its mysteries, is sufficient to demand for its author the highest respect of the ordinary observer on the one hand, and the professional aspirant on the other. For our own parts, we are grateful to him, not more for stimulating our regard for *Art*, than for teaching us how to cultivate a thriving love for *Nature*. We have, since the perusal of his treatise, gained many an additional insight into the riches of landscape; and we thank him cordially for having opened to us those sources of enjoyment which lie, like ever-gushing fountains, in the mountains, the valleys, the fields, and the woods; and for having awakened our fuller apprehension of those sublimities which distinguish the phenomena of ocean, and of "the brave o'erhanging firmament."

The graduate's volume is, in short, a work which prompts us to leave the *conventional* for the *true*; and, quitting the cant of gallery connoisseurship, to find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every
thing."

We cannot close this article on the

graduate's volume, without referring to the singular eloquence and graphic power displayed in very many of its passages. It is evidently not the work of a critic only, but of a painter and poet. The sterling common-sense and the acute observation, shewn in its more practical details, are not more remarkable than the reverential feeling he entertains towards *Art*, and the enthusiasm of his love for *Nature*. We only regret, for the sake of his cause, that he should so openly have proclaimed himself the champion of Turner in particular. He might have kept Turner in his eye, without such unqualified *personal* worship. The *Turneric* might have been advocated, without such an especial idolatry of the artist himself. The pre-eminent *genius* of Turner might have been asserted, and sufficiently proved, by reference to certain particular merits, even in such of his works as are, in their general character, deemed most extravagant; but when such works are alluded to as illustrating the graduate's theory of landscape perfection, readers, less docile than ourselves, will visit, upon the very *principles* of his book, the doubts which should only attach to the justice of some of his *examples*. With these few qualifying remarks we take leave of the graduate, hoping that the "word of promise" which he has left with us, in respect to the continuation of his subject, will be speedily redeemed. Well and wisely hath he charmed us so far, and, in the words of Jaques, we earnestly exclaim,—

"More, more; I pr'y thee, more!"

WHAT IS THE POSITION OF SIR ROBERT PEELE AND HIS CABINET?

Our readers, we think, will do us the justice to acknowledge, that we have not rushed into any hasty conclusions concerning the wisdom of the financial policy of the minister, being yet undeclared, or the effect which it bids fair to produce upon the general condition, social as well as commercial, of the country. It is indeed possible that to the more earnest among them we may seem to have exercised an excess of caution in this respect, for earnest men are not always reasonable men; and reason, though it be our safest guide in politics as in most other things, seldom keeps its ground when assailed by prejudice or passion. But we cannot help this. We have never written a line on any of the great questions of the day, which at this present moment we would wish to retract. We have done nothing in the matter of the last move in the Conservative cabinet, which we could at this moment desire to be undone. As long as it was possible to keep the judgment in suspense we wholly suspended ours; and took the precaution, even after Sir Robert Peel had made the first announcement of his purposes, to postpone to a future occasion the remarks which we might feel it our duty to make upon them. There is an end, however, now, to all farther hesitation. The secret is fully out, — the great plan is developed; the ways and means by which it has been brought so far towards its accomplishment are patent to the whole world: and to affect neutrality any longer would be ridiculous. It has become our duty to deliver our opinion on the premises before us, and we shall endeavour to go through with it as becomes us.

And first let us guard ourselves against appearing to write in a spirit of bitterness about Sir Robert Peel. We have no railing accusation whatever to bring against him. As a man, we believe him to be as honest now as he ever was: as a statesman, we cannot doubt that the motives by which he is actuated are pure. What indeed has he to gain, either personally or in reputation, by the course which he has considered it expedient to

adopt? He sacrifices old friendships, old associations, old opinions, old connexions, every thing which men most esteem, and which go the farthest to smooth for them the path of life: and for what? To effect a change in the financial policy of the greatest empire in the world, over the destinies of which he has been called upon to preside; and to run the risk, while doing so, of making shipwreck of his own influence. For should he fail to carry his measure after all, there is but a choice of evils before him: he must either retire at once from public life, or throw in his lot with a party with which he has no sympathy in common. And even if he succeed, wherein can he expect to be benefited? Will future parliaments prove more manageable because this, which was elected on protection principles, has stultified itself and established the principle of free trade? Will the House of Lords, like the beaten spaniel, cringe or obey the premier more cheerfully in consequence of the discipline which it has undergone? Positively we see nothing for Sir Robert Peel in the future but mortification, annoyance, and an ultimate retreat to Drayton Manor. For, whether the country thrive or not under the new system which he has devised for it, in him no human being can hereafter repose confidence; inasmuch as, though acting always upon principle and a desire to do right, there is no fixedness of opinion about him. And we defy any set of rational beings, whether they be banded together in arms or collected into deliberative assemblies, to follow as their leader a man whom they cannot trust, not because they esteem him intentionally dishonest, but because he claims for himself the privilege of changing his opinions whenever he chooses, and insists that others shall change theirs in like manner.

Sir Robert Peel has become a free-trader, in the most extended sense of the term, suddenly, and after a long public life spent in the maintenance of a system of protection to agriculture and domestic industry. H

assures us that the change is the result of a settled conviction, not arrived at in a moment but cautiously, and in reluctance pressed upon him by the events of the last three years. Now we cannot give the lie to a man of honour, let him make what assertion he may; and we quite believe that Sir Robert Peel is sincere, as far as any man in his position can be sincere, when he makes this statement. But if it be true that the minds of most men are apt to be read imperfectly even by themselves, then must we claim the right of suspecting that Sir Robert deceives himself. He tells us that the working of the tariff of 1842 led him to consider the whole question of free trade in a new light, and that the result has been his conversion. But why was this experiment of the new tariff tried? Were there no leanings in 1842 towards free trade which the champion of Protection hesitated to gratify, but which he plucked up heart of grace to try, in their fitness, by the very measures which are now described as giving rise to the free-trade opinion? We suspect that there were, and in sincerity and truth we hope that there were. For the experience of three such years as have just run their course—years of unexampled prosperity and bustle—of railroads and the press, and of business connected with them—of abundant labour, good harvests, and high wages, was certainly not the sort of experience which would induce any reasonable man to conclude that the policy which led the way to them was a bad policy. For his own sake, therefore, for the sake of his consistency and common sense, we hope, and indeed believe, that Sir Robert Peel imagined, long before 1845, that the system of protection had reached its extreme limits; and that the time was come for returning again to that order of things which is at once the best in the abstract, and would in practice be the best also, were all civilised nations to fall in with it. But even then, where are we? The measure may be as good as Sir Robert and Mr. Cobden declare it to be—it may lead to all the results, contradictory as they are, for which they both hope, but of the occurrence of which neither has given us the slightest proof by anticipation; yet the question still reverts upon us,

Was Sir Robert Peel the man to bring forward this measure, and has he dealt rightly by the country, by his party, and by himself, in his manner of bringing it forward? We will endeavour to answer these questions with the candour and the calmness which the subject deserves, and our readers will perhaps save us the trouble of drawing any inferences from the argument, at all events, in detail.

We are not going to argue at length about the comparative wisdom or folly of the restrictive and the free-trade systems, as applied to a country like this. A great deal is to be said for both, and a great deal against both. In favour of the restrictive system it may be fairly urged, that with it, and therefore by means of it, the country rose to the pitch of prosperity and greatness at which we find it. In favour of a free trade the argument unquestionably lies, that there are periods in the history of all nations when the system of policy which reared ceases to be applicable to their maintenance; exactly as in the individual man, the moral and even physical culture which most avails in youth becomes injurious in the vigour of our days, and kills if it be persevered in to old age. No fact, for instance, can be more perfectly established, than that the customs and excise, and other sources of revenue arising out of the system of protection, were stretched by the Whigs, in 1839, beyond their just limits; that they imposed upon both dealers and consumers inconveniences innumerable, and had ceased to be profitable. In like manner the old assertion that the agriculturalist is the manufacturer's best customer, will not bear a moment's inspection. That the home market is more to the manufacturer than all the foreign markets into which he makes his way, we quite believe; but the error is to suppose, that the only buyer in this market is the agriculturalist. Consider what the articles are which the manufacturer produces. He gives us cotton-piece goods for our shirting and our sheeting, for the gowns of our wives and daughters; he gives us broad cloths and narrow, and woollen fabrics of other sorts for our coats, trousers, waistcoats, blankets, and such like; he supplies us with

stockings, shoes, hats, cravats. Every article that is used in the furnishing of our houses,—our window-curtains, bed-curtains, carpets, chair-covers, are the produce of his loom. Now, who are they that consume these different articles chiefly? Does the country gentleman, with his rental of five thousand a-year, expend half as much upon the clothing of his own person as a spruce clerk in the Admiralty, or a shopman in Howell and James's? And when you look to the farmer, what is his every-day costume? A shooting-jacket, which lasts him on an average five years—a pair of corduroy breeches—leather gaiters and high-lows—to work his way through which will take him three years at the least. It is only on market-days and Sunday that he arrays himself in his green coat and yellows: and these are carefully pulled off and folded and laid away again as soon as the occasion ceases. Nor is the case different if we compare the style of dress that prevails among the operatives, and that which suits the tastes and purses of the agricultural labourers. We venture to say, that more money is spent upon wearing apparel in any one thriving street in Manchester, than in half the purely agricultural villages of Lancashire put together. And as to the sums expended in furniture, compare the parlours and bed-rooms of our shopkeepers and dealers with those of the tenant-farmers in any county of England, and you will find that it is the former class which goes most frequently, and to the largest amount, into the market by tenfold. We repeat, then, that though the home market be unquestionably more to the manufacturer than all the foreign markets into which he now makes his way, it is a fallacy to contend that, therefore, the agriculturalist must be his best customer. The fact is, that each particular manufacturer, with his operatives, and the tradesmen who purchase his goods, and the shop-boys who sell them, is the best customer to another manufacturer, who fabricates goods of a different description; and that merchants, lawyers, medical men, clerks—the vast number of persons, in short, who have no connexion with the soil whatever, do more, or, at least, as much, for the whole of the

manufacturing classes, as all the landlords, tenants, and peasants in the kingdom.

Assuming, then, that the present policy of Sir Robert Peel is the sound policy,—putting out of view the colonies, and forgetting the miserable way in which they have heretofore been mismanaged,—shutting your eyes to the fact that, if you want corn, Canada alone will supply you, and that Canada, if you deal fairly by her, will take more of your manufactured goods than all the continent of Europe put together,—setting all these considerations aside, and very many more, into which, because we are not contrasting system with system, but thinking of matters to the full as momentous, it were out of place to enter, we return to the questions which we have undertaken to answer, namely, Was Sir Robert Peel the man to bring forward the measure that is now before parliament? and, Has he dealt fairly by the country, by his party, and by himself, in his manner of bringing it forward? Our reply in both cases is, and must be, a decided negative. Sir Robert is not the man by whom the free-trade system ought to have been proposed to the country for adoption. Sir Robert Peel has dealt most unfairly by the country, by his party, and by himself, in his manner of forcing his new-fangled notions to a point. Let us explain ourselves.

We give Sir Robert Peel full credit for a conscientious change of opinion on the great question which is now under discussion in the legislature. But for such change, indeed, his conduct would be quite inexplicable. He has become a free trader because he believed that free trade would benefit the country; if he had not believed this, he would have continued what he was, or was supposed to be, when the Conservative or Protectionist party brought him into power. But Sir Robert over-estimated the extent of his rights when he assumed that, because he was at liberty to alter his own mind, and even to support a new policy as an individual member of parliament, he was, therefore, equally at liberty to jump Jim Crow, claiming all the while to be treated as the head of the Conservative party.

With his responsibilities as minister of the crown, be it observed, we have no concern. The sovereign, not the people, must consider that; for the letter of the constitution, and, in all hands except his own, its spirit likewise, gives to the sovereign the undoubted right of choosing her responsible ministers. But the responsibility even of a queen's minister to the party which he brought together, which he reared up, and was or appeared to be so proud of, and which he has used to accomplish his own ends,—that is our concern and the concern of more than us, of the people of England, and indeed of all thinking men throughout the world. We think, therefore, that Sir Robert Peel's resignation of office, however becoming it might be in the divided state of his cabinet, and taking into account his own admitted place in that cabinet, as the chief of a very small minority, was no concession at all to public opinion, no compliment to the Conservative party, no proof that in order to benefit the country he was prepared, in obedience to the dictates of conscience, to sacrifice himself. For see to what the arrangement tended. Either Sir Robert was honest in his resignation of office, or he was not. If honest, he desired and expected that power would pass into other hands; and previous communications with his colleagues having convinced him that among *them* there was not an individual prepared to undertake the formation of a government, it could not but be clear to him that he was making way for strange events. He could not be ignorant that his retirement from the queen's service must lead to the calling in of the heads of the party to which his own was opposed; in other words, into the surrender by the general of that position of strength to the enemy which the steadiness and good conduct of his troops, not his own individual valour, had won. Or if on the other hand he were not sincere, if he anticipated that Lord John Russell would fail as he did in his attempt to form a government, was not the whole proceeding from first to last a farce? And is it not self-evident that the chief actor therein sought only to throw dust in the eyes of the simple, for more than

the simple were not to be blinded by it? Now, what we contend for is this, that in either of these cases Sir Robert Peel has taken nothing by his motion. His resignation, whether it were real or pretended, has not saved, and could not save, his political honour. On the contrary, his treason to his party, and, let us add, to himself, has been aggravated by the proceeding; and each new fact that comes to light sinks him lower and lower in the estimation of the world.

On the night of Monday, the 9th of February last, Sir Robert Peel made a long speech in defence of himself and of his policy. With the soundness of his argument—as it bore upon the question of free trade—we must decline for the present to meddle; neither shall we pause to examine the taste, good, bad, or indifferent, wherewith he demolished some of the speakers on his own side of the house. But of the letter which he read to the house, as, it appeared to us, with an air of consummate triumph and satisfaction, we must say one word. If any thing had been wanting to complete the wreck of the minister's public character, he himself, by making public his letter to the queen, supplied it. What does he think that gentlemen are made of, if he expects that they on either side can ever again repose the smallest confidence in such as he? Was it not enough to leave his party in the lurch?—that party, be it observed, which represented the majority of the constituencies, and therefore spake, as is assumed by the constitution, the voice of the people; but he must needs volunteer his assistance to the leader of the opposite party, in any attack which he might make upon arrangements to which parliament had consented, with extreme reluctance, only a few years ago, because its chosen leader, not then supposed to be a renegade, had suggested them? Positively we marvel while we think of all this. What! not only make a boast of deserting your principles and your friends,—of taking from them, as well as from yourself, the *prestige* of office,—but stand up in the house and read, as if it had been the production of a great mind, a document, wherein you declare yourself ready to betray your

party still further, by corrupting its several members as far as you can, and persuading them to vote against their judgment, their pledges, their consistency, and the interests, or supposed interests, of the electors who sent them to parliament? Positively we marvel while we think of all this; and have much difficulty in persuading ourselves that we are awake.

But we have not yet done with this part of our subject. Sir Robert Peel, it appears (at least so we understood his great speech of the 9th of February to state), is not now, for the first time, taken by the beauty of a free-trade system. He has long been convinced that protection to native industry is a mistake, and would have willingly thrown it overboard, the Corn-laws going with it, a dozen years ago, had he known how. In the name of common sense and common integrity, why, then, did he not tell us so? What was his object in strengthening the hands of Lord Grey's and Lord Melbourne's administrations, in the opposition which they offered, year by year, to Mr. Villiers' motion? Why, when the latter cabinet exhibited symptoms of yielding, and was accused of coquetting with the Anti-Corn-law League, did he denounce and hold up to the ridicule of the world men whom he could not but respect, and opinions towards which his own, as he now confesses, were verging? And finally, in 1841, when Lord John Russell plucked up courage to make a move, why did Sir Robert Peel withstand him? Was it because the leader of the Whigs did not go far enough? Was it the fixed duty, and not the inroad upon the principle of protection to the home grower, that he objected to? He now tells us that it was; and we, in our turn, are forced to tell him that we are puzzled which to believe, which to discredit,—his present declarations, or his past proceedings,—for there is neither consistency nor the shadow of concord between them.

The repeal of the Corn-laws, and the removal of protection from our heavily-taxed manufacturers and artisans, may be a wise thing. We are not now arguing to the contrary: but of this there can be no doubt, that measures such as these never ought to have been proposed by Sir

Robert Peel,—no, not even if the effect of his holding back had been to postpone the desirable consummation to a period indefinitely remote; for, apart from all other considerations, it is self-evident that, assuming Sir Robert Peel to be the only man possessed of influence enough, both within and without the house, to carry these measures, the country cannot yet be ripe for them. Let the country only desire some great change in the manner of conducting its public affairs, and there is no need of a Peel, or of any other great name, to bring it about. Look at the Reform-bill,—who carried that? Was it Peel, or the party of which Peel was a leader? No: the country, disgusted by what it believed to be the abandonment of all principle among the Tory chiefs,—the country, torn and divided by factions, to which the yielding policy of this same Sir Robert Peel gave existence, joined in demanding that the constitution should be remodelled, and raising into office a set of men whom, up to the year 1830, it had treated with marvellously slight respect, trod under foot Peel, Wellington, Eldon, Lyndhurst, and carried its point. If, then, it be the fact that no living statesman, except Sir Robert Peel, would be able to accomplish a repeal of the Corn-laws, we want no surer proof that the time for repealing these laws is not come. The laws, we doubt not, *will* be repealed now; and we hope, and are willing to believe, that both they who clamour for the repeal, and their opponents who resist it, will be surprised at the slight difference that will be occasioned thereby in the condition of the different classes of society. But be the consequences what they may, the moral nature of this act is not changed. The repeal of the Corn-laws will, if carried, be carried by a fraud, and the man who carries them does so at the cost of his political honour.

If the evils attendant on this most unhappy move extended no farther than this,—if they ruined only the public character of Sir Robert Peel, and drove him, as they certainly will, into private life,—we should deeply lament their occurrence. Sir Robert Peel, in spite of all his faults, [†] great man and a great mir

There is nothing to be compared with his eloquence among living orators. His mind seems to grasp every subject which it takes up, and to twist and turn it in all directions; and his memory is surprising, both in great things and in small. The loss of such a man to his country's service will be grievous. Yet we can bear it. England has never lacked her champions in the hour of need. England would be able, we dare say, to find a successor for Sir Robert Peel, not perhaps so astute in every respect, but quite competent to manage the affairs of the nation. England would be able to do this, were her present minister taken away from her by any one of the causes which operate to render places vacant. But Sir Robert Peel seems determined that when he does fall, as fall he soon will, the queen shall find herself sorely puzzled where to look for a successor. We do not think, for example, that the country would willingly consent to receive another Whig government. The party which agrees so ill with itself, as to be unable to accept power when it is pressed upon it, is not very likely to win its way to power through the opposition of a body of exasperated antagonists. Lords Grey and Palmerston, and the Right Honourable Thomas Babington Macaulay, seem to us to have knocked the official prospects of themselves and their friends on the head. Neither, we think, considering the exhibition which they have just made of themselves, are the *debris* of the existing cabinet likely to secure the confidence either of the sovereign or of the people. And this brings us to another of the hideous features which give expression to the present policy of Sir Robert Peel. How he has managed it we cannot conceive; but he certainly has contrived to stultify and degrade, and to drag through the mire, men of whom, up to the present moment, we should have felt

that we had been guilty of sacrilege in having written or spoken a word in their favour. The Duke himself,—one of a hundred fights,—the pride of the House of Lords,—the soundest head and the purest that ever thought or gave voice to the thoughts of man,—has been prevailed upon to

support a measure which he does not approve; and to shelter his inconsistency—may we not call it by a harsher term?—under the plea of a chivalrous devotion to the queen's service! Did ever mortal ears listen to such a speech as that wherein his grace accounted for his re-appearance, after a temporary retirement, as minister of the crown, before the House of Lords? "Her majesty was placed in such a position, that she felt herself unable to form a government. What was I to do? I returned to office,—because I thought and think a great deal more about her majesty having a government in which she can trust, than about any private man's opinion on the Corn-laws, or on any other laws." Our veneration for the duke will not permit us to offer one word of comment upon this declaration; but we must confess that we are profoundly ignorant of the spirit of the constitution if this be in unison with it.

The Duke of Wellington is so circumstanced, that he may say or almost do any thing. The cabinet is not, however, made up absolutely of Dukes of Wellington; and though his grace will undoubtedly survive the blow which he has inflicted on his own good name, we are inclined to think that no other individual connected with the cabinet will escape thus easily. It appears that on the division touching the adoption or rejection of free-trade policy, three members of this precious cabinet, including the premier, voted for and eleven against the new-fangled notions. Now what, we beg leave respectfully to inquire of Sir James Graham, and Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. Goulburn, and Lord Granville Somerset, is this—Did any thing occur to compel a change either in the opinions or the policy of them, and such as they? The duke feels, perhaps, that were he to abandon Sir Robert Peel, the premier would indeed be powerless. With the duke would go the entire House of Lords; and had the House of Lords declared against the measure at the outset, we are satisfied that not all his powers of persuasion would have enabled Sir Robert Peel to win for his measure even a first reading. He would have broken down on the threshold; and then

the experiment must have been tried, whether or no it was impossible to form a government elsewhere than from among the Red-tapers on both sides. But these other gentlemen, are they so little acquainted with the true nature of their position as to suppose that their secession would have impeded Peel's movement in the least, or that there was the smallest necessity for their undergoing a self-inflicted political martyrdom? We must entreat them to lay aside so absurd a crotchet. No human being cares how they vote or how they speak. Their adherence to Peel has become a source of weakness—not of strength to him: their retirement from office might have made *them* something, but it could have done no damage whatever to him or to his measure. At the same time this irreparable mischief has accrued from their tergiversation, that confidence in all public men is destroyed. The premier deceives and disappoints his party,—excusing himself by making a frank avowal that his views on certain points are changed. The majority of his colleagues, having shewn that, so lately as November last, they had not changed their opinions, and could not conscientiously act against them, return to office, after resigning, and falsify their own declarations by supporting the premier's measures. It is a harsh thing to say, and a cruel thing to feel,—but the recusants of November last would not be believed upon their oaths, were they to swear that their free-trade speeches of February came from their honest convictions.

Again, not the least galling part of this unworthy business is, that the whole British empire is insulted and abused by the leaders of two parties, almost, perhaps, equally untrustworthy. Looking at events as they have occurred, it seems to be the settled opinion of Sir Robert Peel on the one hand, and Lord John Russell on the other, that they are the only two men in the kingdom worthy to be honoured with the queen's confidence. Hence Lord John, when the ground is slipping from beneath him, advises her majesty to send for Sir Robert Peel. Hence Sir Robert Peel, finding his cabinet restive, advises the queen to send for Lord John; while Lord John, having tried

and failed to form a government, recommends that Sir Robert Peel be sent for once more; and, behold, we have him once more in Downing Street! Thus the fortunes and the honour of this great country are held, like a pack of cards, in the hands of two gamblers, who shuffle us all backwards and forwards just as they please, and tell us that if they were to lay us down there is nobody in England capable of playing out the game. Now we beg to assure them that they are mistaken. Clever men we admit them to be—eminent men, if you prefer the term, standing as far above the hack statesmen of their respective factions as the dome of St. Paul's stands above the church-towers in the City. But, notwithstanding all this, it is our honest belief that we can play our own game for ourselves; and very sincerely do we wish that both would give us the opportunity of trying. Moreover the insult, for an insult we hold it to be, touches men of all ranks and stations in society. Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell have no more right to denounce the possible elevation of Mr. Cobden to a seat in the cabinet, than they have to sneer at the Duke of Buckingham or the Duke of Richmond, as if they were wanting in the talents and weight that are needed for high political station. And if it be true, as we have heard it whispered, that one reason which induced Peel and his colleagues to resume office was, "that her majesty might not fall into the hands of the League," we must say that any thing more unconstitutional, as well as unwise, was never said or done by public men, since public men came into existence.

But we have not yet done with Sir Robert Peel and his cabinet, and their measure. If we are to believe the premier, the plan on which he is now proceeding is not that which he originally proposed to his colleagues; the dread of an impending famine (God knows whence conveyed to him), and a knowledge that the potato crop was very bad in Ireland, induced him to propose in November last that the ports should be opened, and that arrangements should be made while things were in this state for getting rid of the *Corn* laws altogether. There was wi

as well as moral courage in this,—assuming the premises on which the idea rested to be sound. When famine comes, or while it threatens, all laws must give way; and supposing Sir Robert Peel to have been honestly convinced that a calamity so frightful hung over the nation, he could not do less than propose that it should be met by giving every facility to the importation of foreign grain. But what has he actually done? His colleagues would not consent to open the ports; he could not bring them over, even on this point, to his way of thinking; he, therefore, declares his intention to resign office, and to a man they resign likewise. This is very considerate in them; very complimentary, after a fashion. It reminds us of the generosity of school-boys, who, when they are going to be flogged, always make a point of getting as many of their companions into the same scrape as they can. But, lo and behold! the noble act of self-devotion won't do. The other gambler cannot manage the cards, and they come back again into the hands of Sir Robert. What follows? He is now doubly armed. He goes to his friends, of course, and says, "Now, my good fellows, you see how the land lies; I *must* be prime-minister. There is nobody to fill my place; and, convinced as I am that famine is at the door, I must open the ports. Are you willing now to sanction the measure, because if you are not, I must find others who will?" Was this the premier's argument? We cannot tell; but this the whole world knows, that, if used, the argument availed nothing. It seems, on the contrary, to have been met (that is, if it were spoken), by a rejoinder after this fashion: "My good fellow, this famine is all blarney. We don't believe a word of it, and we don't believe that you believe it either. What you want is free trade; and so, rather than lose our monopoly of office or let in Cobden, we will consent to the abolition of the Corn-laws: but we cannot permit the ports to be opened now, nor our Corn-laws to go in a moment." Accordingly the famine, with the arrangements which were to meet and obviate the evils occasioned by it, are postponed; and a measure is concocted, which, if we

may judge by the time that has been required to carry it to a second reading in the House of Commons, is likely to furnish members with a subject of debate till the new potato crop shall have been housed, and perhaps eaten.

Meanwhile the effect produced upon all the relations of social life in this country, by the proposal of such a measure by such a minister, is most deplorable. It has led to the severance, perhaps to the destruction, of the ties of kindred and connexion; to the array of tenants against landlord, brother against brother, father against son. The late contest for South Nottinghamshire, presents to our eyes the saddest spectacle on which we have ever looked. Not that we ourselves have much sympathy with the excessive alarm of the agricultural interests. We hope, and indeed believe, that in the changes and chances of times and seasons, all things will find their just level; we are confident that, since the battle must be lost, it were better to withdraw from the contest with a good grace, and instead of filling the heads of tenants and labourers with notions of impending ruin, and of course of falling rents, to direct the energies which are thus wasted to the encouragement of agriculture as a science. For, indeed, we have no nervous dread of foreign competition, and are therefore ready to say with Mr. Cobden, that the great error in Sir Robert Peel's measure is that it prolongs anxiety and distrust, by putting off for three years arrangements which might just as well be effected at once. If there be no absolute famine, there is, unquestionably, a defective crop elsewhere than in Great Britain; indeed we are inclined to think, that while foreign nations suffer a good deal from this deficiency, our own share of the burthen is a light one. But the cases may be reversed three years hence; and if they be, and there come pouring in upon us all the surplus produce of the world, then indeed the shock given to agricultural confidence may be a serious one. On the other hand, suppose the Corn-laws to be repealed now—now when we have supplies sufficient, or nearly so, at home, and foreign powers have no surplus, or next to none, wherewith to over-

whelm us, time and opportunity will be afforded to adjust matters between landlords and tenants to their mutual satisfaction. For these, among other reasons, we should have been well pleased had Sir Robert Peel, since he must needs take the initiative, fairly belled the cat, and declared for an immediate repeal. However, that is a point comparatively of small consequence. The matter really to be lamented, both in the measure and in the manner of working it, is the frightful influence which it is exercising towards the dislocation of society. For feuds between fathers and sons are at once more bitter, and a thousand fold more lasting in their effects, than any mere squabble of factions. The future duke who fights the present, will probably win the battle in the end; for, in the order of nature, he may be expected to survive his father. But such a victory will bring him, personally, no great satisfaction; and it will tell forcibly against the tenants who may have served under his father's banner against him. How could Sir Robert Peel commit so grievous an outrage on nature as to permit Lord Lincoln, at this crisis, to change his office?

In like manner we perceive and deplore the beginnings, in such contests as these, of absolute anarchy. Whigs and Radicals may condemn, as much as they please, family power and hereditary respect: but we look upon both as essential to the well-being of society in a country like this, where the law holds all men to be equal. What right-minded person, for example, would desire, because of a little obstinacy or blindness in one duke, to root up and overthrow for ever the influence of the Dukes of Rutland or Newcastle in their own neighbourhoods? Yet the sluices are struck through which, in many quarters, the flood is to rush; and a very sanguine mind must that be which anticipates that, once fairly opened, there will be strength enough any where to close them again.

But what would we have had Sir Robert Peel to do? Moved to a particular course by a sense of duty, was he, because of pledges of old standing, to hold back from it? Was he who felt that the time had come

for effecting a complete change in the commercial and fiscal management of this country, to be deterred, through deference to the opinions of a party, from attempting to accomplish it? We answer, that till he should have altogether changed his own position, he was deterred from taking any step of the kind. He had not only no right to entrap and mystify, and mislead the present parliament, but, before coming forward in the character of an avowed free-trader, he was bound, in our opinion, to have retreated for a season into private life. Not only his place in the cabinet, but his seat in the legislature ought to have been resigned; and even these steps, had he played the lofty game, would have been but supplemental to others. We don't care at what period Sir Robert Peel may have begun to surrender up his mind to the soft enticements of the political economists. Whether it were three years ago, or six, or nine, that misgivings on the subject of a restrictive policy arose within him, he ought to have communicated the fact then to his political friends; for it is sheer nonsense to think of governing a free country like this by a system of mystification. The people, or if not the people, their representatives, have a right to be told what the minister proposes to do with them and their property, ere he mature his plan; and till the minister of the crown, whoever he may be, understands this, he will never be able to govern the country pleasantly. See how entirely the system of secretiveness has failed of effecting, in this instance, its intended object. Has Sir Robert carried his measure by a *coup de main*? has he any chance of carrying it, except after much acrimonious dispute and agitation? But suppose another course had been taken, what might not have followed? We are not prepared to say that the members of the Agricultural Association could have been talked over at any time by Sir Robert Peel. Probably many of them would have been deaf as the adder both to his arguments and to his persuasions; but, at all events, had he moved about among them, or gathered them by little knots about him, and opened his mind now on this topic, now on that, their atten-

tion would have been awakened, and they would have gone to the consideration of the great question with fewer prejudices than confessedly obscure their perceptions of it now. But Sir Robert Peel has never had the frankness to act thus.

Had Sir Robert Peel acted thus, even in 1841, and his party forced him, nevertheless, into the place which he now fills, his great measure—for a great measure it is—would have been received, even by such as now oppose it, in a very different temper. Having failed to act thus, another course was still open to him. Instead of consulting only in the cabinet, he ought to have called the heads of the party together, and stated to them both his intentions and the reasons which led to them. If they refused to be convinced, his next step should have been to sever the connexion that was between them; and having effected this, he ought to have retired from the House of Commons, openly declaring why he had done so. His retirement from parliament would have gone hand in hand, of course, with his resignation of office; and in all probability the very same results would have followed on which we lately looked. Lord John Russell, had he tried to form a government, must have failed; and then Peel, no longer the head of a party, might have been called by his sovereign out of the retirement into which he had withdrawn. With what perfect dignity, with what unblemished honour, might he have placed himself under such circumstances at the helm of state, and proposed, if he liked it, the very

same measure which he is now struggling to carry against his friends! But it is not quite certain that all this would have come to pass. With Peel out of the way, our belief is, that the uncompromising section of the cabinet would have constructed a government of their own; and had they done so, we see no reason to doubt that they would have been able to carry it on, at all events, during the natural life of the present parliament.

We have elsewhere stated, that it was not our intention to discuss the comparative merits and demerits of Sir Robert Peel's plan. Had it been proposed to us by almost any other individual in public life, we should have sifted its claims upon public support to the bottom, and found, as indeed we find now, a great deal in it to commend. But offered by Sir Robert Peel, and argued for by his present cabinet, there is every thing about it to repel inquiry. That the measure will pass, we believe; that it may prove eminently useful to the commerce of the country, we more than hope; but the giver of the boon, if a boon it be, can never again be to us what he once was. He has ruined himself, and dragged after him to political destruction every member of the cabinet which he has succeeded in making his tool. Now, the country cannot stand duplicity of this sort in public men; and hence though they continue in office, if the present change be tolerated, during the parliament that now is, they will find when the general election comes, that the voices of all parties are against them.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CXCVI.

APRIL, 1846.

Vol. XXXIII.

OF THE SPAINS AND THE SPANIARDS.

BY MORGAN RATTLER.

"Let us praise the lord that carries us o'er."

Old Proverb.

THERE are no countries in the world so little traversed by the migratory swarms that issue annually from the modern *officina gentium*, Great Britain, with the which countries and their inhabitants the English reader at home is so well and familiarly acquainted, as with the Spains. I use the last word advisedly, meaning thereby the Spains merely of the Peninsula: and I do so because it is idle now, even as it was always, to talk of Spain as a kingdom, or the various classes of Spaniards therein maintained as a nation. This has been remarked by many writers, French and English, and dwelt upon by Mr. Ford, the accomplished author of the *Hand-Book of Spain*. He says,—

"The aggregate monarchy of Spain is composed of many distinct provinces, each of which, in earlier times, formed a separate and independent kingdom; although all are now united by marriage, inheritance, conquest, and other circumstances, under one crown, the original distinctions, geographical as well as social, remain almost unaltered. The language, costume, habits, and local character of the natives, vary no less than the climate and productions of the soil. Man following, as it were, the example of the nature by which he is surrounded, has

little in common with the inhabitant of the adjoining district; and these differences are increased and perpetuated by the ancient jealousies and inveterate dislikes which petty and contiguous states keep up with such tenacious memory. The general comprehensive term 'Spain,' which is convenient for geographers and politicians, is calculated to mislead the traveller. Nothing can be more vague or inaccurate than to predicate any single thing of Spain or Spaniards, which will be equally applicable to all its heterogeneous component parts. The north-western provinces are more rainy than Devonshire, while the centre plains are more calcined than those of Barbary: while the rude agricultural Gallician, the industrious manufacturing artisan of Barcelona, the gay and voluptuous Andalusian, are as essentially different from each other as so many distinct characters at the same masquerade."

Again, he observes,—

"There is no King of *Spain*; among the infinity of kingdoms, the list of which swells out the royal style, that of 'Spain' is not found; he is King of the Spains, *Rey de las Españas*, not *Rey de España*."

Besides, there is no capital in Spain that forms a point of general concentration, like Rome, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Vienna, London, Paris, or London; no one

c c

which is the prime seat of arts, and literature, and commerce, as well as the official residence of the court. The position of Madrid, moreover, forbids that it ever should become such. The possession of it would be of no essential and enduring advantage to an enemy—it would be of no fatal or permanent consequence to the Peninsula. Sweep it away from the map, and one of the Spains only would have moulted a bad feather. The tail of the strutting peacock with its separate and royal stars, would, in the bird's haughty imagination, and under the resplendent glories vouchsafed by the sun's rays, shine as brightly as ever: in truth, it would only have discharged a diseased and dragged feather, while the real weakness would remain in the unsightly and unstable feet, on which the glittering mass of plumage has been destined to rest in an uneasy and precarious manner. Madrid, in fact, is a place of no commercial, military, political, or national importance. It is not even a city (*ciudad*), like Toledo, Seville, Grenada, Leon, Burgos, or Valladolid. It is only a town or (*villa*). It has no cathedral. It boasts only the presence of a corrupt, and debauched, and brutalised court and government—both a century or two behind all others in Europe, in the forms and shapes of their heresies against the decencies of social life and the rights of mankind. It attracts place-hunters and adventurers in every walk and grade of life, from all parts of the provinces; for if the centre of nothing else it is that of patronage and fashion—as it must be called for the want of a better word—unless newfangledness (and that of a coarse and ungenial kind) may serve our turn. Still Madrid is boasted of.

Mr. Ford says,—

"The capital has a hold on the ambition rather than on the affections of the nation at large. The inhabitants of the different provinces think, indeed, that Madrid is the greatest and richest court in the world, but their hearts are in their native localities. '*Mi paisano*,' my fellow-countryman, does not mean Spaniard, but Andalusian, Catalonian, as the case may be. When asked, 'Where do you come from?' the reply is, *Soy hijo de Murcia—hijo de Granada*—'I am a son of Murcia—a son of Granada,' &c. This is strictly

analogous to 'the children of Israel,' the 'Beni' of the Spanish Moors; and to this day the Arabs of Cairo call themselves children of that town, *Ibn el Musr*, &c. This being of the same province or town creates a powerful feeling of clanship,—a freemasonry. The parties cling together like old school-fellows, or the Scotch. It is a home and really binding feeling. To the spot of their birth all their recollections, comparisons, and eulogies, are turned; nothing to them comes up to their particular province, that is their real country; '*La Patria*,' meaning Spain at large, is a subject of declamation, fine words, *palabras*—palaver, in which all, like Orientals, delight to indulge, and to which their grandiloquent idiom lends itself readily. From the earliest period down to the present, all observers have been struck with this localism as a salient feature in Iberian character. They never would amalgamate—never would, as Strabo said, put their shields together; never would sacrifice their own local private interest for the general good; on the contrary, in the hour of need, they had, as at present, a tendency to separate into distinct juntas, each of which only thought of its own views, utterly indifferent to the injury thereby occasioned, to what ought to have been the common cause of all. Thus the virility and the vitality of the noble people has been neutralised; they have indeed strong limbs and honest hearts, but, as in the Oriental parable, 'a head' is wanting to direct and govern. Hence Spain is to-day, as it always has been, a bundle of small bodies tied together by a rope of sand, and being without union is also without strength, and has been beaten in detail. The much-used phrase *Españolismo* expresses rather 'a dislike of foreign dictation,' and the 'self-estimation' of Spaniards, *Españoles sobre todos*, than any real patriotic love of country."

Let the English reader bear these facts in his mind, and also certain others of even a still more general nature, which I shall lay before him also in the words of Mr. Ford, and he will then be fully in a condition to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the mass of information which is brought home to him here in our own England, in so many varied forms, about the Spains and Spaniards. The passages I am about to quote are to be found in the preface to the *Hand-Book*, and run thus,—

"To see the cities and know the minds of men" [by the way, Mr. Ford, if you said "thoroughly know," which is the

meaning of the Greek word, you might have spared the [Italics], "has been, since the days of the Odyssey, the object of travel; but how difficult it is, in the words of THE DUKE (*Desp.* Dec. 13, 1810), 'to understand the Spaniards exactly!' Made up of contradictions, they dwell in the land of the unexpected, *le pays de l'imprévu*; where exception is the rule, where accident and the impulse of the moment are the moving powers, and where men, especially in their collective capacity, act like women and children. A spark, a trifle sets the impressionable masses in action, and none can foresee the commonest event. Nor does any Spaniard ever attempt to guess beyond *la situación actual*, or to foretell what the morrow will bring. *Paciencia y barajar* is his motto; and he waits patiently to see what will next turn up after another shuffle, for his creed and practice are 'resignation,' the *Islam* of the Oriental.

"The key to decipher this singular people is scarcely European, since this *Berberia Christiana* is at least a neutral ground between the hat and the turban, and many contend that Africa begins even at the Pyrenees. Be that as it may, Spain—first civilised by the Phœnicians, and long possessed by the Moors—has indelibly retained the original impressions. Test her, therefore, and her natives by an Oriental standard, how analogous does much appear that is strange and repugnant if compared with European usages! This land and people of routine and habit are also potted for antiquarians, for here Pagan, Roman, and Eastern customs, long obsolete elsewhere, turn up at every step, in church and house, in cabinet and campaign, as we shall carefully point out."

Let the reader, I say, take these facts and considerations with him, and he will be in a condition to understand, appreciate, and enjoy the multitude, native and foreign, of various works, all excellent relating to the Spains, Spanish life, and manners, and history, from *Don Quixote* down to *Borrow's Bible in Spain*,—from "Livy's pictured page" down to the *Despatches* of the Duke of Wellington. And strange in these works, as in all the intermediate grave or gay, is the story of the Peninsula and the people. The south of Spain is the real land of romance and chivalry—that is to say, the chivalry romanesque,—

"When the Gothic plume met the Muhammedan glance,
And rivers ran red with the Saracen lance."

But the true chivalry, the chivalry of the conqueror's despatch, is and ever was with us, the descendants of the Norman, the Saxon, and the Dane, as with their forefathers, the sea-kings and the lords of battle. Where rolls the wave that does not roll over some memorial of our conquests? Where stands the spot of solid earth that has not trembled under our victorious tread? And that it is now as it was in the beginning and ever shall be, bear witness, as a proof and a promise, Moodkee and Ferozshah! But I again say the south of Spain was the land of romanesque adventure and chivalry; and there was the scene laid of the first gentle passages of arms. But in the south only—the earthly paradise of the Moors—and certain of the adjoining districts, and in the latter more in prevailing fiction than in fact; for, *crede mihi*, the Peninsula generally is little propitious to the practice of knight-errantry. A very slight consideration of its geography and climate will suffice to shew this. Mr. Ford observes:—

"From Spain being the most southern country in Europe, it is very natural that those who have never been there should imagine the climate to be as delicious as that of Italy or Greece. This is far from being the fact. Some of the sea-coasts and sheltered plains in the southern and eastern provinces are warm in winter, and exposed to an almost African sun in summer, but the northern and western districts are damp and rainy; while the interior is either cold and cheerless, or sunburnt and wind-blown. Winters have occurred at Madrid of such severity that sentinels have been frozen to death; and frequently all communication is suspended by the depth of snow in the elevated roads of the Castiles."

It is clear enough, then, that the Peninsula generally was no fit scene for knight-errantry; and certainly none of that, and very, very little of true chivalry, remains in the country. The nobility are the worst and most despicable in the world—worse even than the old noblesse of France, for heartless, and base, and vilely debauched and dishonest as those were, they were *not* what the multitude of the Spanish nobility also are, personal cowards and paltry traitors. Mr Ford praises the lower classes as better formed of a better material, and doubt they are entitled to that re-

tive praise; but when a positive admiration of them is expressed, I venture to dissent from it. A brave people never was a people of assassins, and how else except as assassins, or, in other words, as guerilleros, have Spaniards since the olden time distinguished themselves? There is no courage in taking individual stragglers, or small bodies of the enemy, at advantage, and murdering them. The secret blow, too, is always the coward's blow, and rarely, in war or in private quarrel, has the Spaniard dealt any other. His knife is always ready to stab an adversary unawares by thrust or throw, but he has no notion of fair play—no imagination of a free and manly stand-up fight; and in the field of battle, during the French invasion, a single charge of a few squadrons of cavalry was, with scarcely an exception, sufficient to drive a host of Spanish braves, or, as in other countries they would be styled, braggadocios, into helpless disorder and disgraceful flight. The praises lavished upon them by Southey and other English writers of the same kidney (at the gross and palpable falsehoods of Spanish writers, who could not if they would tell truth, upon almost any subject, nobody is astonished), are preposterous, and shameful in the last degree to those who uttered them. The Spaniards never stood against the French soldiery in fair fight, any more than that other vaunted rabble, the Cossacks, did. If a man will only take the facts related by Mr. Ford, he must perforce arrive at this conclusion, notwithstanding the fervent expression of that gentleman's general opinions to the contrary. It appears from his own account, that even their robbers, who make so remarkable a figure in novels and romances, are the least adventurous and the most cowardly of their class in any country. They never stake life against life. They invariably assail the traveller unawares, at some deadly disadvantage, or with overwhelming numbers. Our Dick Turpins and Claude Duvals were, in comparison with the most famous of them, princes and paladins, and worthy to lead, like the Black Prince, an army of Free Companions. But let me give Mr. Ford's account of these Spanish freebooters, for it is interesting. He says:—

"It is not to be denied that Spain is, of all countries in Europe, the one in which the ancient, classical, and once universal system of robbing on the highway exists the most unchanged. With us these things have been much altered: Spain is what England was sixty years ago, with Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common,—what Italy was very lately, and may be again next year. A bad character sticks to a country as well as to an individual: Spain had the same reputation in the days of antiquity, but it was always the accusation of foreigners. The Romans, who had no business to invade Spain, [indeed, Mr. Ford!] were harassed by the native guerilleros,—those undisciplined bands of armed men who wage the 'little war' which Iberia always did. The Romans, worried by those unmilitary voltigeurs, called all the Spaniards who resisted them '*latrones*;' just as the French, during the late war, from the same reasons, called them brigands and assassins. The national resistance against the intrusive foreigner has always armed the peasantry of Spain. Again, that sort of patriotism, *à moyen de parvenir*, which is the last and usual resource of scoundrels, is often made the pretext of the ill-conditioned to throw a specious mantle over the congenial vocation of living a freebooting idle existence by plunder rather than by work and industry. This accounts for the facility with which the universal Spanish nation flies to arms. Smuggling, again, sows the soil with dragon's teeth, and produces, at a moment's notice, a plentiful crop of armed men or guerilleros, which is almost a convertible term with robber.

"Robbery in other countries has yielded to increased population, to more rapid and more frequent intercommunication. The distances in Spain are very great; the highroads are few, and are carried through long leagues of uncultivated plains ('*dehesas*'), through deserted towns, dispeopled districts, — '*despoblados*,' a term more common in Spain, as in the East, than that of village is in England. Andalusia is the most dangerous province, and it was always so. This arises from the nature of the country, from being the last scene of the Moorish struggle, and now from being in the vicinity of Gibraltar the great focus of smuggling, which prepares the raw material for a banditti. These evils, which are abated by internal quiet and the continued exertions of the authorities, increase with troubled times, which, as the tempest calls forth the stormy petrel, rouses into dangerous action the worst portions of society, and creates a sort of civil cachexia, which can only be put down by peace and a strong settled government; blessings which, alas! have been long denied to unhappy Spain;

meanwhile no Hand-book on Spain can be complete without giving some account of the different classes and organisation of the robber system, the alphabet and rudiments of a traveller's conversation when on the road. The antiquity of the system has been detailed in the *Quarterly Review*, No. CXXII. p. 9, to which those about to visit the 'Serrania de Ronda,' and the wild country between Seville and Grenada, will do well to refer, especially as regards José Maria,* who so long held undisputed rule in those parts, and whose name will long remain in the mouths of those whose talk is about robbers. First and foremost come the '*ladrones*,' the robbers on a great scale. They are a regularly organised band, from eight to fourteen in number, well armed and mounted, and entirely under the command of one leader. These are the most formidable; and, as they seldom attack any travellers except with overwhelming forces, and under circumstances of ambuscade and surprise, where every thing is in their favour, resistance is generally useless, and can only lead to fatal accidents; it is better at once to submit to the summons, which will admit of no denial, — '*boca abajo*,' '*boca a tierra*,' — mouth down, mouth to earth! Those who are provided with such a sum of money as the robbers think according to their class in life that they ought to carry about with them are very rarely ill-used; a frank, confident, and good-humoured surrender, generally not only prevents any bad treatment, but secures even civility during the disagreeable operation. Pistols and sabres are, after all, a poor defence, as Mr. Cribb said, compared to civil words and deeds. The Spaniard is by nature high-bred and a *caballero*, and responds to any appeal to qualities of which his nation has reason to be proud. Notwithstanding these moral securities, if only by way of making assurance doubly sure, an Englishman will do well in travelling in exposed districts to be provided with a bag containing from 50 to 100 dollars, which makes a handsome purse, feels heavy in the hand, and is that sort of amount which the Spanish brigand thinks a native of this proverbially

rich country ought to have with him on his travels. He has a remarkable tact in estimating from the look of the individual, his equipage, &c., how much ready money it is befitting his condition for him to have about him; if the sum should not be enough, he resents severely the depriving him of the regular spoil to which he considers himself entitled by the long-established usage of the high-road. The traveller who is altogether unprovided with cash, is generally made a severe example of *pour encourager les autres*, either by beating ('*echandole palos*') or by stripping to the skin ('*dejandole en cueros*'), after the fashion of the thieves of old in Jericho. The traveller should be particularly careful to have a watch of some kind; one with a gaudy gilt chain and seals is the best suited. Not to have a watch of any kind exposes the traveller to more certain indignities than a scantily filled purse. The money may have been spent, but the absence of the watch can only be accounted for by the premeditated intention of not being robbed of it, which the *ladron* considers as an unjustifiable attempt to defraud him of his right. It must be said, to the credit of the Spanish brigands, especially those of the highest class, that they rarely ill-use women or children; nor do they commence firing or offering violence unless resisted. The next class of robbers — omitting some minor distinctions, such as the *saltadores*, or two or three persons who lie in ambuscade and jump out on the unprepared traveller — is the '*ratero*,' the rat. He is held in contempt, but is not the less dangerous. He is not brought regularly up to the profession and organised, but takes to it, *pro re nata*, of a sudden, commits his robbery, and then returns to his pristine vocation. Very often on the arrival of strangers, two or three of the ill-conditioned worst classes get up a robbery next day for the special occasion, according to the proverb, '*la ocasion hace el ladron*.'

"The *raterillo*, or small rat, is a skulking footpad, who seldom attacks any but single and unprotected passengers, who, if they get robbed, have nobody to blame but themselves; for no man is justified

* "My friend John Lewis, the celebrated painter, now resident at Grand Cairo, saw this bandit in Spain, and took likenesses of him and his favourite horse. The fellow looked rather like a paunchy innkeeper than a brigand. He was the reverse of tall, and by no means, to all appearance, strongly knit or built; nor was there any thing of cruelty, ferocity, or malignity in the expression of his countenance. Any ordinary English gentleman who knew how to use his hands, would have doubled him up in two minutes. José Maria ended a career as famous in his locality as that of the earlier brigand, the Cid, at the *garotte*, and resigned his neck, either at Sevil' or Grenada, I forget which, to the iron collar with exemplary piety, if not penitence, and in all the plenitude of beatific hope from absolution from all earthly stains. remember rightly, John Lewis was present at the execution."

in exposing Spaniards to the temptation of doing a little something in that line. The shepherd with his sheep, the ploughman with his plough, the vine-dresser amidst his grapes,—all have their gun, which, ostensibly for their individual protection, furnishes means of assault and battery against those who have no other defence than their legs and virtue.

"The regular first-class *ladrones* are generally armed with a blunderbuss, '*retajo*,' which hangs at their saddles; the high-peaked *albarda*, which is covered with a fleece, either white or blue, the '*saka*.' The dress is, for the most part, very rich, and in the highest style of '*oficion*'—'the fancy.' They are the envy and models of the lower class of Andalusians, being arrayed in the fashion of the smuggler, the *contrabandista*, or the bull-fighter, *torrero*; or, in a word, the *majo* or dandy, who, being peculiar to the south of Spain, will be more properly described in Andalusia, which is the home and head-quarters of all those who aspire to the elegant accomplishments and professions to which we have just alluded."

The *majo* dress is peculiar to the country; but in all places and in all climates, by sea and land, the brigand and the buccaneer have delighted in finery—jewels and gold chains. Perhaps because they thought that portion of their fortunes which they bore upon their persons was in the safest and most satisfactory custody. The fair ideal of the *ladron* is to be found in Shakspeare. See the scene in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, between Valentine and the outlaws:—

"3 Outlaw. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men.
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied to the duke.

2 Outlaw. And I from Mantua for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Outlaw. And I for suchlike petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose, for we cite our faults
That they may hold excused our lawless lives.

3 Outlaw. What say'st thou? Wilt thou be of our consort?
Say ay! and be the captain of us all.

1st. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
To silly women or poor passengers.

3 Outlaw. No, we detest such vile, base practices."

At the close of the play Sir Valentine very coolly, and no doubt very sincerely, after the spirit of the fashion of the time and clime to which our Shakspeare is never false, says,—

"These banish'd men that I have kept withal

Are men endued with worthy qualities.
Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them and thee.

Dispose of them as thou know'st at their deserts."

Cosas de España! Here are the feelings, the circumstances, the considerations, the morality, that might at this moment prevail throughout the Peninsula. The great Hassan, the grand admiral of the Turks, was a water-carrier at Constantinople. The same pantomimic changes take place constantly in essentially Oriental Spain. Amongst these Christian Arabs there are a thousand *ladrones* as wise, as learned, as valiant, as worthy of high place as Narvaez, Espartero, or Cabrera. They would be as much at home in the places these scoundrels have occupied as themselves, and perform their functions as honourably and as well,—and no better, for it is nowadays to all experience impossible for any Spanish man to rise beyond the lowest Oriental standard of a successful ruffian in place and power. The existence of a titled nobility here is a farce. They are for the most part the scum of Spain. They are physically and morally incapable utterly of greatness or of good. The sway and masterdom is invariably in the hands of some fortunate adventurer—a quondam smuggler, or bandit, or so-called soldier (all mean pretty much the same thing), and these lord it for a time over the destinies of the wretched country and trample upon the degraded hangers-on of a debauched court. There is now a great outcry against Narvaez, but my own opinion is that he is the bravest and the most capable of all the adventurers who

have risen to pre-eminence of late years. Certainly he is brave, which cannot be said of most of the brigands, whether generals of armies or leaders of *ladrones*. Of the latter caste Mr. Ford observes,—

“It may be remarked that Spanish robbers are very shy in attacking English armed travellers, and particularly if they appear upon their guard. The robbers dislike fighting. They hate danger from knowing what it is; they have no chivalrous courage or abstract notions of fair play, any more than a Turk or a tiger, who are too uncivilised to throw away a chance. Accordingly, the Spanish robbers seldom attack where they anticipate resistance, which they all feel they will assuredly meet from Englishmen. They have also a peculiar dislike to English guns and gunpowder, which, in fact, both as to arms and ammunition, are infinitely superior to the ruder Spanish weapons. Though three or four Englishmen have nothing to fear, yet where there are ladies it is always better to be provided with an escort of *Miquelites*.”

These men have a keen and accurate eye, and are always on the lookout for prints of horses and other signs, which, escaping the notice of superficial observers, indicate to their practised observations the presence of danger. The *Miquelites* are indefatigable in keeping up with a carriage day and night, braving heat and cold, hunger and thirst. As they are maintained at the expense of the government they are not strictly speaking entitled to any remuneration from the travellers they are directed to escort; it is, however, usual to give to each man a couple of *pesetas* a-day and a dollar to their leader. The trifling addition of a few cigars, a *bota* or two of wine, some rice and dried cod-fish *bacalao*, for their evening meal, is well bestowed; exercise sharpens the appetite, and they are always proud to drink to their master's health, and are none the worse for his food, for “*tripas llevan a pies, y no pies a tripas*,” which, not to translate it coarsely, means, “the bowels carry the feet, and not the feet the bowels.” These *Miquelites* (named, it is said, after a famous, or infamous, instrument of Cæsar Borgia's) are a corps serving as a sort of police upon foot,—the modern representatives of the *Hermandad* with whom *Gil Blas* has made us familiar, and very faithful,

very sagacious, very active, and in all respects very efficient. The robbers fear them, for they know that in all points they are more than a match for them. The traveller who wends his way accompanied by an adequate escort of them may be emphatically pronounced to be safe. Spaniards generally are not in a position to secure their services, and when they do venture on the enforced perils of a journey they have generally recourse to the Eastern fashion of making themselves constituent parts of a caravan. Every Spaniard when he ventures beyond the precincts of his native town or village goes forth armed to the teeth, and nature has endowed the people generally, of all castes and classes, with the faculty of looking so like brigands, through every variety, from the gladiator-*caballero* to the common cut-throat, that it is very difficult to distinguish between the freebooter and the true man.

There is another class of protectors for travellers occasionally called into use—the *escopateros*. Mr. Ford says,—

“These *escopateros*, occasionally robbers themselves, live either by robbery or the prevention of it, for there is some honour amongst thieves—‘*entre lobos no se come*,’ ‘wolves don't eat each other,’ unless very hard up indeed. They are by no means so bold or trustworthy as the *Miquelites*, who despise them. The *escopateros* naturally endeavour to alarm travellers with over-exaggerated accounts of danger, in order that their services may be engaged. Their idle stories are often believed by the gobemouche class of bookmaking travellers—the *Semples*, Sir John Carrs, *Inglises*, *et hoc genus omne*—who note down, print, and publish tales of horror told them and got up for the occasion by people who are laughing at them in their sleeves. But these things are amongst the accidents of long journeys,—‘*en luengas vias, luenguas mentiras*.’”

This is true to the letter about Carr and *Inglis*. The former was a terrifically world-famous “snob;” the latter pretty much the same, except that he lacked the “deep damnation of the poet's verse.” One of the latter's raw-head and bloody-bones stories of personal adventure with *bers* was laid at a time when he seated quietly in the diligence side of Mr. David Roberts, the

Academician. As to Semple, I think Mr. Ford has been hasty and erroneous in the charge he makes against him. I do not believe he was more credulous in lending faith to what he may have heard than the generality of sagacious and intelligent travellers, or more inaccurate in his narrative than all men must be who pass rapidly through a strange country. The whole course of his life and the circumstances of his death prove that he was a man of personal intrepidity and of an adventurous spirit. He travelled in a great many countries, and oftentimes his path was beset with dangers. At last he was appointed governor of a district near Red River, in North America, by the Earl of Selkirk (in Rupert's land), and he was there shot down (or, in other words, murdered) at the commencement of a fray by some *bois brûlés*, or half-breeds, in the service of the North-west Company, which was then literally at war with the Hudson's Bay Company (with which it has since been amalgamated) and the Earl of Selkirk. Poor Semple shewed great daring and resolution upon the occasion. In his travels in Spain there is only one story about robbers, and that certainly is neither of so improbable nor extravagant a nature as to cast a just doubt upon his veracity.*

Before I turn away from the subject of modern chivalry in Spain, to which I was some short time since referring, a glance at a page in Borrow's *Bible in Spain* cries "halt!" that I may do justice to a deed of "derring-do" worthy of the days of

the Plantagenets. There is no doubt that there is something of *ponde-racion* in this narrative, as there is in almost all that emanates from the pen of this highly dramatic writer. But the main facts one feels compelled to accept as true, and the description has all the fervour of Froissart. The wanton Cristina had, to save the life of her *cortejo*, or paramour, Munoz, signed the constitution at La Granja. The day after this event, Mr. Borrow met an old and dearly-beloved friend of mine in the Puerta del Sol. There was a vast crowd assembled, who ever and anon broke into shouts of "La Granja!" and "Viva el Constitucion!" It was evident that a popular outburst was intended, to terminate, as it might be, in an *émeute*, a revolt, or a revolution. Borrow and my friend hired a room commanding a good view of the place. A squadron of cavalry that were false, and a handful of infantry that were true, were marched upon the ground. Borrow says,—

"We had scarcely been five minutes at the window when we suddenly heard the clattering of horses' feet hastening down the street called the *Calle de Carretas*. The house in which we had stationed ourselves, was, as I have already observed, just opposite to the post-office, at the left of which this street debouches from the north into the Puerta del Sol. As the sounds became louder and louder, the cries of the crowd below diminished, and a species of panic seemed to have fallen upon all. Once or twice, however, I could distinguish the words, 'Quesada, Quesada!'

* Here it is, and the reader, after having perused Mr. Ford's remarks about Spanish robbers, regular, irregular, and volunteers for the nonce, I think, will agree with me :—"About two leagues from Aldea del Rio, as we were ascending a small hill, I beheld two men with long muskets running as if to reach the summit before us. My guide called out that they were robbers, which appeared to me very probable. I prepared for their reception, and suffered him to advance about forty yards in front. By this means I thought it not likely that the robbers would fall upon the guide, seeing that I was behind well mounted, armed, and prepared, in case of need, to attack them. Had we been close together, so that there might have been a chance of hitting us both, they would certainly have fired. As it was, they halted with the utmost composure, and leaned upon their long muskets while I passed. I held my hand upon my pistol in the holster, and looked upon them sternly. My guide was already so far ahead with the baggage that it would have been needless to attack me. Their looks were wild and savage, their dress was composed chiefly of sheepskins, and besides their muskets and long knives their girdles were stuck full of pistols. These were the only robbers I saw in Spain, and should any traveller find himself in similar circumstances, I recommend the plan which I adopted, and which I had previously determined to pursue."

The foot-soldiers stood calm and motionless; but I observed that the cavalry, with the young officer commanding them, displayed both confusion and fear, exchanging with each other some hurried words; all of a sudden, that part of the crowd which stood near the mouth of the Calle de Carretas fell back in great disorder, leaving a considerable space unoccupied; and the next moment Quesada, in a complete general's uniform, and mounted on a bright bay thorough-bred English horse, with a drawn sword in his hand, dashed at full gallop into the area, in much the same manner I have seen a Manchegan bull rush into the amphitheatre when the gates of his pen are suddenly flung open. He was closely followed by two mounted officers, and, at a short distance, by as many dragoons. In almost less time than is sufficient to relate it, several individuals in the crowd were knocked down and lay sprawling upon the ground, beneath the horses of Quesada and his two friends; for as to the dragoons, they halted as soon as they had entered the Puerta del Sol. It was a fine sight to see three men, by dint of valour and good horsemanship, strike terror into at least as many thousands. I saw Quesada repeatedly spur his horse into the dense masses of the crowd, and then extricate himself in the most masterly manner. The rabble were completely awed and gave way, retiring by the *Calle del Comercio* and the street of *Alcala*. All at once Quesada singled out two Nationals, who were attempting to escape; and setting spurs to his horse, turned them in a moment, and drove them in another direction, striking them in a contemptuous manner with the flat of his sabre. He was crying out, 'Long live the absolute Queen!' when just beneath me, amidst a portion of the crowd which had still maintained its ground, perhaps from not having the means of escaping, I saw a small gun glitter for a moment, then there was a sharp report, and a bullet had nearly sent Quesada to his long account, passing so near to the countenance of the general as to graze his hat. I had an indistinct view for a moment of a well-known foraging-cap just about the spot from whence the gun had been discharged [ponderacion!], then there was a rush of the crowd, and the shooter, whoever he was, escaped discovery amidst the confusion which arose. As for Quesada, he seemed to treat the danger from which he had escaped with the utmost contempt. He glared about him fiercely for a moment; then leaving the two Nationals, who sneaked away like whipped hounds, he went up to the young officer who commanded the cavalry, and who had been active in raising the

cry of the constitution, and to him he addressed a few words with an air of stern menace. The youth evidently quailed before him, and, probably in obedience to his orders, resigned the command of the party, and rode slowly away with a discomfited air; whereupon Quesada dismounted, and walked slowly backwards and forwards before the Casa de Postas with a mien which seemed to bid defiance to mankind. This was the glorious day of Quesada's existence—his glorious and last day. I call it the day of his glory, for he certainly never before appeared under such brilliant circumstances, and he never lived to see another sunset. No action of any conqueror or hero on record is to be compared with this closing scene of the life of Quesada; for who, by his single, desperate courage and impetuosity, ever before stopped a revolution in full course? Quesada did: he stopped the revolution at Madrid for one entire day, and brought back the uproarious and hostile mob of a huge city to perfect order and quiet. His burst into the Puerta del Sol was the most tremendous and successful piece of daring ever witnessed. I admired so much the spirit of 'the brute bull,' that I frequently, during his wild onset, shouted 'Viva Quesada!' for I wished him well. [This, Borrow says, not from any political feeling.] But, I repeat, I wished well to Quesada, witnessing as I did his stout heart and good horsemanship."

The moderado ministry ran away that night, and Quesada was butchered by the *rascaille rabblement* of Nationals next day. *Cosas de España!*

Mr. Ford, who has passed some fifteen years in the Peninsula, and Mr. Borrow, who is likewise perfectly well acquainted with it, concur in an affectionate regard for the Spanish peasantry and humbler classes in most of the provinces. Their authority is of the highest, for both gentlemen are masters of the languages and manners of the people, with whom they have lived on terms of easy intercourse. And no doubt the semi-Oriental peasant has, generally speaking, many noble and amiable qualities, which render him superior to the peasant of most of the Eastern nations. But to the English, the French, the German, the Dutch peasant, he is inferior; nor will he bear comparison with the Turk who has not been polluted by Constantinople. With all the good qualities, in the rough, and capabil

claimed for the Spanish man, it cannot be denied that he is, perhaps, the most reckless of mankind about the shedding of human blood. He is always prone to stab in his mood; he is cruel atrociously, like the Carthaginian of old, and, whenever any thing touches him nearly, quite as treacherous. *Punica fides*, nationally and individually, is pre-eminently one of the cosas de España. All his better qualities, too, are rendered rather negative than positive by his dogged, stolid pride, and invincible and execrable laziness. He is courteous and hospitable, it is said,—both, however, from mere custom. He is ceremonious in his demeanour, that he may receive ceremonious treatment in return, which is to him as the breath of his nostrils. Hospitable he may be, but he has nothing worth withholding to offer. In the one word, he is “a Christian Arab;” and as such, even is inferior to the Wahabee, who is a pure theist, while the religion of the Spaniard, falsely styled Christian, is a blind, ignorant, brutalising, and uncleanly superstition—as bad, if not worse, than any form of paganism that ever prevailed, except the Egyptian, to which it is in many respects akin, as will appear when I come to say a few words on Mariolatry. The Spanish peasant also is good-humoured, so is a cat if you stroke its coat the right way; but one is quite as ready to fly at you as the other. The Spaniard, moreover, is patient under poverty and privations; he bears his lot with the apathetic resignation of a Hindoo. Why? Simply because it is easier for him to endure than to labour. In this (as, indeed, in most other respects) he falls far below the standard of the North American Indian of the Prairies, who, though he may indulge himself with all the lazy gravity of a Spaniard in absolute repose when he has provided for his wants and luxuries, yet, when the supply threatens to fail, turns out one of the best, the boldest, and most adventurous of hunters, even as he is of warriors, when he once enters on the war-path. On the contrary, the Spaniard is content to support ex-

istence on a scanty supply of bread and garlic, to lie in a filthy hovel, and lounge in rags populous with vermin, rather than work like a man, with work ready to his hand, which would afford him all the positive comforts of life, and elevate his condition in the social scale. No! even if, by any chance, money gets into his possession, either by the gift of a traveller, or by the robbing of a traveller, or by some other means, instead of applying it to relieve the wants of himself and family, and improving their position and prospects, he will hoard the money and hide it. Such are some of the salient points in the Spanish peasant's character, evident in the books before me,—the best that have been yet written about the Spains; I mean Ford's and Borrow's.*

As to the nobility and uppermost classes in the Peninsula, only one opinion can be entertained of them, and that is, that they are pretty much about the most ignorant, debauched, degraded, dishonest, faithless, and worthless of human kind. But whatever sort of friends the lower classes of Spaniards may make, they, according to all accounts, are very agreeable casual acquaintances. Nowhere, probably, does he shew to more advantage than in the venta. Ford's description of which is most interesting. There are four sorts of inns in Spain,—the *fonda*, which is the resort almost exclusively of foreigners, and is to be found only in the largest towns (this is scantily furnished, and provisions are supplied to you); the *posada*, the *venta*, and the *venterilla*. The *posada* is genuine Spanish: as a public inn, it is, strictly speaking, bound only to furnish lodging, salt, and the means of cooking whatever the traveller brings with him, or can find in the village. “The *posada*, which in smaller towns degenerates into a *venta*, ought only to be compared to the khans of the East, and never to the inns of Europe.”

“If foreigners, and especially Englishmen, would bear this in mind, they would save themselves a great deal of trouble and disappointment, and not expose

* The Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home. 2 vols. London. J. Murray.

The Bible in Spain, by George Borrow.

themselves by their loss of temper on the spot, or in their note-books. No Spaniard is ever put out, although he maddens at the slightest personal affront, for blood boils without fire,—‘*la sangre hierve sin fuego*.’ He takes these things coolly, which more phlegmatic, cold-blooded foreigners seldom do. The native, like the Oriental, does not expect to find any thing, and accordingly is never surprised at only getting what he brings with him. His surprise is reserved for those rare occasions when he finds any thing actually ready at a *venta*, which he considers to be a God-send.”

Farther on Mr. Ford says,—

“The country *parador*, *meson*, *posada*, and *venta*, call it how you will, is the Roman *stabulum*. The original intention was the housing of cattle; the accommodation of travellers was secondary, and so it is in Spain to this day. The accommodation to the *beast* is excellent; cool, roomy stables, ample mangers, a never-failing supply of fodder and water, all ready, every comfort and luxury which animal is capable of enjoying, is on the spot. As regards *man* all is the reverse. He must forage abroad for any thing he may want. Only a small part of the barn is allotted to him, and then he is lodged among the beasts below, or among the trusses and sacks of their food in the lofts above.”

Nothing but dire misery compels a Spaniard to turn innkeeper. Mine host in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred is a foreigner or a gipsy, and almost invariably an extortioner and a thief. It was so in the times of Cervantes and Quevedo; it is so at present. In the large towns of the Spains, as in America, the worst thieves are the low English refugees. Touching the *venta*,—

“The ground-floor is a sort of common room for men and beasts. The por-

tion appropriated to the stables is often arched over, and very imperfectly lighted to keep it cool, so that even by day the eye has some difficulty at first in making out the details. The ranges of mangers are fixed round the walls, and the harness of the different animals suspended on the pillars which support the arches; a wide door, always open to the road, leads into this great stable or common hall; a small space in the interior is always left unencumbered, into which the traveller enters on foot, or on horseback; no one greets him; no obsequious landlord, bustling waiter, or simpering chambermaid, takes any notice of his arrival. He proceeds unaided to unload or unsaddle his beast, and having taken him to a manger applies to the *ventero* for the *pienso*, fodder for his beasts; *ganado*, that is *paja-y-cebada*, straw and barley. This is the ancient Oriental forage—‘barley also, and straw for the horses’ (1 Kings, iv. 28). Very little hay is used in Spain except in the north-west provinces, and some of the valleys. The straw is very fine, and is beaten into small fragments. The modern system of threshing grain in Spain is extremely ancient, classical, and oriental. Near most corn-country villages a floor called ‘La Era,’ the Latin *area*, is prepared in the open air, and which is either paved or cemented with hard earth, on which the loose sheaves are placed, over which smorting and unharnessed horses are driven, or men are drawn by them on hurdles, or on a *trillo*, a sort of harrow, over the sheaves. The corn is thus beaten out of the ear, and the straw, the *pales* of antiquity, bruised and triturated into fragments; it is the precise threshing-floor of the Bible, and the Noräg of Egypt. The Carthaginians introduced this method into Spain. The operation, and the *Plastellum Panicum*, are accurately described by Varro (i. 52). The traveller who sees this primitive process going on under the burning sun of La Mancha, will feel the full force of the magnificent simile of Homer (*Il. xx. 495*)* applied

* I quote the passage to which Mr. Ford refers :—

ὅς τ' ὅτε τις ζεύξῃ βίαις ἀροτῆρας ἐδραμονόωντας
 Τροβίμναις καὶ λεισὸν ἰστροχαλῶ το αλωνί,
 ῥίμφο τι λιστ' ἰχθυοντο βῶν ὑπὲ πτόσ' ἱερμύκων,
 ὅς ὅτ' Ἀχιλλῆος μεγαθύμου μώνυχες ἴσσαν
 Στείλῃν ἱμῶν ἰκύνες τε καὶ ἀσπίδας· αἶματι δ' ἄῃων
 Νιρβὸν ἄσπας πινάλακτος καὶ ἀντυγίς αἰ σιεὶ δίφρον,
 Ἄς ἄρ' ἄφ' ἰσασίων ὁ πλῖνον βαθμύγις ἱεβαλλοι,
 Αἶτ' ἀπ' οὐκισώτρων· ὃ δὲ ἴτε κῦδος ἀέεσθαι
 Πηλεΐδης, λῆθρι δὲ παλάσσειτο χιμερὸς ἀάπτους.

“As when the peasant his yoked steers employs
 To tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
 With ponderous hoofs trample it out with ease,

to the ear of Achilles, dashing over the dead and wounded.

"Having first himself provided for the wants and comforts of his beast, for '*el ojo del amo engorda al caballo*,' the master's eye fattens the horse, the traveller thinks of himself. One, and the greater side of the building, is destined for the cattle, the other for their masters. Immediately opposite the public entrance is the staircase which leads to the upper part of the building, which is dedicated to the lodgment of fudder, fowls, fens, and the better class of travellers. The arrangement of the larger class of *posadas* is laid out on the plan of a convent, and is well-calculated to lodge the greatest number of inmates in the smallest space. The ingress and egress are facilitated by a long corridor, into which the doors of the separate rooms, '*aposentas*,' open; these are called *salas*; *cuartos*, however (whence our word 'quarters' may be derived), is the ordinary term. There is seldom any furniture in them; whatever is wanted is to be had of the host, from some lock-up store, *reposteria*. Near the staircase down-stairs, and always in a visible place, is a gibbous jar, *tingja*, of the ancient classical and amphora shape, filled with fresh water; and by it is a tin or copper utensil to take water out with, and often a row of small pipkins made of a red porous clay, which are kept ready filled with water on, or rather in a shelf fixed to the wall, and called '*la tallada, el taller*.' These pots, *alcarrazas*, from the constant evaporation, keep the water extremely cool. They are of various shapes, many, especially in Valencia and Andalusia, being of the unchanged, identical form of those similar clay-drinking vessels discovered at Pompeii. They are the precise *trulla*. Martial (xiv. 106; iv. 46.) speaks both of the colour and material of those made at Saguntum, where they are still prepared in great quantities. They are not unlike the *skool'lehs* of Egypt, which are made of the same materials, and for the same purposes, and represent the ancient Canobic *ovaria*. They are seldom destined to be placed upon the table; their bottoms being pointed and conical, they could not stand upright. This singular form was given to the *vasea futilia*, or cups used at

the sacrifices of Vesta, which would have been defiled had they touched the ground."

Every thing in and about the kitchen is as nearly as may be in the same state it was 2000 years ago.

"The portion of the ground-floor which is divided by the public entrance from the stables, is dedicated to the kitchen and accommodation of the travellers. The kitchen consists of a huge open range, generally on the floor, the pots and culinary vessels being placed against the fire, arranged in circles as described by Martial (xii. 18), '*multa villica quem coronat ollâ*,' who, like a good Spaniard, after thirty-five years of absence at Rome, writes after his return to Spain to his friend Juvenal, a full account of the real comforts that he once more enjoys in his best-beloved *patria*, and which reminds us of the domestic details in the opening chapter of *Don Quixote*. These rows of *ollas* are kept up by brain-like stones called *seas*; above is a wide chimney, which is armed with iron for suspending pots of a large size. Sometimes there are a few stoves of masonry, but more frequently they are only the portable ones called '*anafes*.' Around the blackened walls are arranged pots and pipkins ('*ollas y pucheros*'), grid-irons ('*parillas*'), frying-pans ('*sartenes*'), which hang in rows like tadpoles of all sizes, to accommodate large or small parties, and the more the better; it is a good sign '*en casa llena, pronto se guisa cena*.' At the side of this kitchen is the apartment of the innkeeper, in which he stores away his stock of rice ('*arroz*') chocolate ('*chocolate*'), which is always superexcellent, and the other eatables which form the foundation of the national *cuisins*, which is by no means despicable, and, barring a somewhat too liberal infusion of garlic, which however may be checked, is savoury and Oriental. A '*guisado de liebre*,' or stew of hare, or *de perdices*, of partridges, when well done in a real *venta*; is a dish that might be set before a king."

To pursue this subject a little further, the Spanish hams are still delicious, as they were in the time of the Romans. And I am rejoiced to see

So by magnanimous Achilles driven,
His coursers' solid-boof'd stamp'd as they ran
The shields at once, and bodies of the slain;
Blood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood
From the horse hoofs, and from the felled wheels
His chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
For glory, his unconquerable hands
Defiled with mingled carnage, sweat and dust."—COWPER.

by an advertisement in to-day's *Morning Chronicle* that the exemplary *proceedor* for *gourmets*, Morel of Piccadilly, has imported some of them. The bacon, too—hurrah for bacon! I could eat it in *extremis*—is excellent, and in universal use, first, for its own sake, and secondly, as the consumption of it is a sign of Spanish Christianity, the flesh of the pig being abhorred by Jew and Moor. "*No hay olla sin tocino, ni sermon sin Agustino*," saith the proverb—"There is no olla without bacon, nor a sermon without a quotation from St. Augustine. Various kinds of sausages, too, are admirable, and there is an abundance of fine pulse and other vegetables, as also of eggs. Butchers' meat in Spain, and especially beef, is generally bad: "*Vaca y carnero, olla de caballero*,"—Beef and mutton make a gentleman's olla. It will be recollected our friend Don Quixote was wont to have more beef than mutton in his ollas, and this beef commonly requires a dog's tooth, *diente de perro*, to masticate it. Hares, partridges, and rabbits are constantly offered for sale by the peasantry at the door of the venta. Bread is of the best quality, and this and wine are always to be procured. The Spanish garlic, which is used with well-nigh every dish, is infinitely less pungent and more delicate in flavour than that with which we are acquainted in England. It is mark-worthy, too, that this we cannot well remedy, as Spanish garlic and onions on being transplanted into England degenerate in the third generation, and so become coarse and pungent. And yet a clove of even degenerate *ajo* in the handle of a shoulder of mutton put quivering upon the spit, may be, perhaps, sneezed at, but cannot be despised. The Spaniard says, "*Pan, vino y ajo crudo hacen andar al mozo agudo*,"—Bread, wine, and raw garlic make man go briskly. But as we have seen, there is no necessity for the traveller to rough it on them. To resume Mr. Ford's observations, he says,—

"The live-stock, hens and chickens—*gallinas y pollos*—run about the whole ground-floor, picking up any thing, and ready to be picked up themselves and dressed. All the operations of cookery

and eating, of killing, scousing in boiling water, plucking, &c., all preparatory as well as final, go on in this open kitchen. They are carried on by the ventera and her daughters, or maids, or by some weasen, smoke-dried, cross, old she-mummy, the *tia*, 'my aunt,' who is the subject of the good-humoured remarks of the hungry and conciliatory traveller before dinner, and of his full-stomached jests afterwards. The assembled parties crowd round the fire watching and assisting each at their own savoury meases, '*Un ojo a la sarten, y otro a la gata*,'—One eye to the pan, the other to the cat. And each, when their respective stews are ready, form clusters and groups round the frying-pan, which is moved from the fire hot and smoking, and placed on a low table, or block of wood before them, or the steaming and savoury-smelling contents emptied into a huge earthen reddish dish, the ancient platter '*magnd paropside canat*' (Juv. iii. 142), '*paropside rubra*' (Mart. xi. 27). Chairs are a luxury. The lower classes sit, as in the East, on low stools, and fall too in a most Oriental manner, with a frequent ignorance of forks; they substitute a short wooden or horn spoon, or 'dip' their bread into the dish, or fish up morsels with their long-pointed knives. They eat copiously, but with gravity; with appetite, but no greediness. No nation, as a mass, is better bred or mannered than the lower classes of Spaniards. They are very pressing in their invitations when any eating is going on. No Spaniard, or Spaniards, however humble their class or fare, ever allow any one to come near or pass them when eating without inviting them to partake, '*Guste à usted comer*?—Will you be pleased to dine! No traveller should ever omit to go through, whenever any Spaniards, high or low, come near him when he is eating, especially when doing so out of doors, which often happens in travelling. Nor is it altogether an empty form; all classes consider it a compliment if a stranger, and especially an Englishman, will condescend to share their dinner. In the smaller towns those invited by English will often partake, even the better classes, and those who have already dined. They think it civil, and have no objection to eating any good thing, which is the exception to their ordinary frugal habits. This is quite Arabian. The Spaniards seldom accept the invitation at once; they expect to be pressed by an obsequious host, in order to appear to do gentle violence to their stomachs in order to oblige him. The angels declined Lot's offered hospitalities until they were '*pressed greatly*' (Gen. xix. 3). Traveller: Spain must not forget this still exi

Oriental trait, for if they do not greatly press their offer they are understood as meaning it to be a mere empty compliment. We have known Spaniards who called with the intention of staying dinner, go away, because this ceremony was not gone through according to their punctilious notions, to which our off-hand manners are diametrically opposed. Hospitality in a hungry, innless land becomes, as in the East, a sacred duty. If a man eats all the provender by himself he can expect to have few friends,—‘*Bocado comido no hace amigo.*’ If, however, they do justice to the feast, both in eating and drinking, they amply repay the consumption by the good-fellowship of their conversation and by their local information. Generally speaking, the offer is not accepted; it is always declined with the same courtesy which prompts the invitation,—‘*Muchas gracias, buen provecho le haga a Vmd.*’—Many thanks, much good may it do you (Vmd. or V. is the abbreviation of ‘*vuestra merced*’—your worship, and is the civil form of ‘you’). These customs, both of inviting and declining, tally exactly, and even to the expressions used among the Arabs to this day. Every passer-by is invited by Orientals, ‘*Bismillah ya seedes?*’ which means both a grace and invitation.—In the name of God, sir, i. e. Will you dine with us? or ‘*Tafud dal?*’—Do me the favour to partake of this repast. Those who decline reply, ‘*Heenes an?*’—May it benefit. The supper, which is their principal meal, is seasoned with copious draughts of the wine of the country, which is drunk from whatever jug can be found—a bottle is a rarity; more frequently it is quaffed from the leathern *bota*, with which all travellers should be provided, because a glass bottle may be broken; therefore it is well to note that an earthenware keg is not a *bota*,—‘*Nota que el jarro no es bota.*’ *Nota bene*, that no man who has a *bota* should ever keep it empty, especially when he falls in with good wine:—

‘No vayas sin bota camino
Y quando fueres, no la lleses sin vino.’

“Every man’s Spanish attendant will always find out by instinct where the best wine is to be had; of this they are quite as good judges as of good water. They rarely mix them. It is spoiling two good things. *Vino moro* means wine that has never been baptized, for which the Asturians are infamous—*aguan el agua*. It is a great mistake to suppose that because Spaniards are seldom seen drunk, and because when on a journey they drink much water as their beasts, that they any Oriental dislike to wine. The is, ‘*Agua como buey y vino como Rey.*’ extent of the given quantity of wine

which they will always swallow, rather suggests that their habitual temperance may in some degree be connected more with their poverty than their will. The way to many an honest heart lies through the belly—*aperit præcordia Bacchus*; nor is their Oriental blessing unconnected with some ‘savoury food’ previously administered. Our experience tallies with their proverb that they prefer ‘*curled bad*’ wine to holy water—‘*Mas vale vino maldito que no agua bendita.*’ Good wine needs neither bush, herald, nor crier,—‘*at vino que es bueno no es menester pregonero;*’ and independently of the very obvious reasons which good wine does and ought to afford for its own consumption, the irritating nature of Spanish cookery provides a never-failing inducement. A salt fish, ham and sausage diet, creates thirst: a good rasher of bacon calls loudly for a corresponding long and strong pull at the *bota*,—‘*a torresno de tocino buen golpe de vino.*’ Accordingly after supper the *bota* circulates merrily; cigars are lighted, the rude seats are drawn closer to the fire, stories are told, principally on robber and love subjects, jokes are given and taken, unextinguishable laughter forms the chorus of conversation, especially after good eating or drinking, to which it forms the dessert,—‘*a buen bocado buen grito.*’ In due time songs are sung, a guitar is strummed, ‘*rauguado,*’ dancing is set on foot, the fatigues of the day are forgotten, and the catching sympathy of mirth, extending to all, is prolonged far into the night. Then, one by one, the company drops off. The better classes go up stairs, the humbler and majority make up their bed on the ground near their animals; and, like them, full of food and free from care, they fall instantly asleep in spite of the noise and discomfort by which they are surrounded. To describe the row, baffles the art of pen or pencil. The roars, the dust, the want of every thing but mirth in their low-classed *ventas*, are emblems of the nothingness of Spanish life, which is, indeed, a jest.

Παντα γελως και παντα κοιμς, και παντα το μηδεν.

“There is no undressing or morning toilette; no time or soap is lost by biped or quadruped in the process of grooming or lavation; both carry their wardrobes on their back, and trust to the shower and the sun to cleanse and bleach; all are alike entitled to the epithets bestowed by Strabo (iii. 234) and Justin (xliv. 2) on their Iberian predecessors, who partook of the wild beast. They sleep in their cloaks. ‘Blessed be the man who first invented sleep, it covers one all over like a cloak,’ said Sancho Panza, whose say-

ings and doings represent the truest and most unchanged type of Spaniards of his class. Some substitute the *mantas*, which most Spaniards carry with them on their travels. This is a gay-coloured Oriental-looking striped blanket, or rather plaid; it is the *milayah* of Cairo, the *galmepe* of the Spanish Goth. When riding it is laid across the front of the saddle, when walking it is carried on the left shoulder, hanging in draperies behind and before. This forms the bed and bedding, for they never undress, but lie upon the ground. The ground was the bed of the original Iberians, *χαμαστοι* (Strabo, iii. 233); and the word *cama*, bed, has been read *quasi χαμαί*, on the ground. Isidore thought the term was introduced by the Carthaginians. * * * Their pillows are composed either of their pack-saddles, *albardas*, or of their saddle-bags, *alforjias*. 'No hay talcama, como la de la enjlama.' There is no bed like the saddle-cloth."

All this is graphic in the extreme, and with a most exciting relish of, as it were, revived antiquity. Every thing in the main is, no doubt, as it was in the days of the Romans; that it is so in well-nigh all the details, might probably be established from the works of Strabo, Martial, Athenæus, Silius Italicus, and some more modern authorities. The suggestion of an accurate comparison of the arrangements of a Spanish country venta with that of the Roman inn now uncovered at the entrance of Pompeii, and its exact counterpart the modern "*osteria*," in the same district of Naples, is one which all gentlemen must feel anxious to see carried out by some competent scholar; but, in fact, the objects of classical analogy and antiquarian research in Spain are multitudinous; and I earnestly hope that we may yet see the same energy, industry, and learning, applied to them, which have been so conspicuously displayed in the land of Egypt. Spain, in almost every point of view, presents a most noble field of research for the man and the scholar. Mr. Borrow, on some points, has done a good deal. Mr. Ford has done still more: his *Hand-Book of Spain* is, without comparison or approach, the best hand-book of any country for all classes of travellers that was ever yet published; and it has other high and peculiar merits—it is most entertaining as well as most instructive. The

composition, generally speaking, is excellent, the descriptions of life animate and inanimate, vivid and fascinating. The narrative, easy and genial. Deep thought and deep learning are constantly produced at need, but never obtruded; and there is throughout a heartiness of tone which could issue only from a cheerful, good-humoured, courteous, gentle, bold, and manly breast, that is quite delightful. Since I first read, in my childhood, the works of Abyssinian Bruce, no traveller has taken me with him so completely in the spirit as Ford. He is exactly the sort of fellow I would rejoice in as a travelling companion, and especially in Spain or amongst the North American Indians, or in some of the little explored regions of the far East. I made my own (spiritual) acquaintance with him last long vacation, under circumstances favourable to a lasting friendship. I was myself a traveller in a region in which it was necessary to have recourse to the use of your own feet or a horse's; and, from "morn till dewy eve," I was in the free breeze of a most picturesque range of hilly country on horseback, where I could ride, and on foot when, for the time being, it answered my purpose best to walk. At nightfall I put up in some village inn, where the accommodation, so far as eatables and drinkables were concerned, was a vast deal worse than in any decent Spanish venta. Here I dined heartily on very indifferent specimens of bacon and cheese, aided, however, by good eggs and good bread, and washed them down, as it might be, with bad ale or worse cider (for there was no wine nor any spirituous liquor to be had, and, fool as I was, I had no *bota* to carry the one, nor any flask to convey the other, to supply the want). I, however, lit my cigar, and took my place merrily in the common room with mine host and the neighbouring miners and farmers, and, in their rough company, had the satisfaction not only of laughing gaily, but of learning much that was useful to me then, and may be, I trust, more so hereafter. This primitive party broke up at an early hour, I betook myself to my room (where the arrangements *cama*, however, were unexce

able), and pulled Ford's *Hand-Book* out of my *alforjas*, and, in spite of weariness, held charmed converse with it until the demands of Death's twin-brother, Sleep the filmy-eyed, became imperative. In thus reading the book one felt as though he was conversing on themes of surpassing interest, with a companion endowed

"With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

You felt that there was no affectation, no hypocrisy, no base, mean, and vulgar prejudices about him; no humbug, no snobbery, no *cliquerie*; you were with an independent author, and not with a *littérateur* of a league. In his frank, manly narrative, you saw that there was no straining after effect, no contorted phraseology, no preposterous similes redolent of the lamps and sawdust of Astley's Circus, or drawn from the fetid atmosphere and the things and characters that appear in it behind the scenes of some minor theatre, where Cockneys do congregate in front of the green curtain, and amateurs half-crazed with personal vanity and presumptuous ignorance, behind. You perceive, too, that in Ford's book there is never the slightest depreciatory touch of a Smellfungus; nothing of the mere travelled *derisor* — the most despicable buffoon of human kind; none of those lamentations about hardships and discomforts, which no man of manly feeling would make; none of those allusions to the luxuries, splendour, pomps, &c. &c.; not forgetting the towels, and such-like curiosities of literaturalitism, which the traveller had left behind him in his house in London; allusions which no man to whom this magnificence was not new and strange, and, in fact, as uneasy as, except from Fortune's jesting caprice, it would have been unknown in the way of toilette, would have dreamed of making. But Spain is no land for Cockneys errant in the philosophic and melodramatic line of the book-making business. Nor is it a country to attract the mere idler and pleasure-seeker.

"Spain," says Ford, "is not a land of fleshly comforts, or of social sensual civilisation. Oh, *dura tellus Iberia!*" God sends there meat, and the Evil One

cooks: there are more altars than kitchens, *des milliers de prêtres et pas un cuisinier!* Life in the country is a Bedouin Oriental existence. The inland unfrequented towns are dull and poverty-stricken. Madrid itself is but a drear and second-rate inhospitable city. The maritime sea-ports, as in the East, from being more frequented by the foreigner, are more cosmopolitan, more cheerful and amusing. Generally speaking, as in the East, public amusements are rare. The calm contemplation of a cigar, and a *dolce far niente siestase* — quiet indolence, with unexciting twaddle, suffice; while to some nations it is a pain to be out of pleasure, to the Spaniard it is a pleasure to be out of painful exertion [here is the key to the Spanish character and to that of all the cognate Celts. — M.R.]. Leave me, leave me to repose and tobacco. When, however, awake, the *alameda* or church-show, and the bull-fight, are the chief relaxations. These, however, will be best enjoyed in the southern provinces, the land also of the song and dance, of bright suns and eyes, and not the largest female feet in the world."

Such is Spain; but the last remark suggests to me a *great* fact, on which Ford does not so much insist as all the other men I have met who knew Spain well were wont to do; and that is, that the chief and real business of the population, high and low, rich and poor, and the only business that is carried on with any zeal and resolute industry and devotion, is making love. It is not, of course, every traveller who is qualified to take his part in this popular amusement, or would care to run the risks and dangers with which it bristles. And for this, amongst other reasons, Spain is only a land to be travelled "through" by the *cavallero*. He who can use his weapons, and ride his horse, and strum his guitar, and woo in pure Castilian, and cheerfully encounter all hardships, and privations, and dangers, will not fail to make himself very happy in the Spains; and if he be also, like Borrow and Ford, a scholar and a man of lofty thoughts and inspirations, with the good and graceful power to give them utterance, he may make multitudes happy, as these gentlemen, by their works, have oftentimes and for hours made me.

It will be seen that in this paper, long as it is, I have hardly entered on the subject.

MILLY L—.

A TALE OF FACT IN HUMBLE LIFE.

It does occasionally happen in the unheeded vales of life that a tissue of facts, outdoing the creation of the novelist, makes up the web of a real history. Cottage life sometimes offers a moving story, or might do so if the thick veil were drawn aside which hangs around the rich and conceals from them the histories, and the doings, and the passions of the poor and lowly. When some such romance of real life has its scene in the cottage, the work-room, the small farm-house, or even, unromantic as it may sound, behind the counter, unknown and unheeded though it be, it usually contains within itself deep and sacred interest, because the inward feelings which conspire with outward circumstances to beget it are simple, real, undressed, and of soul-stirring intensity.

Amongst the well-born, education and the etiquettes of society restrain much that is native and induce still more that is artificial. They disguise and half change the nature and chill the soul. It is in humble life that there is no semblance assumed, that all is reality; that passions, both good and evil, glow in unrepressed fervour; that words represent feelings, and that the emotion goes beyond the power to express it in language.

It is a tale of life other than their own that we are about to unfold to the inmates of the saloon.

Milly L— is withered now; she is travelling down the hill, and with no "John Anderson" at her side. As you look into her face you see that sorrow has worked there; but it is a sweet and beaming face still,—it speaks of patient, unrepining, cheerful endurance, the fortitude of the undistinguished.

Milly's father was a very small farmer, living by the sweat of his own brow and honestly paying his rent the very day on which it fell due, though it was at the cost of sharp privation sometimes that he managed to do so. He had only two children, and there was an interval of ten years between them. His

eldest daughter went, when about fourteen years old, to supply for a time, as best she might, the place of Lady C—'s maid, who had fallen sick of a rheumatic fever. Mary had a facetious manner, a facile temper, and aptitude to learn. She so well pleased Lady C— that on the recovery of the maid she was still retained, and by degrees crept on in favour, till at length Lady C—, having first had her taught some things that would enable her to pass in a station above that of her birth, elevated her to the post of her companion. She treated her with tenderness, and when, some years later she died, left her 500*l.* a-year for life. The heir to the remaining property, being at once vexed with the annual deduction from his own income and pleased with the girl, compromised the point by marrying her.

Mary had been fortunate, but it is a question whether she was happy. She had no heart. Our tale abides with Milly. *She* was her widowed father's darling. He was sixty years old when she was born to him, and her mother died in childbed. A neighbour nursed her for the first ten months, and then the little thing was left to his sole care. Never had child been more gently tended. The old man sunned himself in her fondness. She gambolled about him, received his caresses and caressed him again, and knew as much light-heartedness and infant joy as if she had been born the daughter of a palace. Her sister had left her father's house when she was four years old; then, as she grew older, and his hairs whitened, and his back gradually bent, she in turn became the nurse, and he received the care which he had bestowed; and when she left him for a few hours of the day to attend a school in the neighbouring town (for which her sister found the funds) he waited with fond anxiety for her return, and the sympathy between the old man and the young girl was as perfect as if no chasm of years had intervened.

But the day came when she must

D D

lose him; then was Milly's first sorrow. The allotted threescore years and ten of human life had indeed run out with him, and five years more had been added to their number; but he was a healthy man, and promised fair to live to the full limit of the days of man, when a sudden illness snatched him from her.

She nursed him fondly, and till the last breath he drew, hope never left her. If a tear crept into her eye she dried it hastily, for she remembered that the doctor had said, "You must be cheerful, Milly, for *his* sake." But when she stood by the bedside and gazed upon the corpse she felt that now all that made life happy and dear to her was taken from her, and she wished to die too. Then in frantic grief she called upon the doctor to say if it might not be a swoon or a trance.

"It is but a swoon," she said. "Surely the breath is not really gone; he is not dead—he is not dead. Try something more. Tell *me* what to do. Oh, do not stand idle, or it will be truth! You can save my father to me still."

But it was truth, indeed. Milly was taken from the room and put into her bed; her reason seemed to reel. In the madness of her agony she strove to disbelieve. She sobbed, and wept, and called upon her father; and now reproached, and now implored the doctor. At length exhausted nature sunk, and she slept that long heavy sleep which succeeds to the violence of grief; and then came the waking time, and with it the knowledge of the truth—the sense of utter desolation, and loneliness, and woe.

Who have known the waking after the first deep, real sorrow of life? They only can tell the anguish that that moment of recollection and realisation brings.

Poor Milly, she sought to close her eyes again, and annihilate her thoughts, and crush down busy memory; but it was in vain. Thought and memory were too powerful for her, and grief would have its sway. To grief succeeded torpor, and to torpor grief, till the funeral was over, and several weeks had passed away, and Mary had returned to her own home (the tidings of her father's illness had brought her to

him, and she had arrived the day before his death), and Milly found herself in the little dwelling of a maiden aunt who lived in the village hard by.

That aunt,—bless her worthy soul!—she helped all the neighbours round in their sorrows; she was like the ministering angel of that village. She waited no requests; but where she could soothe or aid there she was sure to be. She was, indeed, a kind and good-hearted woman. When things went smoothly a little acid was apt to ooze from her temper, and distilling in her words, to be sprinkled on those around her; but when suffering or sorrow came, oh! how tender was she then.

She had flown to her brother's sick-bed and helped Milly to nurse him. The dying father, when he felt himself going, had called her to him, and said,—

"Martha, my girl will soon be left, for I shall not get over this. Take her when I am gone; it is the last thing I shall ask of ye, and do the best you can for her, and give her no hard words, for she's never had the like of them from me; and be ye good to the fatherless. God will bless ye for it. There'll be a few pounds of mine left when all is sold up, and my burial and the rent is paid; and maybe Mary'll think to help her poor sister a bit. But, any way, ye'll be no worse in the other world because ye've stinted yourself something in this that ye might help along the orphan. A good girl she is too, Milly. She'll pay you back with her love more than you can do for her."

Probably, Mrs. Martha might have needed no asking; sure it is that, being asked, she promised, and kept her word.

For a time she was hurt that Milly looked coldly upon her, and that her heart seemed buried in the grave with her father, for her eyes would often be filled with tears; her spirits and gladness were gone. She talked very little, and never sang (in her father's days she had talked and sung from sunrise to resting-time). But though the aunt was hurt at all this, she did what in her power lay to make the poor orphan a second happy home.

Milly was not ungrateful; she felt

that her aunt was both kind and forbearing, and time brought to her that relief which it always does bring even to the sorest sorrows. It cannot be said that she ceased to mourn, but her grief was more under control and found its seasons of respite, and she awoke by degrees to the cares and duties, and even to the pleasures, which were daily scattered round her. Her heart was open to new affections, and it was claimed by new affections. Her aunt grew very fond of her, and as her gaiety by slow degrees returned, a youth, who had long thought of her with partiality, had watched her gentle duty to her father, and pitied her sorrow for his loss, now came from time to time to her aunt's little dwelling, first on one plea and then on another, till at length all pleas were dropped, and John S—— came without excuse, but always welcome. Sometimes he brought a few fresh eggs from his mother's little farm, sometimes a bunch of flowers that he had gathered by the stream, and sometimes a little basket of mushrooms to make the old lady and her niece a savoury supper. One evening when he had been taking tea at Mrs. Martha's he invited Milly to have a little stroll with him, and she did not refuse. The sun was setting beautifully; the air was sweet and still, it was fragrant from the new-cut hay. It was the beginning of hay season, and the wild roses and vetches were in blossom.

They strolled along and enjoyed the beauties round them, and sniffed the scented air. These things can delight the lowly of the earth as richly as Fortune's children; they are the enjoyments which God has given indiscriminately to all; they cheer old age, and gladden laughing childhood, and smile upon poverty, sending a stealing sense of joy, though it be but fleeting, into the heart even of the poor destitute. And after all that wealth can purchase, it is to these that its possessors must come at last for their highest, purest pleasures.

John and Milly were luxuriating in the fragrance and beauty spread around them. Each enjoyed the scene more deeply because each was enjoying it with the other. They sat down upon a little bank and

looked upon each other, and listened to the rural sounds. Perhaps if the soft sweet notes of the birds, and the cheerful chirp of the grasshoppers, and the bubbling of the stream, had been exchanged for the rough, rude sounds of a busy city, those sounds might still have seemed music to their ears, for they were happy; there was magic in their souls, casting its spell upon all around. They had wandered far, and it was growing late; but with them there seemed no distance and no time. They were so happy, they were conscious only of the sensations within themselves.

At length John looked earnestly into Milly's face and said, "England's a fine country, Milly."

"That it is, John," said she; "and I'm glad our lot's cast in it. What a pleasant thing it is when one's done the duties of the day to turn out for such an evening as this!"

"Yes, and you here Milly," said he; "and that's what makes it so pleasant to me. I'm so happy now, I've almost forgotten what life was like before I knew you."

Milly's heart beat fast. He took her hand passionately and went on.

"I'm so happy now, dear Milly. I think of you by day and dream of you by night; but things can't go on always like this, you know" (Milly gasped—she had not known it). "Indeed, I suppose we should neither of us be content that they should; and if it were not for what's before us, Milly dear, I should have taken courage to tell you long ago how I loved you; but I couldn't find heart."

Milly felt sick, very sick. She had been happy in the present and had not thought of the future. She did not understand John; she could not speak; she was about to draw away her hand. He held it, and went on:—

"No, Milly, leave it with me," and he pressed it more tightly, "and hear me on, for I've more to say to you yet. Now I have got courage to begin, I'll out with it and free my mind, and see what's to be. England is a very fine country, there's no denying that."

Milly was all wonder; still throb, throb, throb, went her swelling heart. John continued:—

"But there's other fine countries

besides England. They tell me that America is every bit as fair a land to look upon as this, and a deal better to live in, for a poor man may make his fortune there (which is a thing, God knows, he can't do here; the rich keep it pretty close in their pockets, that same). Bless *them*, too, I don't mean no ill to them. They or their fathers worked for it like we once, and it's fair and right they should enjoy it when they've made it; and there's but a few of 'em that don't warm their hearts to folk not so well off as themselves when they come in the way of 'em. But, however, let alone the rich and bless 'em. To come to the short of it, Milly, a poor man lives poor to the end of his days in England; it's harder for a poor fellow to work his way up now, let him strive as he may, than it was when the country was not stodged up with people, like rabbits in a warren, that can't get enough to live on. My brothers have been advising me to go to America for a year past and more; for you see they two is older than me, and they are more than enough for the farm and to take care of mother. I had an uncle; he went over there sixteen years ago and made his fortune; he lived like the best, and when he died two years ago he left his wife and family well to do after him. And the end of it all is, that I don't suppose I could do a better thing than go there myself. But, for the life of me! I can't go alone, Milly."

And now he grasped her other hand and looked earnestly and imploringly into her face; and her look met his, and then it turned aside, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks and chased each other rapidly as he went on:—

"For I love you, Milly; with all my soul I love you. There's no woman on earth that'll make me happy but you, and no happiness left for me but with you; and as to going off to America without you, I'd go to my death as soon."

"Oh! John, dear John," she murmured, faintly.

An impulse moved him, he could not cease to speak. He went on:—

"And yet it's only for your sake that I want to go there,—to make something comfortable to keep you on. And if you'll give me the

word, Milly, that you'll be my wife, I'll go where hope's the brightest, and labour hard indeed to support you decently and well. What will you say to me? Be mine, be mine, Milly, and you shall never repent it, for I'll be a true husband to you and a fond one, and never love you less than this day. Nay, more and more close I'll cleave to you till the dark days come when the grave parts us."

He paused, and his very soul looked through his eyes into her face.

She was covered with smiles, and tears, and blushes; she tried to look at him and tried to speak to him; but her voice was choked, the tears gushed faster and faster, and she could neither see nor utter. Angry with the drops, which she deemed all ill-timed, she dashed them away, but again and again they came. He caressed her and said,—

"I took ye a little too sudden, Milly; but I'm not a rough heart for all that. Ye see, when a man's got his courage once up, and his hopes hang all on a thread like, he should get pardon if he's something too hasty to make all sure. Take time, and cheer, and speak, when you can, for it's a deal to me that's in your answer—a deal, a deal it is."

No affected emotion had been Milly's; no affectation artificially increased or prolonged it. She was a creature of simple reality—Nature's true child. She made effort to regain her self-possession, and then she said,—

"John, dear John, you would have made me so, so happy if you had said all this without talking of America. If you had been for staying at home, John, I'm sure I should have said 'yes' in a minute, and thanked you for your love, which I do any way, for I'm not an ungrateful girl; but thinking of that far-off land, John, makes me down-hearted. To go and leave my aunt in her old age, who has been so good to me, and my father's grave, it is hard to think of that, John. And then there is my sister, though she is a bit fine, and not very hearty to me, and we do not meet often, yet she is my sister still, and the nearest kin I have. And then who knows what might happen to us both in that strange country, and the wide sea

between us and home, and not a friend to speak cheer to us, nor a heart to warm to us? Could you not stay in England, John?"

John answered fondly that he could do any thing rather than lose Milly; but that he did not know how he was to get his bread in England, and he hoped to make her a better fortune "over yonder."

"Well," said Milly, "then we must talk to my aunt about it and write to my sister and hear what they say."

Then John asked her "What it could be to her whether other faces smiled upon her and other hearts warmed towards her while he was there to love and cherish her?" And Milly was almost ready to think that he would be all in all to her, and that it mattered little to her whether she found friends in the rest of the world or not, or whether there existed a world at all beyond their little home. Then again her thoughts flew back to her sister, and her aunt, and her father's grave. In this state of mind they walked home, and John, "whose courage," as he said, "was up," and his impatience great, resolved, now that he had once broached the subject, to push it through, and therefore immediately opened it with Mrs. Martha.

The good lady at first was cross—she was taken by surprise. It mattered not that she had little cause to be surprised, she *was* surprised.

"What had such a boy and girl as they to do with such matters? Milly'd do better to nurse her doll and learn her book. She did not think she'd been so foolish; no, nor so thankless neither, to be in such a hurry to fly from her." The good lady was growing tender. "She did not know how she should live without her niece, or who would close her eyes." She wept, her affections were warming fast. "Then to think of Milly wasting herself in a land so far away, without a friendly face to look upon; Milly, that had received an education that would fit her to stay in the old land and hold a better place than her equals; and then she to part with the bonny lass to see her never again!" she both sobbed and scolded, and scolded and sobbed.

But when the fit had subsided a little, and John was taking his leave,

she said, affectionately and knowingly, "Well, however it goes, John, I like thee never the worse that thou hast known how to prize a good girl when thou hadst found her; but we must think over the matter, and write to Milly's sister about it."

So the sister was written to; but the sister was unpropitious, was hostile, her own rise in the world had been great; she was not troubled with any large portion of sentiment; and the chief end to be sought, she deemed to be the improvement of condition. To do her justice, she wished her sister's weal; she protested strenuously and effectively against the match; and by doing so, she turned the wavering balance in the aunt's mind also.

Milly's father had, upon his death-bed, said to her, "My child, you are young, and know but little of life; when I am gone, consult your aunt and your sister, and be led by their counsel." These words were often afresh in her ears, she seemed to see again the pale form of the dying man, and the look of love which was on his face when he spoke them: if she had heard them anew in a voice direct from heaven, they could not have been more sacred to her.

So John S— was refused; and two true hearts sighed because those who stood by calculated for them in another arithmetic than the arithmetic of love.

Poor Milly! she shed many a secret tear as she thought what a kind, fond heart she had thrown from her; and she wondered how he, too, bore his grief.

But her rich sister was not supine; she persuaded Aunt Martha that it would be well that Milly should be for a time away from the village; that it would be well also that she should learn a business on which she might hereafter depend for her support. Mrs. Martha gave a most reluctant consent to a plan which would thus take from her a niece whom she fondly loved; but the consent *was given*, that was enough for Mary, who immediately proceeded to make an arrangement with Madame M—, the first milliner and dress-maker of the fashionable county town of G—.

By this arrangement it was agreed that Madame M— should receive

Milly for a year, and teach her the business; that she should board her at her own table, and allow her to pass her evenings with herself, never requiring her to do work after six o'clock in the afternoon, for which advantages Mary paid down at once the sum of 50*l.*; she further promised to her sister that if at the expiration of the year she should desire to begin business upon her own account, she would again advance any sum in reason to set her up in it.

All this was kind; Milly felt it so, and she submitted with the best grace, and the utmost possible concealment of feeling, to the blow which had been inflicted upon her heart.

She went to Madame M——'s, and, as she learned rapidly, and was of a sweet and obliging temper, she soon gained the good-will of that lady, notwithstanding that she looked pale and was sometimes caught in the fact of shedding tears. These circumstances did a little depreciate from her merit, for they made Madame M—— (who was a truly kind woman) uncomfortable and anxious; and when she was uncomfortable and anxious, she was very apt to be somewhat irritable also.

Still Milly grew in her favour, good-will strengthened into affection, and Milly became soon quite dear to her principal. She passed her evenings with her; often cheered her with a little music (for Milly's education had embraced a modest attempt at that accomplishment); she read to her, or played with her children.

So things went on. Milly could not but attach all about her; her winning and unselfish disposition made her a most valuable inmate. She grew happy to find herself beloved, and she had satisfaction in the consciousness that she was improving in her knowledge of a business which would hereafter procure her a comfortable, perhaps a luxurious livelihood. She still thought upon poor John, but the tears that his memory brought were now less frequent and never witnessed. In the secret of her bedroom she would still sometime passionately weep; but even then she would remember her sister's cornful words, "Would you throw your lot, Milly, with a tramping man who has not a shilling in his pockets; it must go and dig the fields or

break the stones in America, because he can find nothing to do here? I wish you better luck than that at the worst that can fall to you! No, no! stay by your old friends, and your tried friends, and aunt and I will help you on one way or another."

Now, had not her sister already in some sort made good her words? Then time, with this second sorrow as with her first, was working its effects. Time can soothe, and can harden, too. Poetry may deny that it has power to heal deep wounds, or to weaken deep affections, or to render callous where the soul was all alive, but truth and fact tell other tales. Certain it is that, as week by week passed away, Milly thought with less acuteness of grief of the love which had been torn from her. Possibly she drew a mental picture of some strange, savage, uncleared ground in the back settlements, with a log dwelling, enshrining herself, her late lover, tools, bacon, and smoke; and contrasted that picture with her actual circumstances, living as she was, surrounded with many of the comforts of life; she might glance at the snug little parlour in which she passed her evenings, with its carpet, and sofa, and mirror, and pictures; she might think of the decent meals decently served, and the cheerful faces which so often peeped in upon them; she might, too, have added to the former picture the thought of a day of languishing when no doctor and no neighbour should be near, and not the fondest kindness of the most tender husband could minister to her needs.

Doubtless such matters were not unthought of; whether this mental contrast had or not its effects, we need not inquire. Then her father's grave, and the two living ties which bound her to her land were present to her mind; and if she still remembered John with tenderness, she became by degrees at least reconciled to the step which she had been induced to take.

Thus things were with Milly when, one evening, Madame M—— gave a party. Amongst the guests there was a Mr. P——, the fashionable shoe and boot-maker of the town, who engrossed all the genteel custom

for many miles around, and employed eighteen men at constant work. He was not young, but he was handsome, and a great bean; and, being a rich and flourishing bachelor, was a person of weighty consideration amongst the daughters of the chief shopkeepers of the place, whose parents sought to do him honour: disinterested attempt!

Then there was a widow lady, who had retired on the proceeds of a lucrative business which her husband had carried on as a chemist. She had long kept her eye on Mr. P—— (she was in the second year of her widowhood; she had begun, poor disconsolate! to feel that she must relieve the desolation of her solitude when her affliction dated three months old); she had made cautious advances to Mr. P——, such advances as she hoped might escape further observation than that of the individual whom they were intended to invite. In fact, *many* advances were made towards him from *many* quarters; but he had hitherto stood proof, and kept his own counsel or his own heart.

The ladies, somewhat exasperated, marvelled to find him invulnerable. Surely he was a strange man; for it *was* strange that a man so rich and so eligible as he, should appear to have no thought of matrimony! Would he live and die a lorn bachelor? Well, so he might, if that suited his fancy; so he might, for what they cared. But it was rather provoking that he was so polite; that in the beginning of an acquaintance you might fancy him smitten with yourself; and then when time disabused you of that flattering idea, he was still so polite that he would allow nobody a plea to quarrel with him.

On the night of which we speak, however, the watchful Mr. P—— seemed thrown off his guard. He had not before seen Milly. He long looked at her from across the room; then he placed himself by her; he talked with her, and listened to her, and asked her to play; and when she played, he said he had never before heard such music, no, not in the concerts of G—— or of London (for Mr. P—— had commenced business in that great city). He never left her side; in fact, he *was* fascinated. He had defied plots

and thwarted schemers; but the artless girl, free from design, whose thoughts had never till that evening wandered from John S——, for whom there had seemed, so far as affection was concerned, to exist no other man than him and her deceased parent; she, all simple as she was, had cast her spell upon him; and it bound him fast, so fast that his secret consciousness of an unhappy fact with the whispers of prudence and of danger which it inspired, could not break it.

Fairies and witches may, in modern days, have lost their power; but it should seem that the spells which fancy casts are still as strong as those which they once threw. The rich widow, and the expectant parents, and the several daughters of the several prospering firms, felt themselves baffled; and, seeing that all hope was over, retreated from the ground. But what was to Milly the advantage she had gained? *Was* it, indeed, an advantage? Of the fact that she *had* captivated the admiration of the fashionable shoemaker of G——, she could not but be conscious; but what was that to her? Had she not loved and wept for John; and, when prevented from uniting her lot to his, had she not felt that her heart was dead to every other affection? Had she not cherished a vague secret hope, that the day might come when John, a rich and thriving man, returned with his fortune in his hand, might once again claim her for his own; and, being rich and prosperous, find no opposition from her eldest sister? She had a shrewd consciousness that John, rich and prosperous, *would* find no opposition from that quarter. But air-built castles crumble down when set in contrast with the vivid interest of present circumstances, and old affections weaken under the exciting fervour of new emotions.

Let no reader exclaim, "Fickle, faithless girl!" when we tell that Milly did not contemplate, without a secret satisfaction, the conquest that she had made; for, readers, the same elements which composed her nature exist in yours also. Still, if she felt satisfaction, it was vague; it brought no purpose, and stimulated no wish. If Milly at that moment had been asked to marry Mr. P——, it

bable that she would have refused, and that the proposal and refusal would have served to call into renewed vigour her tenderness for John S—. The experiment was not tried.

The next morning Mr. P— called on Madame M—. She took him into her own private work-room; he sat long talking with her and with Milly, who was her companion there. He talked of much that he had seen, of life in London, of his run down to the lakes in the summer (to complete the pleasure of which, a companion only had been wanting to him); of the mountains and the water-falls, and the lake-trout; and when at last he went, after having spent the morning in that little work-room, Milly's heart fluttered. She thought he was an agreeable man; she thought also it was pleasant to be rich.

"Well," said Madame M—, who had looked at her good-naturedly for the last few minutes, whilst Milly, unconscious of the gaze, had been lost in her own contemplations, "well, what are you thinking of, Milly?"

Milly blushed.

"I—I—I wonder whether this will fit the dress, Madame M—?" said she, holding up the cape which she was trimming.

"Ah, yes, it will fit!" said that lady, with a smile. "Well, well, I will not trouble you to tell me your thoughts; but I'll tell you mine, Milly. 'Tis clear you have made your fortune, and a lucky girl you are; you came to me to learn a business, and besides the bargain I have found for you a husband; and I am right glad for you, Milly, for he is a worthy man, and bears an excellent name, as well as being rich!"

"Oh, nonsense, Madame M—! I have only seen him twice. Pray, pray, do not talk in that way; I beg you not! He has, it seems, taken a little fancy to me, but it will wear off again. He knows that I am a poor girl, not suited to him."

"My dear Milly, be careful; see how you are crumpling that cape. There, now, put your work down a little. Here, let me smooth it; that will do. No, do not take it again just yet; you forget what you are doing with your fingers. Well, well,

my dear, you do right not to be too certain; but I see how it will be, and I thank Heaven for sending the poor orphan to me, if it was to end in such a turn of fortune as this!" and Madame M— laughed in her delight and kissed her heartily, and laughed again, and promised to say nothing more about the matter.

From that time Mr. P— became a frequent visitor at the milliner's; usually in the evening, but sometimes in the morning also. He was well dressed and handsome, had much to say, and had a particular delight in addressing himself to Milly and hearing her replies.

Now, as he sat in eager listening for her voice, and she felt herself admired and loved, is it, reader, very marvellous that pleasure stole into her soul, and that the image and the memory of John were fading fast before the constant presence of her new and ardent lover?

One morning Mr. P— betook himself to the street. He came in sight of the millinery establishment, and there he loitered. Now and then he cast a furtive glance in that direction; he put on the air of a man who was waiting in expectation of a person who did not arrive. What was he loitering there for?

It was Saturday. He knew it was a habit with Madame M—, when her home employment was not so pressing as to prevent it, to go on that morning to the school where her children daily attended, to hear them pass through their little weekly examination. Did he desire to hear it also? Was he waiting to sue for that favour? It seemed not; for as soon as he had seen Madame M— leave her door and fairly turn the other corner, he advanced to the very door from which she had issued, and knocked himself. If there had been a prying listener just within him, that listener might have heard him say to himself, "Lucky thing that there's not enough work to keep her at home to-day; I should have grumbled to lose my second watch. Now, children, stammer and bungle, and take double time, and sugar-plums to the slowest amongst you!" However, when the door was opened, Mr. P— said, "Madame M— at home?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Unfortunate! but I will leave a message for her with Miss L——. Miss L—— at home?"

"Yes, sir; would you please to walk in?"

When Milly heard that Mr. P—— desired to see her, and was waiting with that object in the parlour, she felt a palpitation under her chest-bone; moreover, the blood rushed quickly to her cheeks and temples, and, giving one glance into the work-room glass, she saw that she must wait a few minutes before it would be expedient to descend. In those few minutes she had time to ask herself, fifty times at least, "What does he want? Why does he ask for me?" Something within whispered an uncertain coy reply; yet that inward voice seemed to please her, for it brought a smile. She went down. Mr. P—— accosted her:—

"I have taken the liberty, Miss L——, to ask to see you, in order that I might leave a little message with you for Madame M——. Will you please to convey it for me?"

"Oh, indeed! that is all," thought Milly; "how vain and foolish I have been!"

She listened to his charge, which concerned a poor woman, about whom both he and Madame M—— had taken interest, and promised to deliver it. But that was not all. He went on:—

"Will you, my dear Miss L——, allow me the opportunity which finding you alone affords me, and for which I bless my luck, to speak to you on a matter which deeply concerns myself? I need not tell you the tale of my love; you must long have known that I love you passionately. A few words must tell you what I have to say. I am too much in earnest and too anxious to lengthen out my speech. In short, then, I desire you to be mine; I love you to such a point that I can no longer live without you. Will you bless my wishes and be my wife?"

He looked deadly pale, his knees were trembling, and his voice trembled: his manner was wild. Oh, Milly! unsuspecting, innocent Milly! had you known a little more of life and man, you might have seen something like a determination to brave a desperate venture in that strange perturbation; a salutary doubt might

have arisen to save you; but no, no ill-surmisings troubled your confiding heart; you saw only in these things proofs of your lover's fondness, and you faltered your reply, that you "would consult your sister and your aunt, without whom you could not act."

"But will you not give me one word, Miss L——, one word only that may tell me what your own heart says? Are you to be quite ruled by others in your most personal affairs? Have you no will, no choice for yourself? I will make you a kind husband, indeed; and as to comforts, I can give you not much less of them than a lord gives his lady; for I am rich, as you know, and my business is increasing every year. I have establishments in three towns besides this, and here, you know, I keep eighteen men at constant work."

Milly saw the dazzling prospect held out; she felt the charm of having a man whom she deemed her superior at her feet; the faint thought of John S—— was banished by the question, "Am I always to live single because I was prevented from marrying him?" and she spoke the truth when she answered,—

"If I were to act upon my own wish without consulting my friends, I should accept your proposal, Mr. P——. I gratefully thank you for it; but I received my dying father's charge to take no step like this without consulting my sister and my aunt. You will then, I am sure, consent that I should do so?"

Mr. P—— could hardly stammer out his thanks to her for that expression of her own wish; his paleness had been exchanged for flush, and that had died away into a livid blue; the cold sweat stood upon his brow, and he had sense of suffocation. Milly saw that he was ill, and in perplexity and alarm was doubting how to act when he relieved her.

"The air," he said, "will revive me. I am a little faint;" and he abruptly cut short the interview and retired.

For some moments, however, after he reached the external air, he did not feel himself revived, a mist hurried before his eyes, his head swam round; he leaned against the house or

would have fallen. Gradually these sensations decreased; and as he began to recollect where he was, and what he had been doing, he looked around to see if he had been observed: it seemed not; for all the passers up and down were intent each upon his separate affairs, and no one was near him. He struck his clenched fist upon his brow. "There is judgment in it," he muttered to himself, "there is judgment following it—dare I carry it through? And why should I? Fool or madman that I am, to thrust my own neck into the net, and all for a penniless girl with a pretty face! But I will write to her and say, that I did not offer to her aunt and sister; and as it is by them that I am to be accepted or refused, I will decline the bargain."

For an hour or two he kept in that resolution, but it was vain; the purpose faded before it had been fully formed; and the haunting ghost that had troubled his memory was driven forth by mad, intoxicating delight. That evening, too, he drank to intoxication; not in the exciting guest-room, but in his own quiet parlour, deliberately, and slowly, and with the purpose to banish thought.

When Milly found herself alone after his abrupt departure, and reflected on the scene that had passed, the crisis and turning point, as it seemed to her, in her little history, the circumstance which determined and opened to her knowledge its future, she was neither elated nor happy—a sinking of heart, indeed, came upon her. Yet she was satisfied, it had happened to her according to her wish; ambition was at work within her. Ambition is a craving passion; if it be not early crushed—absolutely crushed in the breast in which it springs, it will demand its gratification, though it be at the cost of happiness. Milly would not have the case other than it was.

Strange, she thought, that now of all times John S— should stubbornly dwell upon her mind, and that every little circumstance that happened on that summer night, when he declared to her his love, would come crowding on her memory with vividness which made the whole scene pass again within her. She could wish that she had never known him; but his affair was

settled long since, and her sister had done right. Was she then always to remain single because she had been prevented from marrying him? Surely not. And what a provision for a poor orphan was that which had opened before her! Yes, she was contented, gratified: contented and gratified, but not happy.

Madame M— returned. Milly told her what had passed.

"You are a lucky girl, indeed," said that warm-hearted lady. "God bless you! who would have thought it? Dear me, I am so glad—so glad my child;" and she kissed her, and chuckled, and kissed her again; and to see her face irradiated with pleasure, one might have fairly supposed that it was herself who had received a most satisfactory proposal, or that she had just received the tidings of a fortune left to her, or that some high honour had fallen upon her, or that some important and long-laid plan had just met complete success.

They chatted for some time over the affair, and then both sat down to write to Milly's aunt and sister. Milly, to state the case, and seek their consent; and Madame M—, to assure them that Milly's representations were not made *couleur de rose*, but that Mr. P—, as a man of high respectability of character and of assured wealth, would make a most eligible partner for the orphan.

Mrs. Martha and her elder niece communicated together on the receipt of these letters, and then wrote to congratulate Milly and to express their hearty approbation of her marriage with Mr. P—; they wrote also, to thank Madame M— for the kind part which she had taken in the affair.

Milly's spirits rose; and save that Mrs. Martha, in the midst of her satisfaction, was somewhat irritated at the thought of losing her niece, the darling of her old age, all parties were in high good-humour with each other. Mr. P— was to be formally accepted, and Madame M— wrote a little note on pink paper, fragrant of verbena, to request him to pass that evening at her house.

He came. A *tête-à-tête* with Milly settled the affair, and the evening passed with hilarity and joy.

Madame M— gave them her felicitations, shook them both affectionately,

tionately by the hand, and kissing Milly, said,—

"She is like a child to me, Mr. P——. I love her almost as well as one of my own; and as you made your first acquaintance here, I invite you heartily to finish the matter here, and to be married from my house. I will write to Milly's sister and aunt to come over and spend the wedding week with us."

Both cordially thanked her, and the arrangement was made.

And now the betrothed met daily; presents poured in upon Milly; a thousand little marks of love surrounded her; she forgot the past, threw her soul into her circumstances; and her life for the next few weeks was one of intoxicating delight.

The same time with Mr. P—— was spent in the alternation of high spirits with fits of murky gloom. Sometimes his sleep would be broken by a start, or in a waking dream he would strike his forehead, muttering, "Fool! infatuated fool that I am, to let a fair face beguile me into ruin! I might, too, have some pity on her, so lovely and confiding;" but then he would answer to himself, "I must onward now, at any risk; the price may never be demanded. Yes, I will take the present pleasure, and leave the rest to fate."

But no ear heard these soliloquies, and no eye saw this gloom, unless, indeed, the spirits who surround us in the air are cognisant of our doings, ay, and of our thoughts, too. They may see portions of that of which the Great Spirit sees all.

But Milly saw her lover only in his glee, and found her ignorance her bliss. Then came the wedding week. The aunt and sister arrived three days before the one appointed, to help the preparation.

Milly had many questions to ask; and Mrs. Martha much to tell about the village and their neighbours. At last the latter said, (the words came not smoothly but labouring forth),—

"And there's John S——, too. You know, Milly, he was like to hear what's to be; so he came to my house last night, and wept sore, and would not leave it till I had promised to carry his message to you: 'Take my duty to her,' he said; 'and my best wishes for her happiness; and

tell her I shall pray God to bless her, though my heart's breaking the while.' Well, Milly, and he's gone now; he went off this morning for Bristol, and by this time he's sailed; and, my girl, my best wish for ye is, that ye may have as fond a heart as his with a better fortune."

Milly could make no reply. She had left her work up-stairs, she hastened for it, shut herself into her room, and the tears fell profusely. Angrily she asked herself, "What have I to do to weep for any thing that John could say? I that am three days later to be the wife of another man?" Still the tears fell. "It was so tender, so generous, that message. God help him, and prosper him, and make him happy another way," thought she; and then she rose and washed her eyes, and looked at her wedding-dress in progress of making; and was sure she had wept at the kindness of the message, and by no means at thought of him who sent it; and then she drove the thing altogether from her mind, and went down-stairs again and spent a gay evening in that gay party.

The morning dawned—that morning which was to make Milly a bride. The bridegroom was at her side, and the service commenced. The solemn charge was read: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

Milly's eye, which had wandered from the pavement of the church to her bridegroom, and from her bridegroom to the pavement of the church, was held and fixed now by observing upon his face that blue and ghastly look—that look of terror, which she had once before seen it wear;—that was the moment of suspense when he made his proposal and waited for her reply; now all was fixed and sure. What could it mean?

Others, also, saw the trace of some strange and deep emotion, for the clergyman had seen it; and he had

a pause—a solemn, lengthened pause, which called every eye first to himself, then to the bridal pair. No word was spoken, and he resumed. Doubtless some thoughts of wonder had been raised, but they subsided soon. The service was affecting, the lover ardent—was not that enough to account for emotion? Surely it was.

The service was concluded. It was recorded in the parish-registers that Edward P——, bachelor, had married Milly L——, spinster, on the 5th of May in the year 18—; and the signatures were formally affixed and formally witnessed.

In the carriage which bore them back to Madame M——'s, Mr. P—— embraced his wife, laughed hysterically, shed tears of joy, and declared himself the most happy man living. So he seemed. Amidst the blessings and congratulations of their friends they set out for a wedding-tour. They passed a month in Scotland. Mr. P—— was all tenderness and affection to Milly: he watched her every look, and was beforehand almost with her very thoughts, and procured her many a pleasure that she never dreamed to ask. Even her father's tenderness in the days of her happy childhood had not equalled his. As before her marriage, so still, it was a dream of intoxicating delight.

At length they returned to home, and business, and family cares. All had prospered in their absence; the foreman had been faithful, the concern was flourishing; the cares of business did not in the least abate the tenderness of the husband, though, of course, they occupied a portion of his time. Milly helped him; she kept accounts, made out bills, wrote orders, inspected work. In short, all went well; and very happy were the married pair.

Yet Milly had her secret uneasiness: for breaking upon their dream of love, there would come by times upon Mr. P—— fits of moodiness,—true, the fit soon passed off; and after it he would usually appear more gay and elated than before. In sleep, too, he would sometimes suddenly start and wake as if some dreadful vision had passed before him; then Milly would express concern; but he gently brushed it at her fears, and told her that

he had always been subject to nightmares in sleep, and to occasional fits of lowness by day; and Milly was fain to *appear* at ease.

Surely, surely, he could not have some crime upon his conscience!—that thought was too dreadful to be held a moment. "Oh no, no, no," she said to herself, "what wrong I do him! High and low through the whole place give him a fair name, and shall his *wife* suspect him?"

Could it be a threatening of insanity? that, also, was too dreadful an idea; she thrust it from her. Was not his own explanation enough? Why make herself wretched with fancied sorrows? Was she not sure before life was out to find real ones? She would not be thankless and faithless. So she stifled the fears which yet from time to time arose again.

Yet the occasions exciting them were few and far between; and notwithstanding their occurrence Milly's life was happy—yes, happy, much beyond the general lot. Her sister had visited her, and her aunt had made a long stay with her; and she had been with her husband to London, that he might make some purchases for his business, and shew her sights.

She clung to him with fond affection. Then, after the business of the day, they passed their evenings together, so pleasantly, so peacefully. They would stroll out together in the summer sunset; or at other times she would play to him; or he would read to her whilst she made the tiny garments for the infant that they now expected. Seldom she thought had there been happiness like theirs. They had been married now nearly two years.

One sunny morning after breakfast Mr. P—— ordered his horse. He was going to see a distant customer, and to engage a nurse for Milly's prospective need. He kissed her before he went. "It will take me three hours, love. Do not think Jetty has thrown me if I am not here till one." Still he hung about her, played with her ringlets, stroked her neck, arranged her book and implements of work upon her little table, and then fondly imprinting another kiss upon her forehead, ran down-stairs.

Now, why was Milly oppressed with sense of sadness? She was well; the morning was bright; her husband was kind—most kind; their affairs were prospering. Why then did Milly feel a sinking of heart, a foreboding fear of ill?

Is there in the curious and delicate mechanism of man some fine and hidden sense leagued in mysterious sympathy with his destiny? Is there some subtle fluid within him which becomes agitated or congealed as the meshes of fate draw around him? some animal mercury which shrinks within its sensitive tubes, as the storm of adversity gathers? Some sad presentiment, some vague foreknowledge of impending doom? Why else was Milly sad when all around was gay?

But she was sad; and as she sat listlessly unemployed, the servant entered,—

"There's a person at the door, ma'am, asking for master. I told her he was out, but she says she will not go away; she will wait for his return, for she must see him."

"I'll go to her myself," said Milly; "you need not wait."

She went, and accosting the stranger, said,—

"Mr. P—— is not at home; but if you like to leave a message with me I will deliver it to him, or you can call again."

"Who are you?" said the woman.

"I am Mrs. P——. I do not wish to receive your message if you do not like to leave it."

A look of indignation and contempt overshot the features of the stranger as she said,—

"You, Mrs. P——! you, his wife!" It seemed, however, to melt in pity, as she added, "Poor young creature! and he's had the heart to be that villain!"

"What do you mean?" said Milly, with a look of anger not unmixed with terror. "Is it of my husband that you speak to me in such terms? If you came here to insult me you had better go;" and she was about to close the door.

"No," said the visitor, stepping within it, and placing her hand upon the handle, "No, I am not so easily to be disposed of as that neither. I shall wait here for Mr. P——; but there's more between us than you

think. I'd be inclined to pity you, for there's a black page before you; and it's none of your own fault! Some sin and suffer, and some suffer without sinning; but you must give me civil words."

Milly now thought her insane. She assured her, that for herself she was a very happy woman, and in no need of pity; that she desired to be civil to all her fellow-creatures; that if the stranger had business with Mr. P——, she had certainly better call again, for he was out for several hours.

"No," said the woman, resolutely; "I wait here now: shew me into a room."

Milly made a movement in retreat. She was about to call help from the work-room of the shop.

The visitor made a movement in advance, laid her hand upon Milly's arm, and said,—

"Be wise; you will hurt both yourself and Mr. P—— if you make a commotion. Your fate hangs on my business. I am his wife; and his real name is Edward K——." She held a paper before Milly's eyes, still firmly retaining it in her own hands. It was a certificate of the marriage of Edward K—— with Elizabeth N——, in the parish church of ——, in the city of London, on the 4th day of February, 18—. It was signed, and appeared perfect. Milly's brain reeled; her eyes fixed; for a few moments she neither saw, nor heard, nor remembered. The stranger was alarmed, she thought a fit was coming on; she supported Milly by her arm, and knocked again at the open door.

The servant appeared and brought a chair and water. Milly soon revived; and remembering the dreadful fact, she said to the servant, "It was only a little faintness; it is gone now. This person will wait for Mr. P——. I will take her upstairs with me; and as I am not quite well you need not shew in any visitors this morning."

The suddenness and violence of the shock had for a moment upset her; but there was true courage about that simple character—courage to meet a trying emergency—courage to sustain adversity and change.

When they were alone, and door was closed, Milly said,—

"If the tale which that certificate pretends to tell were true, mine would be indeed a dreadful case; but I trust, and I believe that it will prove a forgery. No man's character stands higher than Mr. P——'s. I do not believe him capable of this crime! Now, consider what will be the visitation on you if it is proved that you have made this tale, and forged that paper."

"Base metal may shine for gold till the light comes," said the stranger. "My evidence is strong and clear. I have means to prove the tale I tell; but you will see Mr. P—— will not put it to that; he dare not. From my heart I'm sorry for you, poor thing! but I cannot help your fate; and of the two I'm the greatest sufferer. Now, if you could bear to hear it I would tell you all about my marriage with him, and how it happened that we separated."

There was a manner about the stranger that told Milly that the tale, indeed, would prove too true; and though she strove to wear the air of incredulity, it was with sinking heart and blanched cheek that she listened to the history.

The stranger told how she was wooed and won, who formed the wedding-party—it was large and gay—who married them, how eleven of the fourteen persons who had been with them at church were living still, accessible and credible witnesses; how the rector had done them the honour to return and breakfast with them; how happily they had lived for some time after marriage, till a quarrel arose which engendered bitterness, and after a time ended in separation; how she had still loved her husband, and had several times proposed to return to him, till, one morning, calling upon him to renew that proposition, she found the shop closed and he gone, after which, for some subsequent years, she could learn no tidings whatever concerning him; how, at length, almost accidentally, she had found a clue which she had followed up till she had ascertained the fact that, under the altered name of Mr. P——, he was living at G——, and carrying on a flourishing business; and, lastly, how she had full evidence to prove the identity of Edward P—— with Edward L——.

Milly's hope that the tale was false had sunk to the lowest ebb; she could only answer,—

"If this is true, God help us both! I desire to be alone; but, if you choose to wait here, you shall know when Mr. P—— returns."

She sought her room, locked herself in, and threw herself upon the ground crying, "Lost! lost! disgraced for ever! Oh, that I had died before my father in those days of innocence and joy!" Then a throb of fondness struck up in her heart—fondness for the guilty man who had crushed and blasted her. "Surely he will yet clear himself," she said; "or, if not, how strong the love that tempted him to this!" Then indignation rose again, silencing affection, as she judged him guilty and herself the victim. At length she roused herself.

"I have no time to lose in vain lamenting," said she; "I must take my resolution; I have need of all my spirit."

She sat down before the table, her head pressed against her hands, and thought.

"Yes," said she, within herself, "he may—he *may* be guiltless, and this is a fabrication. God grant it! If so, we are happy still, and this will be forgotten like a dream; but if it's true"—she drew a gasping breath—"there is one only course for me to follow, and I will not flinch!"

Her head was resting yet upon her hands, and the question which she had mentally asked a hundred times was yet again demanded there, when she heard her husband's key opening the house-door. She went to meet him: he was coming gaily up-stairs, with a bouquet of beautiful greenhouse flowers in his hand.

"See what I have brought you, love!" he said, presenting them; "but how" (looking at her)—"what is the matter?—what is the matter, my own Milly?"

She took the flowers, put her arm within his, and drew him into a room.

"Edward," she said, "I shall believe you innocent and true, till you tell me with your own lips that you are false; but I have heard a dreadful tale: there is a woman waiting for you here, who says that she is your wife."

He looked confounded, but answered only,—

"Let me go—let me see her; I will return immediately and clear it all."

He went: a quarter of an hour passed,—another quarter, and he did not return. Milly went now to the door of the room where he and the stranger were together. It was bolted. She returned to her own. Another half-hour passed. She heard her husband's step; trembling seized her. He entered, and said,—

"God forgive me, Milly; you never will! I have deceived you; she is, indeed, my wife. I had hoped she never would appear again. I had no care for her, and when I saw you, I loved you with such a love that no power of mine could stand against it. Now, base as I have been to you, I pray you,—with all my soul I pray you, not to leave me! I hope I shall be able to buy her off. Do not hate and loathe me, Milly!—Do not forsake me!—Be mine still!"

He wept and knelt—wept as Esau might have wept when he had sold his birthright, as the burdened heart has ever wept from Esau's days to these.

Milly wept too, but she answered, firmly,—

"I will not tell you that I hate you, I will give you no reproach to add to what your own conscience must feel; I will pray to God to forgive you, but stay with you I will not. I am disgraced and wretched, but I will not be guilty. She is your wife: I am a poor, deceived, unhappy woman, who must spend the rest of her sad days hidden and alone. Go, and tell her that I yield to her her rights."

He prayed yet more earnestly, but it was vain; then, with a curse upon himself, a curse upon the woman whose chains were thrown around him—ay, and in the agony of that moment, a curse upon Milly too, he left the room.

Milly rang, and ordered wine and biscuits: they came. She helped herself. Then she opened her desk, and burnt some letters. Next she took from it such money as it contained—45*l.* within a few shillings: it had been recently paid in upon several bills. She paused. "I would fain leave it," she murmured, "but

it is the means of life; I *must* take it." Again she paused;—"The means of life to myself and to my unborn child—I *must* take it." She placed the purse in her pocket. Next she collected together several ornaments which had been given to her before her marriage. "These," said she, "with the money, will save me from starvation till my baby's born and grown a little, and I can get my own livelihood." She took from her drawers such two or three articles of wearing apparel as she could make into a small bundle. She opened that drawer in which she kept the little garments which she had prepared for her expected infant. She shook her head mournfully, and shut it, taking nothing from it. "He shall see that left," thought she, "as I shewed it him last night." She then sealed up her keys, and directing the packet which contained them to Mr. P—, laid it on the table, put on her bonnet and cloak, and went quietly down stairs.

How she dreaded to meet a servant on the way, or a messenger, or a visitor!—but, most of all, how she dreaded to meet her husband! She met no one. She passed softly through the door and closed it softly after her, and spoke no farewell, and gave no second look. She strove to quiet her throbbing heart, and to still her maddening thoughts. She passed hurriedly up the street, her head unturned, her eye upon the pavement, lest she should meet the salutation of any of the friends of her past happy days, or catch the glance of any human eye; and though her downcast look saw no one, she fancied every gaze was turned upon her, and, under the suppositious scrutiny, she almost screamed. At that moment she was very near to madness.

At the first turning she shot off into a bye-street, and following the lanes and alleys to which it led, she reached the suburbs of the town. She continued her course upon the highroad for half-a-mile farther, and then a return post-chaise bound for the town of C—, twelve miles distant, overtook her.

She glanced round, and observing no person within sight, she beckoned the post-boy, and engaged him to carry her thither. Then, hi

behind the screen of those wooden walls, she wept,—bitterly, bitterly she wept.

At length a beggar on the road brought back her courage. The post-boy had stopped to water his horses, and a poor woman—herself blue with cold, and hunger, and sorrow, with a child strapped upon her back, another hanging at her breast, and a third shivering at her side—came up to the chaise-door, and told her sad tale. Her husband had forsaken her; she had no home, no hope, no friends; “and that I’ve brought these children into the world to share my misery with me,” said she, “that makes it harder still to bear.”

Milly gave her half-a-crown (such a benefaction the poor object had not received for many a day); never before had she felt such an earnest, thrilling sympathy with sorrow. “God help you,” she said, “and help me too! Let me tell you, poor soul—for it may solace you to know—that there are people covered with decent clothes who carry under them as deep a heart’s grief as yours.”

Milly’s thoughts had been drawn from herself—that did her service; and when they fell back again to her own case, she felt that there were some sharers of her nature visited with sorrows even deeper than her own, and something like a sense of mitigation stole into her heart.

As it was her object to secure concealment, she left the chaise before it reached the inn for which it was bound, and made her own way to another. There she learned that a coach taking the direction of Wales would pass at nine in the evening. By this she took her place to one of the towns of the principality, where she arrived at two in the morning.

A boots was still up at the inn at which the coach stopped. He shewed her into a parlour where she might remain till morning, and left her with a flickering light. She threw herself upon a sofa, and tried to sleep. It was vain. Sleep courts the happy and flies from sorrow. A short, uneasy doze was all she could procure. As she roused herself from that for a moment, she hoped she dreamed! The events, so dark, so new, so rapid,—could they be the sleeping creation of the brain? Oh, that it had been

so! “But it is real,” she exclaimed,—“it is real, and this is I, late the happy, happy wife, but now disgraced and wretched!” She pressed her face violently against the hard frame of the sofa, as if from the rude contact she hoped to draw relief for her sad soul; and thus, ill in body and afflicted in spirit, she waited for the day. “I shall die, perhaps,” she thought, “for I feel very, very ill; and if I may find mercy from my God, how I could wish to be taken now! but if I live, I will live a Christian, not a rebel.” Then she put up a fervent prayer to Him who had sent upon her this sorrow, to give her strength to bear it with fortitude and submission.

When the soul by real prayer comes into contact with her God, she must grow calm. In that awful presence she dare not chafe and storm. As Milly long remained upon her knees, the wild madness of her spirit received a check, and she already felt something of the submission for which she craved.

Hers was not the idle, ostentatious prayer of the hypocrite; it was the very language of her inmost soul, and her conduct was the tally of her prayer. From that time forward she exercised the patience and the fortitude for which she asked.

At eight she rang for breakfast; then asked to see the landlady. That worthy made no hurry to attend her call. The young person come in by the night-coach could wait her leisure. The leisure came at length, and a portly dame with a harsh face entered her parlour.

“Pardon me for disturbing you!” said Milly. “I wish to ask for information which you may better afford me than your servant.”

A stern look, and “Oh, indeed!” were all the answer.

Milly went on,—

“I desire to pass a few months, perhaps longer, in this neighbourhood, and to find some respectable farm-house where I may be received. Can you recommend me to one?”

The hostess glanced at Milly. “I comprehend the case,” thought she. Milly writhed under the glance, but remained silent.

“I am acquainted with the people at a decent farm two miles off,” said

she; "but whether they'd be willing——" She stopped abruptly.

"I will try," said Milly. "Perhaps you might be good enough to give me a few written words to say you sent me to the house, and I shall be glad to take a gig or light cart and go directly?"

The landlady hesitated.

"Why, you see, miss—hem——"

Milly blushed. How the "miss" wounded her ear! Her eyes swam in tears. "Fortitude, fortitude!" she said within herself. The other went on,—

"Why, you see, miss, I can write a few words to say that being that a lady was asking me after lodgings, I told her that they had time past let them there; but being that Mrs. Jones is a very respectable woman, and she's acquent with me going twelve year and more, I'm bound to say that I know nothing of the case."

"That is all I ask," said Milly.

"Then that's what I'll do," said the hostess.

So the light cart was prepared, and, an hour later, Milly found herself at the door of a very neat but small farm-house, the bearer of a note addressed to "Mrs. Jones of Llandyvy Farm."

To Mrs. Jones she was fain to tell her tale; it was her only hope of procuring admittance into a house of respectability and virtue. She, however, gave only her Christian name, and concealed the name and residence of her betrayer.

Her tale met credit. She paid a month in advance, promised to do so constantly, and at once took up her quarters at Llandyvy Farm. From thence she wrote to her sister and her aunt, telling them of her heavy grief. Her aunt's reply—misspelt and blotted, but legible—to Milly was the following:—

"My Poor, dere Child,—Wy did you go anny wares but To me? Did you think my Hart wood grow Kold to you because your lot grow Dark? You can do no beter now than give up your lodgings, and cum as Kwick as may bee to your Poor old Ant's home, and she'll do her best to cumfut ye. Kepe up yur spiruts, my girl; there's trubbles in life to all, moor than's bekownst to you nor me: it's Likewise shure to have trubbles Wich it Is to dreore breth. Now It hurts

me to think that Erver I stud betwickst you and John, but it hurts me most To think that you didn't stay with me and keep clere of em all,—John as was so poor, and him as pruves such a villan. But com home, luv, and we'll do the best we can, and ye may be a'most like a mery maiden agen. I am your affectionate Ant, and a'most belike yr. Mother,

MARTHA L——.

"P.S. John's back from America; he came back 3 week gone, findin' it not so easy to make way there as folk talk."

Her sister's letter, a day later, enclosed the certificate of her marriage, which she had already procured, and ran thus:—

"My dear Milly,—What a shocking tale you tell, and how dreadfully you have been treated! I cannot tell whether I am most sorry for you, or angry against him.

"Now you must clear your honour and the honour of your family, and have your revenge upon him all in one. Take your fill of revenge upon the villain, it will be your best cure in your sorrow.

"You must begin the prosecution directly, and I will find you funds; and, instead of hiding your head in Wales, you cannot do better than go direct to aunt, who will be very glad to have you back again. As soon as I hear that you are safe with her, I shall come and see you, and bring a lawyer with me, who will direct us how to proceed. But keep up your heart, poor child; and never sink to the earth because a bad man has wronged you!"

Milly's replies were the following:—

"My dear, good Aunt,—Your kind letter touches me very much, and you may be sure how glad I should be to see you; but I can never shew my face in that village more. I could not even if John were not there. My spirit is broken, and I shall never look up again. Be secret about my sorrow, and never think to reproach yourself for the past. I am your very attached and grateful niece,

"MILLY L——."

"My dear Sister,—You are very good to be sorry for me, and to offer me money for the purpose that you say. But I cannot prosecute him. I have called him my husband, and he is father to the child that I shall bear. Neither can I go back to my aunt. I shall never shew my head again. I hope your honour will not suffer for my misfortunes.

E E

Wishing you happiness that I shall never know again, I am your affectionate sister,
"MILLY L——."

When Milly's aunt found that her niece could not be induced to return to her, she began to make up her little matters to go and end her days in Wales. But the thought of the poor girl, and of her departed brother's fondness for his child, were too much. "It's enough to call him from his grave," she would say. It was enough to send her to hers. The blood mounted to her head, apoplexy ensued, and she died within twelve hours of the attack.

When the sister found that Milly declined to prosecute, she wrote again to say, that it was due to herself and to her family to take that course, and that, unless she would consent to do so, she must not expect to be longer acknowledged or further helped by her (Mary), for that she would be held a disgraced and guilty woman, unless, by the verdict of a fair trial, she proved herself to have been an innocent victim to the villainy of another.

Milly could not bring herself to prosecute. Had she any lingering affection to the man who had betrayed and ruined her? That was never told. But already the mother spoke within her soul, and she had all the sensitive delicacy of a shrinking woman. She could not come into open court; she could not fix that dreadful charge upon the man whom she had once called husband; she could not publicly brand her unborn child a bastard. "Let me live hidden and alone," she said, "and seek to win my way to heaven."

She resolutely and decidedly declined to act upon her sister's requisition.

Mary kept her word, and renounced her.

In one short month, Milly had lost husband, aunt, and sister,—had fallen from affluence to poverty,—from a condition where she was held in honour, to one in which she lived by sufferance and blushed to shew her face. "Such may be, such are to some, the chances and changes of this mortal life!"

But the fortitude, resignation, and patient endurance of that sorrow-stricken woman, surely they will find reward in heaven! Perhaps, in the eyes of the Searcher of hearts, the Judge of virtue, Milly never had stood so high.

Near four months rolled away, and her child was born. Then once again she knew a troubled, saddened pleasure,—yes, even under her circumstances, she found a joy in maternity! Was that last solace also to be abridged? Yes, so it must be. She must quit her child; her purse was growing low. She must seek the means to maintain herself and him. She heard of a lady at some distance who was inquiring for a maid. She offered herself, told her affecting tale, produced the certificate of her marriage, and was accepted.

Under that lady's kind protection, and cheered by her true sympathy, the poor blighted Milly still lives.

Her son is provided for: she sees him twice in every year. She is resigned and cheerful, and, in her little way, a benefactress to the poor around. Many a cottage sufferer pours blessings upon Milly L——.

PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON.

No. IV.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS.

CHAPTER VI.

Fourth Attempt to relieve Mantua.—Battles of Rivoli and the Favorita.—Surrender of Mantua.—The French march against Rome: peace of Tolentino.—Projects of Napoleon, and Conduct of the British Government during the Campaign.

AND now again to the field, for we are following in the footsteps of him who "strewed our earth with hostile bones;" whose career was little more than a succession of battles, the thunder of which burst upon Europe with such stunning rapidity, as effectually to hinder any event unconnected with their fierce and fatal results from fixing itself in the minds of men, during the brief intervals of occasional repose. Napoleon's battles constitute not only his own history, but the great landmarks in the history of his time,—a circumstance which renders a just understanding of the character of these actions indispensably necessary to a proper appreciation of the period in which they were fought, and of the ruling powers who then influenced the destiny of millions.

The last battle of Arcole had been fought on the 17th November, and on the 5th December Marshal Alvinzy already received a letter from the Emperor of Austria, again commanding him to proceed forthwith to the relief of Mantua. This order the field-marshal communicated to the generals of his army, requesting their opinion of its practicability, together with their advice as to the best mode of carrying it into effect. All were unanimous in declaring it impracticable. The army, they said, counted only 37,000 men, was greatly disorganised in consequence of the loss of officers, and of the sufferings and privations it had undergone during the last operations; it was, besides, in want of provisions, money, clothing, carriages, and *matériel* of every description. The elements had also added to the difficulties; snow had fallen in such quantities in the mountains of the Tyrol and the Venetian Terra Firma, as to render them in a great measure impassable;

and the possession of the road across Monte-Baldo was deemed indispensably necessary to the success of every attempt.

On the other hand, the accounts from Mantua were of the most afflicting nature. Marshal Wurmser declared, indeed, that there could be no thought of surrender as long as a single "horse, cat, or rat, remained unconsumed within the walls of the fortress;" but the power of endurance was rapidly giving way. Wholesome food had long been wanting; fuel also failed; and the troops were exposed without fire to all the inclemencies of a severe winter. The hospitals were destitute of medicines, and unchecked sickness crowded the lazaret-houses of woe and suffering in all the ghastly forms impressed by famine; death alone was busy in Mantua, from which hope itself had almost fled.

The cabinet of Vienna, well aware of the distressing state of affairs, made generous efforts to strengthen Marshal Alvinzy's army. Provisions, money, clothing, carriages, and pontoons were forwarded. Recruits and drafts were sent from the interior by forced marches, and by the beginning of January the army again mustered 48,000 men ready for the field; but these men had been hastily collected, were insufficiently organised, and the old soldiers, from whom the young were naturally to take their tone and feeling, were bending beneath the recollection of their late disasters. The order for their immediate advance was, however, imperative.

The French army had received reinforcements to the amount of 7000 men from France, and the Italian levies had also rendered some of their garrisons and detached corps disposable for service.

in the field. Their return strength at this moment was 57,000 men, of whom 48,000 were effective with the army: deducting as usual 10,000 men for the blockading corps, and 2000 for other detached purposes, which we find specified, it leaves 36,000 disposable for active operations. Of these forces, 12,000 under Joubert occupied Rivoli, the Corona, and the passes of Monte-Baldo: Massena, Augereau, the reserve and the cavalry, observed the line of the Adige from Verona to Legnano. Major, afterwards Colonel Weirotter, chief of the staff, was the officer who, when generals and marshals paused, projected the plan which was now to be pursued for the relief of Mantua. The project was to deceive the French respecting the real point of attack, and to fall with the principal part of the army on the division of Joubert, which was farthest from assistance, and to destroy it entirely before it could be supported. The severity of the season, the quantities of snow which had fallen, and the difficulties of attacking the Corona, the most commanding point of Monte-Baldo, under such circumstances, would, it was concluded, help to make the French think themselves secure in their mountain-fastness. To confirm them in this belief, two corps, one of 9000 under Provera, the other of 5000 men under General Bayalish, were to advance towards Verona and Legnano, as if intending to force the passage of the Adige; both were to turn their feint attacks into real ones if the opportunities offered, and Provera in particular, was commanded to force the passage of the river, and proceed to Mantua. If this project was too complicated, perhaps, for a military operation, which should always be as simple as possible; if it depended too much on the punctual and exact performance of duty by detached corps and commanders; we are, nevertheless, bound to allow, that it was devised with great ability and calculated with singular accuracy; and its ultimate want of success must be ascribed more to the severity of the season, and the misconduct of the troops, than to its own demerits. But when the soldier is wanting in nerve, confidence, or goodwill, when the elastic spring which must hurl him against

the foe is once relaxed, then strategists and tacticians exert their skill in vain, and find their best efforts tend only to disappointment and defeat; a good reason, it might be supposed, for bestowing more fostering care and kindness on the labourer in the humbler ranks of war, on whom so much is ultimately made to depend. In the British army it happens that, owing to some gallant quality which our people derive from the land of their fathers, personal courage has never been found wanting: we have, therefore, thought ourselves entitled to cast science entirely overboard; and so completely have we succeeded in this laudable task, that we do not possess a single volume of strategy in the language. What progress any science can make without the aid of letters it is needless to say; and yet is the value of science illustrated on every page of military history. And if a small portion only of the skill evinced in projecting the operation we are about to describe, had been displayed during the enterprises of Castiglioni and Arcole, it is almost impossible, considering how nearly the results were balanced, notwithstanding the mismanagement on the part of the Austrians, to see how they could have failed of success.

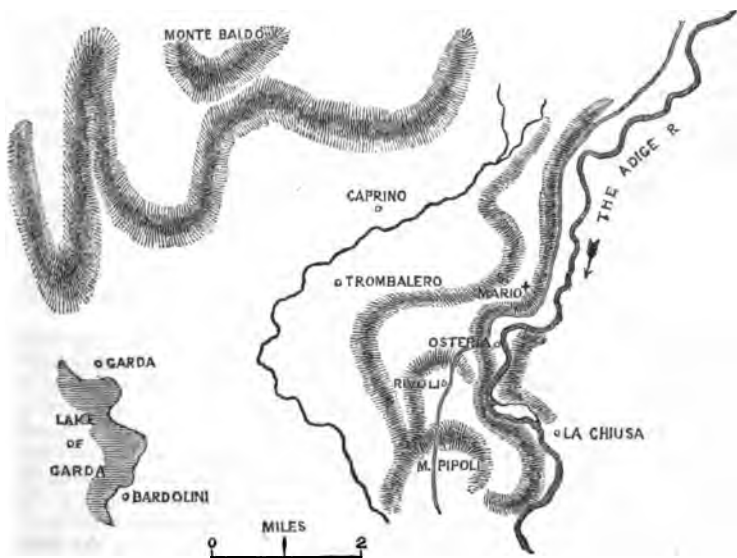
The Austrian flanking corps advanced to the Adige, and on the 8th already drove in the French outposts: an attempt to surprise Legnano failed; but though Provera lingered with his movements, Bayalish acted with so much spirit as completely to deceive his opponents. On the 11th Marshal Alvinz commenced operations: his army, reduced by detachments to 28,000 effective men, was divided into six columns: of these, one advanced on the left bank of the Adige; a second, with which was all the cavalry and artillery, followed the high road leading along the right bank of the river; with the other four the marshal ascended the huge, steep, and gloomy masses of Monte-Baldo, which, covered with snow, now presented to the eye a trackless and seemingly impassable Alpine barrier. The difficulties of the road were found far greater than had even been anticipated: the narrow paths and mountain-ladders were covered with snow,

the breaks and openings between the rocks through which the best of them passed, were completely filled up, and hundreds of the heavily laden soldiers, who, besides their arms, ammunition, and accoutrements, had to carry several days' provisions in traversing these dreary and inhospitable regions, already failed and dropped down before they came in sight of the enemy. The French were found posted about the Corona, on the most commanding part of the mountain; and here it was intended that they should have been attacked on the 12th January, but the first Austrian division, which under Count Lusignan formed the flanking corps, had been unable to proceed along the upper ridges of the mountain, was forced to seek a more sheltered path, and did not arrive in time to take its proper share in the action. The consequence was, that the other corps delayed the onset: night came on,

and Joubert, learning that a large force was turning his left flank, retired before day-break, and took post at Rivoli. The Austrians followed slowly, they had lost a day, and had to fight their battle a day's march nearer the French reserves; but success was still fairly within their reach.

The position of Rivoli is one of great strength, owing less to the features of the ground than to the circumstance of its being only assailable by infantry, which can alone cross Monte-Baldo, whereas cavalry, infantry, and artillery can all be brought from the south to act in its defence.

The succession of gently elevated hill-terraces which lean on the Adige near Rivoli, and constitute the so-called plateau of that name, are separated from the lofty range of Monte-Baldo by the broad valley of Caprino, which, ascending from the



Lake of Garda, penetrates so far into the mountains as to leave the higher branch no commanding influence over the lower, which it only joins by a narrow ridge called Monte-Magnone, that runs nearly parallel to the Adige, and presents an almost perpendicular wall of rock to the river,

and to the high road which runs along its banks. This ridge joins the plateau of Rivoli at a point where stands a chapel dedicated to St. Mark, and which is of consequence, as commanding the road just mentioned, the only one leading from to Rivoli that is practicable.

and artillery. This road ascends the hill or terrace, behind the right of the actual position, at the hamlet of Osteria, above which the French had thrown up redoubts to defend the opening. It was necessary, therefore, that the assailants should carry the hill of St. Mark, drive back the defenders beyond the opening of the road above Osteria, and capture the redoubts raised there: gain a half victory, in fact, before they could bring their cavalry and artillery into action. The right of the French rested on the Adige, but the front of their position offered no particular obstacles to attack; the left, following the bend of the hill, was rather thrown back: it had no *appui*, and could easily be turned by a superior force, the isthmus from the river near Rivoli, to the nearest point on the Lake of Garda, being at least six miles in breadth, and the French position hardly extended three miles from the Adige.

Napoleon was at Bologna when he learned, on the 10th January, that the Austrians were advancing towards Legnano. He immediately hurried into Verona, the central post of his army, where he arrived on the 12th, just after Bayalish had fought a sharp action with Massena's advanced corps. Anxious to discover the movements of the enemy, he sent out a strong *reconnaissance* under General Clarke, who was, however, defeated with loss, and brought no satisfactory tidings. The reports from Legnano spoke of three strong corps as moving on that point: so far, at least, the assailants had well concealed their object. But Provera had been five days inactive, or only skirmishing, in front of a vigilant and observant foe; and on the evening of the 13th, Augereau reported that the enemy were only making a feint and trying to deceive him. At the same time when this despatch reached Verona, came a letter from General Joubert, saying, that he had been attacked by a large force at the Coma, and obliged to fall back on Rivoli, which he should also evacuate unless he received orders to the contrary. The Austrian plan of operation was now clear, but had to be quickly met, for danger was pressing, and Napoleon was certainly not slow in his measures for counteracting it.

Leaving a garrison in Verona, and directing Augereau to watch the banks of the Adige, he instantly set out for Rivoli, followed by Massena's division, the whole of the cavalry and the reserve under General Rey; in all about 22,000 men.

It was late at night and raining hard when the troops were put in motion, but they were expected to reach the plateau by day-break. Napoleon himself arrived on the ground at two o'clock in the morning, and just in time to prevent Joubert's further retreat. The night had cleared; and from the highest point of the position he saw the whole of the surrounding valleys filled with hostile watch-fires. While the French commander was collecting his troops on one side, Alvinzy on the other was giving out the dispositions for next day's battle. The attack was to be made in five columns. The first, under Count Lusignan, was to march completely round the left of the French, and take possession of the hills exactly in rear of Rivoli: the second, third, and fourth divisions were to attack the front of the position, carry the hill of St. Mark, the redoubts above the Osteria, and enable the fifth division, the cavalry and artillery, to ascend from the valley of the Adige, and join in the action: the sixth division was to aid these efforts by opening a fire of artillery on the French from the left, and rather commanding bank of the river. We shall see presently what were the errors of this disposition.

The skirmishing along the front had commenced long before day-break, and at the first dawn of morning the columns advanced to begin the work of death. The French defended the ground with their usual gallantry, but were gradually forced back at all points, except near Trombalero, where Massena was still holding part of his ground. On the right, the hill and chapel of Saint Mark were carried after a severe struggle: on the left, Lusignan was seen moving round the French position: troops were sent against him, but were defeated, and unable to check his progress. The redoubts above the Osteria were taken by storm, and the road thrown open to the march of the fifth division; while from the left bank of the river the shot of the

Austrian guns were already striking among the French masses that were crowding back in confusion upon Rivoli. The imperialists thought themselves victorious, infantry alone had fought and gained these advantages, and now 1700 cavalry were to bring their lightning speed and strength, seventy pieces of artillery their tower-shaking force, to complete the ruin of those whose fate appeared sealed; for Lusignan was already in rear of their army. A battalion of infantry, and three squadrons of cavalry of the fifth division, had already ascended the hill, and were drawn up to cover the opening of the road and the formation of their comrades; one half-hour more and 10,000 additional men would strike in against the foe. But Fortune forbade; she had often baffled the efforts of the brave, and was now to shew that it was easier still to mar the combinations of the wise.

Napoleon seeing Vial's brigade retire in great confusion from before the assailants, sent General Lasalles with 200 horsemen to take up and cover the retreat of the fugitives. The unexpected appearance of this body of cavalry surprised the Austrian skirmishers, who were hurrying after the French in disordered and unconnected bands. Some halted, some retired; the causeless panic augmented, then spread like wild-fire from one end of the line to the other, till, without being attacked, or even threatened, the whole swarm rushed back upon the columns of the third and fourth divisions, who were still advancing in good order. Madness ruled the hour; and these troops seeing French cavalry in their front, the infantry of Massena's division that still held the ground near Trombalero far in the rear of their right flank, thought themselves turned and doomed to destruction, and instantly joined the wild and disgraceful flight. No stop, no stay; vain were the efforts of their officers, vain the exertions and despair of their time-honoured commander, nothing could arrest the career of this insane multitude. The troops of the fifth division that had ascended the hill were hurled down again by their own countrymen, the captured redoubts were forsaken, the post of St. Mark abandoned, and it was only in the

valley of Capriano, and behind the Tasso rivulet, that the fugitives were halted and reformed. The French, unprepared for such a turn of fortune, pursued feebly and briefly; and having regained their former ground halted, and allowed the Austrians to collect their battalions behind the streamlet.

It was while thus engaged that Alvinzy had the deep mortification to hear the signals, which told that Lusignan's corps had completed its march, and carried the hills exactly in rear of the French army. A brief space sooner and these glad sounds would have announced the certainty of a splendid victory, and now they boded only additional disaster.

The second Austrian division perceiving the flight of their countrymen, desisted from the attack on Massena, and retired into the valley; and Napoleon finding his front clear of foes, turned his attention towards Lusignan's corps, which was now completely cut off. Fifteen pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon these troops, who, assailed also by cavalry and infantry, naturally fought to great disadvantage. As the count expected, however, that the attack on Rivoli would be renewed next day, he thought it his duty to hold his ground till Alvinzy should return to the onset; and tried, therefore, to find some strong position in which he could maintain himself. But modern infantry can hold no position against the combined power of cavalry, artillery, and infantry; and the count was driven successively from one post to another. He then determined to retire, and directed his march on Garda; it was already in possession of some French troops, who had arrived in boats from the opposite side of the lake. The Austrian commander disappointed here, turned to the right, and again ascended Monte-Baldo, where for the fourth night he encamped upon the snow with his half-famished soldiers, who had been almost forty-eight hours without food. Exhausted by famine and fatigue, numbers had already fallen to the rear. A band of these stragglers arriving at Rocca di Garda, finding it occupied by the French, and having no longer strength to fight their way laid down their arms, and

to one of the many idle tales related of these campaigns, and which describes 1200 Austrians as surrendering to fifty Frenchmen. On the morning following this fourth night of cold and suffering, Lusignan found the remnant of his corps still further reduced, whole swarms of soldiers having descended the hill in search of food and shelter. The dismal march had not continued long before it was discovered that French troops had crossed the lake, and occupied the passes of the mountain: this served as a last signal for the remnant of the Austrian corps to disband itself; each man took his own direction, and Lusignan, with ten officers, was left to escape as best he might. For two nights the party lay concealed in a remote country-house, on the third a boat carried them across the lake to Torbolo; and when they reached Roveredo it was found, that of nearly 5000 men who a few days before had left that place in all the pomp of war, only six officers and 300 privates had assembled: the whole corps was thought to be lost; but in a few days almost 1800 again collected round their colours.

We mention these particulars as contrasts to the extravagancies of Napoleon's statements, and to shew, also, how much might have been learned by the catastrophe of Lusignan's corps, had the French general possessed a mind capable of profiting by the lesson his foes had received.

Field-marshal Alvinzy, ignorant of the fate of his first division and anxious to ensure its safety, as well as to facilitate the movement of Provera, which he knew to be in progress, determined again to attack Rivoli on the following morning. He had more chances in his favour than he was aware of; Provera had forced the passage of the Adige during the previous night; and Napoleon having left orders with Joubert to attack the Austrians on the following morning, was already in full march towards Mantua, accompanied by the reserve and Massena's division. Alvinzy, on his part, concluded the dispositions for the renewed attack, by informing the troops "that the safety of the first division, of Provera's corps and of Mantua itself, depended on their gallantry and exertion." The ap-

peal was vain; the action commenced with the earliest dawn, and it was evident from the first that the soldiers fought without nerve or resolution. Alvinzy exposed himself in the most generous manner; it was the old man's last field, and he strove nobly and gallantly to awaken the depressed spirit of the troops, and to give them a bold forward impulse. But his efforts were fruitless; bands of soldiers broke from the ranks in all directions; and, instead of carrying the French position, the Austrians were soon driven back to the very foot of Monte-Baldo. Here it became apparent that hostile parties were already turning their flank; this served as the signal for a general rush towards the paths of the mountain: each hurried on to secure his own safety—a complete rout was the consequence; and as the French followed the chase more vigorously than they had done the day before, a vast number of prisoners fell into their hands.

The left wing of the vanquished army escaped with little loss, though not with much honour. The fifth division was preparing to ascend the road above Osteria, and again to assail the redoubt captured and abandoned the day before; but the front attack having failed, they were ordered to fall back, and retired at first in good order, till some fugitives from the other corps found their way into the valley of Adige, and communicated their panic to their countrymen. The soldiers of the leading regiments then began to fire without object; those in the rear followed the example; order was soon lost; infantry, cavalry, and artillery, all mixed together, hurried along in wild confusion towards the bridge of Belano; absolute exhaustion alone bringing the terrified bands to the conviction that they were flying from the mere phantoms of their own imagination, the Austrian guns on the left bank of the river having here prevented all pursuit on the part of the victors. Thus ended the battle of Rivoli, the most memorable which had yet been fought during the revolutionary war: it decided the fate of Mantua and of the campaign; and helped to confirm and diffuse the vague and undefined idea, which was already beginning to gain ground,

that Napoleon was destined by fate to effect some great changes in the world, and the mere diffusion of such an idea among the vulgar tended in some measure to forward its realisation.

As the French had probably lost few men on this occasion, compared to what they had done on others, the glory was of course so much the greater, and was ascribed to the masterly skill supposed to have been displayed by the general in the conduct of the battle. The historians who tell us of this science and ability are, as usual, totally deficient in their proofs of the existence of these brilliant attributes; for on examination we find nothing but the utmost gallantry on the part of the troops, and the readiness of all hands to fight bravely and to stop at no exertion capable of ensuring success; and these mighty elements of military strength are already more than sufficient to account for the victory achieved. On the other hand it may be a question whether there was not a great want of skill displayed in so placing an army, that it was within half an hour of absolute destruction,—a catastrophe from which nothing could have saved the French, had the enemy persevered with ordinary conduct much longer.

The Austrians ascribe their defeat to the imperfect state of organisation in which their army was when hurried hastily into action, as well as to the sufferings and privation the men had undergone in crossing Monte-Baldo. These circumstances may, no doubt, have produced their effect; but stress should be laid on the erroneous ideas the Austrians of that period entertained in regard to organisation. Their soldiers, already depressed by so many defeats, had nothing to fight for; the French, on the contrary, had acquired skill, confidence, and alacrity by success. The Republican army, drawn by conscription, contained in its ranks thousands of the best men that France could furnish; and many of these still believed that they fought for freedom and national independence, while the worthless—and all armies contain such characters—knew from experience that they were fighting for spoil and plunder. Alvinzy's dispositions seem also to have been

faulty in the extreme. The fifth and sixth divisions, consisting of 10,000 men, could only come into action after the battle should have been half gained, but could not help to achieve this success; and as chance happened, never took any share in the combat. The next error was the great circuitous round made by the first division, for the purpose of taking the French in reverse, by which 4500 men were prevented from joining the onset; though, as the case stood, a mere flank movement striking in with the front attack of the other divisions would here have answered just as well. Alvinzy might easily have made his first attack with 24,000 men, in which case he would have been superior to the French, and would probably have gained the battle: as it was, he only brought 14,000, exactly half his army, into action; and had not only to contend against superior numbers, but also against cavalry and artillery, of which he was totally deficient. His overthrow need not surprise us; the wonder only is, that he was not overthrown at a much earlier period of the combat.

The 14th of January proved fatal to Austria on more points than one; for Marshal Provera having lingered during six days on the left bank of the Adige, forced the passage of the river at Anghieri, between Verona and Legnano, on that unhappy day, and commenced his march towards Mantua at the very time when the real fate of the fortress was about to be decided in the fields of Rivoli. Bravely and ably as the passage of the river was effected in the face of an opposing enemy, evil fortune at least attended every other step of the enterprise. One rearguard remained on the left bank of the river, certain to be separated from the main corps; another, composed of 1500 men, was cut off near Anghieri, and forced to surrender. Provera, with about 6000 men, arrived opposite Mantua on the evening of the 15th, and immediately proceeded to attack the suburb of St. George, situated at the head of one of the causeways leading across the lake. The post having been for six months in possession of the French, was strongly fortified, and easily resisted Marshal Wurmser though apprised

that operations were in progress for his relief, made no effort to aid his countrymen, fancying, strangely enough, that the firing round St. George was some feint attempted by the enemy. When at last a communication took place between him and Provera, the evening was far advanced, and it was determined to defer the joint attack on the French posts that intervened between the citadel and the relieving corps till next morning; and delay brought not only danger but ruin also. Wurmser made a sally from the citadel, though only with 3000 men, while Provera advanced from the other side with his whole corps; but the situation of affairs had greatly changed during the night; for Napoleon had arrived with Massena's division from Rivoli, and Augereau with his troops had come up from Legnano. Wurmser was soon driven back into the fortress, and Provera, surrounded on all sides by superior numbers, was, after a sharp combat, obliged to surrender, with about 5000 men that still remained with him: a few hundreds only had been able to join Wurmser and reach the citadel. Five companies of Vienna volunteers, for whom, it is said, the empress had embroidered a standard with her own hands, accompanied this corps, and were taken prisoners along with the rest. The French statements augmented this weak band to three battalions.

This was the last effort made for the relief of Mantua, and the last scene of the drama was surely as unfortunately conducted as any of those by which it had been preceded. Whether any good could have resulted from Provera's junction with Wurmser at so late a period, may, perhaps, be questioned; but that it might have been effected can hardly be doubted. When Provera arrived before Mantua on the evening of the 11th, the French could not have had more than 6000 men of their blocking army on the left bank of the Adige; and it is not easy to see what could have saved them from being crushed between the garrison and relieving forces, had ordinary promptness and energy been used. To delay the attack was sure to bring danger; for, though Napoleon might be detained at Rivoli, Augereau

was certain to arrive in pursuit of Provera. But if we cannot—for want of knowledge, perhaps—say much in favour of the Austrian commanders, it is almost impossible to speak of the French troops in terms of sufficient praise. Massena's division arrived at Rivoli after a long night's march from Verona, fought there during the day, and without taking any rest, again set forward in the evening on a march of twenty miles, which was performed by the morning of the 16th. If we only calculate by miles and hours, there was time enough for this, no doubt, but it was noble soldiery nevertheless.

The loss sustained by the Austrian armies between the 8th of January, when they commenced their operations, down to the 17th of the same month, amounted to 20,000 men in killed, wounded, missing, or taken by the enemy: only twenty guns, —the artillery of Provera's corps, fell into the hands of the victors, the main army having brought none with them over Monte-Baldo.

The unhappy Marshal Wurmser was soon made aware that the battle of Rivoli had decided the fate of Mantua, but he promised, nevertheless, to delay the surrender, in order to facilitate the retreat of the army. On the 29th of January, all power of further resistance having vanished, Count Klenau was sent, under some secondary pretence, with a flag of truce to General Serrurier, who commanded the blockading corps. He was not to speak about a capitulation unless the French general entered of his own accord on the subject. Serrurier did so; and the conversation led to an immediate correspondence with Wurmser, which ended in terms being agreed upon on the 2d of February. The story related by Napoleon of his having been present incognito at the interview between Klenau and Serrurier, and writing down the conditions which, in consideration of his gallant conduct, should be granted to the Austrian marshal, "whether he accepted them in a day, a week, a month, or in two months," is but a poor and foolish invention of his own; for at the very time the terms were arranging at St. Antonio, on the 1st of February, he wrote from

Bologna to General Serrurier, saying, "If Wurmser does not surrender by the 3d instant, I shall retract the terms offered to him, and insist on his being a prisoner of war along with his whole garrison."* How highly this pretended act of generosity towards a vanquished enemy has been lauded it is needless to say, since the world have so often heard of it both in prose and verse. We now see at least what it is worth.

By the terms of capitulation Wurmser was to withdraw from the fortress, and to take with him an escort of 200 cavalry and 500 infantry, together with six pieces of artillery. The rest of the garrison were to march out with all the honours of war; but were to lay down their arms on the glacis, and to be considered as prisoners till duly exchanged. From the first investment the fortress had resisted nearly eight months, during which time the defenders lost 16,000 men by sickness and the sword: 12,000, including invalids, convalescents, and followers of the army, marched out, and 3000 remained in the hospitals. 500 pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the Republicans; but of these 179 were guns which they had themselves left in their batteries, when forced to raise the siege, as formerly related.

It is said that the French intercepted an order sent to Wurmser, directing him, in case the last relief failed, to destroy the fortification of Mantua, and to force his way across the Po, and join the papal troops then assembling. If such were the intentions of the court of Vienna, it is curious, considering how often messengers entered the fortress, that no duplicate order ever reached the field-marshal.

It is due to history to repeat here what the well-known Colonel Massenbach relates in his memoirs, "That Marshal Wurmser, though once a brilliant commander of hussars, was already looked upon by the officers of his staff as mentally deaf and blind during the previous campaigns on the Rhine." But it must still be confessed that fortune dealt harshly with the gallant old soldier in the last trying scenes of an honourable career. Count Thugut, the Austrian

prime minister, received him, nevertheless, in a flattering manner on his arrival at Vienna. "Cæsar," said the statesman, "conquered, and was conquered, but was still Cæsar." It was a kind and generous speech, and therefore meritorious; but, alas, the "world's great victor" would not have remained a distant and irresolute spectator of combats, on which the world's fate was depending.

We have dwelt at length on the events of this campaign, because they formed the very pedestal of Napoleon's fortune. The world in general look only to results, without much examining the causes by which they are produced, and naturally ascribe the rapid succession of such splendid triumphs as these we have related to the superior and splendid genius of the conqueror. France, at all times easily dazzled with military glory, was enraptured by success so much more brilliant than any yet achieved by her republican arms, and had, therefore, little hesitation in placing the laurel-crowned leader in so many battles far above the obscure and unknown Directors who presided over her destinies by favour of a constitution for which no one felt, or ever had felt, the slightest regard or affection. This single campaign made Napoleon the superior of his employers, and the imperial sceptre itself was little more than the gathering in of the harvest reaped in the stern combats of Italy. But great as the ultimate reward of these actions proved, and great as was the astonishment which they naturally excited at the time, we doubt whether they will stand the test of much critical examination. As formerly shewn, the fair chances of battle were in Napoleon's favour from the very first; and though the many combats fought and victories gained during the eight months' blockade of Mantua raised his fame to a far greater height than the early reduction of the fortress by the ordinary rules of science could have done, impartial history is still bound to say, that the latter mode of proceeding was the one which he was called upon to pursue. The man of real genius would have reduced Mantua in the course of a few weeks

would have joined Jourdan and Moreau long before the disasters of the German campaign, and would probably have dictated the peace of Leoben eight months sooner, without the intervention of the combats in which so much blood was spilt and in which the whole fortunes of the campaign were risked on the cast of every die. The reckless soldier, trusting to the bravery of his troops and callous of their fate and sufferings, played a different game — played it differently from what Turenne or Eugène would have done; but his having won it is no proof of his merit: the value of victory must not be measured by success alone; but rather by the power and conduct of the vanquished enemy.

And here we have another heavy reproach to bring against the cabinet of Vienna. Between the 1st of August, when Marshal Wurmser caused the siege of Mantua to be raised, down to the 16th of January, when the capture of Provera decided the fate of the fortress, the Austrian government hurried forward three successive armies to relieve a city that was only blockaded and in no particular danger. These armies were all hastily collected, loosely organised, and but little superior to the French even in numbers, and were all defeated. Now the question is, What would have been the consequence if the court of Vienna had rationally calculated and employed the time, which the resisting power of Mantua placed at its disposal; and instead of hurrying three ill-assorted armies of 40,000 men into the field, it had nursed its resources, and when danger pressed, sent a well-organised force of 70,000 or 75,000 efficient soldiers forward to the fight, as, from the number raised and equipped, we know that it might have done? As the French barely withstood the feeble assailants on two occasions, is it not natural to conclude that they would have been overwhelmed by the efforts of a more numerous and better appointed host?

The defeat of the Austrians and the fall of Mantua left Buonaparte ample time to pour the long-suspended vial of republican wrath on devoted Rome. We have seen the insulting demands of the viceroy had obliged the pope to

break off all negotiations with France, and to raise troops for his protection. General Colli, with some Austrian officers, undertook to discipline his army; but the indolent and unwarlike character of the people, the want in Italian society of a class from which efficient officers can alone be formed, and the absence of all the qualities which give strength to subordination, rendered the task a hopeless one. His holiness never assembled even 20,000 men, and the battle of Rivoli was fought and lost before the modern Romans were ready to strike a blow. It is needless to repeat the causes which the French assigned for the rupture of the armistice; Buonaparte and the Directory were both hostile to the pontifical government, and determined not to lose the opportunity of effecting its overthrow or humiliation. Both, indeed, had determined on its destruction, and the causes which obtained a short respite for the pope have never been very clearly explained. On the 1st of February, the Directory, in their letter to Buonaparte, call for the "occupation of Rome, and the destruction of the Catholic religion," which they declare "will ever be hostile to them and their government." On the very same day, Buonaparte, whose troops were already in motion, writes from Bologna, proposing that the "city of Rome should be given to Spain in exchange for Parma, which, with Lombardy, might then be ceded to Austria, in order to obtain the peace so anxiously desired by the Directory." Even the despicable Cacault, the French ambassador at Rome, had a project for dividing the territory of the imperial city, once the capital of the empire of which France formed only a barbarous province,—a proof that, under the protection of victorious armies, the meanest hands can play with states and sovereignties.

The war against Rome is soon told. Buonaparte destined only 10,000 men, including 3000 of the new Italian levies, for the expedition,—ample evidence of the contempt which he entertained for the modern Romans. A corps of the papal army, consisting of 8000 men, had taken post in an entrenched camp behind the Senio, a small fordable stream. They were attacked by Lannes on the 3d of

February, and entirely dispersed, with a loss to the French of only forty men killed and wounded,—a proof how justly Buonaparte had estimated these new adversaries. The attempt to defend Ancona failed completely; the Roman levies every where dispersed on the appearance of the invaders, and the important fortress was abandoned without offering the slightest resistance. Loretto with its shrine fell into the hands of the victors,* and Napoleon sent the wooden image of the Virgin to Paris, unaccompanied by any treasures, which had probably been removed. The circumstance that no wealth was found might have furnished him with a good opportunity for exposing the folly and rapacity of the Directory, who had written to him, at the very outset of the campaign in April, recommending that 10,000 men should be "secretly" marched from the Riviera of Genoa, where the army then was, across the whole breadth of Italy, a distance of 150 miles, to Loretto, in order to seize the Santa Casa and the treasures which superstition had amassed there during fifteen centuries, and which, as the Directory say, "are valued at ten millions sterling." The idea of 10,000 men *stealing* a march across a whole country to perform what the Directory term "a brilliant financial operation," could only have originated with men whose little judgment was completely obscured by avarice.

Rome was in consternation; the wealthy fled the city, and the pope himself was prepared to follow the example, when Cardinal Mattei, who had been sent to the Republican head-quarters with a letter from Pius VI. to Buonaparte himself, succeeded in obtaining a truce for this unhappy pontiff. A peace was already signed at Tolentino on the 19th of February, by the terms of

which the pope ceded Avignon, the Venaissin, Bologna, Ferrara, and the Romagna. He also allowed the French to retain possession of Ancona till the settlement of a general peace, agreed to pay 15,000,000 livres more than the previous armistice had imposed upon him, and confirmed the promised surrender of the stipulated works of art.

Immediately after the signature of the treaty, Napoleon wrote a very courteous, and what, from a Catholic, might be termed a very delightful letter to the pontiff, in which he congratulates himself on having been instrumental in bringing about a peace between his holiness and the French Republic, which he is sure, he says, "will always prove a firm friend of Rome." His real motives, however, for altering his resolution in regard to the states of the Church are not mentioned; nor is it likely that he ever had any very distinct or well-defined views on the subject. To the Directory, which was greatly displeased with the peace of Tolentino, he gives very fair grounds for sparing the pontifical government; but these grounds had been as clear when he determined on its destruction three weeks before as they were then, and as they had been from the commencement of the campaign.

Project followed project in shadowy and undefined succession through his mind. At one time, Spain is to furnish an auxiliary corps of 10,000 men, and receive Rome and Civita Vecchia in return; Sardinia is to give an equal number of troops, also for an accession of territory; in which case it is expected that Venice, already half at war with France, will assist the hostile Republic by the aid of her 10,000 Slavonian soldiers. At another time it is proposed to withhold the territorial grants by which the assistance of the two monarchs

* The treasures of this shrine, the most venerated in the Catholic world, had either been removed in time, or had been vastly exaggerated in regard to value. We may mention here that the great wealth supposed to have belonged to the monasteries, and to the Catholic Church generally, has been vastly and ridiculously overrated. The Church possessed, no doubt, extensive domains; but the monks were lenient and easy landlords. That there were some idle, useless, and even worthless persons among the inmates of convents, cannot well be doubted. Where are such characters not found? In the Peninsula, the monks were not of a high caste of character, nor, indeed, were they informed men; but they were a mild, gentle, kind, and hospitable body. They were the friends of the poor, their physicians in sickness, their advisers and comforters in trouble and adversity; and the presence of a convent in a retired part of the country was a source of happiness to the whole district.

was to be purchased, and to obtain the troops for a mere guarantee by France of the stability of their governments,—a guarantee that Buonaparte himself declared to be totally useless, “as these monarchies cannot long continue to exist as neighbours and allies of the great Republic.” To say nothing of the want of principle evinced in most of these projects, we may safely assert that the deep political and military sagacity of which they are generally supposed to bear proof, can be as little discovered in the reasons assigned for discarding one set as for proposing the other.

A number of the French clergy, who had refused to take the revolutionary oath, and been obliged to leave France, had found shelter at Rome. These unhappy fugitives were, from the fate which had befallen so many of their class, in great dread on the advance of the Republican army; and it has really been brought forward, as a proof of Buonaparte's great generosity, that he refrained from oppressing or destroying them. It shews to what an extent the habitual adulation of this man has been carried, when he, who was a gentleman by birth and education, who, in the early part of his career, when serving in the artillery, had associated with gentlemen, was actually lauded for not claiming and butchering some poor emigrant priests, subsisting on the charity of a foreign land! The unhappy writers who praise such forbearance, seem not to know that a man may be far above Jean Coupe-tête, Collot d'Herbois, or Carrère of Nantes, without, therefore, possessing one particle of real generosity. It shews clearly, however, say biographers, that Napoleon had ceased to be a Jacobin of the Robespierre school; but the fact is, that he never had fixed principles of any kind: he was, from first to last, a selfish and ambitious man. He began as a Jacobin, because it was the best and most likely road by which mean

men could then ascend to power; and the very causes which made him a Jacobin when out of power, made him a despot when he obtained it.

We cannot conclude the history of a campaign which produced such vast influence on the destinies of Europe, without specifying the aid which England lent her sole remaining ally in a contest fought almost for life and death. England had been three years at war with France, and had already acquired the most perfect mastery of the sea, so that her hands were free, she could direct her blows to any quarter; but, though it was perfectly evident that the battle for continental supremacy was fighting in the plains of Italy, Britain sent only three battalions of Hesse-Darmstadt troops, which happened to be in her pay, to assist her sole remaining continental ally! These troops, however, were so well protected by diplomatic arrangements, that they could neither aid the pope, who asked for them to defend Ancona, nor could they fight for Austria, to whose succour it was believed that they were sent! They remained idle at Trieste, drawing English pay and doing nothing.

Corresponding with this direct assistance, two diversions in favour of Austria must also be mentioned.

In September, when Buonaparte was engaged with Wurmer on the Brenta, the English landed 600 men in the Tuscan Maremma near Castiglione. This feeble detachment naturally embarked again on the first approach of a French column. In November, during the operations round Arcole, the English again landed in Piombino, and this time to the number of 1600 men. Having failed to capture the small French garrison of Castiglione della Pescaja, these forces also returned to their ships. It was by such fruitless and unworthy enterprises that the military fame and renown of England was so seriously injured.

CHAPTER VII.

Napoleon at the termination of the Campaign. — The Archduke Charles assumes the Command of the Austrian Army. — Reverse sustained. — Venice. — The French forced to evacuate the Tyrol. — Negotiations and Treaty of Leoben. — Fall of Venice. — Court of Montebello, and Treaty of Campo Formio. — Napoleon at Paris: his Appearance and Manner.

No victorious leader was ever
to so high a station by a suc-

cessful campaign as was Napoleon by
the events we have related. In the

brief space of ten months he had traversed Italy in its greatest breadth, from the Riviera of Genoa to the lagunes of Venice; armies had been scattered at his approach; fortresses of mighty strength had fallen before him; the princes of the land had purchased his protection; and Rome itself, which had so often trampled on the power of kings and empires, had been humbled to the dust by the youthful conqueror of Rivoli. To render his career more dazzling still, Fortune willed that his rapid and extraordinary rise should form an important era in the history of the very land to which he owed his origin. The tempest of invasion broke the lethargic spell which had so long rested on the Peninsula; the Ausonian nations were aroused, not only by the thunder of French artillery, which sounded fast and far over the fields of Lombardy, but by the new doctrines which preceded the invaders, which resounded faster still and farther, and reverberated from the foot of the Alps to the gulf of Tarentum, while the Republican cannon were yet forcing their painful way across the plains of the Milanese. Hope and fear divided the country, and this division naturally heightened the power and influence of the conqueror, to whom both parties were obliged to look up,—the one for protection, the other for preferment.

Napoleon had not only vanquished the enemies against whom he was sent to contend, but he had subdued the Directory also, and now stood, in the prime of life, on his pedestal of fame, wielding the armies of France and all the resources of the provinces he had so lately subdued. It was with these great advantages, added to those which he derived from the revolutionary impulse which urged on the Republican forces, that he now prepared to attack the emperor in the very centre of his dominions.

Austria, composed of distant and disjointed provinces, inhabited by nations differing in manners, habits, language, and having no other bonds of union beyond what they derived from living under the same sceptre, could never be looked upon as equal in power to France, which was a compact country, greatly its superior in wealth and population. A four years' disastrous struggle had

separated valuable provinces from the monarchy, and impaired the ordinary resources of the imperial government, which, being completely arbitrary, could only retain its hold on the support and affections of the people by strictly respecting the persons, privileges, and possessions of its subjects; it was precluded by its very nature from resorting to those deeds of tyranny which had placed the wealth and the lives of a whole people at the absolute disposal of the republican government of Paris. The Austrian armies had also suffered great losses during the long contest. The best of the old soldiers had fallen in battle, and the new levies required a long period of training before they could become efficient under the Austrian system of drill; and these young soldiers now brought, unfortunately, no hopes of victory along with them to the field,—they brought only a knowledge of the disasters which had befallen their comrades and predecessors; and, under such circumstances, a contest between Austria and France was no longer an equal one.

Reinforcements to the amount of between 20,000 and 30,000 men had joined the French by the end of February, and augmented their army in Italy to about 80,000 men, of whom, after deducting garrisons and detachments, 63,000 remained effective for the field. With this imposing force, Napoleon was naturally anxious to open the campaign before the Austrians could recover the losses they had sustained, organise their troops, and receive the reinforcements on the march to join them from their victorious army of the Rhine. The Directory, also, in their letter of the 12th of February, command, or express, at least, a hope, that a forward movement will immediately be made, and promise the co-operation of the armies of the Rhine, and of the Sambre and Moselle, under the command of Generals Hoche and Moreau; yet these armies did not take the field for more than a month after Napoleon,—a proof how incapable Carnot was of combining even the simplest military operations.

Marshal Alvinz having, on account of his advanced age, solicited and obtained permission to resign command of the army of Italy,

succeeded by the Archduke Charles, brother to the emperor. This prince, who was then in the twenty-seventh year of his age, had fought with reputation in subordinate commands during the early years of the war; he was distinguished by the most brilliant personal valour, and had just closed his first campaign, as general-in-chief, by defeating and driving Jourdan and Moreau out of Germany. The youth, rank, bravery, and success of this prince disposed the troops to place the greatest confidence in him; and had he combined popular qualities and a just insight into character with the talents and acquirements which he certainly possessed, he might very possibly have acted a splendid part in the history of his time. But along with abilities, there was evidently some want of decision, or power of acting, as well as an absence of the manners which gain the soldier's hardy heart, and render the masses high-spirited, bold, and daring, by the enthusiastic confidence they so readily place in the skill, star, and merit of a favourite leader.

There was little hope that the task which the archduke was now called upon to perform could add much to his previous reputation. The army he was appointed to command was feeble in numbers, disorganised in discipline, and composed principally of the remnants of those bands which had sustained so many defeats during the previous campaign, and were discouraged by their constant disasters. True it is that some divisions from the army of the Rhine were on the march to join them, but the French had it in their power to commence operations—as, indeed, they did—before these reinforcements could reach their destination. Thus the troops which the archduke had actually in hand at the opening of the campaign did not exceed 41,000 men; of these, 14,000, under Generals Kerpen and Laudon, occupied the Tyrol, and were aided by 6000 mountaineers, the formidable militia of that warlike province. With the rest, the archduke retired behind the Tagliamento, and taking post near Valvassone with about 24,000 men, directed General Otakay to guard the passes of Tarvis with 2000 or 3000 more.

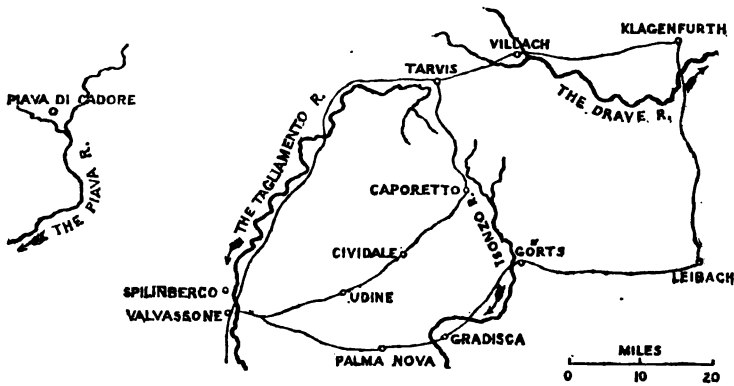
The animosity existing between

France and Venice had at this time attained a height that threatened an open rupture between the two republics, and was, therefore, of some advantage to Austria. The Signoria saw plainly what its fate would be should the French prove victorious, but though they had 12,000 or 15,000 Slavonian troops ready at hand, and mostly assembled in the capital, they never ventured to use them till the moment for acting was past. On the Terra Firma, the citizens of Brescia and Bergamo had openly renounced the authority of St. Mark, and espoused the cause of France; the country people, on the other hand, were bitterly hostile to the new Republicans. Oppressed by requisitions, plundered and insulted by the troops, the peasants had slain straggling and marauding French soldiers; the comrades of the sufferers had retaliated, and an open revolt was more than once expected. General Battaglia, the Venetian *providatore*, remonstrated against the open violence practised on the subjects of Venice; Buonaparte replied by accusing the government of partiality for Austria, and went so far as to employ General Andrieux to instigate the people to rise against the senate. The Directory, however, desired him to pause, and not to "drive the Venetians to extremity, till the opportunity should have arrived for carrying into effect the future projects entertained against that state." Both parties were watching their time, but the craven watches in vain, for he is struck down long before his time to strike arrives.

On the 10th of March, the French broke up from their cantonments. Napoleon, with 43,000 men, advanced towards the Tagliamento; and Jourdan, with 19,000 more, towards the passes of the Tyrol. The armies encountered on the 16th. As Massena's division was absent, performing a strange elliptical movement, of which we shall speak presently, the French could hardly outnumber the Austrians by more than 8000 or 9000 men; the latter had at least a chance of victory therefore, and the archduke determined to accept battle behind the Tagliamento,—literally, to try the fortune of war, to follow up success should the fickle goddess smile, or break off the combat if she

frowned. The Tagliamento is so perfectly fordable near Valvassone, that troops can almost pass it in order of battle; the country is level and uninclosed, and offers no protection to the defenders beyond what is afforded by some hamlets situated along the borders of the stream. In these the Austrians had posted their infantry; the cavalry was drawn in the rear, prepared to break through the intervals as opportunity should offer. This was, probably, the ablest

disposition that could be made with modern troops, and the Austrians maintained their ground till night-fall. The archduke then finding that the continuation of the contest offered no hopes of permanent success, retired from the field, having lost 500 men and six guns in the action. It shews how little Napoleon had effected against an inferior enemy when the vanquished party was thus allowed to break off a battle at pleasure.



Two high-roads lead from Valvassone to Klagensfurt, on the Vienna road, where the divisions arriving from the Austrian army of the Rhine were to join the troops of the archduke. The first and shortest of these roads follows the course of the Tagliamento, and proceeds through the pass of Tarvis to Villach; the second and longest goes by Goritz and Laybach. By his position at Valvassone, the archduke had relinquished the first and most direct high-road, which was only occupied by a small corps under General Otskay, but retained an intermediate though rather longer cross-road by Udine and Caporetto to Tarvis; and by this road he now directed the right wing of his retiring army to fall back on Klagensfurt. This, as we shall see, was a precarious movement; but the archduke had become alarmed for the safety of the divisions arriving from the Rhine.

Massena's division had made a useless and evidently false movement up the valley of the Piava, as far as Castell Longara and Piava di Cadore, and, having taken 200 or 300 prison-

ers, arrived on the Tagliamento the day after the action of which we have spoken. Historians, unable to find any object for this singular march, have, as usual, praised it, as resulting from a splendid conception of genius, in consequence of subsequent events, with which it was totally unconnected, and which we must now relate.

When Napoleon followed the main body of the Austrians, he ordered Massena, who had just arrived, to advance upon Tarvis,—thus threatening, perhaps, to turn the flank of the retiring enemy. The Republican general easily drove Otskay's feeble corps before him, but moved slowly, nevertheless, for his advanced guard only entered Tarvis on the evening of the 21st, exactly at the moment when the advanced guard of the leading divisions of the Austrian right wing were entering it from another direction. The imperialists drove out the French, and remained masters of the town; but Massena's whole division arriving next day, retook it, and forced the Austrians to fall back on the Villach road.

the first division of the archduke's right wing had thus, at least, fought its way through; but the second had moved so slowly that it was completely cut off. Followed by General Guyeux and encountered in front by Massena, Bayalish, who commanded the second division, was, on the 23d, forced to surrender, with 4000 men, 25 pieces of artillery, and 400 carriages,—a catastrophe that accords but too well with many events of the same class we have already had occasion to describe. The conduct of the Austrians on this occasion seems hardly to admit of any excuse. The distance they had to traverse from Valvassone to Tarvis does not exceed sixty-five miles, the road leading mostly through a level country; and yet we find one division requiring five and the other seven days to accomplish a march that might surely have been performed in four days, and even in less time if necessary. As General Otskay was falling back before Massena, ignorance of the pending danger could hardly be pleaded for the delay. The disasters of Calliano and Rivoli seemed to press upon the spirits of the Austrians, and to deprive them of all that power of energy and activity which can alone render armies efficient in the field.

To facilitate the retreat by Laybach, the town of Gradisca had been placed in a state of temporary defence, and was garrisoned by 2000 men. No sooner, however, was it assailed by the divisions of Bernadotte and Serrurier than the governor capitulated, without awaiting even the semblance of an assault. Notwithstanding these disheartening reverses, the archduke assembled his army—which had now increased to 30,000 men—at Klagenfürth, before Napoleon could reach the place. Having effected this object, he continued to fall back, turning occasionally on the French advanced guard, whenever the ground offered any particular advantage. Bernadotte, in the meantime, had taken possession of Trieste and Fiume, and having seized some English merchandise found in those sea-port towns, was again on his march to join the main army.

While Napoleon was thus crossing the Julian Alps, Joubert had penetrated into the Tyrol, and, under a

succession of stern combats, had reached to the foot of the Brenner, within fifty miles of Inspruck. Finding his difficulties augmenting instead of diminishing, he fell back again on Brixen, thinking that he should at least be able to hold the ground he had so far conquered. But here he was mistaken; his retreat only served to encourage the foe, who pressed upon him from every quarter; the whole country was in insurrection; no information was received from the main army, and the French forces were rapidly melting away under a succession of profitless combats, when, on the 3d of April, Colonel Eberle, a Swiss officer in the French service, reached Brixen, in the disguise of a peasant, and informed Joubert of Napoleon's progress. The general instantly determined on joining his chieftain, and effected his object by breaking away to the right, and forcing a march through the valley of Puster,—a direction in which the foe was least prepared to resist the bold attempt. Having lost two-thirds of his men during this brief campaign, Joubert reached Villach on the 8th of April, and had to fight his way through even at that point,—a proof how far this formidable insurrection had already extended.

Napoleon had continued to press back the Austrians; he had taken Klagenfürth and had advanced to St. Vieth, when, on the morning of the 30th March, he received a letter from the Directory acquainting him that he had no immediate aid to expect from the army of the Rhine, which was not yet prepared to take the field. This information called his attention to the precarious situation in which his ill-concerted plan of operation had placed him. He immediately wrote what was probably intended to be a frank and soldier-like letter to the Archduke Charles, proposing a cessation of hostilities and a negotiation for peace, in order to put a stop to all further effusion of blood. The Austrian field-marshal answered politely but evasively, saying that he had no authority to treat on the subject, but that he would send the letter to Vienna. There the French proposal found favour. The enemy were within a hundred miles of the capital; citi-

means and courtiers were alike terrified, and as Napoleon continued to advance, dislodging the Austrians from Diernstein, Hartzmark, and Newmark, as he proceeded, orders were sent to enter on the proposed negotiation. Generals Meerfeld and Belegarde presented themselves at the French head-quarters at Indenburg on the morning of the 7th of April, and so rejoiced was Napoleon with their arrival that a truce was immediately concluded, and the preliminary treaty of Leoben already signed ten days afterwards. Fortune seemed often to take a strange pleasure in extricating him from the difficulties in which his want of skill and ordinary foresight had placed him; but on this occasion his very enemies lent him a helping hand when every other hope appeared to have fled.

At Leoben, Napoleon had no resource left but the negotiation which rescued him, or a victory gained under the walls of Vienna, and of so decisive and splendid a character as to paralyse all the efforts of the Austrian monarchy. That it was possible, with his army, to gain such a victory cannot be denied; but as the foe was retiring and gathering strength exactly in proportion as the French were diminishing in numbers, the chances of their achieving any very brilliant success were at least precarious. Stragglers, detachments, and the casualties of the field, had already reduced the invading army to 40,000 men. In point of numbers the Austrians were of equal strength; what reinforcements the archduke had assembled behind the Styrian mountains is uncertain, but some there were, and the last stages of the retreat would probably have seen the French reduced to 30,000 and the Austrians augmented to 60,000 men, and the latter fighting under the eyes of their sovereign on the threshold of their homes, in sight of all that men hold dear and sacred, would hardly fail to use the bravest efforts of which they might be capable. And what was the consequence to the French if no brilliant and decisive result followed? Joubert had been forced with loss from the Tyrol, Laudon's corps had descended into Italy, and the insurrection was already spread-

ing in Styria and Carniola. Venice, encouraged by the promising aspect of affairs, had thrown off the mask of neutrality; the tocsin had sounded through the communes of the Terra Firma, and a body of troops had joined the insurgents in the attack on the citadel of Verona. Not only were the French assailed wherever they were found in arms, but the very sick were inhumanly slain in the hospitals by the infuriated peasantry; the principal massacre took place at Verona on Easter Monday, and cast a deep stain on the Venetian cause and character. The distance from Klagenfûrth to Mantua, the nearest point of strength belonging to the French and the only dépôt whence they could receive supplies, is 250 miles, and the road passed through hostile countries already in full insurrection. The circle of fire was rapidly closing round the invaders, and there was no aid near. To halt under such circumstances was to avow weakness, to encourage the enemy, and bring down all the resources of a great empire upon a small invading army. To retreat was certain to augment the evil, to incur all the consequences of defeat for the precarious chance of saving a part of the army; as a retrograde movement commenced in Styria would probably have ended only in the Apennines—a recoil that must, in all likelihood, have caused the loss of Italy. "As long as we are successful," says Napoleon, in a letter written to General Ruska on the 11th December, while that officer was carrying fire and sword through the revolted district of Grafsnara, "we can have little to fear from these insurrections; but they may become dangerous in case of a reverse." And this danger was now at hand, and in a most formidable shape.

It is understood that the Archduke Charles represented these circumstances to the imperial government, and strongly recommended that the contest should be persevered in at a moment when success seemed almost certain; but terror had seized upon all ranks at Vienna, and his advice was overruled. The Aulic Council could easily see the danger in which the French army had been placed by the false measures of its chief. But to perceive the weakness

of the foe is of slight avail unless there is the courage also to strike in consequence; and this courage the Austrian government no longer possessed. When we bear in mind the fact that British soldiers have never, unless perhaps at Fontenoy, been defeated in a fair and open battle-field, and recollect how little confidence was placed in their efficiency at the period of which we are speaking, by British cabinets and by influential parties in our own country, we shall pause before we blame the cabinet of Vienna for hesitating to risk the very fate of the monarchy on the chances of battle while yet reeling under the stunning effects produced by so many successive defeats.

It has often been said that the dangerous situation from which the truce of Leoben extricated the French army was occasioned by the mismanagement of the Directory and the delay of the armies of the Rhine, rather than by Napoleon. The false measures of the Directory are evident enough, but they furnish no excuse for Napoleon, because the delay of the armies of the Rhine told as much in his favour perhaps as against him. If those armies had proved successful they would naturally have brought him aid; but if they had been defeated they would have accelerated his ruin, as the victors would immediately have taken his army in reverse. The French armies of the Rhine had been defeated and driven out of Germany only a few months before by the very opponents they were now about to engage, and were far, therefore, from possessing the same moral and physical superiority over their adversaries which must be conceded to the army of Italy. The errors of Napoleon's plan of operation, though passed over by his biographers, are nevertheless, sufficiently evident. The first was the attempt to conquer a country like the Tyrol, with 14,000 regulars and warlike militia, with corps of 19,000 men; as the strange and elliptical movement of the army, and which premonition being present in the Tagliamento. Had he been left with 10,000 men

in the open country in which French had gained so many victories he could easily have checked enterprises of Laudon's troops. Napoleon might then have taken the rest of the corps and Massena's division along with him to the north of the Tagliamento, where he could have attacked the archduke's army of 50,000 instead of 30,000 men. A number that would have overwhelmed his adversaries had he ventured to receive the battle. An advance into Austria would, under such circumstances, have been made with imposing force; and had it not been ultimately rendered necessary by the events under the walls of Vienna, French could have brought 40,000 men into the field—a number that would have given them a fair chance against the 50,000 Austrians. They would probably have won the encounter; but with 30,000 they could not have done so.

It was on the day after the signing of the treaty of Leoben that Bourienne, who had been repeatedly invited to become Napoleon's general secretary, arrived at his quarters. "Ah! there thou art," said Napoleon, in his old tone of familiarity, as his schoolmaster entered the apartment in which the youthful conqueror, surrounded by his brilliant staff. Bourienne, however, had tact enough not to enter into this tone, and to recollect the circumstances had altered the relative position of the parties, and he came, not as the companion scholar of Bienne and the captain of artillery, but as the secretary of one who was already a law to princes and sovereigns. He behaved accordingly. Napoleon seems almost to have been conscious that he was only acting the part of Bourienne, and was towards weak enough to express self pleased with the manner in which the latter had behaved in mind of the slightest elevation. He had thought such conduct perfectly natural, and would never have complimented a gentleman for having with ordinary tact and propriety. It was almost thankless of him for helping him to do the farce of *Le Bourgeois* homme.

And now was the full weight of Napoleon's wrath to fall upon unhappy Venice, which, like so many other Italian states, had delayed to strike for safety till the opportunity was lost. At Leoben the situation of the French was so precarious, that considerable forbearance towards Austria had to be observed; but, relieved of apprehension from that quarter, the haughty victor could now give way to all the arrogance so natural to little minds, when placed in stations of high and controlling power. Conscious that he had intrigued against the very existence of the Venetian government, that he had officially corresponded with the Directory as to its future fate and duration, and had only delayed to attack it "openly because the proper time was not thought to have arrived," he now affected to consider France the aggrieved party, and refused to hear of any accommodation: and, unfortunately, the base massacre of Verona blackened the Venetian cause so much, as almost to gloss over the unprincipled violence of their adversaries. "If you could offer me the treasures of Peru," said Napoleon to the terrified deputies who came to sue for pardon and offer reparation, "if you could cover your whole dominions with gold, the atonement would be insufficient. French blood has been treacherously shed, and the Lion of St. Mark must bite the dust."

On the 3d of May, he declared war against the republic, and French troops immediately advanced to the shores of the lagunes. Here, however, the waves of the Adriatic arrested their progress, for they had not a single boat at command, whereas the Venetians had a good fleet in the harbour, and an army of 10,000 or 15,000 soldiers in the capital: they only wanted the courage to use them. Instead of fighting, however, they deliberated; and tried to purchase safety by gold, instead of maintaining it by arms. Finding the enemy relentless, the Great Council proposed to modify their government,—to render it more democratic, in order to please the French commander,—to lay their very institutions at the feet of the conqueror; and, strange to say, only 21 patricians out of 690 dissented from this act of national

degradation. The democratic party, supported by the intrigues of Vittelan, the French secretary of legation, exerted themselves to the utmost. The Slavonian troops were disbanded, or embarked for Dalmatia; the fleet was dismantled, and the Senate were rapidly divesting themselves of every privilege, when, on the 31st of May, a popular tumult broke out in the capital.

The Great Council were in deliberation when shots were fired beneath the windows of the ducal palace. The trembling senators thought that the rising was directed against them, and that their lives were in danger, and hastened to divest themselves of every remnant of power and authority at the very moment when the populace were taking arms in their favour. "Long live St. Mark, and down with foreign dominion!" was the cry of the insurgents, but nothing could communicate one spark of gallant fire to the Venetian aristocracy. In the midst of the general confusion, while the adverse parties were firing on each other, and the disbanded Slavonians threatening to plunder the city, these unhappy legislators could only delegate their power to a hastily assembled provisional government, and then separate in shame and for ever. The democratic government commenced their career in a manner as dishonourable as that of the aristocracy had been closed. Slaves in soul, they hastened to be so in person also, and immediately despatched the flotilla to bring over the French troops. A brigade under Baraguai d'Hilliers soon landed at the place of St. Mark; and Venice, which had braved the thunders of the Vatican, the power of the emperors, and the arms of the Othmans, which had covered the Archipelago with victorious fleets, deliberated on removing the seat of sovereignty to conquered Byzantium, and re-establishing the empire of the East, and which had seen the standards of three subjugated kingdoms wave before the palace of its doge, now sunk for ever, and without striking one manly blow or firing one single shot for honour and fame! Venice counted 1300 years of independence, centuries of power and renown, and many also of great and glory, but ended in a

more dishonourable than any state of which history makes mention.

The French went through the form of acknowledging the new democratic government, but retained the power in their own hands.* Heavy contributions were levied, all the naval and military stores were taken possession of, and the fleet, having conveyed French troops to the Ionian islands, was sent to Toulon. Public property thus seized upon, a blow was next struck at the fortunes of individuals. It had for centuries been the practice to allow nobles, when holding high official situations, to help themselves pretty freely out of the public treasury. The sums so taken were denominated loans, and regularly entered in registers kept for the purpose; but they were never repaid, nor expected to be repaid, patrician families claiming under certain circumstances a right to such sums: so that, in the course of centuries, the whole patrician order had become indebted to the state. To the French the register of these debts was literally a treasure; they claimed the immediate repayment of all the sums thus due to the public; remonstrance was vain, though the demand amounted, in fact, to a decree of bankruptcy issued against the whole patrician order. Few could command sufficient ready money to comply with this heavy exaction, so that palaces, pictures, books, furniture, valuables and rarities of every description, found their way into the hands of Jews, money-lenders, and French commissioners: the higher orders have never recovered the blow, and poverty now reigns where once was the very emporium of wealth.

On the capture of Constantinople, a number of articles of great value, the plunder of the imperial palace, fell into the hands of the victors, and of these the Venetians obtained their share; but though long preserved in the treasury of St. Mark, no one can now say where they are to be found.

Genoa was not long destined to enjoy the triumph of surviving its ancient and victorious rival. On

the 22d of May, a revolution broke out in the city. "This time also," says Norvins, with singular candour, "the French legation had, as at Venice, prepared the insurrection." In the contest which took place between the popular and patrician parties, some Frenchmen were slain by the *carbonari*, as the champions of aristocracy were then termed; and Napoleon, disregarding the fact, of his countrymen having been the instigators of the revolt, demanded satisfaction for the insult offered to France. The end was, that French troops were called in to settle the differences; a democratic government was then formed, and Genoa, metamorphosed with the Ligurian Republic, ceased to exist as an independent state.

On the 9th of June, the Cisalpine Republic was proclaimed. It was composed of the states of Lombardy, Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, and the portion of the Romagna which had constituted themselves into the so-called Emilian Republic. Norvins tells us "that 30,000 National Guards took the oath of fidelity to this *belle création* of genius." The enthusiasm displayed on the occasion was evidently, however, of a very ephemeral character; for when Suvaroff invaded Italy in 1799, this *belle création* forgot its very existence, the Republican authorities invariably leading the van in the retreat of the French armies; and of the thousands who had so gallantly sworn to uphold the constitution, not one was found to pull a trigger in its defence: all who took arms joined the allies. The first act of the new government was to declare war against the pope, who had refused to acknowledge their independence; but the frogs and the mice were not then allowed to come to blows.

This was the last great act of these celebrated campaigns which placed Napoleon on the pinnacle of fame, and constituted the very foundation on which his subsequent throne was raised. Dazzled by so splendid a succession of victories, the world

* One act this revolutionary government was, however, permitted to execute, and is characteristic of the class, deserves to be recorded. When the Republicanators demanded a war contribution of 3,000,000 of livres, the new senate immediately proceeded to plunder the unhappy Duke of Modena, who had sought shelter in the city, of his remaining treasures, amounting to 190,000 sequins!

readily ascribed them to the talents and genius of the conqueror, without perceiving that the fair chances of success were, from the first outset, so much in his favour as to render his task comparatively easy. They forgot that during eight months his victories produced only negative results, brought only moral advantages, and that the success of the whole campaign had to be risked on the fate of every battle fought to maintain the blockade of Mantua: a single defeat would, even at the last moment, have driven the Republicans back beyond the maritime Alps. The extravagancies advanced by his worshippers, who so shamefully exaggerate the strength as well as the losses of the vanquished, shew that they did not think their idol could stand on a plain pedestal of historical truth. These writers tell us on every occasion of the great talents and brilliant genius displayed by Napoleon, but the proofs of these high qualities are constantly wanting; for the merit of victories gained in bold front-to-front onsets by soldiers placed to no particular advantage by their general, may, with more justice, be claimed for the troops than for the commander. The vastly superior composition of the French army greatly outbalanced the small numerical superiority of their adversaries, and the impulse which the French troops had acquired by the conquests of Holland, Belgium, and the left bank of the Rhine, had, of course, extended to the army of Italy. The French general was altogether independent in his actions, and had all the resources of the conquered countries completely at his disposal; and used them, indeed, with the most ruthless and robber-like profusion.

Beaulieu, Wurmser, and Alvinzy, the Austrian commanders vanquished by Napoleon, though no doubt brave, zealous, and honourable men, had never been distinguished for talents, and had only risen to command by family influence and length of service. Time has laid many of their errors fairly open to inspection, and it is now clear that a moderate degree of energy was alone wanting to have rendered them victorious at Castiglione, Arcole, and Rivoli.

When, shortly before the termination of the contest, the Archduke

Charles assumed the command, the Austrian army was so feeble in numbers, the *morale* of the soldiers so greatly broken, as to leave little prospect of success till reinforced by troops not yet depressed by so many disasters. What forces the imperial commander could have assembled for the defence of Vienna we are unable to state, but all the best-informed writers seem now to agree in the belief, that *if* the Austrian government had persevered at the moment instead of consenting to the truce of Leoben, the outset of Napoleon's career would already have exhibited a catastrophe little short of what the rout of Leipzig displayed sixteen years afterwards.

We know that it is easy to defeat armies by the aid of *but* and *if*, and that it was long the fashion to ridicule those who vanquished Napoleon by such auxiliaries. "Austerlitz, Friedland, Wagram, might all," we are all told, "have ended in disasters instead of triumph, *if* the vanquished had persevered, and *if* Napoleon had been an ordinary commander; *but* he was a man of great genius, well able to foil such contingencies." Time, however, brought a change; the hypothetical particle rose into mighty reality; gallant nations and resolute commanders appeared in the field against him; the moral force acquired by so many previous victories lent him great strength; French armies fought with their usual bravery; but of the boasted talents and lauded genius, not a single spark could be discovered. Then it was, when extravagant exaggerations were no longer deemed sufficient, that barefaced romance was called in to supplant history; then we had the *St. Helena Memoirs*, the *Victoires et Conquêtes*, the fabricated *Memoirs of Fouché*, *Caulincourt*, and others of the same class, appealed to as legitimate sources of history; till in the end, the world actually received the fabulous versions of the burning of Moscow, of the destruction of the bridge of Leipzig, the tales of Marmont's treason, and the celebrated "*saute qui peut*" of Waterloo, not only as established facts, but as great leading events, which had alone marred the splendid career of Napoleon; and thus influenced the destinies of mighty empires all this in the nineteenth

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT AN OLD HOUSE.

Not many seasons ago I was enjoying the summer-tide in the pleasant county of Kent; and as autumn ripened around me, I almost forgot that its maturity would usher in that wintry period which always recalls me to my metropolitan manacles. I do not mean to give the real names of the seaside town in which I had pitched my tent—of the old house near it, of which my anecdote treats—nor of the family to which that house belonged. There are tragedies consummating yearly in pleasant places at this very moment; but it is for the future to exhibit them to the public scrutiny; and there are few actors in such scenes who court the notoriety of a legitimate name. And in truth it *was* a pleasant place where that old mansion, half castle, half manor-house, had its site. Standing, or rather, when I saw it, falling into gradual decay, amidst rich corn-fields, on a gentle acclivity that looked upon the wide sea, it had subsided into a rambling, ruinous farmhouse, with high gables, and a couple of projecting parapets, which told their tale of better days in the olden time. But it is not of the olden time our tale tells, or we might have spared ourselves the delicacy of veiling the true name of the place.

It was during one of my first rambles through a part of the country to which I was a stranger, that I was struck by the anomalous appearance of the "Old House;" but there was no person in sight of whom I could make inquiries regarding it; so I strolled on and on, until at length I reached a bottom or narrow dell, entirely shut in by the small trees and large shrubs which surrounded it, forming a dense thicket. A limited space at the very lowest part of this bottom remained clear from the redundant wilderness of sloe-bushes, wild roses, and brambles, that formed a safe shelter for the hedgehogs, in which this part of the country abounds. As I reached this clear space I became aware that I was not alone; amongst the long grass in the very middle of the din-

gle sat a grim-looking old gipsy-woman, busily shelling a quantity of peas—no doubt her personal booty, reft from some neighbouring field.

She no sooner saw me than beginning the usual whine of solicitation, she offered to read my fortune; and willing to have a little chat with her I crossed her hand with the "sesame silver;" but soon tired of her twaddle, I asked her the name of the old farm-house which I had just passed, and to whom it belonged.

"Rosebourne, my gentleman, has belonged to many," said she; "but the old folk are not there. It was a black deed that brought an ill name on the house, and evil things will walk about it as long as one stone stands upon another."

This reply led to further questioning; and a few additional sixpences elicited the facts I am about to relate.

Almost a hundred years ago the house of Rosebourne was the residence of the Chesterton family, then reduced in numbers and in wealth from what it had been in former times. Gilbert Chesterton, the master of Rosebourne, was a fine, handsome young fellow, whose personal advantages were unfortunately accompanied, as is too frequently the case, by a weak head and a feeble intellect. He was, however, free from vicious propensities; and, luckily, his mother, a lady of great prudence and judgment, resided with him, continuing in truth to exercise the judicious control of a parent over a silly child, to his great advantage as well as to the satisfaction of all belonging to them. She was his able and willing counsellor in every emergency; preserving him from the imposition of crafty and mercenary advisers, as well as from the influence of pernicious example, and the evils into which his natural credulity and good nature might have led him. He was her only living child, but the three orphan daughters of a brother of her late husband shared the hospitalities of Rosebourne, and to one of three

amiable girls it was her chief desire to unite her son; but, in the affairs of matrimony, there are strange discrepancies, — events forestalling all our determinations, and thwarting the most Machiavelian manoeuvres. It so happened that when Gilbert had reached his thirtieth year, and just as his mother had counted on the speedy termination of her hopes by a union between the cousins, that, to her horror and affliction, she discovered what, indeed, she had never suspected, an intrigue between her son and her confidential servant. This girl, Hannah Filmer, was of low parentage, but great natural shrewdness and a resolute and ambitious disposition had stood her in the stead of education, so that she was generally looked up to as a person very superior to her class. Artful, time-serving, and, withal, very beautiful, she had long crept not only into all the secrets of her kind mistress, but into the accessible heart of her mistress's son, when, unexpectedly, all was revealed.

Hannah was discharged instantly; but the fierce and almost insane anger of Gilbert on the occasion, so utterly unlike his customary childlike docility, coupled with the shock her feelings had sustained at the discovery of so much perfidy in one in whom she had confided, threw the old lady into a fever from which she never recovered; nor had her corpse lain three months in consecrated dust ere Hannah was reinstalled at Rosebourne as the lawful wedded wife of its proprietor. His orphan cousins, expelled with contumely, removed to a small cottage near —, and it soon became obvious that the new mistress of Rosebourne was averse to all who had been befriended by her predecessor; while before a year had passed, her husband's happiness seemed to have no better source than idleness, wassailry, and all that want of self-care which preserves respectability.

The hospitality and charity which used to make the Chesterton family so popular, ceased to be practised; and the most churlish niggardliness and meanness marked the living and conduct of the new mistress, whose low-bred and unprincipled kindred were now all in all at Rosebourne. Amongst these was one suspicious

character, long looked upon with little less than detestation by all who knew him. Benjamin Bailey, or, as he was called, Black Ben, had by turns been sailor, pirate, smuggler; he was a huge, powerful fellow, swarthy as a mulatto, and was as coarse in manners as in appearance; while, to the disgust of the few respectable people who continued to associate with the Chestertons, he seemed to rule with undisputed authority over all at Rosebourne, the domineering lady not even excepted. Ere long, however, reports coupled his name with hers in a manner that subjected both to the contempt and scrutiny of the world. It was bruited about that on one occasion Gilbert himself had discovered an intimacy between the cousins which aroused him from his wonted inertia to one of those violent bursts of fury to which the feeble in intellect are prone. Ben Bailey, ferocious as he was, nevertheless was driven with opprobrium from the house; and angry menaces were heard to pass between them. A month, however, had barely passed before a reconciliation was brought about by Mrs. Chesterton; and soon after, at a public dinner at —, Gilbert was heard to say that he was going in a few days to Calais on business of importance, which might detain him for a week.

Not many days thereafter a gentleman who called at Rosebourne was informed that Mr. Chesterton had crossed the Channel, but was expected daily. Weeks, however, passed unmarked by his return, and at length his wife instituted inquiries, as she declared she had not heard from him since his departure. She felt, or feigned, the most acute anxiety. Bailey was despatched to Dover, and thence passed over to Calais, returning from both places without having found any traces of the missing squire. At last, when more than a month had elapsed, the family lawyers called a meeting; search was made for a will, and one was discovered of so recent a date as a week before his disappearance. All was left to his wife; not even his nearest connexions or most faithful servants were remembered. passed; Gilbert was firmly to have perished in France.

have been accidentally drowned on his passage to it. And in those days such things might have happened more easily than now; the spirit of investigation was not so busy—it lay dormant beneath the wings of slumbering justice. At length, when all but the members of his own family seemed to have forgotten him, Gilbert Chesterton's widow grew in opulence and increased in unpopularity, no one appearing to benefit by her accumulating wealth but her kinsman, Ben Bailey, who led a life of reckless dissipation, until, in a midnight fray at — he caused the instant death of a comrade by a sudden blow, but had the good luck to escape to the French coast, nor was he again heard of for many years.

At length, when age had bent the form, blighted the beauty, and blanched the black locks, of the lady of Rosebourn, it was reported to her that a travelling tinker craved audience of her. Her refusal to see him was answered by a request that she would look at a ring which he sent her. Mrs. Chesterton evinced considerable agitation at the sight of it, and the stranger was summoned. He was a stout old man, his face seamed with scars, his hair grizzled, and with a fierce red eye, which had no companion. After a long visit, he left the presence of the lady, who issued orders for the immediate instalment of the stranger in a snug little cabin upon her property, recently become vacant by the death of a tenant. And here, under the name of Beale, he continued to ply the trade of a tinker.

Years passed, during which strange stories went about of the singular influence of Tinker Beale over the mistress of Rosebourn, until one night, stumbling over a chalk-pit, he had the misfortune to break his leg, and when discovered in the morning by a chance passenger he was raving under fever.

At the same time, on the same night, another deathbed scene was not far distant. In an oak-panelled chamber at Rosebourn, on a stately bed, lies the mistress of the house in the last struggle. Though upwards of seventy, her eyes are still keen and hawklike; and as they wander, or rather *rush*, restlessly over the group of mercenaries who attend

her, a something witchlike and unholy seems to fill her whole being. Her favourite kinsfolk are present, but to their earnest questions as to what her last desires are, she replies not, save by brief denials of the proffered aid of priest or physician. Their still more earnest appeals to her benevolence,—their solicitations that she should reveal the secret deposits of her hoarded wealth, are all in vain. No reply, save a muttered word that sounded more like an imprecation than a prayer, was vouchsafed them. The night was stormy, and the cold intense; a wood-fire blazed merrily on the hearth, while death was busy in the chamber where the impatient and worthless relatives of the dying woman would fain have wrested from her the secrets that might enrich them.

"Look, how she keeps gazing at the panel to the right!" whispered one of the women.

"It is quite awful!" said another. "Did not Gilbert's picture use to hang there?"

"What is that you say of Gilbert?" cried the dying woman, in a hollow tone. "Who dares say that he is here? The dead do not walk!—'tis a lie! What for do ye whisper? Water! water!—I am choking!"

They wetted her lips, and were again about to seat themselves, when, crackling on the hearth, a huge fagot burst with a loud report, one of the cinders starting from the fire and striking against the very panel of which they had been a minute before talking. The women, startled at first, arose to remove the still burning cinder.

"No, no!—dare not to touch it!" screamed the expiring woman. "Not there—not there! Touch not that, or curses—curses—"

And sitting up in the bed, her arm extended at full length, her long, skeleton finger pointing to the panel, her eyes glaring wildly, the mistress of Rosebourn stiffened into a clayey corpse. When the horrified attendants drew near the couch, they found her stone-dead in that strange and unnatural position.

After they had stretched her down, and in vain tried to close the ghastly eyes, their first thoughts were of themselves.

"Depend upon it," said one, "her money lies hid behind that panel, or why forbid us to touch it?"

"It was the spark from the fagot," said another.

"Not a bit; it must have been the panel. Let us break it open before any body is aware that she is dead!"

A carving-knife was in the room, and with that and the poker the covetous gold-seekers soon forced the panel out; nor were their hopes of discovering something defeated. But it was not money they found; *it was the mouldering bones of a human corpse!*

The tinker lay in the agonies of death next morning, when the medical man who had attended him entered the cabin. A gipsy woman, who had served as nurse to the sick man, and who, indeed was the chance passenger who found him after his fall,

sat near the pallet, and heard the doctor ask him how he felt.

"Is Hannah Filmer—is Mrs. Chesterton still alive?" was the reply.

The medical man related her death, and the strange discovery of the body behind the panel.

"It is the body of Gilbert—of her husband!" said the tinker. "*We murdered him, and hid him there!*"

And so it was.

For many years after that fearful act the room had been shut up, the lady declaring she could not sleep in the apartment where her dear husband had slept so long beside her; but a few weeks before she was seized with her last illness, she insisted on its being prepared for her. As for her paramour, kinsman, and confederate, Benjamin Bailey, otherwise Black Ben the Tinker, he expired in a few moments after the dreadful confession had passed his lips.

MUSÆUS.

AND who was Musæus? Was he that Musæus who lived in the far-off mythic ages of Greece, who claimed Orpheus for his father, or, as Plato will have it, the moon for his mother? Was he the author of the *Wars of the Titans*, and the first-recorded father that worried a son with moral precepts in hexameters, teeming with all the rugged majesty of the præ-Homeric days? Or was he some forgotten poet of the later times of Greece, who just gave Ovid a model for two of his *Heroides* and then passed away into oblivion? Or was he a target for Martial's* indignant satire? Was Rufus not to read the sorry Sicilian whose verses were dedicated not to Vesta but Colytto? Or was he only some poor grammarian, who bewildered himself with classifications and particles deep down in the fourth century, who solaced himself with one sunny song of the old days of Greece, and then turned back again for ever to accents and metres, to synæreses and diæreses, to schemata Alemanica and schemata Pindarica, and all the weary labours of cold-hearted grammar?

There was a time when these

queries would have been answered with promptitude and knowledge; but, whether for good or for evil, that day has gone by; and few know, and still fewer care about, the author of 340 lines that might be put into competition with any 340 continuous lines in the time-roll of poetry. We mean, however, to make all who read us *know* something about our forgotten friend, and we shall hope to make some few *care*. We might indulge in long theories why so gentle a writer has been forgotten in the nineteenth century, when he was the star of the fifteenth; but, after all, it is not worth speculating upon. Nor is it, perhaps, for us to lament over this very pathetically; we have now a sure and certain knowledge of the Greek language, supported on principles that must be common to all languages of the earth; we have Hermann, and Elmsley, and Kühner; and we ought not to sigh for Pareus, Hemsterhuis, and D'Orville; yet still after reading some playful passage of Lucian, some amusing conceit of Chariton, we cannot but regret that we scarcely ever find sympathetic soul who

* Martial, book xii. ep. 97.

smile for the Greek romance-writers, and those whom Frederick Hennings will never publish, and the Brothers Dindorf never edit.

However, we do intend seriously to take up the cudgels for some of our later friends: they are certainly worth skimming; at any rate they are worth knowing something about; and among them our dearly beloved Musæus occupies a very prominent place, and if we shall fail in instigating others to give a couple of hours to him in the original, we shall consider him very unfortunate in having such a miserable panegyrist as ourselves. Before we commence with the poem itself we will just give a short sketch of the many opinions that have occupied the attention of scholars and chronologists; the two extreme dates assigned to Musæus being separated by rather more than 2000 years! It is hardly necessary to say that the two worthies who have thus committed themselves are, in this instance at least, very great blockheads; still there must be something curious in the history of an author who has been tossed from one epoch to another with such peculiar nimbleness.

To enter into all the wandering fancies of chronographers, or to discuss the question in a precise and vigorous manner, is, of course, out of the province of our paper; we wish merely to notice a few facts that may, perhaps, just interest a general reader, while at the same time they may throw out an occasional hint to a systematic scholar. We cannot suppose that the world at large will be deeply interested in what Casaubon or Fabricius may say about the matter, or that the eyes of Europe have been unremittingly fixed on Kromayer and Schrader's notes; yet few will be sorry to have the opinions of these excellent men, when (to use our lamented Sydney Smith's words) they have been "trimmed, shaved, and forced into clean linen."

The first definite opinion about our Musæus is that of Julius Scaliger: it is certainly singular, and we think will astonish the weak minds of many who read it. Scaliger, then, considered Musæus the grammarian, as he has been commonly called, and

Musæus the son of Orpheus, one and the same person. There is certainly some originality in this notion, but this is a joke to the exalted notions he forms of our poor Musæus: "I deem," says the magniloquent doctor of Padua, "the style of Musæus more elegant and more polished than that of Homer." And again (defend us from such friends!), "If Musæus had written those things which Homer has, we may consider that he would have written them in a much superior style."* This is quite enough for moderate-minded people, so a *longum vale* to Julius Scaliger. A second set of long-eared commentators will obstinately persist in maintaining that Musæus lived before Ovid; and that, of course, poor Ovid was an unmitigated plagiarist. There is a respectable name or two among them; and so the world has consented to listen with a little less impatience to their solemn absurdities. How Morell and Canter got among this rabble, is a puzzle to us. It, of course, is not worth powder and shot to attack such opinions; if, however, any of our readers should doubt on this point, let him beg, borrow, or steal a Greek grammar and a little common sense, and he will soon know where to fix the date of Musæus. There is, however, one Mr. De Meurs, or Meursius, as he pleases to call himself, whom we are not disposed to be very civil to. If Fabricius had not partly sided with him, we should have been positively outrageous. There seems to have been some dirty, unclean Musæus in the days of Trajan who wrote so immodestly that Martial (himself not particular) thinks it very necessary to abuse him for his shamelessness. Now Meursius makes the astounding discovery that this man was the author of *Hero and Leander*:† a more vulgar-minded idea we have never met with; as if the author of that graceful, touching poem, could have any thing in common with Martial's friend, except in name. But enough of these good people, now for a few fancies of our own.

The only probable opinion is that of Casaubon and others, who consider Musæus to have flourished to-

* Poetices, book v. chap. 2.

† Attic Lec, book ii. c. 19.

ward the close of the fourth, or the beginning of the fifth century. His style, his sentiments, his portraiture of love, belong infallibly to the novel-era of Greek. Such passages can be cited from Musæus as make it impossible to believe that he was very far removed from the age of Achilles Tatius. There are no direct appearances of either one having closely copied the other; but there are just such resemblances as indicate some common stock of feeling, some savings'-bank of the tender emotions from which both liberally drew. Both echo the tone of the times in which they lived. It is, perhaps, tedious, in a paper like the present, to worry a reader with quotations and parallel passages, but we will, just for example, take a chance one which treats upon the different emotions a lover is supposed to feel. Musæus says of Leander, that he stood

"Seized with amazement, boldness, tremor, shame,
Trembling at heart, yet shamed to be
ensnared;

"Mazed with her charms, yet bolder made
by love."—Verses 97-99.

What says Achilles Tatius? We translate the passage *verbatim*:—

"All feelings were occupying me at the same time,—desire to praise, astonishment, trembling, shame, boldness. I was praising her stature, I was stricken with amazement at her beauty, I was trembling in my heart, I was gazing with boldness, and yet I was ashamed of being ensnared."

It would be easy to cite twenty other passages nearly as like to one another, some verbally alike, others embodying the same spirit; especially in the love-sufferings, which are delineated with a most microscopic accuracy, and are very unlike the descriptions in the older authors, which are either voluptuous or grandiloquent, full of tenderness or despairing thunder words.

But, perhaps, the author with whom Musæus seems to have most in common is Nonnus of Pannopolis, whom we know to have lived about the beginning of the fifth century. Several lines in the *Dionysiaca* and in *Hero and Leander* are exactly the same. This suggested a bright idea to one Mr. Peter Francia (whose con-

jectures Schrader has published) that Nonnus and Musæus were identical. Caspar Barthius also helped in discovering this literary mare's-nest. Now is any one for a moment to persuade us, that that noisy, swaggering, inflated, Evoc-shouting author of the thirty-eight mortal books of the *Dionysiaca* could so far change his tiresome nature as to compose 340 lines so exquisitely simple, so full of pure pathos, as our precious tale of the Hellespont? Scrubbing-brushes and yellow soap might at last do something for the hide of an Ethiopian, but nothing could purify or ameliorate the mental state of such a tumid mythologist as Nonnus, whom Scaliger and Heinsius both declare never was and never will be worth reading. Ill-omened was that day when we were seized with a desire to read the mouthing man of Pannopolis.

We cannot resist here noticing as a finale, that our poor grammarian has been supposed to have been a Christian.

This idea was broached by some luminous German or other, and founded upon one line which he erroneously supposed to contain a Hebraism. This is really too good. We sincerely hope he was a Christian; but to assert such a fact upon one line, that proves nothing except the contrary, is pure, unmixed Germanism. Poor Schrader, with all the zeal of a young man, worries himself to death with confutation of such utter rubbish. Finally, as if there was never to be an end of the blockheads who could not keep their dirty fingers off Musæus, we come to John Hardouin, the Jesuit. This good man finds an Abydenian coin, on which there is written, in good, plain Greek, ΗΡΩ ΑΗΑΝΑΡΟC: his spectacles, however, are out of reach, and he reads it, Η ΡΩΗ ΑΝΑΡΟC, "the strength of a man;" i.e. the strait was the limit of a man's power of swimming. Now this would pass as a very good joke, if *le bon père* had not the incredible audacity to assert his purblindness as an instance of lynx-eyed sagacity. Forthwith he sweeps away the tradition, declares the two epistles of Ovid are spurious, that Virgil knows nothing about it, and that our Musæus was some fr monk of the thirteenth century. w!

drew his inspiration from the angelical or the seraphical doctor, or the other celestial personages of that luminous era. Such theories as these were peculiar to John Hardouin; as, if we do not belie him, Terence, Livy, Tacitus, parts of Virgil and Horace's *Odes*, were ascribed to the same reputable sources. In reviewing past times, we regret nothing more than the non-existence of lunatic asylums.

Let us just notice the English translations. The first is that of Christopher Marlow, which is divided into what he calls "sestyads." The first, second, and part of the third are the work of Marlow; the remainder belongs to Chapman, and is very inferior. We may observe that Marlow just uses *Museus* as a hat-peg to hold up his own fancies, and, though it is very good in parts, it is not such a book as we could by any means recommend as a family *Museus*: there must be a Bowdler to it first, for good Christopher's imagination is sometimes too fervid to promote a very high code of morality. We shall make a few extracts, as his quaint conceits are particularly amusing, and very superior, in our opinion, to the rolling, heroic lines of Fawkes. Fawkes' translation was very much praised when it first appeared, but then that was an age when brawling hexameters were the fashion: an unpretending attempt was made in blank verse about the same time, but it was instantly scoffed down.* We shall notice some parts of Fawkes, as he is very respectably literal, though too magniloquent. Sir Robert Stapylton's version, from what we know of his translation of Juvenal, we can conceive to be very amusing; but, unfortunately, we cannot lay our hands upon it. As for our own version, we profess nothing more than a very literal rendering in lines of ten syllables. We, like Persius, have never spent a night on Parnassus; and, therefore, only attempt a simple, verbal translation.

Upon looking over our papers, we begin to think that we, too, have been overlaying *Museus*; so, without ceremony and more loss of time, we must begin, excusing ourselves only for what we have said by the utter ignorance that we know over-

clouds every thing connected with *Museus*.

Museus, so Rondell tells us, upon we know not what authority, had a friend named Agathias. As they were drinking together one evening, Agathias, who was a bit of a poet in his way, confesses to be in love with a Miss Dorcalis of Sestos; and, by the time the wine had gone round the fifth time, he describes the exact way in which he won his fair lady. He confesses to having swam, like another Leander, to her garden, and, after having uttered every sort of threat against himself if Dorcalis should refuse him, he at last meets with all the success of his predecessor in Helle's tide. *Museus* tells him that he is ashamed of him for his not having written a poem upon such a subject. Agathias pleads inability; *Museus*, with a gentle smile, undertakes the task, and now shall speak for himself through the mouth of Fawkes, who excels in the epic parts,—

"Sing, Muse, the conscious torch whose
nightly ray
Let the bold lover through the watery
way,
To share those joys which mutual faith
hath seal'd—
Joys to divine Aurora unrevealed.
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns proclaim
Where gentlest bosom glow'd with purest
flame!
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide—
Fix'd high in air I see the glimmering
guide—
The genial flame, the love-enkindling
light,—
Signal of joy that burn'd serenely bright!"

After a few lines more of introduction, we find ourselves on the echoing shore of Sestos, gazing on the tower of love-lorn Hero, for whose sad fate *Museus* tells us the wild waters have not yet forgotten to moan. Hero, he goes on to say, was a maiden of high degree, a priestess of Venus, incarcerated by stern parents in a sea-washed tower. There she, "poor Venus' nun," as Marlow calls her, used to sit in her loneliness, vacantly and mournfully gazing on the tumbling waters and the cloudy sky. She tells her own melancholy tale:—

* See *Monthly Review*, June 1774.

"Nor have I comrades near, nor do I
 join
 In dances with the youths, but evermore,
 Both night and day, there sounds within
 my ears
 The heavy murmur of the windy sea."
 Verses 191-193.

Poor Hero! What a hopeless, despairing existence these four simple lines portray! The rough winds her only visitants; the waters lapping on the stones the only familiar sounds that break upon her ear. We can fancy we can see her gazing vacantly on the lowering sky, or, it may be, sending her wandering thoughts along the Mysian plains toward the peaked tops of Gargarus, and missing on the clanging fights that had raged around it, and "the tale of Troy divine." We can see her turning sadly to her loom again, to add one more shade to the starting muscles of Enceladus, or one more bickering thunderbolt to the armed hand of Olympian Jupiter. Perhaps she is counting the hours to the next festival of Venus, the only epoch in her dreary existence; or, perhaps, shuddering at the thought of a visit from her cold, stern father, who frets away his short half-hour in chidings, or in peevish complaints of the rough Argestes, and then wraps round him his magisterial robes and leaves the poor maiden to solitude and tears. Who can wonder that Leander was to her a realisation of the brightest vision that ever scaled her sea-worn prison?

And now the great festival of Venus is at hand. From every city and island, from Cythera, from Cyprus, from the plains of Hæmonia, and from the heights of Libanus, come troops of youths and maidens to pay their vows to Cytheræ. And who was the brightest star among them? Musæus shall describe her in his own sunny language:—

'Hero was pacing through the temple courts,
 Darting a sparkling radiance from her brow,
 Like to the rising, silver-cheeked moon:
 The rounded summits of her snowy cheeks
 Were flush'd with faintest crimson, as a
 rose
 Twain-colour'd bursts its cup: well
 might you say
 A plain of roses Hero's limbs appear'd.
 A glow was o'er her form, and as she
 moved

Roses did seem to shine beneath the
 feet
 Of the white-kirtled maid, and from her
 breast
 Graces did stream."—Verses 55-63.

Well might such beauty as this elicit from the young pilgrims of Greece invocations as earnest and wishes as ardent as Musæus has put into the mouth of some love-lorn youth among the crowd of worshippers! Still fair Hero paced onward, as yet "in maiden meditation fancy free." But among that bright-eyed, long-haired band there was one who was stricken to the inmost heart; it was a case of love at first sight with a vengeance, for our poor Leander is suddenly in a most alarming state. We have quoted the lines descriptive of his first seizure, and refer our reader back again to the conflicting elements that raged within the poor youth of Abydos. Marlow, in his first sestiad, reasons most quaintly upon Leander's sudden onset, and concludes with a very laudable query:—

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
 For will in us is overruled by fate;
 When two are stripped long ere the race
 begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other
 win.

And one especially do we affect
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect;
 The reason no man knows: let it suffice
 What we behold is censured by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate the love is slight,
 Who ever loved that loved not at first
 sight?"

Bravo, Kit! You would have not been the last at Sestos if you had lived in the old days of Greece! But what course does our love-smitten Leander take? Does he gaze away his soul, and so wend his way back to dreary Abydos? Not a bit of it; he thinks it no use to waste his time in idle-minded ogling, and so, like a bold man as he was, he storms the fortress, and, trusting to a pair of very wicked eyes, he walks right up to the young priestess. And what does Hero do? Is not the audacious Abydenian repelled with a frown, as stern as that of cloud-collecting Jupiter? Alas, no! We are bound to take the word of Musæus,—

"And she, when she beheld his artful
 gaze,
 Felt joyful in her beauty, and did

In silence veil her lovely countenance,
With secret backs disclosing all her
love."—Verses 102–105.

This was, at any rate, a bad beginning, for Leander does not appear to have been in any way at a loss how to interpret the motions of the young maiden:—

"He glow'd within
Because she understood and would not
spurn
His passion."—Verses 107–108.

This skirmishing of eyes still goes on till "shady Hesper" rises, and the "azure-skirted mists" are veiling the temple gardens in a genial obscurity. Leander seizes the opportunity, and makes his proposal with a degree of winning grace and modest assurance that would have shamed the most practised carpet-knight in Europe. And now, gentle reader, for a veritable proposal in the old Ionian style:—

"Gently he press'd her rosy-finger'd
hand,
Heaving a long-drawn sigh. She silently,
As if indignant, snatch'd it back again;
Yet when he saw her half-assenting nod,
He boldly seized her flower-inwoven
robe,
Leading her toward the temple's last
recess.
And so fair Hero slowly followed him,
And yet as if she wished it not."

Verses 114–121.

How exquisitely is all this told, and how artfully does Leander commence his siege! The sigh is intended to express all the suffering his mischievous eyes could not; and then when poor Hero is just ready to capitulate, he does not shock her, as an underbred Cockney would, by an offer of his arm, but leads her by her light, floating peplum, as if, forsooth, he dare not again touch that same rosy hand he so audaciously seized at the outset of the parley. And all this time we have been leaving the fair Sestian to herself. She slowly follows, perhaps thinking of her sea-beaten tower and gloomy interior, and all her dreary maidenhood. Still, must she fall such an easy victim to Abydenian impudence? Is she, like an over-mellow apple, to drop unsolicited—she, a priestess of Amathusian Venus? That must never be whispered of her in any

chattering gynæcomitis at Sestos. So she rallies, and has recourse to threats, though they were, after all, as our knowing grammarian remarks, only "such threats as women love to use":—

"Stranger! thou'rt mad! How dar'st thou, hapless man,
Drag off a maiden thus? Nay, drop my robe,
And seek some other path, or justly dread
The anger of my wealthy parents. Shame!
To touch a priestess of the Cyprian
queen!"—Verses 123–126.

How admirably this conveys all her inward meaning. "Leave me alone, or I'll tell my mother. She will be very angry, and so will Venus. Heigh-ho! I suppose I ought to be." And what says Leander to all this? O impudent varlet! he makes no answer at all; but plainly and positively, in the gardens, then and there,—

"He kiss'd the maiden's soft and fragrant neck,
And thus address'd her."—Verse 133.

Forthwith comes a torrent of vows, and prayers, and pleas of justification. Was a priestess to know better than the goddess whom she served? Arcadian Atalanta fled from Milanion, and how Aphrodite punished her! How impious it would be to anger the goddess in her own precincts! Alas! Hero, it is now nearly all over with you!

"She fix'd her eyes in silence on the ground,
Hiding her shame-flush'd cheek; and
with her feet
She scraped the surface of the ground,
and twitch'd
Her mantle o'er her shoulders."

Verses 160–163.

And so they stood silently gazing at one another, till at last Hero,

"Dropping the dew of blushes from her brow."—Verse 173,

commences her second harangue, but with as little success as her first. Here she takes a different tack; she feels now that it is all over with her; all that is left is her honest pride; she is a maiden of high degree, and will not be won like any light-o'-love, so she talks of her parents, of dangers, and impossibilities; but then her thoughts soon revert to her melancholy life, she has not a word

more to say for herself,—like Cæsar, she wraps her face in her mantle and awaits the issue.

But Leander is not the man to be deterred by difficulties; he cares not for her respectable father or venerable mother. What is the Hellespont to him? If Corus were to blow every wave over him, he would still defy him:—

“Maiden! for thee I’d cross the swelling
wave,
E’en though with fire th’ unnavigable
deep
Bubbled and seethed; nor while to thee
I haste,
Fear I the dangerous sea, or shudder at
The heavy murmur of the tumbling
main.”—Verses 203–206.

If Hero will but hold out a torch, he will not gaze at the setting Boötes, the stormy Orion, or the Bear that never dips his feet in the western waters. We must here quote a few bright lines from Ovid:—

“Non sequar aut Helicen, aut quæ Tyros
utitur Arcton;
Publica non curat sidera noster amor.
Andromeden alius spectet, claramque
coronam
Quæque micat gelido Parrhasis Ursa
polo.
Est aliud lumen multo mihi certius istis,
Non erit in tenebris, quo duce, noster
amor.”

Euge poeta! And so turning back to Musæus, we read Leander’s last touch of flattery. Hero has asked him his name; he gives it, with no trumpery title attached; he is no Proxenus of this place, or Harmost of that, he is Leander, “the husband of the garlanded Hero.”

And so at last they finally agree upon future meetings. She is to hold the torch, he to breast the waves. They part, she to her tower, while Leander (as Jean Paul has it) is “left alone with the night.” However Leander is a fine, practical, business-like fellow; he examines his ground, takes landmarks, and so sails back to Abydos.

The wished-for time of meeting

draws near; Leander goes down to the beach, and for one short moment, as he gazes into the blackness of the night and hears the cold, plunging waters, he trembles, the flesh yields for a second, but the spirit burns as bright as the torch that is now streaming across the Hellespont. How different is the Leander of Musæus from the Leander of Ovid! The latter hero is but a poor weakling, who trembles at every gale:—

“Ter mihi deposita est in sicca vestis
arena.

Ter grave tentavi carpere nudus iter.”

And so he tosses himself into the cold flood and the dead night;

“Himself the rower, passenger, and
bark.”

While he is thus beating aside the waters, let us for a moment look at Hero. There she stands on her airy tower, like the evening star, shading her torch from the rude wind with her outspread mantle,* until at length her bold lover touches the shores of Sestos.

This is, perhaps, the only place where Ovid excels Musæus; he represents Hero as running to the beach to meet him. The old crone tries to keep her young charge back, but she will greet her lover on the very margin of the sea. All goes on well for a time; Hero escapes the notice of her parents, and the bold sailor crosses the deep every night. But the laughing summer passes away, and the tempests of winter thunder across the narrow strait, sounding bodefully in the ears of the lovers:—

“But when the time of hoary winter
came,
Rousing aloft its wild and eddying
storms,
The wild winds rudely stirr’d the yield-
ing depths,
And shook th’ unfix’d foundations of the
wave,
Lashing the main with tempests; his
dark ship
The sailor drew up on the sunder’d † shore,
Shunning the wintry, ever-faithless sea.”
Verses 292–296.

* Line 258.

† The word in the original is *διχτας*. All commentators, except Kromayer, have made a needless fuss about it. The shore is called *διχτας* because the sea divides it from the opposite coast.

Still Leander knows no fear.
 Hero continues to hold out the torch
 to him; but it was, as Musæus says,
 no longer the torch of love, but of
 the dark goddesses. And now comes
 the last scene of this sad drama. The
 night is dark and stormy, and has
 been finely described by Virgil:—

"Nempe abruptis turbata procellis
 Nocte natat cæcæ serus freta; quem su-
 per ingens
 Porta tonat cæli, et scopulis illisa recla-
 mant
 Æquora."*

Musæus shall tell the rest:—

"Wave roll'd on wave, the waters stood
 upheaved,
 The sea and sky were mingled, and the
 roar
 Of warring winds arose. Eurus did blow
 'Gainst Zephyr; Boreas did puff his
 threats
 At blustering Notus; and a deafening
 sound
 Was heard along the heavy-plunging
 main.
 Full oft amidst the unappeas'd waves
 To Aphrodite he did raise his prayer;
 Full oft to Neptune, ruler of the sea;
 Nor, unreminded of his Attic maid,
 Left he rough Boreas. Yet in vain, for
 none
 Did aid him, and love quail'd before the
 fates.
 So by the upheaved waves' ill-omened
 force

The youth was driven onwards; till his
 limbs
 Did fail him, and his ever-moving hands
 Sank feebly. Down his throat the
 water gush'd
 Spontaneous, and he drank the brackish
 wave.
 Meanwhile a cruel wind beat out the
 torch,
 And with it sad Leander's life and love."
 Verses 313-329.

Poor Hero stands on the opposite
 shore full of distracting fears, the
 extinguished torch in her hand,
 dabbled with the drifting rain, and
 deafened with the tumult of waters
 beneath her. So she stands, heart-
 broken, till the next morning dis-
 closes to her, at the very base of her
 tower, the pale, bruised, and lifeless
 body of Leander.

"When at her feet she saw her lover's
 corpse
 Torn by the rocks, she rent her flower'd
 robe,
 And with a rushing sound from off the
 tower
 Sprang headlong."—Verses 335-338.

We will not add a line of com-
 ment. Thus ends one of the most
 touching stories of old times, described
 with a beauty and vividness of lan-
 guage that shall not be diluted with
 our weak and insufficient praise.
 "They were lovely in their lives, in
 their death they were not divided."

* Georgics, iii. 259.

DINING OUT.

STRANGE as it may seem, "yet pity 't is 't is true," you cannot get a chop or a steak at a tavern in London west of Temple Bar that's worth eating. The science of cooking chops and steaks begins at Aldgate, and ceases at the Cock and the Rainbow by Temple Bar, where Shire Lane divides the City from the shire. Heaven knows the man (a clergyman, we are told) was not far wrong who confined his catalogue of questions to the new she-cook that came to him, to the simple but important one of, "Can you boil a potato well?" fancying, we suppose, and rightly, that a woman who could do this well had got beyond the mere first rudiments of her art, and was, withal, likely to improve. He had, however, done better, we have often thought, had he asked her in addition, if she understood and could cook a chop or a steak to the satisfaction of one whose taste was fostered before the gridiron at "Joe's" in the City, and the box by the fire at the Cock near Temple Bar. The least hesitation had been favourable; a ready admission that she could, a sure sign that she knew "nothing at all about the matter."

There are two things we never wish to have for dinner at home, or at a friend's house — A CHOP AND A STEAK. Chops at home are generally too tallowy, too raw, or ill cut, or done over bad fire; in short, any thing but what they ought to be; and then your home-cooked steaks stick in your teeth with toughness, and trouble you for a whole evening; or they are too slowly done, or too hurriedly done, or too near when done to a "gassy" flame; or, perhaps, it was the butcher's fault, perhaps they were badly cut, or the meat was too newly killed; fresh from the back of an Abyssinian beast described by Bruce in his clever and entertaining *Travels*.

It really seems a hard case that a man cannot have a chop or a steak tolerably cooked at his own home. Harder still, perhaps, that he cannot at a London club. Your west-end cooks confine their labours and attention, and devote the whole of their skill to "kickshaws," and things that provoke you to eat, and merit and

demand your approbation while at table. All well enough in their way; wonders in art, the result of a long life of attentive observation, but really not to be preferred, any one of them singly, to a chop or a steak at Joe's in Finch Lane, or Colnett's at the Cock near Temple Bar. Different tastes incline to different objects:—

"Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf de-
tests."

There are few things better than a chop or a steak when cooked by the cunning tongs of our friend at Joe's, or watched over by the judicious eye of Colnett's City "Soyer."

A man may spend the period of an apprenticeship in London, and really not know half-a-dozen good taverns where he can get a chop or a steak cooked to perfection, and at a reasonable cost. We have even met with men who have lived in London for a much longer period of time, as raw on the subject as the last arrival in London from the tin-mines of Cornwall, or the dreary wastes of Dartmoor and Hay Tor. You cannot get a chop at Stevens's or Long's in Bond Street, equal in quality or flavour to a chop at the Cock in Fleet Street, or a steak at the Reform Club or the Clarendon equal in excellence to a steak at "Joe's" in Finch Lane; or those masterpieces in their way which "Ben," mine host of the Cheshire Cheese, snatches with a cunning hand from a clean gridiron over a clear fire in Wine Office Court in Fleet Street.

A man wants a good appetite to enjoy a steak to perfection; he must be in full health; and what's more, in good spirits. There is no enjoying a steak in the middle of the day; eat it, and you are fit for nothing but your supper after. Five o'clock's the time, we contend, the best adapted for a tavern dinner. Only be sure of an appetite. Spare no exertion to acquire it. Remember the story told by Pope:—

"There was a Lord Russell, who
living too luxuriously, had quite lost
his constitution. He did not love

but used to go out with the dogs every day, only to hunt for an appetite. Whenever he felt a twinge of hunger he would cry out, 'Oh, I have found it!' and though they were in the midst of the finest chase, he would turn short round and ride home again. It was the same lord who, when he met a beggar, and was entreated by him to give him something because he was almost famished with hunger, called him 'A happy dog!' and envied him too much to relieve him."

This man knew the necessity of a good appetite; he should have sat at table with Vitellius or Heliogabalus.

A man may dine for very little in London. A shilling or fifteen-pence will procure a dinner more than sufficient to keep body and soul together, without resorting to the potato-stands and hot cockle-stalls in St. Clement's Churchyard, in the Strand, or the kidney-pies that attract attention at the Surrey end of Westminster Bridge. Many have dined, and still continue to dine, for a less amount than we have here set down. Cheaper still was the dinner of a certain grave citizen "worth a plum," of whom Colman records that he saw him at a little eating-house in a dark alley behind the Exchange, make a twopenny mess of broth with a chop in it, more than enough for a single meal. When the broth was brought him he scooped the crumb out of a halfpenny roll, and soaked it in the porridge for his present meal; then carefully placing the chop between the upper and under crust, he wrapt it up in a checked handkerchief, and carried it off for his morrow's repast. Cheaper still was the daily meal of a miserable usurer of the time of Charles I., who contracted with a cook in London, to let him have "a mess of pottage" about noon, a draught of small beer (if required), as many chippings of bread in his pottages as he chose to put in; the benefit of the fire in winter; and in summer a further allowance of small beer; and all, so Peacham tells us, for a penny. Your rich, penurious rascal who would dine in this way, would have stolen a meal of steam from a cook's stall in Little Eastcheap, or have dined with Duke Humphrey in Old St. Paul's, could he have kept but life in his body by the former plan, or the latter had not been an absolute waste of time and shoe-leather:—

"The family that dines the latest
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest;
But latest hours must surely fall—
'Fore him, who never dines at all."

HENRY FIELDING.

The custom of asking for a plate of veal "cut with a hammy knife," is a piece of economical refinement only of late introduced among us,—when, and by whom, no industry has yet been able to discover.

There are two ways of eating in this town, for people of your condition, said Roderick Random's landlord to the carrotty-pated Rory, fresh from Scotland, and altogether a novice in these matters, "the one more creditable and expensive than the other. The first, is to dine at an eating-house frequented by well-dressed people only; and the other is called *dining*, practised by those who are either obliged or inclined to live frugally." There was a time when a pint of wine was sold for a penny, and bread to drink with it was given free in every tavern in London. "I have read," says Stow, "of a countryman, that then having lost his hood in Westminster Hall, found the same in Cornhill, hanged out to be sold, which he challenged, but was forced to buy or go without it, for their stall, they said, was their market. At that time the wine-drawer of the Pope's Head Tavern (standing without the door in the high street), took the same man by the sleeve, and said, 'Sir, will you drink a pint of wine?' Whereunto he answered, 'A pennyspend I may; and so drank his pint: for bread nothing did he pay, for that was allowed free.'" "I used to dine," said Dr. Johnson, "very well for eightpence, and with very good company, at the Pine Apple, in New Street, Covent Garden. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite as well served—nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing."

"Each mortal has his pleasure: none
deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie."

There was Boyce the poet, of whom it is told that he laid out the last half-guinea he possessed in trif-

fles and mushrooms, eating them in bed, too, for want of clothes, or even a shirt to sit up in; and when once on the very verge of starvation, as Otway was before him, refused to partake of a piece of roast beef that was offered him—because there was no ketchup!

Certain people have cherished certain predilections. Pope was fond of warming potted lampreys in a silver saucepan. Charles Lamb preferred roast pig. Hasty-pudding and a whitepot were the favourite dishes of Sir Roger de Coverley, who possessed a receipt for them (the best in England) in his grandmother's own handwriting. George III. was fond of the middle of the neck-of-mutton and turnips. Lord Byron, when dining with Mr. Rogers, refused the meats and *entremets* one after the other, and made a meal of—what? potatoes and vinegar! The late Lord Eldon had a particular fancy for liver and bacon. Theodore Hook, when at home, after a fortnight's excess at the late Lord Hertford's, and obliged to order dinner for himself, ordered what he calls in his Diary his "old favourite pease-soup." Justice Shallow, in Shakspeare, was fond of a short-legged hen; so was "Rare Ben Jonson,"—witness his poem inviting a friend to supper,—

"You'll have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better salad,
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legg'd
ben,

If we can get her full of eggs, and then
Lemons and wine for sauce."

The great lexicographer, "Sam," was fond of a fillet of veal, when Wilkes was by to assist him. "Pray give me leave, sir," said Wilkes, sitting by his side, "it is better here!—a little of the brown—some fat, sir!—a little of the stuffing—some gravy! Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter!—Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange—or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest!" There was no refusing. The veal was done to a turn—better it could not have been with a whole synod of cooks to superintend it; and Wilkes was irresistibly attentive. "Sir, sir, I am obliged to you!" More could not be said. It was enough to have said this, and at such a time. Think of the City aldermen,

in Curtis's mayoralty, over a third supply of turtle. "A fine view from the window, sir! I never saw the river look so gay before—" interrupted by his neighbour on the right with, "Is that a schooner?" No reply. The same question repeated. Something must be said. "Sir—sir," was the angry answer, spoken in a hurried and broken manner, "when I'm at dinner, I never look off my plate!"

The capacity of some men's stomachs is hard to be conceived. A turtle-sandwich in the middle of the day seems barely sufficient to supply a single chink in the craving void of the human appetite. There is still a great tun of Heidelberg to fill by the narrow aperture of the mouth. It is really wonderful what men will perform in this way. Only look round your own circle of acquaintance,—at your own or at a friend's table, at Lovegrove's at Blackwall, at the Crown and Sceptre at Greenwich, or the Star and Garter at Richmond! A plate of turtle is like a rub on a stroop to the edge of one of Weiss's razors. Three plates of fish, and the exhalation inhaled from a variety of other kinds, only allays the demon that sits unappeasably within. Silence seems to assist digestion for the first half-hour, and then a reply seems a new provocative to proceed. A fresh looker-on at every course would fancy he had arrived too late and was making up his leeway. One who watched him throughout would think he was laying in provant, like Dugald Dalgetty, and was fit, when filled, to have lain in Jellalabad with Sir Robert Sale, to have sailed with Parry in the Hecla, to have stood a ten-years' siege like Troy, or played the part of Ugolino in the dungeon, without a wrinkle in his face to suggest a line to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Your thin, spare fellows, with their watches in their waistcoat-pockets, eat as heartily at times as your rotund little gentlemen, with bushy bunches of seals in front of their corporations. It is, however, your thick, short-necked men who eat the most. There was Chantrey, standing five-feet five with the aid of a pair of thick-soled boots, with an appetite for food quite remarkable. He had no neck, but he ate of venis

voraious appetite. A warm third plate was as irresistible to Chantrey as a "warm third night" to the poorest poet whose life has found a place in the *Biographia Dramatica*. He did not waste his appetite, like Pope the actor, on an edge-bone of beef, and shed a tear of regret when he unexpectedly perceived a haunch of venison, that nature was exhaustible. "And this to an old friend!" was his remark. Pope, it appears was asked to dine off an edge-bone of beef; the friend allowed him to believe he had nothing more. Pope was fond of the dish; he ate voraciously, as if nothing substantial was to follow. The dish was then removed,—

"And, lo! two puddings smoked upon the board."

No! not puddings, a haunch of venison, such as Goldsmith described in a letter to Lord Clarendon,—

"Ne'er finer nor fatter
E'er ranged in a forest or smoked in a
platter."

Pope played with a bit, laid down his knife and fork, "And this to an old friend!"—

"Forgive the gushing tear!
Alas! I feel I am no actor here."

The story deserves remembrance, and contains a precept. Never, when a friend asks you to dine with him, exhaust a healthy appetite on an edge-bone of beef, without inquiring of the cook beforehand.

There is a wide and material difference between giving a dinner and giving a dinner well. Few understand the art. Nor does it altogether depend upon the giver. Many things and many hands conspire to please or disappoint. Who is your cook, and is he in trim for what he has to do? Who are your friends, will they harmonise together? What are your dishes? Then, are things in season? You have seen as far as you can to this yourself. All very well, but you must depend at last upon your fishmonger and your butcher. There was Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was always giving dinners. He was a man of refined mind, and a master in his own art. His table was frequented by many of the most distinguished men of his age. He lived

in Leicester Square (then a fashionable quarter of the town), and went to market for himself. We recollect old Robertson, his fishmonger, who kept the shop in Coventry Street, now Turner's. He realised a handsome competency, and was a man of keen observation, and of mild and gentlemanlike manners. He was full of anecdotes of "my old friend, Sir Joshua," as he called him. "Sir Joshua," he said, "was a capital judge of fish. He came from Plympton, on the coast, and understood the article. He was an early riser, and always looked in upon me before others were up; and if there was one fish in the shop better than another, he was sure to single it out. He never asked the price. 'Miss Palmer,' he used to say, will call and settle about the price. Now Miss Palmer was his niece, and was just as good a hand at a bargain as Sir Joshua was a judge of fish. She generally had her own way; but I loved to see my old friend Sir Joshua in my shop. We don't see such pictures as his now. Eh?" Yet with all this precaution and care on the part of our distinguished painter, his dinners, though very agreeable, were far from being what is usually called *good*. There was a coarse, inelegant plenty, without any regard to order and arrangement. A table prepared for seven or eight was often compelled to contain fifteen or sixteen. Then there was a sad deficiency of knives and forks, and even plates and glasses. Nor was the attendance much better. It was absolutely necessary to call instantly for beer, bread, or wine, that you might be supplied with them before the first course was over. But these trifling embarrassments, as Courtenay calls them, only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment; to our thinking, a kind of scramble at the best. How unlike "the pomp" in which Sir Peter Lely is said to have lived!

There is a very curious description of what a lord-mayor's dinner was like in the year 1663, in that diverting book the *Diary* of the inimitable Pepys. The dinner was served in the Guildhall, and the hour was one. Under every salt was a bill of fare, and at the end of every table "the persons proper" for the table.

"Many," says Pepys, "were the tables, but none in the hall but the mayor's and the lords of the privy council, that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. I sat at the merchant-strangers' table, where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts; but it was very unpleasing," he adds, "that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes. The dinner, it seems, is made by the mayor and the two sheriffs for the time being; and the whole is reckoned to come to 700*l.* or 800*l.* at most."

The visitor ate with his fingers, and wiped them when he had done on the napkin laid for the purpose. The old books on carving dwell very particularly on the propriety of placing only the two forefingers and the thumb on the joint or bird before you. Forks, though known as early as the reign of James I. were very little in use in England for some time subsequent to the Restoration. Old Tom Cryat, who introduced the fork among us, realised the name of *Furcifer* for his trouble. The laying of napkins well was an important part of a private entertainment. "Thence home," says Pepys, "and there find one laying of my napkins against to-morrow, in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty; and it seems is his trade, and he gets much money by it."* At large entertainments, formerly (as late, indeed, as the reign of Charles II.), many of the guests were required to bring their own knives, and their own spoons in their pockets. "You march to Guildhall," says Clod in one of Shirley's entertainments, "with every man his spoon in his pocket, when you look upon the giants, and feed like Saracens."†

Lord Herbert of Cherbury describes an entertainment he was at, curiously characteristic of the age in which he lived:—

"From Milan," he says, "we went to Novara, where we were entertained by the governor, a Spaniard, with one of the most sumptuous feasts that ever I saw, being but of nine dishes, in three several services; the first whereof was three oltas podridas, consisting of all choies boiled meats, placed in three large silver chargers, which took up the length of a

great table; the most in it being heightened up artificially pyramid-wise, to a sparrow which was on the top. The second service was like the former, of roast meat, in which all manner of fowl, from the pheasant and partridge to other fowl less than them, were heightened up to a lark. The third was in sweetmeat dry of all sorts, heightened in a like manner, to a round comfit."

This must have been a stately entertainment. Our ancestors were fond of such pyramidal displays. The Readers' feasts at the Temple, when feasts were most in vogue, generally exhibiting a large dish in the centre, pyramid fashion. A service of birds was much better understood in the olden time than now. The air was rided for every description of feathered thing that could help in any way to constitute a dish.

"The robin red-breast till of late had nest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till becassins sold so devilish dear
To one that was or would have been a peer."

This was in Pope's time; but

"The four-and-twenty blackbirds baked
in a pie."

is an earlier instance of the antiquity of the taste.

There is a capital description of a cook in Ben Jonson's last masque before King James:—

"A master cook! why, he's the man of
man,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowls and fish,
Some he dry ditches, some moats round
with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty angled
custards;
Rears bulwark pies; and for his outer-
works,
He rameth ramparts of immortal crust;
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.
What ranks, what files, to put the dishes
in,
The whole art military! Then he knoweth
The influence of the stars upon his meat
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities
And so to fit his relishes and sauces
The cook at the Reader's
might be proud of the"

* Pepys, 4to, ed. ii. 303.

† Shirley's Work

"for a good poet differs nothing at all from a master cook. Either's art is the wisdom of the mind." There was the chief clerk of the kitchen to King Henry VIII., honest William Thynn, Esquire (for cooks were squires in those days), who gave us an edition of Chaucer, so close was the affinity between cooks and poets formerly. How the clerk of the kitchen must have relished Chaucer's description of the cook of the Canterbury Pilgrimage:—

"A coke they hadden with hem for the nones
To boile the chickenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galin gale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and boile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie,
For blanc-manger that made he with the best."

Marrow-bones was a favourite dish in the old "forme of cury," and justly too, we think. Go to Wood's Hotel, in Portugal Street, where the Noviomagians, dine with the right excellent and thrice witty Mr. Thomas Crofton Croker in the chair, supported by our worthy friend J. N., and never without a Stonehenge of marrow-bones upon the table. They are excellent at Wood's (we recommend them strongly), and mine hostess understands them well, having crane-like spoons for the purpose, that the marrow of marrow may not escape you. The contiguity of Wood's to the butchers in Clare Market secures the excellence of the article served up.

Old Major C——, of the ——, had a particular fancy for giving a dinner entirely made up of sauces. We never saw a man enjoy Smollett's description of the dinner in the manner of the ancients more than our old friend the major. He was fond of eccentricities, and Smollett, we suppose, had suggested the idea. He talked about this dinner for a very long time; at last he ventured to give it to a select trio. And what a dinner it was! Gravy sauce for soup, oyster-sauce and lobster-sauce instead of fish, egg-sauce instead of meat, and bread-sauce and brandy-sauce instead of pheasant and plum-pud-

ding! This strange medley of a dinner went off, it is said, with great *éclat*. The major tasted, and largely too, of every sauce-boat on the table. He strengthened his stomach with half-a-glass of sherry after the gravy and a whole one after the fish-sauces were entirely done with. This, he said, he found a good plan. When the egg-sauce was removed, he took a toothful of brandy; and this, he assured us, gave a particular relish to the simple taste of the bread-sauce immediately after. The dinner went off entirely to his satisfaction: two of his friends, however, were ill the next day; but this was nothing, he used to remark, against the propriety of giving such a dinner, for they began the brandy too early, and ate too voraciously of the lobster-sauce. The major had a runip-steak supper after, but he never repeated the eccentric feast, though it continued a favourite subject of conversation with him ever after.

A man may shew as much tact and taste in the selection of the friends he asks to meet you as in the choice of the meats and wines he sets upon his table. The late Mr. Walker, the magistrate, was of opinion that a man's dinner-party should never consist of more than eight,—that is, if a good dinner and conversation alone were wanted. The entertaining author of the *Original* has a right to be heard on such a subject. We are inclined to bargain for a round-table in addition. Corners turn people out, and put people out. A semi-circle round the fire, with your feet on the fender and a glass of old port at your lips, is no imperfect enjoyment when yule-logs crackle in the grate, and merry sayings occur to promote digestion. But a circle of faces round a haunch of venison, a sirloin of beef, or even a saddle of mutton, reads still better upon paper, and is, in reality, much to be preferred. Only take care how you select your friends, and remember, above all, that it is as much your duty to call out the particular talents of your friends by your own skill in conversation, as it is to recommend your own or your cook's superior skill in the dishes which you set before them. We have often thought that, in saying to one's-self, "Whom shall we have?" or, "Whom shall we

ask to meet him?" it would be infinitely worth one's while to turn to or repeat a very characteristic passage in Goldsmith's unhappily-unfinished *Retaliation*,—

"If our landlord supplies us with beef
and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself and he brings
the best dish;
Our Dean shall be venison just fresh from
the plains,
Our Burke shall be tongue with the
garnish of brains;
Our Will shall be wild-fowl of excellent
flavour,
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten
the savour;
Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place
shall obtain,
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and
plain;
Our Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree."

This plan of looking upon your friends as so many individual dishes is much to be commended. Then never ask more than two great talkers at a dinner of eight, or one who sits and says nothing, and only opens his mouth to relieve his plate. Your great talkers, it is said, are generally the shallowest fellows in the room; but your solemn spoons, who sit and look attention, too often turn out dead bargains at the end. We never see a heavy-looking listener in a room, but we think of the capital story in the *Table-Talk* of Coleridge,—

"Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with 'Them's the jockeys for me!' I wish," adds Coleridge, "Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head!"

Give us a contradicter after this,—none of your mandarin-headed listeners, nodding assent mechanically and nothing more.

We have little sympathy, we confess, with the gentleman's predilection for apple-dumplings; nor are we inclined to indulge in Sir Epicure Mammon's liking for dishes such as Lucullus, and Lucullus alone, would have had at table,—tongues of carps,

dormice, the paps of a pregnant sow, the beards of barbels, mullets soused in high country-wines, peacocks' brains, &c. It is not for dishes like these that we should be tempted to wish, in the language of one of Ben Jonson's sons,—

"O now for an eternity of eating,
Fool was he that wish'd but a crane's
short neck!
Give me one, Nature, long as is a cable
Or sounding-line; and all the way a
palate
To taste my meat the longer!"

We hardly know where we could wish this with propriety, unless at the Steaks behind the Lyceum, where, with your two finger-sized helpings at a time, the allowance of pickles at the fifth, good drink, and the liberty of unlicensed speech, you are tempted to wish for a lengthened appetite in language such as Randolph wrote for his Epicurean Acolastus.

This mention of the Steaks behind the Lyceum—better but incorrectly known as the Beef-steak Club—reminds us not inappropriately that we have something to say on the subject of chops and steaks in London. A man with a good stomach is always happy when he can talk of meat. Another, with a ruined appetite, takes pleasure in dwelling on the past—his feats of stomach in his younger years. The subject is an interesting one. Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour, who made their breakfasts of rumps of beef, would have listened with greedier ears than usual to *Romaine* when she talked of steaks.

People who dine at the Albany Rooms in Piccadilly, at the Edinburgh Castle, in the Strand, at Hancock's, in Rupert Street, at John-o'-Groats, immediately opposite, and at Varney's, in Newcastle Street, seem to satisfy their appetites rather unadvisedly. To our thinking there are no places like Joe's in Finch Lane, the Cock on the north side of Fleet Street, and the Rainbow on the south, the Three Tuns in Billingsgate, the Cheshire Cheese in Wine Office Court, and the Blue Posts in Corb Street. A man who spends a week in London on his own resources can not do better, we conceive, than eat at the six places we have enumerated, making his attendance on

seventh, to the house he likes the best.

A chop at the Cock in Fleet Street is no every-day production; if one chop is not enough, order by all means a chop and sausage, or a chop and chop to follow; or finish off with a Cheshire rabbit (we adopt the more recent spelling), you cannot go wrong. The stout here is excellent. You are only trifling with your appetite if you ask for less than a thunderer the first go. Always drink Cock stout from the glass: the half-and-half and the porter from the pewter. We ourselves drink half-and-half as less heady, always finishing off with half-a-pint of porter, in the same pint pot, which we take as a kind of light claret after dinner. We recommend the same course to others. William knew our ways, and Charles is getting into them. We are inclined, however, to give our more particular directions to James, who has resigned the jacket, we observe, since REGINA noticed it in a former number. We think the Cock chops superior to the steaks. Mr. Colnett should look a little into this. Ben at "the Cheshire Cheese" is getting the start of him in steaks; indeed Ben directs particular attention to this department of his house; but more of Ben anon when we come to speak of the Cheshire Cheese. Before, however, we pass to another tavern, let us recommend the only joint they condescend to cook at the Cock—ribs of beef. This is the very dish that Lydgate's London Lackpenny licked his lips at,—

"Then I hyed me into Est-Chepe;
One cryes *Rybbe of Beefe*, and many a
Pye;
Powter pottes they clattered on a heape;
There was harpe, pype, and minstrele ye,
'Yea, by Cock! nay by Cock!' some
began crye;
Some souge of Jenken and Julyan for
then mede;
But for lack of mony I myght not spede."

Make your Monday's dinner with Colnett at the Cock. Then "Yea by Cock, nay by Cock," we know what will be. You will cab it out of your way to try the chops and ribs of beef again. Colnett's charge for the joint is eighteen-pence. If Monday at the Cock, then by

all means Tuesday at the Rainbow. Drop in about six o'clock, in time for the hot joint. Little Argent understands a joint; if you know him well let him cut for you. Don't ask for a chop or a steak, they are not so famed in the art of cooking them at the Rainbow since the fat cook died, whose full-length portrait decorates the room in which you sit. The stout here is as good as it is at the Cock, though people affect to perceive a difference, the merest imagination in the world. You may order a pint to begin with. The run of the joint is two shillings. We are sorry we cannot recommend the rabbits. We went unknown, like Canning, into company and got a yesterday's one by mistake. We refused to pay for it; and our refusal was properly accepted. Perhaps Mr. Argent has rated the waiter well since we were there last. Will our friend J. B. (that worthy prop of the Rainbow about six) speak to Mr. Argent on the point? His word will carry weight.

Wednesday, we recommend, should be set apart for the Cheshire Cheese, with a party of six, though four will do. The pride of the Cheshire Cheese is a beef-steak pudding; and Ben has a cook who understands it thoroughly. However, it is Ben's looking on, we believe, that perfects all. Some will exclaim that a beef-steak pudding is a heavy dish, and so far we agree with them when they confine their complaint to the article as it is cooked at home. At Ben's it is a very different matter. The receipt for making it is said to have belonged to the tribe of Ben for a century and more. The father of all the Bens is said to have been an apprentice to the famous Christopher Kat, who made the celebrated Kit-Kat pies, as his mutton-pies were called, which said pies originated the Kit-Kat club, and the Kit-Kat portraits. It was only fit that the apprentice should excel in a pudding, when his master excelled in a pie. But to our tale. You cannot have a pudding unless you give your order early. Ben's score closes, we are told, at ten A.M. He could not conscientiously, he says, score a customer up after that hour. A beef-steak pudding requires time to make, and a very long time (Ben never enumerates the

hours) to boil. Well, we will suppose the pudding ordered, and the dinner hour six. Your party is assembled; you are all hunger and expectation, in enters Ben with the pudding! and only witness the eager watchfulness of his eyes as he scans the party round for a look (he does not want words at such a time) of "Ben, you have done wonders—all right." Now mind how you remove a centre from the lid, and have the oysters at hand ready to pop in. Oysters cook sufficiently well with the heat of the pudding they are put in. Boil them in the pudding itself and they turn out tough and tasteless, like (in short), so many pieces of leather. The removal of the lid is a work of some nicety. Only bear what Ben has to say on this point! Now, however, it is time to remove the lid once more, the oysters are well done; and the only question is who shall be helped first:—

"Fair fu' your honest sonsie face,
Great Chieftain of the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye take your place,
Painch, tripe or thairm;
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm."

This saying of grace is by no means an unnecessary matter. Some short one should be said on this, and on all similar occasions, "as lang's my arm," is a mile too long. Beau Nash's is not a bad one. "Come, gentlemen, eat, and welcome." Better still is old Lady Hobart's grace. "Well," says my lady, looking anxiously round for some one to say grace at table, "I think I must say as one did in the like case, 'God be thanked, nobody will say grace.'"
This was said a century and a half before Sheridan was born.

You may safely say grace over any thing that Ben serves up. It is not, however, at every tavern in London that you may with any thing like common prudence ejaculate a "Thank God" for what is set before you. Do not forget Mrs. Johnson's memorable saying to her husband, the celebrated "Sam." The Doctor, though always complaining about his dinners, never omitted to "Thank God" for what was set before him.

His complaints became so common that Mrs. Johnson at last called to him when about to say grace. "Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will pronounce not eatable." A proper rebuke—and so the Doctor thought it.

In a party of six over a Beef-steak Pudding (hang it, we had nearly written the name of the pudding without the capital letters so particularly its due) great care should be taken to select the most impartial individual of the company for the all-important office of carver. In the distribution of a Beef-steak Pudding this is very essential. The lid is always the lightest part of the paste, and the most digestible; a fair share of this, though of the size of half-a-crown, is, therefore, due to every partaker. Then the equal distribution of the better portion of the meat, of the gravy, the oysters,—yes, and the kidneys too, demands the scales of Justice herself. Then an experienced carver will keep something good in reserve for second helpings. The taste refined by what it feeds on. Do not, therefore, deal too lavishly at first in the very pope's eye of the pudding. To have an army of reserve is a golden maxim. You may lose a whole circle of acquaintances by your manner of carving. Remember the fate of a certain Robert Sinclair, who used to say that he had thirty friends during a fortnight's residence at Harrogate, and lost them all in the carving of one haunch of venison.

You may dine on Thursday at the Three Tuns in Billingsgate, at the one, or at the four o'clock fish ordinary. We recommend the former, though the hour is an early one; but it is for this reason, that the salesmen of the market generally sit down to it, and the fish, we have always thought, is a shade if any thing the better. We are however assured, that this is not the case, and Mr. Simpson indignantly denies the difference. We have no reason to doubt his veracity, and the difference may, perhaps, be altogether imaginary. Let the difference then—

it will, the four o'clock dinner is a cheap and capital one at double the price Mr. Simpson charges. We know not where you could get such another dinner for eighteen-pence, or even for three times the sum. Think of a fine fish course—a noble cod, or salmon, or turbot at one end; a large dish of fried cod at the other, with fried soles and fried eels in the centre, melted butter, soy, and anchovy sauces, potatoes and bread at pleasure.

This seems more than enough for the money; but eighteenpence provides for a very great deal at the Three Tuns in Billingsgate. The fish removed (and very little goes down), there is a capital dinner of butcher's meat and greens—a piece of roast beef at one end, and a boiled leg of mutton, or some such kind of dish, at the other—roast at the head, boiled at the bottom, with an ample dish of beef-steaks (tolerably good, too,) in the centre of the table. It is very hard if you cannot dine with such a fare before you. But your eighteenpence is not yet exhausted: there is cheese (not "pippins and cheese") to follow. And all, we repeat, for eighteenpence! The thing is marvellous. There are, however, other recommendations—the water which is placed on the table in a row of hock-bottles down the middle is worthy of Hare Court in the Temple, or of Aldgate pump, hard by. The sherry, too, is not amiss, by any means, for tavern sherry; and the punch — But before we enlarge upon the punch, a few rules for the guidance of the stranger who dines there for the first time may be found of service. If you wish to dine at *one*, take your seat a quarter of an hour before; if the little transept at the head of the table is taken (and plates turned over are put there to denote when it is engaged) take your seat a little lower down, but still towards the head. If you arrive late—and three minutes before the time is reckoned late—seize a Windsor-chair, towards the lower end, or towards the very centre of the table—you are near the main dishes there. You will find it a safe rule if you are at the foot never to

ask for what is at the head, or at the head for the dish in active operation at the foot. Do not be misled because many at table drink beer—never swim fish in beer; ask for half-a-pint of sherry, and if you take eels, a toothful of brandy (the brandy is sent round) is no bad security from after disagreements. With your cheese "a thumb of ale," as they call it, is far from bad.

But don't go away. Readjust yourself in your Windsor chair, order a glass of cold punch, seize a cigar or a clay, and play Sir Walter Raleigh at the Three Tuns in Billingsgate. A clay seems much in favour. The Guy Faux lantern on the table is a kind of provocative to take one. But do not allow the seductive drinks and attractions of this Billingsgate Castle of Indolence to venture on a second glass of punch, or you will find some difficulty when in the cold air to preserve your balance or even to call for a cab to take you home. The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield met a couple of chairmen carrying a portly person home to his lodgings at the Bath. The earl thought he recognised a friend in the drunkard in their care. He asked them who they had with them.

"Only Mr. Quin, my lord, who has just left the Three Tuns."

"Left the Three Tuns!" was Lord Chesterfield's reply. "Gad! I think old John Dory* has brought *one* away with him."

Friday we will set aside for Joe's in Finch Lane. Here the pink and perfection of a dinner is half a steak and half a steak to follow. You have the advantage in winter of sitting near the fire, and of seeing your dinner cooked full in the face before you. To enjoy a steak thoroughly at Joe's you must not drink his beer. If you want a liquid of any kind, half a glass of water is the utmost you should take. The steaks at Joe's are tender and full of gravy (the best out of sight in London), you will, therefore, want scarcely any thing to drink while your pewter-plate is before you. But the dish cleared out, take our advice,—and pay. You are confoundedly thirsty! —of course you are. Call a cab, or

* Quin, the actor, here spoken of, was so fond of a John Dory that he went to Plymouth (then a difficult journey) on purpose to taste one in full perfection.

step into an omnibus, and tell the man to put you down at the Cock at Temple Bar. Ten minutes, or less, will take you there, and then—a whole libation of half-and-half. We can picture you before us, laying your ears down at it, with the bottom of the pewter in the air, and a "Thank God, a good dinner!" half uttered from your lips. Suppose, however, another course. Take a cab (walking is out of the question at such a time), and tell the man to drive you to the Shades at London Bridge. Half-a-pint from the wood (imperial measure) is no bad sauce to a steak at Joe's. We recommend port: a modicum of sherry reminds us too forcibly of "the vinegar-cruet" (a pint of sherry), to which James Smith, of the *Rejected Addresses*, was reduced by the physicians, who wished to keep him to his friends a little longer.

If you cannot find a friend to ask you to the Steaks (that little Escorial behind the Lyceum), you cannot do better than try a west-end dinner on Saturday at the Blue Posts in Cork Street—Tom Hill's retreat, when he was not asked out by others or by himself. Do not confound the Blue Posts in Cork Street with the Blue Posts in the Haymarket, as some have done,—a much older place, it is true (orthodox, too, at one time, for five bishops dined here together in the reign of James II.), but poor and meagre in comparison with Hill's last quarters. The Saturday's joint is a noble piece of beef, boiled in Old-Bailey fashion; the hour, six; and the charge—but the charge is high—comparatively high. A salmon-steak and soy to begin with will usher in the beef better than any thing else we can name—unless, perhaps, a fried sole; but of this we are somewhat doubtful. The malt is good, nor is the wine indifferent. It is wise, however, to reserve yourself for the Baked Purch (capital letters again—it well deserves it), the envy of Ben at the Cheshire Cheese, and not thought bad by the cunning concocter of the article at the Three

Tuns in Billingsgate. With a good foundation of beef, and the useful precaution of not mixing your liquors, you need not fear the least symptom of a to-morrow's headach. It is your vile practice of taking three or four different kinds of drinks at a meal that plays the deuce with you the next day. Stick to one or even two kinds of drinks, and you will wake like a lark in the morning, as if the libation of last night was a mere dew-drop in its effects.

It was thought a piece of puppyism in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to call for the bill of fare: the individual in quest of a dinner entered the larder, and took a survey for himself. A good soup and a pullet was thought no bad dinner, provided there was a Sussex wheat-ear in the house, or jacksnipes so fat you would think they had their winding-sheets on. But men in those days partook of a hearty supper,—of a venison pasty, as Pepys did, or a roast chine of beef, like the Duchess of Cleveland. Supper was looked upon as a sort of turnpike, through which one must pass in order to go to bed. Few supped as lightly as Sir Roger de Coverley: "good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pippin, and a pipe of John Sly's best." We feel assured, should the time revive for inspecting larders and rejecting bills of fare, that the larder of the Blue Posts will bear inspection. There is always more (when the larder is at the lowest) than Pope conceived was sufficient for a dinner.

How will the reader "solemnise the Lord's" on brocoli and mutton at the Blue Posts in Cork Street, at the Cock, at the Cheshire Cheese, or better still on Sunday, at his own fireside? But here it is we separate, not without a maxim (so we may safely call it) from the great moralist of his age: "Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind any thing else."*

* Dr. Johnson.

VELASCO ; OR, MEMOIRS OF A PAGE.*

THE men of the past generation, as well as the men of the present, know Cyrus Redding as the Nestor of newspapers and the Methuselah of magazines, while those who have marked his course more nearly are aware that, independently of innumerable contributions to our popular literature, published here, there, and everywhere, he is most favourably known as the author of the *History of Modern Wines, of Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, and last, though not least, as the inventor of that famous "Leek Pie," which bears his odorous name in one of the most recent treatises on the art of cookery.† Now, however, at the twelfth hour, the gallant and the gallant old man, comes out in a new character, and startles the town with a three-vol. novel, entitled *Velasco, or Memoirs of a Page*. The story is the history of a Spanish *aventurero*, born on the *Cerillo del Rastro* of Madrid, who begins life by holding horses, is noticed by a Franciscan friar, who teaches him reading and writing, Latin and arithmetic, and, ultimately, obtains him the situation of page in the household of the Duke of Uzeda, a grandee of Spain. Here, however, the clever author of this amusing work commits an error, which is noticeable, or, as the Germans say, mark-worthy, if the book be meant as an accurate historical record of the manners and customs of Spain a century ago. Though it was not necessary to prove nobility of birth to enter as page into the household of a simple Spanish *don*, such proof of nobility was indispensable in order to obtain the situation in the princely house of a page of the first class, as the Duke is represented to be. Even in France, a court always less careless than the court of Spain, at the reign of Louis XIV., persons of *mallesse* were rejected as a page de la grande chambre, even of the *petite chambre*.

And in Spain, before the period of pages, an institution afterwards transplanted into France. It was the custom in Spain, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in France in the seventeenth and eighteenth, to educate these young pages apart; and his Catholic, as well as most Christian majesty, was seated at table by pages, under whom were valets and lacqueys of an inferior order. And even so late as the beginning of the present century Buonaparte, in taking possession of the throne of the Bourbons, retained the institution of pages. But these youths, impudent and audacious as they were, instead of being sons of the shambles, as Mr. Redding makes Velasco, were the children of ancient houses or the sons of his illustrious servants, military or civil, whom the little Corsican employed to be educated at his own expense. Even in England pages were always chosen among youths of good birth. The great Marlborough, as every body knows, a page to James, duke of York; and if memory does not deceive us, for we write without having access to books, the present Duke of Wellington, in early life a page to an Irish lieutenant. If, therefore, Mr. Redding wish to be in strict keeping with history, he is incorrect in giving his hero so ignoble an origin. A page, however, Velasco is appointed, and being a *buen mozo*, as well as quick-witted, companionable, fond of adventure, and unscrupulous, he has an opportunity of seeing the "mangled yarn of good and ill together" of which Spanish life is composed. Not merely does the page write down his own adventures and his master's adventures, but he lays bare to the hideous anatomical demonstration of a grandee's house. Here, in these volumes, we have a just illustration of the meanness that is at the bottom of the pride that licks the dust of the whole social, political, and clerical

or, Memoirs of a Page. In 3 vols. By Cyrus Redding. London.

and Cock. By J. Brogdon and Anne Millar.

life of Madrid, is laid open before us with amazing truth and fidelity. Nor is it merely characters and personages, general or individual, that are well portrayed,—as the grandee, the minister of state, the priest, the *escribano*, the banker, the bull-fighter, the alguazil, the robber, the scheming courtesan, the housekeeper of the curate, the man of many projects,—but scenery and locality are painted with a correctness truly miraculous, considering that Mr. Redding has never visited the country. It may be answered that Le Sage, like Mr. Redding, never set his foot in Spain (and this we believe to be the fact, though the contrary is stoutly maintained by the Count François de Neufchâteau and Monsieur Harmois, *attaché* of the French embassy at Madrid); but then, though Le Sage's general acquaintance with the habits and manners of Spain cannot be denied, as is well observed by Mr. Ford in his excellent *Handbook of Spain*, yet he makes many mistakes in the topography of the country and in local descriptions. Mr. Redding, however, appears acquainted with the *topos kai akrota* of the Iberian Peninsula. In these volumes Velasco assumes many parts, and plays them all amusingly, if not all well. He is boon companion of a monk, the friend of a marquis, the favoured of a marchioness, the secretary of a council of ministers, the companion of a strolling band of gipsies, a staid, loving, married man, settled down in Valencia, a sorrowing widower, the dupe of artful sharpers, a second time a married man, and a place-holder in expectation. These varied alternations of fortune open to us new views and new characters, in which Jew and gipsy both figure. Velasco, in telling his own story, makes the most of what he has seen and observed. Sometimes his adventures are but the peg on which he hangs a sketch of the manners and characters of those with whom he comes into contact—sometimes they afford him food for contemplation to the indulgence of sweet or bitter fancy.

The characters are varied and for the most part spiritedly drawn. There is love and passion, as a matter of course, in a novel where the scene is laid in Spain; but neither the love

nor the passion ever lie or encumber the solid good sense and sharp satire of the book. Every page makes it plain to the reader's apprehension that he is dealing with a sharp observer of the world, and one who looks through the deeds of men with an open and keenly discerning eye. The tone of the novel is occasionally bitter and sarcastic, sometimes sad and mournful, but without any sickly sentimentality, and most frequently indicative of an ardent and unsuspicious nature, full of genuine good feeling good nature, and good sense. Nor are these volumes without a political tendency. Some of the sharpest strokes of satire are directed, through the bodies of Spanish statesmen, bishops, and leaders of parties, against men in high places at home.

One of the best drawn-characters in the book is the Conde de Guipuscoa, and who does not as he reads see that a certain ex-Chancellor has sat for the portrait?

"The confidence and the fluency of language at the disposal of the Conde de Guipuscoa, the last being the result of study, joined with natural aptitude, were great. Presumptuously, aspiring after superiority in every branch of knowledge, he failed to be profound in any—occasionally blundering upon all. His manner was ungraceful. Impetuous, egotistic, insolent, vituperative, unscrupulous, his oratory shewed no repose in its breathless denunciations. None of the hallowed inspiration that dignify, no ray of genius broke in upon the intense selfishness or illumined the lurid virulence by which it was characterised. Ever resonant with invective, yet marked by no originality of thought, he startled his auditors by the wonderful complexity and involution of his language, which it would seem he himself deemed the most effective resource of eloquence when united with spleen and ferocity of unconfronted declamation. Cold and calculating himself, his eloquence could not be wholly termed the reflexion of his own nature, for that was vehement and headstrong. The deep things of the soul, the development of which speaks the presence of inspiration in the orator, he never exhibited, for he could not impart that he did not feel. Nor did he ever expatiate in the regions of tranquil beauty, sounding the notes that touch the finer chords of the human heart, since they vibrate sympathies which he was a stranger.

"Nor did he ever amend one errand by an appeal to the kindly feelings."

common humanity. The grim hyena, not the lordly lion, was his emblem. Earnest, fierce, revengeful, he contemplated his prey from the lurking ambush where he considered only how he might inflict vengeance, not secure conquest. Victory to him was secondary. His triumph was to stride over the field insulting and mangling the fallen — crushing and mashing the bone and integument with the same indiscriminating fury — an executioner at the wheel, not the hero of honourable combat. The dismemberment of a butterfly or the perpetration of a homicide were to him an equal effort, accomplished under the blind violence of self-willed uncontrol. Before his oblique temper, the favoured of one hour were the hated of the next: he thus became the doubted of all men.

“There was neither conscience nor conduct in his rancour; his aspirations, however plausibly designed to indicate disinterestedness, ended in self-gratification. His diurnal bearing baffled the conjecture of the most experienced. The harsh, inconsistent, tortuous, contradictory, protracted, rugged, and self-sufficient all, were adopted by turns in knotting the meshes with which he ensnared his prey. Like the black couchant spider, he pounced upon his unconscious victim that had no expectation of being assailed. Neither the joys nor sorrows of others were his. Envious of all superiority, the ambition of mere notoriety engrossed his soul, and led him to play a thousand fantastic tricks.”

The character of Llenjaro, bishop of Badajoz in the West, bears also an English application, for which the practised reader will not find it difficult to fix on an original in our own day and in our own land.

The character of the *Privado* (a word which Mr. Redding seems to think means prime minister, though it in reality means favourite, the equivalent for prime minister in Spanish being *Presidente del Consejo, y Secretario de Estado y del Despacho Universal*), we recommend to the especial attention of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, as it may afford even him fresh illustrations of the character of a living premier not unworthy of his attention. In truth, these volumes have as practical and political an application as either *Coningsby* or *Sybil*, though the satire be not so unmistakably pointed. But there is in them a multitude of better things than politics. The follies and vices, the cant, the hypocrisy, the money-

seeking, money-worshipping, soul-debasing spirit of our age, are vigorously lashed, and one rises from the perusal of *Velasco* persuaded that the writer is honestly indignant and in earnest. We have said that there is now and then a dash of sadness in the narrative, but this never deepens into gloom or sombreness, but takes a mournful and tender hue. How many of us are there, alas! who have let the fair occasion, which would have made us something, go for ever by in life! On such minds the following remarks will strike a painful chord:—

“There are fatalities in the course of human life which carry us into far wandering paths, and into realms where, like Israel's children in the desert, we enter but to become bewildered and to regret, to mourn opportunity passed by without notice, and the career that brings upon the dark closing-in of life, repentance unilluminated by hope, and sadness that joy never for a moment irradiates. What consolation is it that this is the broad way of the multitude, and that experience comes only when its benefits are unavailable?”

There are also here and there “wise saws” and reflections which have occurred to all of us in our passage through the world, whether it may have been our fate to wear a black coat or a red. Who that has had a temporary misunderstanding or a fatal break with a former friend but has said again and again with Velasco?—

“Among the most painful things in human experience are those self-accusations that arise when, having lost a friend, we recall the circumstances in which we were wanting towards his friendship, we feel that now his constancy of regard is beyond a doubt, and the seal put upon his virtue, we bear a load of unanticipated debt which we cannot discharge to his heirs.”

The episode of Doña Juana, and the sojourn in the vale of Almanara, in the sweet kingdom of Valencia, prove that Mr. Redding possesses not only powers of vigorous thought, but of eloquent expression. In this part of the work there is disclosed a sympathy for all that is noble and beautiful in nature, and a relish for the calm tranquillity of country life, which one reads with pleasure, after

so much pungent satire has been exhausted on the vices and follies of cities and towns. The following description of Valencia — of that happy province, yielding in fertility and delight to none, and in the *huerta* of which the Moors placed their paradise, is wonderfully accurate. Over this happy land it was that the children “of Afric’s burning sands” imagined heaven to be suspended, and that a portion of it had fallen down on earth. *Cælum hic cecidisse putes.*

“We glanced awhile at the country beneath and around over the whole horizon, before we descended the hill to our peaceful dwelling, which looked from thence like the snug nest of some gentle bird. What a garden of beauty was unveiled towards Valencia! one immense grove of rich foliage in marquetry; among which, thickly sown, peered villages, monasteries, hamlets, fields in rich cultivation, and a well-populated district, — cypresses, mulberry-trees, algarobas, oaks, palms, and every variety of tree, intermingled with, or divided by meadows kept green by channels of water, that looked like delicate veins of silver circulating fertility over the smiling land; while on the east the ocean spread beneath a plain of sapphire in magnitude of beauty.”

The following extract must be our last. It contains pithy advice for a painter, whether that painter be English, Spanish, Flemish, or Italian:—

“‘You have improved rapidly, señor,’ said my master; ‘you will soon be an excellent artist. I would fain give you a few infallible rules for success in art. Remember that the first object of a painter, like that of a player, is to please that he may live. Never suffer the desire of excellence to stifle the chance of profit; never paint nature as you see it in pure truth; truth is prejudicial in the sight of the world of fashion; embellish nature; make ugliness comely; think only of effect; mend the features of your sitters; diminish splay feet, whiten red hands, correct a sinister squint; in all things follow the world, never attempt to lead; paint in the style of fashion’s favourites; draw females from tire-women’s shapes rather than those of antiquity; let your beauties be meretricious; make a boorish grandee look lordly, and stamp the face of folly with the expression of high intellect,—the fashionable style of portrait-painting being but the art of lying made visible.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXCVI.

In fancy or landscape you may be less particular; but beware of too great a fidelity in imitation; taking care that your work shall be understood as something to which the vulgarity of nature has not yet attained,—something that soars high, the poetry rather than the prose of the pencil. Let every scene blaze with colour. Your gipsies must be ladies and your ladies queens; and be sure to mince up their feet *à la Chinoise*; make kennel girls Hebes; and if the beggar’s garments be ragged, take care they exhibit no trace of a stain: represent them fresh from the washer-women; no intrusive dirt; the world must not be shocked by objects of poverty, as they really exist; touch low subjects up a little, therefore, after the imagination, accommodating them to what every-day minds best tolerate: elevate even monarchs; have no fixed principle in choosing fancy subjects, but observe what is the passion for the hour,—the times and rapt feelings of Raphael and Murillo have passed away. Is our holy church in danger,—take for your subject some martyr undergoing torture; or is the political horizon clouded,—select from the Old Testament some touching subject analogous to the crisis; it is wonderful what may be done in this way by metaphorical subjects: Spain made Israel, and our sacred king represented as David or Solomon. Is there a fire in the village or town,—touch it off directly; an epidemic raging naturally points out the plague, with its terrible details, as a good speculation. Paint kings and princes, courtiers and parasites,—the sale of such subjects is more certain still: a suicide, especially that of a couple of lovers, is an excellent subject, when it becomes a matter of general conversation; but your own observation will be the best guide, as circumstances turn up, in operating in this essential matter, as it affects art. Never be ashamed to praise your own work, if others will not; by this means your pictures will be secure of some commendation, but while you do this, be careful never to praise the works of a contemporary.”

There are errors in this work, some of which must be laid to the printer, but others of which are Mr. Redding’s own. The word *majo*, for instance (which Mr. Redding invariably spells *mayo*), is rendered as bully, whereas it means spruce, well-dressed dandy. *Garrócha*, a javelin, is also invariably written *garroca*, by Mr. Redding. It would be difficult to find in the spot in which Mr. Redding gives Velasco a *patty* of *benugos* any thing of the sort.

H H

The *besugos*, a sort of bream, are found at Suances, about a league from Santillana. The word *bandilleros*, which is not Spanish, is used for *bandoléro*, a highwayman; and Mr. R. speaks of the *aguardiente* of Madrid as delicious, when every one who has made a sojourn in that capital knows there is not a drop of good brandy to be had for love or money. But these are venial faults.

It has been objected to Mr. Redding by nearly all his critics, that in these volumes he has closely imitated Le Sage. We cannot, for the life of us, be induced to think so. *Velasco* is indeed a novel of adventure, and a picture of manners, and in so far it resembles *Gil Blas* as Macedon resembles Monmouth, because there is an M in both; but neither in structure, in style, in episode, in plot, is there the least resemblance. There is life, and movement, and colouring in *Gil Blas*, and there is life, and movement, and colouring in

Velasco; but this arises from the nature of the story rather than from any spirit of imitation, liberal or servile. The manner of Mr Redding is occasionally hard, dry, and crabbed, but his style is withal clear, pure, and idiomatic, and modelled somewhat upon the racy Saxon-English of De Foe. The manner of Le Sage is never either dry or hard, and there is in the structure of his phrases, as well as in the tone of his thought, a mode and a fashion eminently Gallic. Mr. Redding's manner is not Gallic, but Saxon. *Algo va de Pedro à Pedro*. There is a difference, therefore, between Peter and Peter—between *Alain René Gilblas Le Sage* and *Cyrus Velasco Rastro Redding*. We always like to read an old novel of Le Sage's, and we should have no objection, if Cyrus would again take pen in hand, to read a new one of the brave old veteran whose pages have beguiled the ides of this melancholy March.

FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

IN a cheerful, pleasant apartment, overlooking a garden rich in summer beauty, sat two ladies engaged in a conversation, apparently very interesting to both. The one,—it was the lady of the house,—was young and fair; she wore her hair simply braided above her beautiful brow; her dark eyes now sparkled with intelligence, now beamed with tenderness, and the smile that played round her mouth was full of arch meaning. The second lady was many years older than her companion, and she bore even in her countenance traces of care,—long-past care perhaps, though it had left its token with her for ever. The two friends had much to say to each other, for they had been parted for years, and in the interval the younger lady had passed from the gaiety of girlhood to the calmer happiness of married life, and in her new character of wife and mother, she was an object of deeper interest than ever to her old friend. Other changes had passed over her, but of them we will leave her to speak for herself. The other lady

was less altered, for she had learned her lesson of life early, and since then her outward circumstances had offered little variety. Hers was a mind of a high order, and therefore it had advanced in knowledge and in wisdom, but there were not, as in the case of her companion, new feelings developed, new affections awakened to existence. She was still unmarried, and, as it seemed, perfectly satisfied with her lot.

Mrs. Verner, for so the younger lady was called, had expatiated on the excellence of her husband and the sweetness of her children with a warmth of eloquence very delightful to her hearer.

"But there is another subject very interesting to me, which you have not yet mentioned, my dear Mrs. Verner," said the elder lady, (whom we will call Miss Merton), when at length there was a pause in the conversation. "When we parted you were only becoming aware of the powers with which you were gifted, and now you are an authoress. Well I remember the strange new

delight you betrayed, and how you seemed to glory in the wealth of mind you had but then known yourself to possess! Have you found all the happiness you expected in your new occupation?"

"All, and more than all," replied Mrs. Verner. "The wild triumphant gladness of the time to which you have referred may have given place to calmer and humbler feelings, but I regret neither the time nor the labour I have bestowed in endeavouring to bring nearer to perfection the faculties wherewith God has endowed me."

"I rejoice to hear you speak thus, though I am not surprised," said Miss Merton. "And yet I have sometimes dreaded that, with your keen sensibilities and earnest feelings, there might be much to wound you in the path you have chosen."

"No, no, my dear friend," replied Mrs. Verner, smiling, "my distresses have been quite of a different kind, and in no way sentimental. I could be pathetic on the trials of a young author,—I mean an author *in a small way*, like myself, for instance,—who in innocency of heart and not without enthusiasm, follows literature from pure affection."

"I should like to hear some of these distresses," remarked Miss Merton.

"Alas! my trials began almost from the day in which a whisper arose that I wrote. I was very young, and, as you said just now, I gloried in my new discovery of powers which I flattered myself were not quite common. Strange to say, almost every body who spoke to me did write (especially in verse), had written, or *could write if he chose it*. The most dismal-looking woman I knew put on a bashful air, and told me 'she too wrote, but it was in the comic style.' Another person told me of a young lady who 'never gave away a pincushion without a copy of verses going with it!' Conceive how humbled I felt, for it required something as large as an iceberg or a ship to inspire me."

"And this was your first trial?"

"To be sure it was, and a severe trial too, for I began to think that my love of versifying was but a feeling common to the whole world, and that I was very foolish to let it engross so

much of my time and thoughts. However, somewhat crest-fallen, yet not altogether discouraged, I wrote on. Then the advice began. Oh! the advice,—the advice!—I do think that it is the worst trial of all."

"But what sort of advice?"

"I mean advice from people who understood nothing of the matter in question. My friends, in their affection and pride, shewed my compositions. Said one, 'There is too much sadness in them; let her write in a more lively strain.' Another, 'Why does she not write sacred poetry?' To such people as these, the power of composing is no more than a power of stringing words together. Tell them that you can write only according to the extent and nature of your talents, and they do not understand you, and what they cannot understand, of course they will not believe. Together with the advisers I would class the suggesters of subjects, who favour me with a fact or anecdote which, according to them, 'might, with my talent, be made into a beautiful poem:' even as they would sketch a bunch of flowers to send to a manufacturer, thinking that with his experience he might make a beautiful shawl, taking their sketch as his model. Some would have me turn into rhyme the prose compositions of another person. In short, the advice and suggestions of this kind which I have received might fill a volume."

"And you have never attended to either?" said Miss Merton.

"Never. I cannot accuse myself of that, at any rate. Now the very people to whom I allude are in many instances persons of good sense, and certainly prompted by the kindest feelings towards me, and yet in this instance they seem to me to display a strange want of judgment."

"I should think," remarked Miss Merton, "that nothing could more effectually prevent your being inspired by a subject than the having it suggested to you."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Verner; "and not merely suggested, but adorned perhaps with a few reflections which, it is thought, might be made beautiful in verse. Then there are advisers of another kind,—advisers whose views are bounded by calculations of pecuniary advantage. 'Imitate Miss So-and-so,' says one, 'herspirited

songs sell well.' 'You will not find your style of poetry popular,' says another; 'I recommend you to write in the style of such a person, whose works have paid well.' Now if those rosy children you saw this morning were starving, it might be my duty, and certainly should be my endeavour, to earn every farthing I could for them, even by becoming a mere imitator of others, but not being now obliged to act upon mercenary motives, I certainly shall write in my own style."

"You reminded me just now," said Miss Merton, "of the story of a lady who, having invited Mathews, the comedian, to amuse a party, and finding to her disappointment that he talked only like other people, sent her little girl to him to say, 'Mamma says, if you please, sir, will you begin to be funny?'"

"I have often thought of it, I assure you. Now our good friends would never think of telling Dr. Chalmers that he would do well to imitate the style of the *Pickwick Papers*, nor probably would they tell Wordsworth that if he wrote in the style of Horace Smith, his works would be more generally read. They can feel that such advice would be useless, and that something more than disinclination would prevent its being followed by these great geniuses. But they will not let us, little stars, possess our small talents in peace; they will not let us 'shine in our place,' if shine we can; they will not understand that we cannot change the nature of our minds. Why must we try 'to be funny,' if Heaven has made us grave? Why will they not let us obey the impulses and promptings of our own hearts and minds, without receiving any advice of theirs can be gay what nature has made? It is strange," she continued, "after musing a few moments, 'how rarely involuntary appear all the efforts of the imagination. Suddenly, perhaps, when awake at night, a scene, a story, will rise upon the mind, complete in all its parts, known and understood in a moment, and clothed in a freshness and beauty that, alas! are dimmed, if not lost, in the after-effort to speak our vision in words."

"I should like to know," observed Merton, "what would be your

own advice to one in whom you discovered a talent for original writing?"

"I would say to such an one," replied Mrs. Verner, "'Cultivate your mind and store it with information to the utmost of your power and opportunity. Read much and carefully, but never with a view to imitation. Never write but from the spontaneous impulse of your own mind, unshackled by recommendations and advice as to style or subject; and be patient with critics, even the most unwise.'"

"This last would appear a very necessary caution, to judge by all you have said of your trials," observed Miss Merton, smiling. "Remembering how warmly indignant you used to be at ignorant criticism of the authors you loved, I should hardly venture to be critical on your own works."

"Ah! you used to laugh at me, as my husband does now, for taking any impertinence offered to my favourite books quite as a personal affront," said Mrs. Verner gaily. "However, with respect to myself, I do not mind even useless criticism. Of course a good deal is passed on my productions,—it is so easy to be, if not a critic, at least a *critickin*, as Carlyle has it. One person reads a poem of mine, and says, with a peculiarly knowing look, 'murmuring sound,'—is not that too much like Milton?"

'Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound.'

Nay, I assure you I scarcely exaggerate—and doubtless from that day, my friend considers me a plagiarist, and declares he has 'found me out.' But they will not always give me credit for borrowing my ideas from so high a source; sometimes it is a passage in Mr. Brown's or Mrs. Tomkins's last work, that some unlucky expression of mine resembles, and which I am consequently thought to have borrowed, *unconsciously*, of course, as I am delicately told."

"Well, you have certainly made out a heavy list of trials," said Miss Merton. "I hope it is ended?"

"Oh dear no," answered her friend; "but I will not distress you too long. I must tell you, though, that there is a kind of praise more grievous to endure than any criticism. There is

a certain condescending manner of pronouncing the words, 'very pretty,' hard to be borne patiently; and when one answers, 'I am glad you like it,' the rejoinder of, 'But I really do think so,' is still more afflicting. I recollect that once, a person, wishing to convey an indirect sarcasm, expressed his preference of the most puerile and insignificant of all my compositions."

"That was, indeed, a refinement of malice," said Miss Merton. "But to be serious, tell me something of your literary friends; those who, as you have told me, have encouraged and cheered you on your way."

"Ah! that is quite a different thing. No dry sententious advice, such as I have described, ever comes from them. If they wish me to try something new, they put me in the way of thinking of it for myself; and when they think praise is deserved they give it freely and generously. It is from them that I have met with most encouragement and *fewest suggestions*."

"And you," said Miss Merton, "are not one of those poetesses who repine at the comparative solitude of mind consequent on their peculiar talents?"

"No, no! but then I am so happy at home," said the young authoress. "It is true," she added, smiling, "that there are some whimsical inconsistencies in our lives, when we are managers of a household as well as authoresses; and the sudden transitions from the ideal to the actual are often really comic. For instance, I am writing something very tragic. 'What can I do to save you?' cries my hero. 'Would that the sacrifice of...' 'Six pound of kitchen candles, ma'am,' exclaims the cook, popping her head into the room. On another occasion, I am describing my heroine. 'She was tall yet delicately formed, fair as...' 'A quarter of pork, ma'am,' says the undaunted cook, 'a nice little quarter, very white and not too fat.' Interruptions of this kind are of course very frequent in my small establishment."

"Now, if you had numbered this among your trials, I should not have been surprised," remarked Miss Merton. "But as to society, have you such as you can like about you here?"

"I suppose society is much the

same in every country neighbourhood," replied Mrs. Verner. "It is only by a happy accident that I now and then meet a person of my own tastes and habits,—indeed I speak of them to none but my husband from year's end to year's end, generally. But there is abundant kindness among those who dwell about us, and with some of them, no lack of good sense and information. Few, I believe, are aware of the nature of my pursuits, for I am somewhat careful to conceal them. You know how much I always detested the idea of ever becoming the pet poet of a coterie. Did I ever tell you of my being once at a party in which I found myself treated *professionally*? Never was any thing more ridiculous. The people of the house,—excellent people and old friends,—were whispering my praises, and asking this person and that person whether they had read my compositions. To crown all, I was specially introduced to a brother-poet (as I was told), a gentleman who sang his own verses to the amazing delight of a group of young ladies, who cried, 'How exquisite! how touching!' *à l'envie l'une de l'autre*. Never have I felt more foolish or more provoked than I did on that happy occasion."

"I hope you do not dislike speaking of your pursuits," said Miss Merton. "If so, you have allowed me to tax your good nature cruelly."

"Believe me," answered Mrs. Verner, "I am delighted to talk to you of any thing that interests you in the least. I avoid the subject in general, because I do not wish to be flattered, or criticised, *to my face*. Besides, I assure you, it is thought a very trifling talent,—that of putting into words such ideas as all people, or almost all, flatter themselves they possess. Many a one quotes Wordsworth touching 'voiceless poets,' and looks unutterable things, leaving me convinced, of course, that if the language of verse, 'that lowest attribute of poetry,' were but given, all I could do would speedily be surpassed."

"I must confess," observed Miss Merton, "that you have given me a new view of the trials of an authoress. We are accustomed to think much of the unhappiness of women in their domestic

want of sympathetic taste in their husbands, if husbands they have; too often, alas! of their own errors. Pathetic lamentations, too, have we heard, touching the envy and jealousy of their less gifted sisters, the malice and cold-heartedness of the world, till we have almost been persuaded that the pursuit of literature, in the case of a woman, was incompatible with the possession of happiness."

"Ah! speak gently and think tenderly of those whose sorrowful words might have led you to such a conclusion," replied Mrs. Verner, with much feeling. "They may have been tried and found wanting, they may have erred grievously, yet look on them with an eye of pity, for in their earnest minds and passionate hearts lies hidden a fearful capacity for suffering. Think how little modern education, as it is called, does to prepare natures like theirs for the trials and temptations of life. Think of the dullness, the insipidity of society in general, the flat *commonplaceness* of ordinary conversation; and remembering all these things, judge not harshly of those ardent spirits which have failed in a contest with influences so uncongenial."

"Much has been said, and well said, of late, in various quarters," remarked Miss Merton, "on the subject of female education. I suppose that you are no great admirer of the system generally pursued?"

"Indeed I am not," answered the younger lady; "and surely if we are to judge of things by their fruits, I have some reason for my dislike. Do you know I could sometimes think that youth, such as we can conceive it,—youth in its loveliness, and freshness, and ardour, was but a dream of the imagination. Youth without enthusiasm seems to me a melancholy sight; and yet, among the young of my own sex, with whom I associate, and on whom I look with interest, it is very seldom that I see a spark of enthusiasm. The cheek does not flush, the eye does not burn, in the presence of things beautiful and exalted. When I think of my own girls, now in the freshness of heart and spirit that belongs to childhood, I could wish they might remain children for ever,

rather than become the dull, emotionless beings I meet every where, under the denomination of young ladies. But we are wandering from our subject. We were speaking of literary women,—of women of genius."

"Yes," said Miss Merton, "of their trials; and surely, among these we may class the isolation of their state when they enter upon the stage of life."

"I agree with you entirely," answered Mrs. Verner; "and remember, that though the process of 'being educated' has not had power to stifle their keen susceptibility, or tame the ardour of their spirits, yet as little has it taught them self-dependence,—as little,—speaking generally of course,—has it furnished them with that wealth of mind or steadiness of purpose which, in the absence of support from without, might yet enable them to feel contented with the loneliness of their lot, in spite of the longing for sympathy that belongs to their womanly nature. And a being like this, a young creature tremblingly alive to the influences of this beautiful world, tremblingly conscious that but a thin veil separates this actual daily life from the world of spirits; a being, with whom the sense of immortality is as an actual presence lingering 'about her bed, and about her path,' and whose heart is stirred, as it were, by breathings of the air of Paradise,—yes, a being such as this finds herself unguided and alone in the midst of a society of her own sex, whose talk is of Berlin wool, bonnets, and balls, and whose life is worthy of their conversation. You smile, but you know there is much truth in what I say. The inanity and frivolity of which I speak are, I believe, the results of a false system of education, which sacrifices real good for the sake of display, and produces in the end a dismal monotony of mediocrity."

"Among women of superior powers, some are happy enough to be taught from their earliest years that it is on no earthly arm that they should lean for support, and to no earthly sympathy that they should look for comfort, in the troubles which time must bring to them. Over their restless hearts, the peace which is of God has breathed its holy calm; and for them the beauty

of the unseen world pierces the earth-born clouds of doubt and of sorrow, which hide it from duller eyes. Some, too, dwell in the light of love; their daily cares endeared to their hearts by the holiest affections.

"Blessed, indeed, are such as these! But for those poor suffering ones, who wander in the thorny paths of life, pining for happiness, and going astray after its very shadow,—let us think of them tenderly, and grieve for their errors, yet forbear to blame!"

The young authoress spoke with emotion, for the subject was one on which she evidently felt deeply. A moment afterwards, smiling at the enthusiasm she had betrayed, she added, "We have fallen upon a sorrowful theme, though our conversation began gaily. But whenever my mind dwells on the lone position which a woman of genius occupies, and on the earnestness and sensitiveness of feeling which must accompany her superior intellectual gifts,—remembering how much her heart craves, and how little the world has to give,—I cannot but tremble for her. You alluded to the envy and jealousy women of inferior abilities might feel towards a gifted sister. I believe a *beautiful* sister has more to dread on this score than the most talented."

"Do you speak from experience in both characters?" asked Miss Merton, smiling.

"I answer no malicious insinuations," said Mrs. Verner, gaily. "If I told you all that the experience of my own heart and mind had taught me, I might reveal strange things. Who knows that I have not personally felt the dangerous power of the 'voice of the charmer,'—the voice of sympathy, or what seemed such,—pleading in delicious music amidst the wearisome monotony of common conversation? Who knows that I may not have turned from the vapid dulness of every-day life to the excitement of associating with what we poets call a 'kindred spirit?' The heart is so credulous, so enterprising in pursuit of happiness!"

"Do you ask who knows if these things have been so with you?" said Miss Merton. "I hope with all my

heart that Mr. Verner knows they have not."

"Well, I hope he does," rejoined the authoress, laughing; "at least, it is as well he should believe that he does. But, in sober seriousness, you may depend upon it that the sameness of ordinary existence is a trial to the unquiet spirit of a woman of genius. Even negative happiness is not enough. There is a longing, not merely to *exist*, but to *live*, to experience all varieties of feeling, for even with painful emotions there is blended something that is not pain; we feel that, through our suffering, the soul has gained, even at the expense of the heart. Strange law of our mysterious being, that wisdom must be earned through suffering!"

"Where, then, is such a being to turn for happiness?"

"To Him who looks with pity on the weaknesses of humanity. Religion alone can control and guide the wild impulses of a nature so aspiring, yet so weak, so eagerly thirsting for good, yet so prone to be dazzled by evil. But our conversation has again deepened into seriousness. You must forgive me, for I have thought much on these matters. When I was younger, and less experienced, I 'walked the world' less calmly than I do now, for there seemed a strange contrast between the agitated restlessness of my own heart, and the calm, cold surface of society; between the earnestness of purpose with which I desired to do my part in life, and the quiet apathy that seemed to belong to those around me. For awhile I was bewildered. I asked if I were indeed dwelling among beings conscious that their spirits were immortal, and that this world was a place of trial? The dreams of my childhood fell from me, and I saw the world in its bare reality. I looked deeper, and saw the weakness of my idol, genius. By degrees I trust I acquired content, and something of true wisdom, but not till after many struggles. It is sad to see wealth of mind wasted, and wealth of heart lavished in vain, and yet we have seen these things."

"Often, too often," said Miss Merton. "The isolated position you describe must indeed be full of ~~many~~ And you think education n

much to prepare those gifted ones for their peculiar trials? Yet you would not have all women educated as if they were women of genius, and who is to decide fitly on the plan to be pursued? For, if every man is not a hero to his valet-de-chambre, most children appear to their parents singularly gifted."

"Of course,—like all mothers, I suppose," replied Mrs. Verner. "I have my own theories of education, and one of these days we will talk them over together. Our great aim,

it seems to me, should be, to put young people in the way of educating themselves; for, until they feel the necessity for self-culture, we can do little for them. But we are interrupted in good time," she continued, as her laughing children bounded into the room, followed by her husband; and the grave discussion gave way to lighter sallies, in which, if there was little wit, there was no lack of good-humour, or of the spirit of love which bound together the members of that happy household.

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

No. IX.

EARL GREY AND LORD MORPETH.

I.—EARL GREY.

THE Whigs recognise the principle of an hereditary succession even in party leadership: an office under government and ultimately a seat in the cabinet, with occasionally an advance in the peerage, are as certainly secured by a kind of law of entail to the Whig lordling who turns his attention to politics, as is his paternal estate. Public honours and power, under the favouring forms of the constitution, have become, to a few families, almost a private property. We do not say that they inherit these things without deserving them; far from it: the sons of the great Whig families have often developed into statesmen, becoming by the force of their talents entitled to fresh honours; and in their turn founding new families, all with the like claims on their party. But they certainly have had a preference in the first start into life which has not been enjoyed by commoners generally, nor even by the scions of other noble families professing, perhaps, liberal politics, but not being within the charmed circle. An exclusiveness in the distribution of offices, and the initiation into the service of the state, has characterised the Whig party since it first became possessed of power under the consti-

tutional form of government; nor, until the bold offer of Lord John Russell to Mr. Cobden, of an office under government, when that noble lord was forming an administration on the resignation of Sir Robert Peel, before introducing his free-trade plan, has there been any material symptom of a relaxation of that rigid rule of almost family preference. Mr. Macaulay's elevation to the cabinet is a brilliant exception; but the ground of his promotion has been, as we have shewn, exceptional also.

On the other hand it is a singular fact, that the party in the state whose principles are generally declared to be as exclusive as those of the Whigs are asserted to be liberal; a party which numbers in its ranks more of the aristocracy of the country, and a less proportion of the commercial and the democratic interests; has always been remarkable for throwing open its arms to talent wherever it was to be found, and for bestowing the most valuable offices in the state upon distinguished persons, more on account of their intellectual merit than of their noble blood.

Earl Grey and Lord Viscount Morpeth, the eldest son of the Earl of Carlisle, are, at the present time,

next to Lord John Russell, the two most prominent inheritors of the political heirloom of Whig influence. The career of each has in several respects run parallel to that of the other: their claims on their party are as nearly as possible equal: their talents, allowing for certain differences of character, about which more hereafter, are as nearly as possible equal also: their public services, although in different spheres of action, have borne the same proportion: they were born in the same year: they entered parliament in the same year, each for a nomination borough, and, within a very few months of each other, they severally secured the representation of a great county: each has shewn a marked independence of individual character, while in the main paying due homage to the claims of party; each has earned a reputation, both for oratorical skill and official capability, in the House of Commons; so that they are qualified, not by their hereditary rank merely, but also by their talents and standing, to take a leading part in the House of Peers. In fact, these two noblemen present themselves in marked and almost natural contrast.

The practice of sending the eldest sons of peers, who hold by courtesy titles of nobility, into the House of Commons as representatives of the people, is one of the most singular of those compromises which are the very essence of political and social life in England. Of the advantage derived by the public from this arrangement there cannot be the slightest doubt. A senate composed of men inexperienced in public affairs, from their very station comparatively ignorant of public wants, and who would legislate more by their will than their reason, without being subjected to restraint or responsibility,—such a body of privileged dictators would be almost as dangerous as a purely democratic assembly. Their laws would have no moral sanction. However the constitution might assert or strive to enforce their claim to hereditary wisdom, certain it is that the merest crudities of a purely popular representative would find more willing support from the people than the most elaborate productions of such king-made oracles. But when they have previously served and under-

gone training in the House of Commons, they have secured a personal as well as a legal claim on the respect of the nation. They are then recognised by their deeds, not by their titles only. The history of the chief party contests of their time is a record of their speeches and votes: they are identified in the minds of the people, of whatever classes,—Tory, Whig, or Radical, it is all the same—with the triumph of some favourite principle; or it may be only with its defeats, yet defeats which are not the less cherished, for they are looked upon as the precursors of future victories. Long before the time comes at which in the order of nature they are elevated to the peerage, their intellectual and political standing becomes ascertained, and they take a position at once. Their claim comes backed by the suffrage of the public; and it is yielded to at once. The most active among the peers, those most entitled by rank and experience in the Upper House to hold permanently the lead on either side, at once give way when one of these chosen men of the House of Commons comes up with his certificate of superiority.

Besides the education in practical statesmanship which young noblemen so situated receive during a few years' campaigning in the House of Commons, a moral influence is exercised over them which is also of the highest advantage to the nation. They learn both by precept and example the value of public opinion, that indefinite but omnipotent and omnipresent agent in the political affairs of free countries. Few greater calamities can befall a nation than a necessary separation and antagonism, both of feeling and of interest, between the privileged and the unprivileged classes. If a nobility so situated be high-spirited, powerful, and deeply imbued with a sense of hereditary right, they will restlessly strive at an oligarchical tyranny. Revolution, in states so situated, is always more than a possibility, and democracy lours in the distance. On the other hand, if this privileged and isolated nobility be not animated by the higher range of ambitious motives, they will, from combining too much leisure with too much wealth, become depraved in their moral habits, spreading the poison of a vicious

ample through the whole social system. Of each evil, history, past and present, affords too many fatal instances. There must be a safety-valve for the passions, whether political or personal. In our system it is provided. The young noble, by the law and the constitution a commoner, can only obtain his right to sit and speak in the representative assembly by an appeal, more or less real and sincere, to the free suffrages of the people. Coriolanus must sue for votes in the market-place, or his ambition will chafe, and his talents rust, while meaner men sway. Therefore (the simile is rude) his nose must come to the grindstone. Once in parliament, emulation quells the baser passions in the soul, and the whole of the intellectual and moral powers of the young aristocrat, according to his degree of talent and intelligence, are devoted to the one great object—distinction. That distinction can only be obtained by commanding public opinion; first, that of the House, then that of the country at large. Fortunately the steady character and practical genius of the British people render appeals to political passions comparatively useless. In the House they are a sham—oratorical flourishes, pretences to turn a period, laughed at for what they mean, admired for how they are expressed. In the country, they evaporate with the excitement of the election; disappear, like the fleeting glories of the travelling theatre, with the removal of the last plank of the hustings. It is turn-and-turn with such people: I am beaten to-day; it will be yours to-morrow: so they laugh at each other, for the defeat that has been or is to be. Something real is wanted, then, to give the young peer in masquerade influence in this the largest, greatest, highest permanent assembly of his fellow-men that is in the country. He must be well read in the laws of the past and the facts of the present. He must not only be more philosophical than the lawyers, but also more practical than the practical men, or neither will submit to be led by him. He finds, too, that here, where all men are equal, certain principles of freedom are held in common. His mind comes imbued with them. If he is in play, he ends in earnest.

Men fresh from the factory or the desk are, he finds, as well versed in affairs as he: nay, some of them almost equal him in his school learning and his oratory. There is no patent, no privilege, in talent. If he would be a great man, he must work, too,—work with the head and heart. He, too, competes in the noble strife, tasks his intellect, trains his powers, to rise to the height of statesmanship and eloquence—to make his personal warrant his social superiority. His heart, too, warms in the contest; insensibly he becomes more national, less exclusive. Nay, by the time he enters the exclusive walls, the privileged assembly, he almost wishes he could dispense with his rights. Acted upon thus by public feeling in the Lower House, he reacts upon it. By his example of liberalism (not political but social) he makes them love the aristocratic. And how can democracy shew itself where the future nobles of the land are to be found stretching the most free of all free constitutions almost to its extreme point of tension?

But, if the country gains by this system of political training, it is attended with some disadvantages to the individual statesman or orator who is thus removed to the Upper House. Men who have made a great figure in the House of Commons often fail in the House of Lords. The habits, the tone of thinking, the style of eloquence, that are adapted to the one do not suit the other. What wonder, if a man, who has laboriously trained himself up to one standard, should be at fault when suddenly required to adapt himself to another quite different? Lord Brougham has in this respect succeeded admirably in effecting the transformation from the commoner into the peer. At first, he was not sufficiently aware of this necessity of his new position, and some very strange scenes occurred; but now he is quite another man. It is not every one, however, that has the same plasticity of mind: and hence that very usual question, when a popular leader becomes elevated to the peerage, "How will he do in the Lords?"

Earl Grey has of late been very often made the subject of this question; partly because, by the death of his celebrated parent, he has been so

recently raised to the Upper House, and partly because it is generally understood that an attempt will be made to elevate him to the position of leader of the Whigs in the House of Peers, on the Marquis of Lansdowne hereafter resigning in his favour that sometimes most arduous post. There is reason to believe, also, that Earl Grey conceives himself to be, as a debater, a match for Lord Stanley,—in short, a sort of natural antagonist (of course, in a parliamentary sense) of that distinguished speaker; so that when causes now existing shall have ceased to operate, and when Lord Stanley shall have assumed that position in the House of Lords which, in a reorganisation of parties, will become at once a right and a sphere of duty, Earl Grey will be enabled to stand up as the assertor of principles materially differing from those which Lord Stanley is known to entertain, and thus once more realise those old ideas of party opposition which recent events have so much tended to postpone, if not to neutralise. If these assumptions be true, if Lord Lansdowne be really disposed to yield to Earl Grey the management of what is certainly at the present time the most compactly organised party in the country, it is a step peculiarly interesting to the people of England, from the great influence which the acknowledged head of a party, whatever may or may not be his talents, has upon the course of legislation. It becomes important to inquire, Whether the probable elevation of Earl Grey to this high-priesthood of Whig principles be justifiable or desirable on the score of his possession of commanding talents, or superior political wisdom, or whether it is only a new instance of that hereditary succession of the Whig families to power and honours, the prevalence of which has already been noticed?

There is one other ground on which the promotion of Lord Grey might be justified, that there is no Whig in the Upper House with so many claims. Mere rank alone, without oratorical powers, or some commanding qualities to which deference would instinctively be yielded, will not in these days justify a man's being placed at the head of a party. The Marquis of Lansdowne's claims

are not founded on his rank alone. Although his stilted and somewhat pompous style of oratory is now rather out of date, yet there was a period when he was looked upon as one of the foremost men of his time. If he has scarcely fulfilled that promise of future excellence which led his contemporaries to compare Lord Henry Petty with William Pitt, still his past successes are not forgotten; and he has also that kind of personal weight, derived from his age and political experience, which inspires respect among those who have grown up around him, and who have for so many years stood towards him almost in the relation of pupils. Setting him for the moment on one side, who is there to take his place? Lord Melbourne, of course, must be looked upon as having virtually given up the contest; his name is only associated with an administration whose political history was, in spite of some good intentions, little more than a series of defeats. The Marquis of Clanricarde, though at times he displays great vigour and considerable tact, fails to inspire that personal respect which is necessary in a leader. Lord Normanby, although he has filled high official posts, has no weight in the House of Peers. The Earl of Clarendon is in every way superior, as a thinker and as a debater; there is the stamp of sterling talent in all he says and does. But he is to all appearance either an indolent or an unambitious man, or his ambition is confined in its objects; he has done too much to be altogether passed over, yet not enough to secure our admiration, and induce us to fix on him as even a probable person to be the future head of his party. With these names, we have exhausted the list of Whig leaders in the House of Peers, who in any degree are prominent for their talents. The oratorical strength of the Whigs lies in the House of Commons; nor is it likely that those who there exercise so much influence over the public mind, would be in any hurry to leave it. Lord Morpeth will, in the course of things, be obliged to do so; but wherever there is a choice, it is not probable that it will lie in the direction of what a popular phrase terms being "pitchforked." If, then, Earl Grey's personal ambition beir

seconded by the suffrages of his own party, he shall aim to take and (what would be more difficult) to keep the lead of the Whigs in the House of Lords, it is obvious that the difficulties of his task will be very much diminished by the comparative mediocrity of those with whom he will be placed in immediate competition.

With the political mantle of his father, the present Earl Grey would by no means inherit his responsibilities. The conditions of eminence are not what they were twenty or thirty years ago. Then, to be a party leader—of the chosen few, at least, whom history deigns to notice—implied the possession of an absolute mastery over the elements of political warfare. He to whom his compeers yielded precedence was distinguishable from them not merely by his talent, but also by the degree of his talent. There was in him a marked individuality of character; his intellect was of such towering proportions, that like the stature of a giant it was confessed at once; and all men gave way, by an instinct of deference, to one in whom they recognised a superior. He had not to work his way to the command by slow and laborious efforts and shifting tactics, carrying with him the traces and the disgraces of many defeats, of many yieldings, of many compromises, such as men must suffer who seek to attain the height by the tortuous path. He took the initiative in government, stamped the impress of his mind upon that of his countrymen. He laid down principles—principles which, if they were not the creation of his own mind, were at least taken at first-hand from the well-stored armoury of the constitution; and never ceased his efforts, or swerved from the course he had marked out, till he had brought his fellow-subjects either to acknowledge them as true, or, at all events, to array themselves against him, and trust the issue to a combat in which he was himself at the head of his own following, and where he also secured the glory of the victory. Then, the political history of an age was written in the movements of parliamentary leaders: office gave power, and the real head of a party was at once the sum of its principles, the source of its arguments, and the regulator

of all its minutest movements. There was dignity in his high station.

Statesmen then were the pupils of statesmen till they attained their full vigour, till they were politically of age, and fit to begin the world for themselves. They had not yet become the full-grown puppets of agitators out of doors—the glittering tools of more hard-handed and determined men than themselves. Things, and, to say truth, men also, have vastly changed since then. A party leader is now an anomaly; the very name itself a perversion of language. The initiative in legislation is assumed, not in the cabinet, but in the market-place, or at the hustings. The loudest voice, the longest purse, the most self-denying demagoguism, the most cautious audacity, the most calculating treason,—these are now the qualifications for that mastership of the nation, which used till recent times to be the certain property of those men alone who possessed the loftiest intellect, the most far-seeing views, the most prominent integrity of character, the most determined spirit in asserting and maintaining the principles in the truth of which they believed, the most commanding or the most persuasive oratory; who rallied round them the sympathies of their politically-hereditary followers, and were elevated to power alike by the affection of the people and the confidence of the crown. Whatever their politics, they were to be depended upon as men; if they could not be relied on and followed for their wisdom, their consistency could be calculated on, and their principles counteracted.

But it is the perverse practice of party leaders in the present day—forced on them, perhaps, by an unhappy necessity of carrying measures by new uses of constitutional powers—to abandon the highest privileges of the statesman, to destroy the noble and exalted ideal which history leaves us, and of which even memory recalls living examples. And this is as true (though, perhaps, in a modified degree) of the Whig as of the Conservative leaders,—of the Lord Melbourne and the Lord John Russell, as of the Sir Robert Peels and the Lord Lyndhursts. They lead but to mislead. Their principle of political

action—the recognition of the pressure from without—perils the credit of either their understanding or their character. Each great era of their political life is divided by an abrupt line of demarcation. Up to a certain day, they oppose with an hypocritical earnestness, or, according to their intellectual and moral idiosyncrasy, they attack with a bold (almost a virulent) fierceness, certain principles and opinions which are before the public, whether in or out of parliament. In the mildest instances, they offer to them an obstinate obstruction. But from that particular day they become altered men. With an earnestness which we are justified in supposing to be equally hypocritical, as being so sudden, they advocate the principles they before opposed, while all their virulence and fierceness are reserved for those they have abandoned. In the milder instances, they yield with an alarming but a contemptible alacrity. To illustrate the relative position of statesmen of the old order and of the new, one has but to compare the course of the late Earl Grey as to the question of parliamentary reform, with that of Sir Robert Peel as to Roman Catholic emancipation and repeal of the Corn-laws. Putting all party feeling on one side, this question is far too important to the well-being of the country to be much longer disregarded. The PRIDE of public men alone, if political morality has ceased to influence them, must bring about a change.

Earl Grey's prospects as a politician, and still more if he should be the leader of the Whigs in the House of Lords, will, however, be materially advanced by this lowering of the standard of parliamentary and political greatness. Compared with the giants who have passed away, he is a dwarf in parliamentary ability; but among the shifting shadows who play before us in the little sphere marked out of a blank future by the magic-lantern of a Cobden or an O'Connell, he assumes something like body and consistency. Nay, he has some qualities of mind which, if not exactly amiable and admirable in themselves, at least spring from a moral integrity which will not yield to external influences, and, therefore, indicate his possession of that firmness

and frankness of character, which one would desire in either an enemy or a friend. On one ground the public may always feel perfectly safe with Earl Grey. However unpopular his opinions may be, either with his own party or with the great bulk of the nation, he always fearlessly avows them; so that, as far as public discussion goes (we speak not of cabinet squabbles), you always know the man with whom you have to deal. He will not shirk an avowal to-day when it might damage him, to make it openly to-morrow when it will be profitable. So much for the morality of his political character; his discretion is another affair. Perhaps his frankness may sometimes be too self-seeking, bordering on the reckless.

Earl Grey has been denounced as "crotchety," because, on one or two occasions, he has taken a course or held an opinion adverse to that of his colleagues. That on such occasions he has sealed his verbal dissent by a resignation of his office, has afforded one guarantee of his sincerity. It may fairly be assumed, that a resistance or an independence which terminates in a self-chosen political martyrdom (for such is the loss of office to young ambition), is not mere intractability or restiveness, but that it springs from some more deeply-rooted sentiment. At all events, it augurs political disinterestedness, and contrasts favourably with the conduct of those who wheel round suddenly at the word of command, voting to-day against the creed of yesterday, with a callous indifference or an audacious infidelity. We rather dwell upon this virtue of Earl Grey, because he is in want of a good word; in the paucity of his political attractions he needs every favourable construction that can with any degree of decency be extended to him. In the cases just referred to, he was charged with vanity and arrogance. As being comparatively an official subordinate, it was said that he thought too much of himself,—as though statesmen or public servants of the second or third degree were not entitled even to lay claim to a conscience, much less to indulge in the moral luxury of a life of hypocrisy. But circumstance-alter cases. Earl Grey, as Lord Howick, in the House of Comm

never seemed to look on himself as a subordinate, except as some young prince of the blood might play the ensign or the midshipman. From the first, he has appeared to have his eye steadily fixed on some position to which he aspired, and to have trusted to his rank, the gratitude of party, and the force of his own intellectual energies, as the means of securing it. He scorned to be an apprentice, but rather regarded himself as one of the master's family, ready to be taken into the firm when his time came. Whether this spirit of independence was only arrogance, or whether it was a self-reliance, premature only in the occasion of its exhibition, can only be decided by the future conduct of Earl Grey, when his responsibilities shall have been increased, and criticism will be guided, not by the little jealousies of party, but by the observation and the good sense of the public.

Earl Grey can never take the highest rank as an orator. An effective speaker, and a ready, practised debater, he already is; but he wants those personal attributes which are so essential in completing the full charm of eloquence, that there is scarcely an instance on record of a man becoming a first-rate orator without them. Yet it would not seem that there is any necessary connexion between the personal peculiarities, whether favourable or unfavourable, of a speaker, and the intellect, the imagination, or the passions of his audience. One would suppose that mind would address itself at once to mind, that the kindred spirit would communicate with no direct dependence on the physical medium. Indeed there is not any positive proof on record that physical defects, whether of voice, of person, or of aspect, have neutralised the effect of eloquence when the spirit that kindles it was really within a man — deep-seated in the soul. The intellectual pride of man would rather favour the opposite view, seeking to establish the dominant power of the intellect, and making the body a merely secondary and subservient vehicle. But the fact is, that you seldom see a man even aspiring to eminence as a speaker, much less succeeding, unless he has ^{an} in some degree befriended by ^{re}, either in the gift of an har-

monious or sonorous voice, or an imposing, or at least not unattractive countenance, and a tolerably well-formed person. It may be that an instinct guides such men to their more natural vocation, or that the predilection created by their personal advantages in a first attempt nerves them to others, and so on till they attain to that degree of excellence which would enable them to charm, even were they suddenly deprived of those advantages. In the case of Earl Grey, the want of a prepossessing exterior, and of a flexible harmonious voice, very materially detracts from his effectiveness as a speaker, and precludes the hope of his attaining the first rank among contemporary orators, however great may be his intellectual superiority over many of them. All references to personal defects are invidious, and should certainly be as brief as possible. They might, in this case, be passed over almost entirely, but that it is desirable to correct one impression which party feeling has circulated in the public mind,—that Lord Grey is an ill-tempered man. That he *looks* morose, even at times ill-tempered, cannot be denied; but the tone and temper of his speeches, and his general conduct as a member of parliament, belie the assumption that this expression is any thing else than a settled form taken by his features, not from mental, but from purely physical causes. We think we could point to one or two noble lords, and more than one or two honourable gentlemen, who are infinitely more irritable, morose, jaundiced with apparent disappointment, than Earl Grey, only that Nature has given them a *mask* to conceal their thoughts, more perfect in its proportions and more deceitful in its expression.

But in spite of the load of adverse circumstances against which Earl Grey has to bear up,—notwithstanding his harsh, shrill, discordant voice, his unexpressive countenance, and features so far removed from the standard of manly beauty, he has proved himself no ineffective antagonist of the chief speakers of the day. His intellectual powers, aided by very extensive knowledge of the most varied kind, which he can bring to bear alike upon abstract questions of policy or

the most minute affairs of daily legislation, have carried him through the natural difficulties of his position. When he left the House of Commons he had worked himself up, by his talents alone, to a position among the Whig speakers scarcely inferior to that of Lord Palmerston, and decidedly above that held by many others who started with him in the race. If he had not yet arrived at that point in parliamentary importance when a member is, as a matter of course, "expected" to speak — when the debate is not considered complete till he has contributed his share to the general stock of argument or illustration—at least he seldom or never rose but to cast a new light on the subject, to throw down the gauntlet of opinion, to give a new and unexpected turn to the debate, or, at all events, to compel speakers who succeeded him to notice his views. With a very analytical mind (in this respect he stands out in favourable contrast with his contemporaries), he was remarkably skilful in hunting out and exposing a fallacy, quite remorseless in controverting any proposition or opinion contrary to those principles of constitutional government or political economy which he holds, partly by hereditary descent, and partly by his own free adoption. In this pursuit he seemed to feel a keen intellectual pleasure, as though he did it not merely as a duty to party, but also as a personal satisfaction to himself. His views were always clear and defined, from his having laid down in his own mind certain principles as what ought to be the basis of public polity, up to which he reasoned. His public course appears to have been uniformly guided by his sincere convictions, whether right or wrong; not, as in the case of some of his colleagues, by the desire to obtain popularity. If any thing, he is disposed to push the doctrines of the political economists too far—to take human nature too little into account.

Forced to depend for influence as a speaker not on his personal, but on his mental powers, one consequence is that the reasoning faculty too much predominates. A demonstration is all-sufficient with him. No allowance is made for the wants or the weaknesses of human nature;

for temporary detracting causes; for those infirmities of our race which make the perfect practical application of abstract propositions, however true they may be, a great difficulty, if not an impossibility. He takes the *statu quo* but little into account. That which is to politicians generally a most important element, scarcely enters into Earl Grey's calculations. With him, whatever ought to be, must be. He is altogether too confident, not so much in himself, as in the all-sufficiency of reason to decide on any case that may be subjected to it. He does not seem to be conscious of that higher wisdom which is, in most respects, above the ken of the mere reasoning faculty, being founded upon experience and strengthened by humility, till it becomes a kind of intellectual faith. He has none of the philosophy of Edmund Burke. He lays down excellent principles, but, unlike Lord John Russell, at inconvenient times. It is his fault to be too fond of argument; nay, of what a popular expression terms, not unhappily, "argufying." At times this habit degenerates into mere captiousness. Like Lord Denman, he will fix with earnestness and intensity on some minor point, which he will elevate into undue importance, but which a more enlarged mind would pass over as being among the necessary conditions of a proposition, to be admitted without question. On the other hand, this disposition to cavil and dispute, to rest great questions upon trifling points, this microscopic view of constitutional principles, often becomes of great public value when the rights of the subject are concerned, at a period when a general confidence in the integrity and public spirit of public men leads us to acquiesce in a relaxation of those safeguards of liberty which our more suspicious ancestors watched in a spirit of obstinate obstruction.

With such peculiarities of person, of temperament, and of intellectual bias, it is not probable that Earl Grey will be able to take the lead of the Whig party in the House of Peers. He wants dignity, both personally and mentally. The very qualities which made him useful as a subordinate, or as a colleague in the House of Commons, would unfit him for a position of command or respon-

sibility in the Upper House. The political philosophy which prevails among the peers is very different from that chance-medley which is the natural result of popular election in the other place. A species of freemasonry is established there. They can afford better to dispense with popular fallacies. Much more is taken for granted than in the House of Commons; and a man like Earl Grey would be apt to find his weapons get rusty for want of use, unless, indeed, he were to keep them in play by demolishing the select few whose garrulity is recognised and kept up for the general amusement. His powers of argumentation would be almost thrown away upon such men as Lord Lyndhurst, or even Lord Brougham; and the principles which he used to lay down with so much authority, and so little fear

of contradiction, in the House of Commons, would stand but a poor chance with the Duke of Wellington on the one hand, or the Bishops of London or of Exeter on the other. He will find the straw-splitting system of little use in the House of Lords. If he is permanently to take his place among the great men in that assembly, he must altogether elevate his tone, enlarge his views, purge his intellectual prejudices, consolidate his principles. He must exhibit less of speculative democracy, less of the tyranny of the political economist, less devotion to theory, more amenity to the practical necessities of a compromising age. Above all, he must not expect from the House of Lords that consideration he received from the House of Commons, as the son of the man who carried the Reform-bill.

II.—LORD MORPETH.

LORD MORPETH's position as a public man must be peculiarly gratifying to his personal feelings. His ambition ought to be more than satisfied with the rank he holds as an orator in the House of Commons, while the personal esteem and respect entertained for him by his own party afford to a man of his peculiar temperament a far more agreeable reward than even the admiration which his displays of intellectual ability have elicited. In the hardness engendered by party strife, it is rare to find personal qualities so much regarded in a public man as they are in the case of Lord Morpeth; and still more so where the individual has entered, as the noble lord has done, with keenness, and as much heat as his nature will allow, into almost all the conflicts of the time. The circumstances attending his retirement some few years ago from public life, and those which have characterised his return, have contributed still more to invest him with a personal, more than even a political interest. When he was ejected from Yorkshire on the final downfall of the Whig party, and when he made that somewhat rash resolution never to re-enter the House of Commons unless as the representative of the same county, few men could have supposed in the then triumph-

ant state of the Conservative party, that circumstances would have arisen so soon to restore him to the post he had before held, or to take away from the rashness of that vow by accomplishing its fulfilment. That a man evidently so ambitious of distinction as a statesman and an orator, should have voluntarily debarred himself from his greatest enjoyment on what might seem so sentimental a ground, is at the same time in itself a strong proof of some very decided personal character, some qualities of the heart as well as of the mind, distinguishing him from those who prove the difference by their astonishment, or by their depreciation of what might seem such Quixotic conduct. But Lord Morpeth almost stands alone in this privilege of exciting personal regard, while he at the same time secures political esteem. It is a regard felt by those even who in politics differ most widely from him; who, in fact, were disposed to look at his former coquettings with democracy as involving a most dangerous example. This involuntary blending of the personal with the political character, when accompanied by intellectual claims and not carried to excess, is very agreeable to the English people, who love to see men sincere and in earnest, even if against them, and who

cannot be brought to understand that cold abstraction of character by which the man removes himself from the direct agency of human sympathies, living in the intellect and the reason alone, a mere intelligent machine for working out propositions. Statecraft, to their apprehension, is nothing but downright hypocrisy, and no state necessity excuses in their eyes double-faced policy, or tergiversation of principle. A great proportion of Lord Morpeth's popularity with all sections of the Liberal party, is to be traced to his instinctive unflinching honesty of purpose. He might be sometimes personally ridiculous, or oratorically he might absurdly illustrate that vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, but he was always morally respectable. Nay, this feature in his character received not long since an almost ludicrous illustration. In a dispute as to a question which could only be decided by personal assertion, Lord Morpeth assumed the affirmative. Upon this all the Liberals cried out, "Oh! then it *must* be so!" A comparison not very favourable to his colleagues, but mightily so to our assumption as to his peculiarity of character.

Lord Morpeth contrasts favourably with other Whig noblemen in either House of Parliament, in being, to all appearance, wholly free from the pride of rank or class. In the assertion of those views and principles which are popular with the middle and lower classes, he has gone farther than any of his colleagues; and his evident sincerity of disposition compels us to believe that he feels all he utters. He not only entertains popular opinions, but, what is infinitely more captivating with the multitude, he expresses them popularly. There is a frankness, a warmth, a courtesy unaccompanied by insulting condescension, that attaches to him men of all shades of opinion. In this respect the young noble who most resembles him is Lord John Manners. Starting from wholly opposite points in the political arena, their course seems to run together thus far: that they think the time is come for social, more than for political, concession on the part of men of rank and station, to those who, in the singular changes this age has seen, have secured to themselves

so much of the real power of the country.

As a politician, Lord Morpeth has already run nearly to the full length of the tether allowed by the principles of his party; as an orator, he is still in process of development. The Lord Morpeth returned to parliament in 1846 is such an improvement on the Lord Morpeth who was ejected in 1841, that still greater advances towards perfection may be hoped for. Whether the grafts which the vigorous native stock has received from republicanism in the United States, and from class self-seeking in the Anti-Corn-law League, will bring with them strength or weakness, cannot at present be ascertained; but there is a good sound root and stem of John Bullism in the noble lord's mind, on which one may place great faith. At present, he seems to be rather feeling his own strength; playing with his new-found muscle and sinew; trying experiments with edged tools, of the real danger of which he is not yet fully cognisant. His speeches are as yet powerful efforts, rather than finished works of oratorical art. It is the peculiarity of some men always to be thought young, or at least immature. A privilege in private life, this is in the political world rather a disadvantage. Whoever thinks of Lord Morpeth or Mr. Disraeli as steady, staid, middle-aged men; the one of forty, the other of forty-four? Of the readers of Lord Morpeth's speeches, who regard him as a sort of parliamentary pupil of Lord John Russell, but few reflect that he has been in the House of Commons (an interval excepted) now twenty years. Those who are accustomed constantly to see and hear him, if the fact did not stare them in the face, would scarcely give the noble lord credit for the experience which so long a public life ought to have brought with it. They would expect from him ultra-liberal opinions; or warm, hearty, English sympathy, always bordering on rashness; or ambitious efforts at political philosophy; or high-flown attempts at the sublime in oratory; any thing, in short, but wisdom or common sense. When Lord Morpeth was in parliament before, the idea of youthfulness and crudity (as in the case of Mr. Dis-

raeli) had obtained such full possession of the minds of those accustomed to watch those matters, that even superior power scarcely received its due meed of respect when at intervals it was displayed, but was postponed in the general estimation to the claims of unambitious but consistent dullness. Time alone will remove this ridiculous, but provoking prejudice. It is fast giving way already.

Carry back the imagination six or seven years. You are walking down to the House of Commons, looking inquiringly in the stream of horsemen and pedestrians that flows continuously towards St. Stephen's between the hours of four and five, for the notables of the day. Some one strides rapidly towards you in the distance. Heavens, at what a rate he walks! Nearer he comes. He must be *somebody*; but you will scarce have time to take a steady view, ere he will shoot past you. Has he something on his mind, that those two large, wide-open eyes stare so fixedly on vacancy, half-starting from their sockets? Or is it only that he *will* tie his white cravat so tight that his full round face and toppling hat look like a large thistle on its fragile stem? And why stalketh he on (unmindful of the July sun!) with that blank, fixed look, as of unutterable pain? Is he possessed? Hath he a demon? or a steam leg? or thinketh he that he bestrides a velocipede? No sign! On, on! the figure comes, Old-Hamlet-like, but t'other way; and with a sharp, quick noise of iron heels. Another instant and it has whisked by you; disappeared, past the tall Hibernian porter, through the little door of the House of Commons: a brief but startling apparition of two eyes, a flushed face (which you think you must have seen before, or something very like it), a fawn-like figure with tapering legs, in a swallow-tailed coat, and faultless inexpressibles!

Having made your way into the strangers' gallery, by means of an order, you are observing the different great men of the day. There he is! standing by the side of a little green table near the bar, with papers in his hand, waiting to catch the Speaker's eye. How restless the light, graceful figure is! Is he going to dance? The feet seem as if mov-

ing to some "ditty of no tone." Positively, if the Speaker does not call upon him soon he will pirouette with airy bound along the floor, and come down with an *à plomb* upon the table. Ah! he is at last released from pain—the pain of standing still. He trips gracefully up to the gentlemen in wigs, the Speaker's deputies in martyrdom, delivers his papers, and drops into his seat; for (it is six years ago) he is in office—high in office; and to-night he is to introduce to the house one of the Whig measures for the conciliation of Ireland. A little later and our tantalising friend rises to speak, standing at the table with his ministerial despatch-box before him, a mountain of papers, and two oranges snug in a corner—awful symptoms of a long speech. Now you have a moment to study his countenance. Surely it is familiar to you! Did you, in the old days, visit the Haymarket Theatre? Did you ever see the Great Retired as Apollo Belvi? Do you ever ponder on the graphic works of our great limner-satirist, the mysterious "H. B.," he who foreshadows political events, grasping their hidden causes, or seizing on their ridiculous aspects, with such wondrous sagacity and wit? No; nor have you, to your knowledge, ever seen Lord Morpeth before. Yet you know those lineaments! Sir, it is *the other* face you are thinking of.

He has begun to speak. He has delivered an ambitious exordium, stilted and high-flown in language, but elevated and generous in sentiment. His voice is rather harshly high in its tone, and too uniform in its sound. But there is vigour and earnestness, and here and there a touch of manly feeling that almost startles by its contrast with the odd, overgrown-boyish, yet not unprepossessing, figure and manner. The action, also, is too formal, it has too much of the schools; and there is altogether an artificial and ambitious effort at eloquence, that makes one wish Lord Morpeth would trust more to his own unfettered impulses, and not so much to the lessons he has learned of some elocution-master, who has tried to teach him what never yet was taught, and never will be. The style is too much that of the "young gentlemen's academics"

on examination-day. But the more you hear, the more you like both the speaker and the sentiments: in spite of all his peculiarities he has warmed you up. If you don't think with him, at least you feel with him. You have forgotten, too, the little traits of the ludicrous, in the palpable moral integrity of the man before you, instinct with a consciousness of the deep responsibilities of his exalted rank and station.

Such was the Lord Morpeth of 1840. To come at the Lord Morpeth of 1846, you have but to soften down the ludicrous ideas, and extend the influence of those which are associated with respect for high moral and intellectual qualities. Five years, while they have added some silver to the grey hair which it seems is the hereditary peculiarity of his family, have smoothed off many of the angularities and strengthened the tone of his mind. His language, still ambitious, is less inflated, his manner less bombastic, his style generally more finished. He is certainly developing, not, perhaps, into a great orator, but at all events into a powerful and accomplished speaker, with great sway over the feelings of his auditory. There are in him the materials of a statesman, but of a statesman in whom the good rather than the great will predominate.

Contrasted with Earl Grey, he gains by the comparison. Although the former had the start of him in official life, he is equally, if not more efficient, from his greater patience and amenity. Lord Morpeth never excites bitterness of feeling; Lord Grey does. With equal honesty of purpose, he takes circumstances more into view, and does not run counter to public feeling where no good, but rather harm, would ensue. He takes

broader views, more germane to the great object of all statesmanship and legislation, than the strict logical conclusions of Earl Grey. He reasons to a great extent through his feelings; Lord Grey subdues all feeling to the harsh necessities of experimental policy. The one gives the rein in a great measure to his sympathies, feeling that they will not lead him far wrong: with the other, to think, to reason, to prove, is to be wise; he sets up the wisdom of man's limited capacity above that higher wisdom which is based on our moral instincts. The one warms, inspires you; the other convinces, perhaps, but chills. The one makes the (untried) principles of modern political economists subservient to general policy and the wants of human nature; the other has a cast-iron mould for all things. The one would expand legislation as far as possible, trusting much to the good old forms in which the English nation has grown up; the other would centralise, and, by centralising, paralyse. The one trusts, perhaps, a little too much to the heart; but certainly the other depends too entirely on the head. It almost follows that the one should be more popular than the other,—at least, so is the fact. Both, no doubt, deserve credit for good intentions. Their future career will be, at no very great distance of time, perhaps, again side by side. It is to be hoped that neither the popular sympathies of Lord Morpeth, nor the personal ambition of Earl Grey, will lead them to disregard or undervalue the dangers to which their own character as statesmen and the welfare of their country will be exposed, if they too readily yield, on insufficient grounds, to the "pressure from without."

THE SIKHS—THEIR RISE AND PROGRESS.

THE founder of the sect by whom, under the denomination of Sikhs, the Punjab has for half a century been governed, and to a great extent inhabited, was Nanac Shah, a Hindu of the tribe of Vedi, in the Chastrya caste. He was born in the year of Christ 1469, at a village called Talwandi, in the district of Bhatti, and province of Lahore; and from his earliest years is described as devoting himself to the study of truth, and to the contemplation of the Supreme Being. Many marvellous stories are told of him, of course, which all resolve themselves into this: that becoming satisfied of the many absurdities that abound in the popular belief of his countrymen, and discrediting the fables with which Mahomedanism is overspread, he not only adopted as his own creed a pure Theism, but did his best by persuasion and argument to bring others to the same way of thinking. Nanac, however, appears to have been a wise, as well as righteous reformer. He assumed, and with justice, that in the religions both of the Hindus and the Moslems, there was a common foundation of truth. He disavowed, therefore, every thing like an intention to root out either system; but sought to reconcile the disciples of each to reason, and to one another, by inviting them equally to return to the pure and simple faith from which both had been induced to stray. Accordingly he interfered but little with the usages of common life to which those with whom he conversed were accustomed. He endeavoured, indeed, to break down among Hindus the *religious* distinctions of caste, by proclaiming wherever he went that in the sight of God all men were equal. And on the other hand, he invited the Mahomedans to abstain from practises, such as the slaughter of the cow, which were offensive to the prejudices of their neighbours; but beyond these limits he never ventured. Nanac's teaching was simple, gracious, and therefore sublime. He endeavoured with all the power of his own genius, aided by the author-

ity of writers of acknowledged weight on both sides, to impress upon Hindus and Mahomedans alike, a belief in the unity of the Godhead; while in their dealings one with another he inculcated love of toleration and an abhorrence of war; and his life was as peaceable as his doctrines.

The opinions of Nanac had gained so much ground while he lived, that at his death Guru Angard, his successor, found himself at the head of a numerous and continually increasing party. Like the founder of the sect, Angard was a teacher of reverence and devotion towards one God, and universal peace among men; neither does any change appear to have been introduced into the Sikh tenets, till persecution and wrong drove a people benevolent in principle to gird on the sword, which they have never since laid aside. The outrage in question befel in 1606, when Argun-mal, Guru or chief teacher of the body, excited the jealousy of the Mohammedan rulers of the province, and was put to death. He had, by collecting the sacred treatises of his predecessors into a volume, and blending with them his own views on various important points, given a consistency and form to the religion of the Sikhs, such as it had not previously been seen to possess. And the dominant party taking the alarm, and as tradition records, having their bad passions ministered to by a rival, caused Argun to be cast into prison, where he died.

Argun left a son, Nar Govind by name, who, though young, possessed both talent and energy of character, and who succeeding to the chiefship, gave at once and for ever a new turn to the tastes and feelings of his followers. He put arms into their hands, and in the name of a religion of peace waged implacable war with the persecutors. He likewise so far broke in upon the ordinary habits of his people, that he permitted them to eat the flesh of all animals except the cow; thus marking his hatred of the Mahomedans by sanctioning

the use of swines'-flesh, which, though esteemed by the lower tribes of Hindus, is to the Moslem an abomination. Nar Govind is said to have worn in his girdle two swords; and being asked why he did so, made answer, "One is to avenge the death of my father, the other to destroy the miracles of Mahommed."

Five sons survived Argun, of whom two died without descendants; two more were driven to the mountains by the persecutions of the Mahommedans; while the fifth, his eldest, died before his father, leaving two sons, Daharmal and Nar Ray. The latter succeeded his grandfather in 1644, and owing, probably, to the vigour of Arungzebe's government, passed his days in peace. But in 1661, the year of his decease, a violent contest arose about the succession, which was referred to Delhi, and by the imperial court sent back again to be decided by the free votes of the Sikhs themselves. For as yet, it is worthy of remark, that the influence of the chief was purely spiritual. He did not affect temporal authority, neither was he followed into the field as one who sought to establish the independence of a people, or his own right to rule over them. His was the leadership of a sect; and as Arungzebe appears to have granted free toleration, so, in matters of civil arrangement, both Nar Ray and his religionists paid to Arungzebe a willing obedience. Accordingly the Sikhs, in 1664, elected Nar Creshn to be chief, in preference to Ram Ray, both being sons of Nar Ray; and on the demise of Creshn passed over Ram Ray Moullin, and placed his uncle, Tegh Behadur, at their head. This was one of the sons of Nar Govind, whom persecution had driven to the mountains; and now, again, he appears, chiefly through the malice of his nephew, to have suffered much disquiet. It must be acknowledged, however, that over this portion of Sikh history a considerable cloud has fallen. The truth is, that the sect was well-nigh crushed, in consequence of the endeavour of Nar Govind to raise it into political importance; and not till the dissolution of the Mogul empire, which ensued upon the death of Arungzebe, did it exhibit any marked signs of returning vitality.

Tegh Behadur suffered a violent death, and his son Guru Govind, cherished an implacable hatred of the murderers. Circumstances, moreover, favoured him more than they had done his warlike predecessor and namesake; and he took full advantage of them. He made his first appearance at the head of an armed band among the hills of Serinagar; and when forced by superior numbers to abandon that theatre of operation, he repaired to the Punjaub, where a Hindu chief, in active rebellion against the government, welcomed him gladly. He was put in possession of Mak-haval, a town on the Sutlej, and of the villages dependant upon it, and set up forthwith for a prince as well as a high-priest. Crowds of warriors gathered round his standard, and he gained over converts to his religious opinions from day to day. All these he encouraged to devote themselves to *steel*, by carrying arms constantly about them, and using them freely. He would admit of no avenue to advancement except personal merit. He changed the name of the sect from Sikh to Singh, that is, Lion; and conferring upon all his followers alike the title which heretofore only the Rajaputs had borne, taught them to aspire after a similar military reputation, and to achieve it. He it was who commanded the Sikhs to wear blue dresses, and not to cut the hair either of their heads or beards. Like Argunmal, he was an author as well as a soldier; for he added to the Ade-Grant's of the former his own not less sacred volume, called the Podshah Ka-Grant's, or book of the Tenth King, a title which he boldly assumed to himself, because he was the tenth Guru, or spiritual chief, from Nanac.

Guru Govind was for awhile successful in every undertaking. He overthrew Rajas and Zemundars on both sides of the Sutlej, till an appeal was made to Delhi, and Arungzebe sent an army against him. He fought with the resolution of despair, but was beaten from one post to another; and at length, after losing wives, children, and hosts of adherents, became a solitary wanderer and a maniac. He was the last spiritual head of the Sikhs, whom a prophecy is said to have forewarned that they should never be able to

number more than ten high-priests. But if as a religious body they lost their consistency, as a nation they became for awhile more terrible than ever. One Banda, or Bairagi, a devoted friend and follower of Guru Govind, seized the moment of Arungzebe's death to raise their banner again. He won many battles, committed frightful atrocities, overran all the country between the Sutlej and the Jumna, and was at last wholly routed by Abdel-Samad Khan, one of the ablest and most successful of the generals of the Emperor Ferozkheer. The wreck of the more resolute among his troops sought shelter among the mountains north-east of the Punjaub, whither the pursuers were unable to follow them. Banda himself, with many more, was taken and put to death, while the mass of the people bent to the storm, and for awhile ceased to be overwhelmed by it.

It was thirty years subsequently to these events, when Nadar Shah carried his victorious arms into Hindostan, that the Sikhs appeared again as a party in the arena. They descended from their fastnesses, and falling upon the peaceful inhabitants of the Punjaub, robbed them of the property which they were endeavouring to secure from the rapacity of the Persian plunderer. In like manner they hung upon the rear of the Persian army during its return, and stripped it of much of the booty which had been gathered in Delhi and elsewhere. Emboldened, likewise, by the state of feebleness into which the empire had fallen, and seeing that both into Cabul and the Punjaub the death of Nadir had introduced anarchy, they began to aim at permanent conquests; and being joined by their ancient co-religionists, and finding willing converts every where, they gradually possessed themselves of the whole extent of the country of the five rivers. They appear, however, at this time, to have been destitute of a head, either

or religious. Like the Anglos, they followed a multitude of chiefs, who in a great council, at the Guru-mata, of which Govind is said to have been the inventor, made choice, ere an election was begun, of one who should lead in it;

but the authority of the chief, as it was conferred upon him for a special purpose, so, as soon as the object for which it had been given was attained, it ceased of its own accord. Such a state of things, though it might render them formidable for attack, reduced them in defensive warfare to great weakness; and their inability to withstand a resolute and united enemy was proved in the contests which they endeavoured to sustain, now against the Affghans, and now against the Mahrattas. Ahmed Shah, as is well known, chastised them severely, and established his son, Timour Khan, as governor at Lahore; but he could not long maintain himself there, and was driven out. Next came the Mahrattas, who after seducing Surhind, marched to the capital of the Punjaub, and took possession. But the battle of Puniput in 1762, broke their strength for ever, and Lahore and all the districts dependant on it, passed once more under Affghan rule. Then followed a great battle, or rather surprise, when Ahmed fell upon the Sikhs unexpectedly, and cut to pieces 20,000 of them. But Ahmed abode in the country not more than a year, and his return to Cabul gave the signal for fresh risings, and led the way to new outrages. Finally, the chiefs began to quarrel among themselves, feuds being transmitted from father to son; and the nation became, in consequence, formidable to itself and to the weak governments which bordered upon it.

The Sikhs were in this state when Daulut Rao Scindia, being supported by an army of which French officers were at the head, not only checked their incursions into the upper province of Hindostan, but compelled their chiefs south of the Sutlej to pay tribute, and accept his protection. And had it not been for his war with the English, there is little doubt but that he would have made himself master of all the fertile provinces that lie between that river and the Indus.

Daulut Rao Scindia, after retreating across the Sutlej, was forced to capitulate; whereupon the Punjaub—and, to a considerable extent, the country between the Sutlej and the Jumna—submitted to the rule of the Sikhs. These set up, when in power,

the same form or system of government under which they had lived and fought during their season of difficulty. The smaller proprietors of the soil, the heads of villages and towns, and so forth,—the whole body, in short, of local governors and magistrates, paid obedience to one or other of twelve chiefs; for twelve aristocrats seem to have divided the land among them, and to have ruled over it with an authority co-equal—at least, in name—from about the year 1765 to 1773. The associations over which each sirdar, or chief, held rule were called *Misuls*. They varied both as to extent and military strength; the largest being able to furnish 10,000 horse for war, the smallest being assessed at 2500. For it is worthy of remark, that though for purposes of domestic administration each chief or sirdar was perfectly independent of the others, in case of danger from without, all were expected to act under a common standard. And the *Guru-mata*, or great council of the nation, composed entirely of chiefs, determined on whom should be conferred the honour as well as the responsibility of commanding the whole.

Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, and the true founder of the Sikh empire, derived his descent from one of these feudal chiefs. His grandfather, Churut Singh, was sirdar of the *Sookeer-chuck Misul*, and seems to have been one of the least powerful of the confederation, his retainers numbering no more than 2500 horse. Like his brother-chiefs, he was constantly at war, invading the territories of a neighbour or repelling invasion; and was killed in a feudal battle by the bursting of his own matchlock, though not, as the records of his nation aver, till he had slain a multitude of his enemies. He died at a moment of much peril to his tribe, inasmuch as his son, Maha Singh, was a boy of only ten years old; and in the Punjab, not less than elsewhere, the reign of a minor is almost always a feeble one. But the *Misul* held together, and Maha exhibiting, as he advanced towards man's estate, great vigour both of body and mind, it soon began to enlarge its influence. Moreover, Maha, like a politic chieftain, married the

daughter of a sirdar, who proved very serviceable to him; and almost as soon as his son and heir, Runjeet, was born, looked about for similar benefits to the nation through him. Accordingly, the Lion of the Punjab, who first saw the light in the year 1780, was, in 1786, wedded, or, at least, betrothed, to a bride of his father's selection.

The education of Runjeet Singh appears to have been entirely neglected. He never learned so much as to read or to write. Nature, too, seems to have acted the part of a step-mother towards him; for he was attacked by the small-pox in his infancy, and not only had his face scored and deeply indented by it, but lost the sight of one of his eyes. He was unfortunate, moreover, in this respect, that his father died in the very flower of his days, being as yet under thirty; and Runjeet, at twelve years of age, was left to the guidance of tutors. They indulged him in every whim and caprice, insomuch that, up to his seventeenth year, his life was one of constant and frightful dissipation. Indeed, the national character was by this time wholly changed from that which its founder designed it to be. Excesses of all sorts, over-eating, over-drinking,—the coarse feeding of the North combined, with the hideous vices of the East, to render the Sikh the most dissolute and depraved among all the families of men. And from his twelfth to his seventeenth year Runjeet Singh appears, in all these respects, not to have come short of the most dissolute of his subjects and countrymen.

Runjeet Singh was yet in the midst of his career of vice, when Shah Mahommed, from Cabul, broke in upon the Punjab with a powerful army. Chief after chief went down before him; and Runjeet, among others, fled from his home and his government. But, in his case, misfortune appears to have operated beneficially. He awoke, as it were, to a sense of his proper duties, and forthwith devoted himself to the management of public affairs, and, in due time, to the aggrandisement of his *Misul*. He could not, indeed, offer to Shah Mahommed resistance in the field. His military strength was broken, and himself a fugitive

but he managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the Affghan, and gathered up, by little and little, the fragments of his principality. At last, when Mahommed, after his insane march upon Delhi, returned, in 1798, if not defeated, at all events baffled, to his own land, Runjeet contrived to lay the victor under an obligation, and made the most of it. While crossing the Indus, eight or ten of the Affghan guns were upset, and sank into the river. There was no time to raise them, for Persia was up, and the Doorannee empire—very imperfectly consolidated, at the best—could not be exposed to invasion in any of its faces without imminent hazard. Whereupon, Mahommed commissioned his friend Runjeet to recover and send him back his artillery; and Runjeet obtained, as the reward of the service, a grant of Lahore. Let us do the old Lion justice. He raised the guns—if we recollect right, twelve in number—and retaining only four for his own use, sent the other eight to Peshawur.

Having thus tasted the sweets of command, and feeling the growth of ambition within him, Runjeet proceeded, with equal boldness and address, to extend the limits of his empire. Sometimes by a skilful diplomacy, sometimes by violence, he gained an ascendancy over his neighbours, till both in the Punjab and in the territories east of the Sutlej they paid him tribute. So early as 1802 he had assumed a commanding position among the Sikh sirdars, and appeared nowise disposed to rest contented with it; and the dissensions which soon after arose in the royal family of Cabul presented an opening to his spirit of enterprise, of which it took immediate advantage. He marched into Mooltan, and though unsuccessful at first, ceased not to renew his attempts till he had subdued it. Eastward and northward, likewise, his victorious banners were borne; and he was looking with a covetous eye upon the provinces beyond the Indus, when, in 1805, the eruption of the Mahrattas, bringing Lord Lake and an English army in their train, recalled him. The part which Runjeet was now required to play proved both difficult and delicate. His respect for the power of England would have led him to re-

fuse an asylum to the Mahrattas, had not the religious prejudices of his subjects, and in some sort his own, fallen into the opposite scale; and how to make the balance hang evenly, puzzled him much. He managed matters, however, with consummate address. Affecting good will for both parties, and seeking only to reconcile them, he managed to get rid of both without a collision, and marked his delight at their departure by committing such fearful excesses, in the course of the great religious festival of the Hoollee, that for four months he was not able to mount his horse.

The fame of Runjeet Singh was now spread throughout the whole of the country of the five rivers; and most of the chiefs having become his tributaries, the Missals, or tribes, were absorbed and consolidated into a kingdom. He aspired, next, at the subjugation of the sirdars to the left of the Sutlej, and gave out that the Jumna was the proper line of demarkation between his dominions and those of the English. But he had not pushed his conquests far (though wherever he went Victory followed in his footsteps), ere the chiefs sent to implore the protection of the British government; and, in 1807, Mr., now Lord Metcalfe, set out upon the mission, which first established between the Sikhs and ourselves specific relations. At first, Runjeet exhibited little disposition to listen to the counsels of moderation which the English envoy conveyed to him. He was in the full tide of conquest, and conquerors are seldom willing to stop in their career and to go backwards. But Runjeet was too prudent to hold otherwise than in profound respect a power which, in half-a-century, had supplanted that of the Mogul, and become masters of the very empire where, at first, its representatives had craved for leave to carry on trade, and submitted to all manner of contumelies and insults for the purpose of securing it. Moreover, an event occurred in the heart of his camp, which gave the Sikh monarch a very exalted opinion of the qualities of the Company's troops. Mr. Metcalfe was attended in his mission by an escort of Sepoys, two or three companies of a regiment of infantry, and, either by accident or designedly, the soldiers

composing them were Mussulmans. The season of a Mussulman festival came round while the envoy's tents were pitched in Runjeet's camp; and the Sepoys, attending to the requirements of their religion, proceeded to keep the feast as their law directed. The proceeding gave mortal offence to the Sikhs, who, being lashed to fury by the declamations of some bigotted priests, seized their arms and attacked the mission camp. Nothing could exceed the discipline and good conduct of the guard. They formed, met the assailants, and, after a sharp encounter, drove them back with loss, though the numbers which acted directly against them could not fall short of 2000 or 3000. Runjeet Singh was an eye-witness to the battle, and the impression which it made upon him operated beyond the period when, with some difficulty, he caused the tumult to cease.

Beyond all question the proof which he seemed to have received of the immeasurable superiority of English disciplined troops over his own irregular levies, induced Runjeet to listen with a more favourable ear to the remonstrance of the envoy. He declined, indeed, to relinquish the conquests which he had actually achieved, and seemed loath to come under any engagement never to push them farther. But when a British army, under Colonel Ochterlony, took the field, and advanced from Delhi for the avowed purpose of supporting the arguments of the minister, Runjeet became convinced that they were unanswerable. One by one his garrisons withdrew from the posts of which he had put them in occupation, while the English advanced, and established themselves in force at Umbala. It is marvellous how much weight a few batteries of nine-pounders, especially if bayonets and sabres in adequate numbers be beside them, carry in the controversies of nations. Runjeet admitted, at length, that the Sutlej, not the Jumna, would make the best boundary on the south-eastern part of his dominions; and, on the 25th of April, 1809, a treaty was ratified on both sides, of which it is not necessary to give in this place more than the substance.

The treaty in question determined,

1. That there should be perpetual

amity between the British government in India and the court and nation of his highness Maha Rajah Runjeet Singh; that the British and Sikh nations should deal with each other on terms of reciprocal good-will; that the former should never interfere with the proceedings of the latter, so long as they confined themselves to the north-west bank of the Sutlej.

2. In return for this, the Maha Rajah agreed to maintain no more troops on the left of the Sutlej than should be absolutely necessary for self-defence; and to abstain from all encroachments on the rights of the chiefs, whom the British government had taken under its protection.

3. That the slightest violation of the engagements thus entered into on both sides with good faith, should put an end to the treaty, whether the provocation came from the Sikhs or from the English.

Having arranged this important business the British minister, with his escort, withdrew; and Runjeet falling back behind the Sutlej, a proclamation was, by authority of the governor-general, put forth for the guidance of the protected chiefs. The document in question explained, "That the territories of Terhend and Matoos (for such was the designation assumed by the Sikhs of Puteesala, Naba, Keend, and Kykul) being taken under British protection, Runjeet Singh was prohibited and had agreed not to interfere, after the 6th of May, 1809, in any way with the people or their rulers. At the same time the British government set up no claim to supremacy or rule. It demanded no tribute, nor any other mark of dependence, but left the chiefs at liberty to exercise, each within the limits of his own dominions, plenary authority as heretofore. The chiefs, on the other hand, were required to facilitate, by every means in their power, the movements of such British troops as might, from time to time, be employed in insuring to them and their subjects invasion from the Punjaub. Moreover, in the event of an invasion actually taking place, the chiefs were informed that the British government would expect them to join the British army, with as many armed followers as they might respectively be able to muster."

certain posts, and among others Loodiana, were surrendered to the English, in order that garrisons being stationed there, the means might be at hand of overawing the Punjaubees, and a base of operations, in the event of war, established. The protected chiefs were to grant free egress from these posts, and ingress, to all merchants and others passing to and fro on their lawful business; and were not to impose any tribute on horses while proceeding through their territories for the purpose of being used by the British cavalry. Finally, the protecting power claimed the right to decide in all questions of disputed succession, and declared itself entitled to occupy in the event of a failure of rightful heirs. It does not appear that against the different clauses of this proclamation any remonstrance was, from any quarter, sent in; and when, in process of time, one or more reigning members became extinct, the sovereignty over their possessions passed into our hands; no one presuming to deny the justice of an arrangement which, among a people where the privilege of adoption is never conceded, is both, by rich and poor, admitted to be legitimate.

Shut out, by these means, from schemes of conquest on one side of the Sutlej, Runjeet Singh forthwith devoted his energies to the extension and consolidation of his power on the other; and the better to ensure its permanency, he began in this same year, 1809, to regiment, and in some sort discipline his troops, after the European fashion. His admiration of Mr. Metcalfe's body-guard led him into this; and though he employed to accomplish his purpose only deserters from the English native regiments, with Hindus, who had served and earned their pensions, the progress which his men made was very creditable. His battalions of foot he fixed at 400 rank and file each. He had likewise his regular, as well as irregular cavalry; while his artillery he placed under a distinct command, and took infinite pains to increase both its weight and its efficiency. Thus supported, he soon made himself master of the whole of the Punjaub; and renewed, with greater success than formerly, the invasion of Mooltan; while events were

already in progress at Cabul, and throughout the extent of the Dooranee empire, which opened for him further and not less important conquests elsewhere.

In 1809, Shah Sujah-ool-Mulk, our unhappy puppet of 1839, was driven from his throne. In 1817 he sought shelter at Lahore, where Runjeet, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty and wrong, forced him to give up the Koh-i-noor, the largest diamond in the world. This done, he marched an army into Kashmere, of which, though repulsed at the beginning he succeeded, in the course of time, in making himself master. Mooltan also was effectually subdued; and, in 1818, partly by guile, partly by hard fighting, Peshawur fell into his hands. Whithersoever he went, in short, victory attended him; not always in the first instance, nor without frequent reverses; but always crowning his efforts in the end, except when he came in contact with the English. And this he did in 1819, under circumstances of which, perhaps, he might have had some reason to complain, had he not been as far-sighted in his views of policy as he was energetic in war. It happened that one of the protected chiefs, whose residence and capital lay on the left of the Sutlej, had estates or territories from which he drew rents, on the right bank of the river. Runjeet, interpreting his treaty with us somewhat favourably for himself, demanded tribute from this rajah for the lands which he held north-west of the boundary; and the tribute not being immediately paid, he sent an armed force to compel it. The Rajah complained to the protecting power, and a British corps took the field. Runjeet had no wish to force on a war with England; he therefore ordered his armed collectors to retire from the disputed territory, and sacrificed the tribute.

It was in the month of March, 1822, that a couple of European military adventurers presented themselves, for the first time, at the durbar of the Maha Rajah. These were MM. Ventura and Allard; the former an Italian, the latter a Frenchman by birth, but both officers who had served with distinction in the French army under Napoleon.

M. Ventura had obtained the rank of colonel of infantry, M. Allard a similar rank in the cavalry; and both had fought in many battles, including the last, and, to the empire, the most fatal of them all, the great fight at Waterloo. Seeing their fortunes marred in Europe, they sought employment in Persia; there they do not seem to have been very well treated, nor much to have improved the state of the shah's army. But however this may be, they grew weary of the sort of life which they led at Tehran, and, making their way through Afghanistan, they came to Lahore, and desired to enter into the service of the king. Runjeet appears to have been suspicious, at the outset, of their motives. He could not understand either their position or their views; and the Sikhs being a jealous and prejudiced people, perhaps he might not feel that it would be altogether safe to take them into his confidence. He proceeded, therefore, with great caution; and, getting them to write in French a little statement of their past career and future purposes, he sent it to parties in Loodiana whom he could trust, and got it faithfully translated. The experiment seemed to satisfy him. He took them at once into his service, as military instructors; and, committing his infantry to the one, and his cavalry to the other, saw, with equal wonder and admiration, the rapid progress which both arms made in their knowledge of military movements and exercises. By and by another French gentleman, M. Court, who had been well educated in the Polytechnic School, arrived; and he, on the recommendation of his predecessors, undertook the training of the Sikh artillery. We need not stop to explain what remarkable progress the Sikhs make under their European teachers. Moreover others, such as M. Avitabile, came; and the result of their combined efforts was to give to the Maha Rajah an army, before which none throughout the East, except that of England, could stand. Of the exact amount, in point of numbers, to which it was raised, we cannot speak with accuracy; but this much is certain, that Sir John Kean, on his return from Cabul, reviewed about 40,000 of them; and

declared in London that he had seldom looked upon a finer body of men, or inspected a cavalry or an artillery better mounted, equipped, and worked even in Europe.

If we take the amount of Runjeet's force, when it stood the highest, at 150,000 of all arms, we shall probably not go much beyond the mark. He himself called it 200,000 regular and irregular; the former consisting of disciplined infantry, the latter of matchlock men, fantastically dressed according to their own taste. His regular cavalry, about 15,000 strong, carried swords, carabines, and some of them lances; wearing casques, or steel helmets, with shawls wrapped round them; and armour over their quilted jackets, either mail or cuirasses. The artillery cannot be said to have been formed into a distinct corps; for though it numbered 400 pieces, there were but 4000 gunners drilled to use them, the working of each piece being entrusted to the regiment to which it was attached. All accounts unite, however, in describing the guns as excellent; and the skill of the gunners, whether with shot or shell, as highly creditable. The muskets and bayonets with which the regular infantry were armed, come, like their cannon, from the great foundery at Lahore. They are much inferior to those in use with European armies; and the troops that wield them are described by Mr. Osborne and others, as slow in their manner of working.

It may be so as far as parade manoeuvres are concerned, but the Sikhs have shewn themselves rapid marchers, and so they will again in the event of a prolongation of the war, which the bloody battles of Mootkee and Ferozeshah seem only to have begun. Moreover, their capability of sustaining fatigue is great. Long of limb, and thin and spare in their figures, they accomplish marches which, in respect of their extent, would sorely try an Englishman. They have repeatedly compassed 300 miles in eleven days, a feat seldom surpassed even in a temperate climate, and gigantic where the thermometer stands at 112° in the shade.

From the ratification of the in 1809 up to 1819 there was no direct or diplomatic inter-

between the supreme government and the court of Lahore. At the latter of these dates Sir Alexander Burnes arrived at Runjeet's durbar, bringing with him, as a gift from the prince-regent, four enormous dray-horses, and having carried back some valuable information to Calcutta, was again in 1831 employed on a similar errand, and the move was followed up not long afterwards by a personal interview between the Maha Rajah and the Governor-general. It took place at Ruper, and ended in a solemn renewal of the engagements of 1809, of which, having some notable plans under consideration, Runjeet contrived in due time to obtain the written minutes. The next thing heard of him was that he had assembled a large army and was about to march into Scinde. And very much surprised was he when the British government made him aware that no such scheme of conquest could be permitted; and that if he ventured to cross the line which separated his present dominions from those of the Ameers an army from Bombay would forthwith compel him to return.

Runjeet Singh was very indignant on receiving this announcement. He contrived, however, though not without sending the British envoy away, to hide his chagrin, and being as prudent as he was bold, yielded with a good grace where resistance seemed to be hopeless. And partly, perhaps, because his conduct on the occasion was appreciated, partly because his good will was worth more than the cost, Lord Auckland, in the treaty of 1838, secured to him for ever the provinces which he had wrested from the Affghans. Nevertheless, it is now well understood that his chiefs looked with much disfavour on his acquiescence in the policy of England at that time, and scarcely had he paid Nature's great debt ere the hostile feeling which the natives cherished towards the English connexion shewed itself.

The Lion of the Punjaub died at a very critical moment for the interests and influence of the English in India. We had entered upon our insane expedition to Cabul, and were already involved in difficulties which seem unaccountably to have taken surprise, when the old man,

feeling his end approach, gathered the whole of his principal officers about him and caused them, in his presence, European as well as native, to take the oath of allegiance to his son, Kurruck Singh. This ceremony took place on the 28th of June, 1839, and in a few days subsequently the Maha Rajah expired. Now Kurruck Singh was a very weak man, altogether incapable of sustaining the burden of such an empire as was thus laid upon his shoulders, and though he received it peaceably enough but a short time elapsed ere difficulties began to gather round him. He found in office men whom his father had trusted, Rajah Dhejan Singh, with his son the Rajah Mera Singh, and his brothers Goolab Singh and Soochet Singh, and naturally gave to them the confidence, which they appear never in the previous reign to have abused. But though able men and sprung from a good family, they had been born poor, and worked their way from the station of private troopers in one of Runjeet's regiments of regular cavalry. Success appears to be as fruitful of animosities among the Sikhs as among ourselves, and the four adventurers, envied at every stage, now found that they were hated. Other great men conspired to supplant them in their master's councils, and succeeded. They were wrath, and entered, without delay, into schemes of vengeance. They found also in Noo Nehal Singh, the son of the new sovereign, and a brave and clever youth, a not unwilling instrument wherewith to work. Under the pretext of forcing the Maha Rajah from the presence of a dangerous favourite, they broke into the palace with armed men, slew their rival, Cheyt Singh, in the king's presence, and cast into prison a whole family of nobles. Then followed a proclamation, which set forth that Kurruck Singh was, from mental imbecility, incapable of carrying on the affairs of government. Then was Noo Nehal placed as regent on the throne, and Rajah Mera Singh, though he conceded to his father the foremost place in regard to rank, became, in the exercise of a paramount influence in the palace, at once a rival and eye-sore to his nearest of kin.

We have already explained that,

from the moment that the Sikhs devoted themselves "to steel," all the humane and pure moral teaching of Nanac Shah ceased to be remembered. Instead of abjuring war, they waged it incessantly, and indulged besides in vices of every sort, as well those which brutalise amid their tendency to render the perpetrator effeminate, as in crimes of violence and an utter disregard to human life. The court of Noo Nehal soon became a perfect sink of debauchery, while his father was understood to be wasting away in his seclusion by a disease which common report attributed to poison. At last the ill-fated Kurruck Singh died, and his body was, with great pomp, consumed to ashes. But Noo Nehal reaped no accession to his honours from the event, for, returning on his elephant from his father's obsequies, the animal backed against the gateway of the palace and brought down a mass of brickwork upon the head of its rider. An unworthy favourite, who occupied the same houdah with him, was killed upon the spot, while the skull of Noo Nehal received so severe a fracture that, after lingering a few hours insensible, he expired.

So sudden a death to the young monarch occasioned a great sensation among the Sikhs. It dissolved, moreover, the whole frame-work of society, for there was no direct heir to claim the throne—none, at least, possessing personal weight enough to ensure a ready acquiescence in the demand. As far as England is concerned, however, the probabilities are that the death of Noo Nehal is not much to be regretted. He never made any secret of his hatred of us, and had planned, and would have doubtless, sooner or later, carried it out, a project for involving us simultaneously in a war with the Punjaub, with Nepaul, Birmah, and Cabul. At the same time, there is no denying that his death has precipitated the struggle. The revolutions which followed it in the Punjaub, fruitful as they have been of evil to the natives of that state, never shook the hatred wherewith the chiefs and soldiery regard us. Indeed, so implacable is this feeling, that the refusal of his temporary successor, Shere Singh by name, to fall upon the rear of General Pollock's army and cut off its

convoys, cost the individual his life. But we are anticipating.

When Noo Nehal's fate was announced to the minister Dhejan Singh, he cast his eyes at once upon Shere Singh, one of twin sons whom Mehtab, one of Runjeet's wives, had born, but of whom the old Lion never would acknowledge the legitimacy. Shere Singh was a man of considerable energy of character, and proceeded at once from his retirement near Umretzur to assume the reins of government; but the widow of Kurruck Singh opposed him, giving out that her daughter-in-law, the relic of Noo Nehal, was *enceinte*, and that it was her duty to act as regent till the child should be born. At first the tale was credited, so both Shere Singh and Dhejan Singh withdrew again from the capital; but the falsehood came to light as soon as men recalled to their remembrance that the interesting lady numbered no more than eight years of age. Accordingly, Shere Singh took the field again and prevailed. But these claims and counter-claims, as they could not be maintained without constant appeals to the troops, so they soon converted the Sikh army into a body as disorganised and mercenary as were the Prætorian bands of Rome. Rivals bid for their services, and were served and betrayed alternately. Thus Shere Singh having gained his end by largesses, kept his place only till he forgot to be profuse among his troops, and was murdered at a review, the very minister who raised him to the throne being a party to the deed. Other assassinations and military riots followed, till, in the end, all government, or semblance of a government, ceased, and the army, after existing by plunder as long as it could be had on the Sikh side of the Sutlej, advanced towards the river and threatened the protected principalities.

Here, then, we stop for the present. Before we meet our readers again, the results of the operations which have been carried on in the neighbourhood of Loodiana will have transpired; and as soon as we feel ourselves in a position to deal fairly by so important a subject, we will fail to give a sketch both of them, of the circumstances which shall appear to have led to them and ar out of them.

MURILLO; OR, THE PAINTER WITHOUT AMBITION.

It is through the assistance of the fine arts that we are better acquainted with two of the most striking epochs in the history of Europe than with any other period in history. We allude, first, to that of the Reformation, the reign of Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey, in England, with its corresponding period in Italy and Germany, the reign of the Emperor Charles V., extending to Spain, to that of his successor and son, Philip II., the husband of our Queen Mary.

The second period alluded to in the history of Europe, arrived a hundred years after; it extends over about fifty years of the seventeenth century, comprising the ministries of Cardinal Richelieu and his successor Mazarin in France, corresponding in England with the reign of Charles I., the Rebellion, and the restoration of the Stuarts to power. It is especially to painters that we are indebted for our knowledge of the cardinal ministers of both France and Spain, of their sovereigns, their friends, their enemies, and the courts that they so despotically governed.

The state of the fine arts in Europe at both these periods (the Reformation and the Rebellion) was glorious. At the time of the Reformation, Holbein resided in England; Albert Durer flourished in Germany; Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, and Paul Veronese were protected by the Emperor Charles V.; Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Janet, and Prismaticcio, by Francis I.; Michael Angelo was rather persecuted than protected by the different successive popes; and Pierin del Vago, along with several other artists, worked at Genoa for the great and generous Andrea Doria.

Richelieu and Mazarin were equally in their day surrounded by a halo of glory in painting, owing to their enormous wealth; commissions were sent to Italy on a large scale, which laid the foundation of all the collections of France; and, notwithstanding the poverty and the bad fortune of the sovereigns of England and Spain, they protected, as well as their ministers, the fine arts, and both aided and understood painting. Ac-

cordingly, Rubens, Vandyke, Velasquez, and Murillo, along with the famous miniature painters, Oliver, Petitot, and Cooper, having transmitted to posterity the likenesses of all those by whom they were surrounded, we know the air and countenance, the figure and costume of the most celebrated persons of Europe; and thus are we become intimately acquainted with the beauties and wits, and the military and political leaders of the day.

We know the peculiar expression of the unfortunate Charles; the grace of Henrietta Maria; the portly grandeur of her mother, Mary of Medecis; the sternness of Wallstein, according so exactly with Schiller and Coleridge's description of that extraordinary man; the warrior looks of the great commander, Spinola; the fatuity of Buckingham, so exactly in accordance with his character and conduct; and the vulgarity of feature of the minister of Spain, Olivares, joined to his expression of stern good sense.

It is to be regretted that the last great painter of Europe, Murillo, left but few portraits behind him of persons known to posterity. Murillo appears to have been as great in portrait-painting as he was in ideal or religious art. The portraits he has left are perfect in point of truth and nature, but Murillo was an unambitious man. He neither sought the society, the approbation, nor the patronage of kings or ministers. In his character of a mild and gentle nature, there was a sighing and struggling for independence of mind as well as habits, that was the marked characteristic of his life. His representations of himself more portray this spirit of independence than his contemplative and poetical nature, and there is more energy, vivacity, and animal life expressed, than would be expected in the gentleness and love of quiet and retirement that belonged to Murillo's character.

There are two portraits of Murillo at Paris; one is reckoned the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Spanish gallery in the Louvre, the other belongs to Louis Philippe. Both have been engraved,

and are well known in England through the engravings. The one belonging to the king represents him older and more grave in character than the former. The former would suit the character of Columbus; it represents boldness, acuteness, and sagacity. The latter is more religious in feeling and intent on his art. Another portrait, by and of Murillo, is said to belong to Don Berardo de Friate in Spain, was engraved there, and the engravings sold in London; and a fourth portrait is known in Holland and Belgium, and has been engraved in those countries.

There are also portraits in the Louvre of Murillo's mother and of his servant; but the most celebrated portrait by the hand of Murillo is now in England, and belongs to Lord Lansdowne, who bought it from Mr. Watson Taylor. It was brought to England by a Frenchman, but was seen, in 1806, in its original place, that is, hanging up in the repertory of the Hospital de los Venerables at Seville. It represents the superior, Don Justino Francisco Neve, the dear friend and patron of Murillo, in whose arms he died. It is an whole-length of an ecclesiastic, sitting in his arm-chair, and very perfect as portraiture. There is also in the Louvre the portrait of Don Andreas de Antrade, with his dog, a whole-length. Of this picture there are several repetitions in England. One of these repetitions belongs to the queen; another is at Longford Castle in Wiltshire. However, Murillo's portraits are rare. He painted many abbots, bishops, monks, and generals of monastic orders in Spain, for whose convents and chapter-houses he had commissions for large works of a religious nature. Of these persons, few are known out of Spain, and even in Spain their very names and histories are unknown or forgotten.

Murillo's reputation as a painter rests on the ideal in which he soared—on the earthly nature of the Spaniard raised by his imagination and traced to a heavenly nature—on a poetical feeling which came not forth in words, but that went direct from the mind to the hand; at the same time his art was so entirely national, that the most ignorant can immediately distinguish his pictures from

those of any of the Italian school. The religious feeling of his faith and creed is expressed in every performance. We read in his divine pictures the history of Spain and of the Spaniards; the strong and fiery passions of the South, held down by the Inquisition; and the gloom and superstition of its kings and nobles. In Murillo's compositions may be read many a well-known story in Spanish life, and of the greatest individuals of the nation; the wisdom of Ferdinand and Isabella, the gloom and intellect of the Emperor Charles V., the crime and superstition of Philip II., the sagacity and wisdom of Ximenes and Olivares, and even the weakness of the imbecile Charles II., that monarch who so much appreciated Murillo's paintings, that he passed a law prohibiting their exportation out of Spain, thus shewing sense and feeling enough to estimate their merit.

Alongside of the national characteristics of the Spaniards expressed in Murillo's composition, is a colouring that tells of the brilliancy of a fine climate; it is the beautiful on earth, in air and vegetation, allied to faith in God and in the saints; all these deeply imbued with the ferocity of the early religious wars, which made and created those same saints and martyrs. The moral gloom with which Murillo was surrounded only cleared off now and then under the influence of a bright sun by day, and a clear, starry firmament by night.

Like Spagnoletto, Murillo's representation of our Saviour are disagreeable in the extreme. They express human nature, not divine nature; Spaniards in feature, passions, and countenance. Of all the great painters, it is Titian who has best combined the divine and human nature of our Lord, blended and mingled as Scripture has authorised our belief. It must be rather to the pictures of the Virgin Mary and the martyred saints that we must turn to become acquainted with Murillo. See the Madonnas in Marshal Soult's gallery, the way that they float in air on the canvass. They are evidently painted at the hour of setting sun in the south of Europe, and not in the street of a crowded metropolis under the influence of a chill

easterly wind or a November fog. The play of colouring in these pictures is so harmonious, that the idler lingers long before them, scarcely able to tear himself away, and yet not able to explain why he is so attracted there. One might suppose that Milton had contemplated the crowd of sunny cherubims in which the figure of the Madonna is encircled, those lovely beings

"In the colour of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds."

It is but Murillo, Correggio, and Guido that can paint cherubims.

But it is difficult to bring the mind to a belief that the same artist who painted these heavenly visions, and thus represented assumptions and martyrdoms, could have excelled in low life in the manner in which Murillo, as a painter, is classed in the gallery at Munich. There he is known but as the painter of real life. The ragged beggar-boys of Seville are there depicted, devouring grapes and melons, and playing at cards as eagerly as if they staked thousands. All objects are represented with a truth that has caused it to be said, with regard to these paintings, "that the indifference to the external and the internal freedom amidst rags and poverty, raises these same paintings of beggar children to all that art can depict or express."

Painting began at once in Spain; not like the schools of Italy, gradually and successively, but dividing immediately into the schools of Seville and Madrid. That of Madrid owed its origin to El Mudo (Navarrete), having belonging to it the families of Italian origin of Castillo, Carducci, and others, who formed Sanchez Coello (the favourite painter of Philip II.), Pereda, Collantes, and others.

The school of Seville owed its origin to Luis de Vargas, and Pietro Campana, both of whom were formed and educated in Italy, and this same school continued with Alonzo Cano, Zurbaran, Velasquez, &c. and ended with Murillo.

Murillo, like Velasquez his contemporary and master, was born at Seville; and baptised on the 1st of January, 1618, under the name of Bartolomé Esteban. His parents

were of humble origin, his youth was passed in obscurity, without education, without pleasures, without resource; "a most melancholy youth," as one of his biographers remarks of him, often leads to greatness. At last Juan de Castillo, a distant relation, took the boy out of compassion and charity to his home, whose reputation, destined to be so celebrated in the history of art, was to carry down the name of the master to posterity. Castillo drew correctly, but could only instruct the youth in the dry and cold colouring of a professor of Seville; and Murillo shortly left him to go to Cadiz, where, as it may be said, he became self-taught. The poor boy, deprived of all instruction, of all study, had to gain his daily bread by his pencil, of which he scarcely knew the use, and could not make great proficiency in an art which he used but as the means of procuring daily food and clothing. He sold his religious paintings (painted on wood) by the dozen, to persons going to America, and to the newly converted population of Peru and Mexico; but in painting these daubs, he acquired the habit of handling a paint-brush, managing his colours, and nothing more.

Murillo had attained the age of twenty-four, when, fortunately for him, an enthusiastic Spanish painter, Pietro de Moya, passed through Seville, to which town Murillo had returned. Moya had been in London, and had been instructed by Vandyke, and brought with him, on his revisiting Spain, the brilliant colouring and the good taste with which Vandyke inspired his admirers.

At the sight of Moya's paintings, Murillo fell into an ecstasy of delight; he was touched with the spark which sets the fire of genius into a flame. But what could he do? He had neither money nor patronage; and soon after Moya's visit to Seville, Vandyke died, so that it would have been useless to have gone to England; a journey to Italy was too expensive to think of undertaking; and Moya himself, then but a scholar, was going to Granada. In a fit of despair, Murillo took a desperate resolution; he bought a large canvass, cutting it into small pieces, which he covered with little figures of the Madonna,

of the Infant Saviour, with cherubims and garlands of flowers; and after disposing of these trifles at the fair at Seville, with a few pence in his pocket, neither asking advice nor taking leave of any one, he set out on foot for Madrid. It was in the year 1643. Arrived at Madrid, he presented himself to Velasquez, then in all the glory of his reputation and his good fortune. The king's favourite painter received the young artist kindly, encouraged him, promised him work, gave him the means of studying the works of the great Italian masters in the palaces and at the Escorial, and in his own studio Velasquez finally instructed and advised him.

Murillo passed two years in studying the great colourists. The masters he preferred were Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, Spagnoletto, and Velasquez. Less anxious for renown than for independence he left Madrid, notwithstanding Velasquez's wish to retain him in that city, and returned to Seville in 1645. It was said that Murillo took a disgust to courts and cities, in consequence of the disgrace of the prime minister Olivares, which happened in 1643. He was a great patron of the arts, and was sent into exile, where he shortly after died. His loss was deeply deplored by Velasquez; and it is probable that the pure and simple-minded Murillo may have taken a disgust to Madrid in consequence of this public event. No persuasions of Velasquez could get him to profit by the king's bounty, or recommendations to pursue his studies at Rome. Painters are as excitable as patriots or poets.

Hardly had Murillo's absence been noticed in his native town; but the astonishment was great when the following year he painted for the Convent of San Francisco three pictures, one was "The Death of Saint Claire," a picture that formed the principal ornament latterly of the Aguado Gallery at Paris. Every one inquired where Murillo could have learned this noble and attractive style, which partook of the manner of Spagnoletto, Vandyke, and Velasquez, and that was thought from its variety to be superior to all that they had produced.

Notwithstanding the envy which generally follows success, notwith-

standing the rivalry and hatred of Valdez Leal, of Herrera the younger, whom Murillo had dethroned from being at the head of their profession as painters, he soon rose from indigence and obscurity to renown; and, in 1648, he was in a position good enough to obtain in marriage the hand of a rich and noble lady, Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomajor.

From the year that Murillo returned to Seville (1645), until his death in 1682, he rarely left his native place, nor indeed scarcely his studio; spending there thirty-seven years in constant and incessant employment, and by that means producing the enormous number of pictures that were the work of his pencil. Given up to his art, he sought neither the patronage of the great nor the applause of the multitude, but made his happiness in placing his talent at the disposal of those persons who pleased himself in indulging his taste for composing his pictures in retirement, and for being completely independent in his daily habits of life. The chapters, the monasteries, and the grandees of Spain sent incessant requests and orders to the artist of Seville; and there were few cathedrals, sacristies, or convents, that did not possess some representation of their patron saint by his hand. Most of the illustrious and ancient families of Spain also aspired to the portrait of some ecclesiastic, friend, or relation painted by him.

The Convent of Capuchins at Seville at the beginning of this century, possessed nineteen first-rate pictures painted by Murillo, and the Hospital de la Caridad had in its little church eight of his most famous compositions. He received from the hospital for the painting of "Moses Striking the Rock," 13,300 réaux de vellon; for the "Miracle of the Loaves in the Desert," 15,975; and for all the eight pictures together, 32,000 réaux de vellon, a sum amounting to about 850*l.* of our money—a large sum for those days, and for Spain. The most laborious and productive time of his life was from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year; proving in art as in literature, that the greatest works of a man of genius are towards his decline, when he can unite experience and habit to inven-

entirely wild as a November fog. The play of coloring in these pictures is so luminous, that the other figures long before them, scarcely able to see himself away, and yet not able to explain why he is so attracted there. One might suppose that Milton had contemplated the crowd of sunny cherubim in which the figure of the Madonna is encircled, those lovely beings

"In the midst of the vision lost,
And play in the playful clouds."

It is but Verllo, Correggio, and Guido that can paint cherubim.

But it is difficult to bring the mind to a belief that the same artist who painted those heavenly visions, and those represented assumptions and transfigurations, could have cradled in her life in the manner in which Verllo is a painter, a child in the gallery at Munich. There he is known but as the painter of real life. The rugged, happy-boys of Seville are there depicted, devouring grapes and walnuts, and playing at cards as eagerly as if they valued thousands. All objects are represented with a truth that has caused it to be said, with regard to these paintings, "that the indifference to the eternal and the immortal freedom under eyes and poverty, makes these same paintings of happy children to all that are capable of expression."

Painting began at once in Spain; not like the schools of Italy, gradually and unconsciously, but driving immediately into the schools of Seville and Madrid. That of Madrid owed its origin to El Greco (Narciso), having belonging to it the families of Italian origin of Castille, Cordova, and others, who formed Sanchez-Cabeza the famous painter of Philip II., Juan de Herrera, and

more of humble origin, in youth was passed in slavery, without education, without pleasure, without leisure, "most miserably oppressed," as one of his biographers remarks of him, often took to profane. At last Juan de Herrera, a famous relation, took the boy out of domestication, and placed him in a school, and charity to his home, where a position, destined to be a brilliant one in the history of art, was given to him. The name of the school was painting. Castille drew away from the boy and still cherishing the flower of Seville; and Verllo, who had been in Seville, where he said, he became with a poor boy, deprived of all of all study, but in the land by his youth, he scarcely knew the use of make great pictures, which he said had a pressing duty to do. He said he was painting on wood, persons going to the newly converted and Madrid; but doubt, he was handling a pen in his colors, and Verllo had twenty-five years, an entire Father in Seville, to whom he returned.

At the time, and in Verllo's painting, his position coloring which Verllo's

At the time, and in Verllo's painting, his position coloring which Verllo's



but the love of ease and retirement of the painter was not to be conquered by ambition or honours. He refused the commands of his sovereign under various pretences, and continued to live on at Seville in independence, that is, in constant labour and study of his art. Pictures were, however, sent by him to the royal collection.

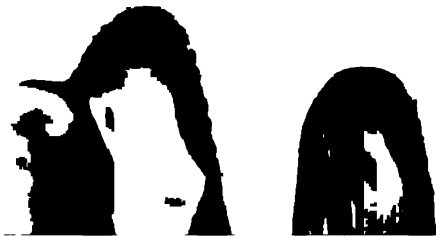
But Murillo was not so totally engrossed with his art as to forget others. With the aid of his artist-friends, and the public authorities, he established an academy at Seville, of which he became director. It was opened in 1660, at a time of public rejoicing in Spain,—at the peace of the Pyrenees and the marriage of Louis XIV. to the Infanta Maria-Theresa. Neither in this work nor in any other did Murillo receive any assistance from his own family. His eldest son went to the West Indies as a merchant; his second son became a canon of the cathedral at Seville; and his daughter took the veil in the convent of the *Madrè de Dios*.

In 1681 Murillo went to Cadiz to paint the altar-piece of "The Marriage of St. Catherine," for the Convent of Capuchins; he fell from a scaffolding erected near the painting, was much hurt, and returned to his home at Seville, ill, in consequence of his fall. After lingering for some time he died in April, 1682, and was buried in a vault in the church of

Santa Cruz, under the chapel where is the painting of "The Descent from the Cross," by Pietro Campana, and where Murillo was accustomed to pass some part of each day in prayer and meditation. This magnificent picture had been ever the object of Murillo's admiration and reverence throughout his life. And in that same chapel where so many holy thoughts had entranced him, in the same spot where his mind had ever been intent on religious meditations and feelings, his body found a resting-place. There is a harmony and a peace in the whole of Murillo's life and death, very powerful in his religious and poetical life; and in him is found a painter, as Wordsworth is a poet.

It is related, that one day when the church-doors were about to be closed towards evening, the sacristan reminded Murillo, then in meditation before his favourite picture, that it was time to depart. "I wait," said Murillo, still in his ecstasy, "I wait until these holy persons have taken away the body of our Lord."

After Murillo's death, it was discovered how entirely disinterested his life and character had been. No further fortune did he possess than a hundred reals, that he had received the day before he died; and that money, with sixty ducats found in a drawer, comprised the whole of his earthly possessions.



ON SOME ILLUSTRATED CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

THE character of Gruff-and-Tackleton, in Mr. Dickens's last Christmas story, has always appeared to me a great and painful blot upon that otherwise charming performance. Surely it is impossible that a man whose life is passed in the making of toys, hoops, whirligigs, theatres, dolls, jack-in-boxes, and ingenious knick-knacks for little children, should be a savage at heart, a child-hater by nature, and an ogre by disposition. How could such a fellow succeed in his trade? The practice of it would be sufficient to break that black heart of his outright. Invention to such a person would be impossible; and the continual exercise of his profession, the making of toys which he despised for little beings whom he hated, would, I should think, become so intolerable to a Gruff-and-Tackleton, that he would be sure to fly for resource to the first skipping-rope at hand, or to run himself through his *dura ilia* with a tin sabre. The ruffian! the child-hating Herod! a squadron of rocking-horses ought to trample and crush such a fellow into smaller particles of flint. I declare for my part I hate Gruff-and-Tackleton worse than any ogre in *Mother Bunch*. Ogres have been a good deal maligned. They eat children, it is true, but only occasionally,—children of a race which is hostile to their Titanic progeny; they are good enough to their own young. Witness the ogre in *Hopomythumb*, who gave his seven daughters seven crowns, the which Hopomythumb stole for his brothers, and a thousand other instances in fairy history. This is parenthetic, however. The proposition is, that makers of children's toys may have their errors, it is true, but must be, in the main, honest and kindly-hearted persons.

I wish Mrs. Marcet, the Right Honourable T. B. Macaulay, or any other person possessing universal knowledge, would take a toy and

child's emporium in hand, and explain to us all the geographical and historical wonders it contains. That Noah's ark, with its varied contents,—its leopards and lions, with glued pump-handled tails; its light-blue elephants and 11 footed ducks; that ark containing the cylindrical family of the patriarch was fashioned in Holland, most likely, by some kind pipe-smoking friends of youth by the side of a slimy canal. A peasant in a Danubian pine-wood carved that extraordinary nut-cracker, who was painted up at Nuremberg afterwards in the costume of a hideous hussar. That little fir lion, more like his roaring original than the lion at Barnet, or the lion of Northumberland House, was cut by a Swiss shepherd boy tending his goats on a mountain-side, where the chamois were jumping about in their untanned leather. I have seen a little Mahometan on the Etmeidan at Constantinople, twiddling about just such a whirligig as you may behold any day in the hands of a small Parisian in the Tuileries Gardens. And as with the toys so with the toy-books. They exist every where; there is no calculating the distance through which the stories come to us, the number of languages through which they have been filtered, or the centuries during which they have been told. Many of them have been narrated, almost in their present shape, for thousands of years since, to little copper-coloured Sanscrit children, listening to their mother under the palm-trees by the banks of the yellow Jumna—their Brahmin mother, who softly narrated them through the ring in her noose. The very same tale has been heard by the Northmen Vikings as they lay on their shields on deck; and by the Arabs, couched under the stars on the Syrian plains when the flocks were gathered in, and the mares were picketted by the tents. With regard

* Felix Summerly's *Home Treasury*. Gammer Gurton's *Story-Books*. Revised by Ambrose Merton, Gent. *Stories for the Seasons*. The *Good-Natured P*—London, 1846. Joseph Candall, Old Bond Street.

to the story of *Cinderella*, I have heard the late Thomas Hill say that he remembered to have heard, two years before Richard Cœur de Lion came back from Palestine, a Norman jongleur—but, in a word, there is no end to the antiquity of these tales, a dissertation on which would be quite needless and impossible here.

One cannot help looking with a secret envy on the children of the present day, for whose use and entertainment a thousand ingenious and beautiful things are provided which were quite unknown some few scores of years since, when the present writer and reader were very possibly in the nursery state. Abominable attempts were made in those days to make useful books for children, and cram science down their throats as calomel used to be administered under the pretence of a spoonful of currant-jelly. Such picture-books as we had were illustrated with the most shameful, hideous, old wood-cuts which had lasted through a century, and some of which may be actually seen lingering about still as head-pieces to the Catnach ballads, in those rare corners of the town where the Catnach ballads continue to be visible. Some painted pictures there were in our time likewise, but almost all of the very worst kind; the hideous distortions of Rowlandson, who peopled the picture-books with bloated parsons in periwigs, tipsy aldermen and leering salacious nymphs, horrid to look at. *Tom and Jerry* followed, with choice scenes from the Cockpit, the Round House, and Drury Lane. Atkins's slang sporting subjects then ensued, of which the upsetting of Charleys' watch-boxes, leaping five-barred gates, fighting duels with amazing long pistols, and kissing short-waisted damsels in pink spencers, formed the chief fun. The first real, kindly agreeable, and infinitely amusing and charming illustrations for a child's book in England which I know, were those of the patriarch George Cruikshank, devised for the famous German popular stories. These were translated by a certain magistrate of Bow Street, whom the *Examiner* is continually abusing, but whose name ought always to be treated tenderly on account of that great service which he did to the nation. Beauty, fun, and

fancy, were united, in these admirable designs. They have been copied all over Europe. From the day of their appearance, the happiness of children may be said to have increased immeasurably. After Cruikshank, the German artists, a kindly and good-natured race, with the organ of philoprogenitiveness strongly developed, began to exert their wits for children. Otto Speckter, Neureuther, the Dusseldorf school, the book-designers at Leipsig and Berlin, the mystical and tender-hearted Overbeck, and numberless others, have contributed to the pleasure and instruction of their little countrymen. In France the movement has not been so remarkable. The designers in the last twenty years have multiplied a hundred-fold: their talent is undeniable: but they have commonly such an unfortunate *penchant* for what is *wrong*, that the poor little children can hardly be admitted into their company. They cannot be benefited by voluptuous pictures illustrative of Balzac, Béranger, Manon-Lescaut, and the like. The admirable Charlet confined himself to war and battle, and *les gloires de la France* chiefly: the brilliant designs of Verdet and Raffet are likewise almost all military. Gavarni, the wittiest and cleverest designer that ever lived probably, depicts grisettes, Ste. Pélagie, bals-masqués, and other subjects of town-life and intrigue, quite unfit for children's edification. The caustic Granville, that Swift of the pencil, dealt in subjects scarcely more suited to children than the foul satires of the wicked old Cynic of St. Patrick's, whose jokes to my mind are like the fun of a demon; and whose best excuse is Swift's Hospital.

In England the race of designers is flourishing and increasing; and the art as applied to the nursery (and where, if you please, you who sneer, has our affectionate Mother Art a better place?), has plenty of practitioners and patronage. Perhaps there may be one or two of our readers who have heard of an obscure publication called *Punch*, a hebdomadal miscellany, filled with drawings and jokes, good or bad. Of the artists engaged upon this unfortunate periodical, the chief are Messrs. Leech and Doyle. both persons, I would wager, remark-

able for love of children, and daily giving proofs of this gentle disposition. Whenever Mr. Leech, "in the course of his professional career," has occasion to depict a child by the side of a bottle-nosed alderman, a bow-waistcoated John Bull, a policeman, a Brook-Green Volunteer, or the like, his rough, grotesque, rollicking pencil becomes gentle all of a sudden, he at once falls into the softest and tenderest of moods, and dandles and caresses the infant under his hands, as I have seen a huge whiskered grenadier do in St. James's Park, when mayhap (but this observation goes for nothing), the nurse-maid chances to be pretty. Look at the picture of the Eton-boy dining with his father, and saying, "Governor, one toast before we go—the ladies!" This picture is so pretty, and so like, that it is a positive fact, that every father of an Eton-boy declares it to be the portrait of his own particular offspring. In the great poem of "the Brook-Green Volunteer," cantos of which are issuing weekly from the *Punch* press; all the infantine episodes, without exception, are charming; and the volunteer's wife such a delightful hint of black-eyed smiling innocence and prettiness, as shews that beauty is always lying in the heart of this humorist,—this *good* humorist, as he assuredly must be. As for Mr. Doyle, his praises have been sung in this Magazine already: and his pencil every day gives far better proofs of his genuine relish for the grotesque and beautiful than any that can be produced by the pen of the present writer.

The real heroes of this article, however, who are at length introduced after the foregoing preliminary flourish, are, Mr. Joseph Cundall, of 12 Old Bond Street, in the city of Westminster, publisher; Mr. Felix Summerly, of the Home Treasury-office; Mrs. Harriet Myrtle; Ambrose Merton, Gent., the editor of *Gammer Gurton's Story Books*; the writer (or writers) of the *Good-natured Bear*, the *Story-Book of Holyday Hours*, &c., and the band of artists who have illustrated for the benefit of youth these delightful works of fiction. Their names are Webster, Townshend, Absolon, Cope, Horsley, Redgrave, H. Corbould, Franklin,

and Frederick Tayler,—names all famous in art; nor surely could artists ever be more amiably employed than in exercising their genius in behalf of young people. Fielding, I think, mentions with praise the name of Mr. Newbery, of Saint Paul's Churchyard, as the provider of story-books and pictures for children in his day. As there is no person of the late Mr. Fielding's powers writing in this Magazine, let me be permitted, humbly, to move a vote of thanks to the meritorious Mr. Joseph Cundall.

The mere sight of the little books published by Mr. Cundall—of which some thirty now lie upon my table—is as good as a nosegay. Their actual covers are as brilliant as a bed of tulips, and blaze with emerald, and orange, and cobalt, and gold, and crimson. I envy the feelings of the young person for whom (after having undergone a previous critical examination) this collection of treasures is destined. Here are fairy tales, at last, with real pictures to them. What a library!—what a picture-gallery! Which to take up first is the puzzle. I can fancy that perplexity and terror seizing upon the small individual to whom all these books will go in a parcel, when the string is cut, and the brown paper is unfolded, and all these delights appear. Let us take out one at hazard: it is the

"HISTORY OF TOM HICKATHRIFT
THE CONQUEROR."

He is bound in blue and gold: in the picture Mr. Frederick Tayler has represented Tom and a friend slaughtering wild beasts with prodigious ferocity. Who was Tom Hickathrift the Conqueror? Did you ever hear of him? Fielding mentions him somewhere, too; but his history has passed away out of the nursery annals, and this is the first time his deeds have ever come under my cognisance. Did Fielding himself write the book? The style is very like that of the author of *Joseph Andrews*. Tom lived in the Isle of Ely in Cambridgeshire, the story says, in the reign of William the Conqueror; his father, who was a labourer, being dead, "and rather being tender of their so tained him by her own labo

as she could; but all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much at once as would serve six ordinary men. At ten years old he was six feet high and three feet thick; his hand was like a shoulder of mutton, and every other part proportionate; but his great strength was as yet unknown."

The idea of latent strength here is prodigious. How strong the words are, and vigorous the similes! *His hand was like a shoulder of mutton.* He was six feet high, and three feet thick: all his delight was in the corner, and he ate as much as six men. A man six feet high is nothing, but a fellow three feet thick is tremendous. All the images heap up and complete the idea of Thomas's strength. His gormandising indicates, his indolence exaggerates, the Herculean form. Tom first shewed his strength by innocently taking away from a farmer, who told him he might have as much straw as he could carry, a thousand weight of straw. Another offering him and telling him to choose a stick for his mother's fire, Thomas selected a large tree, and went off with it over his shoulder, while a cart and six horses were tugging at a smaller piece of timber behind. The great charm of his adventures is, that they are told with that gravity and simplicity which only belongs to real truth:—

"Tom's fame being spread, no one durst give him an angry word. At last a brewer at Lynn, who wanted a lusty man to carry beer to the Marsh and to Wisbeach, hearing of him, came to hire him; but he would not be hired, till his friends persuaded him, and his master promised him a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and that he should eat and drink of the best. At last Tom consented to be his man, and the master shewed him which way he was to go; for there was a monstrous giant kept part of the Marsh, and none dared to go that way, for if the giant found them, he would either kill or make them his servants.

"But to come to Tom and his master. Tom did more in one day than all the rest of his men did in three; so that his master, seeing him so tractable and careful in his business, made him his head man, and vested him to carry beer by himself, for needed none to help him. Thus he it each day to Wisbeach, a journey of twenty miles.

But going this way so often, and

finding the other road that the giant kept was nearer by the half, Tom having increased his strength by good living, and improved his courage by drinking so much strong ale, resolved one day, as he was going to Wisbeach, without saying any thing to his master, or to his fellow-servants, to take the nearest road or lose his life; to win the horse or lose the saddle; to kill or be killed, if he met with the giant.

"Thus resolved he goes the nearest way with his cart, flinging open the gates in order to go through; but the giant soon espied him, and seeing him a daring fellow, vowed to stop his journey, and make a prize of his beer: but Tom cared not a fig for him; and the giant met him like a roaring lion, as though he would swallow him up.

"'Sirrah,' said he, 'who gave you authority to come this way? Do you not know, that I make all stand in fear of me? And you, like an impudent rogue, must come and fling open my gate at pleasure! Are you so careless of your life, that you do not care what you do? I will make you an example to all rogues under the sun. Dost thou not see how many heads of those that have offended my laws hang upon yonder tree? Thine shall hang above them all!'

"'None of your prating!' said Tom; 'you shall not find me like them.'

"'No!' said the giant.

"'Why you are but a fool, if you come to fight me, and bring no weapon to defend thyself!' cries Tom. 'I have got a weapon here shall make you know I am your master.'

"'Say you so, sirrah?' said the giant; and then ran to his cave to fetch his club, intending to dash his brains out at a blow.

"While the giant was gone for his club, Tom turned his cart upside down, and took the axletree and wheel for his sword and buckler; and excellent weapons they were, on such an emergency.

"The giant coming out again began to stare at Tom, to see him take the wheel in one of his hands, and the axletree in the other.

"'Oh, oh!' said the giant, 'you are like to do great things with those instruments; I have a twig here that will beat thee, thy axletree, and wheel to the ground!'

"Now that which the giant called a twig, was as thick as a mill-post; and with this the giant made a blow at him with such force, as made his wheel crack. Tom, nothing daunted, gave him as brave a blow on the side of the head, which made him reel again.

"'What,' said Tom, 'have you got drunk with my small-beer already?'

"But the giant, recovering, made many hard blows at him, which Tom kept off with his wheel, so that he received but very little hurt.

"In the meantime, Tom plied the giant so well with blows, that the sweat and blood ran together down his face, who, being almost spent with fighting so long, begged Tom to let him drink, and then he would fight him again.

"'No no,' said he, 'my mother did not teach me such wit;' and, finding the giant grow weak, he redoubled his blows, till he brought him to the ground.

"The giant, finding himself overcome, roared hideously, and begged Tom to spare his life, and he would perform any thing he should desire,—even yield himself unto him, and be his servant.

"But Tom, having no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog, laid on him till he found him breathless, and then cut off his head; after which he went into his cave, and there found great store of gold and silver, which made his heart leap for joy."

This must surely be Fielding: the battle is quite like the Fielding-Homer. Tom "having increased his strength by good living, and *improved his courage by drinking strong ale*," is a phrase only to be written by a great man. It indicates a lazy strength, like that of Tom himself in the corner. "The giant roared hideously, but Tom had no more mercy on him than a bear upon a dog." If any body but Harry Fielding can write of a battle in this way, it is a pity we had not more of the works of the author. He says that, for this action, Tom, who took possession of the giant's cave and all his gold and silver, "was no longer called plain Tom, but Mister Hickathrift?"

With the aid of a valorous opponent, who was a tinker, and who being conquered by Tom in battle became his fast friend ever after, Tom overcame 10,000 disaffected, who had gathered in the Isle of Ely (they must have been 10,000 of the refugee Saxons, under Hereward the Saxon, who fled from the tyranny of the Conqueror, and are mentioned by Mr. Wright in his lately published, learned, and ingenious essays,—and, indeed, it was a shame that one of the German name of *Hickathrift* should attack those of his own flesh and blood); but for this anti-national feat Tom was knighted, and henceforth appeared only as Sir Thomas Hickathrift.

"News was brought to the king, by the commons of Kent, that a very dreadful giant was landed on one of the islands, and had brought with him a great number of bears, and also young lions, with a dreadful dragon, upon which he always rode; which said monster and other ravenous beasts had much frightened all the inhabitants of the island. And, moreover, they said, if speedy course was not taken to suppress them, they would destroy the country.

"The king, hearing of this relation, was a little startled; yet he persuaded them to return home, and make the best defence they could for the present, assuring them that he would not forget them, and so they departed.

"The king, hearing these dreadful tidings, immediately sat in council, to consider what was best to be done.

"At length, Tom Hickathrift was pitched upon, as being a bold, stout subject; for which reason it was judged necessary to make him governor of that island, which place of trust he readily accepted, and accordingly went down with his wife and family to take possession of the same, attended by an hundred and odd knights and gentlemen, at least.

"Sir Thomas had not been there many days, when, looking out of his own window, he espied this giant mounted on a dreadful dragon, and on his shoulder he bore a club of iron; he had but one eye, which was in the middle of his forehead, and was as large as a barber's basin, and seemed like flaming fire; the hair of his head hung down like snakes, and his beard like rusty wire.

"Lifting up his eyes, he saw Sir Thomas, who was viewing him from one of the windows of the castle. The giant then began to knit his brow, and to breathe out some threatening word to the governor,—who, indeed, was a little surprised at the approach of such a monstrous and ill-favoured brute.

"The giant finding that Tom did not make much haste to get down to him, he alighted from his dragon, and chained him to an oak-tree; then marched to the castle, setting his broad shoulders against the corner of the wall, as if he intended to overthrow the whole bulk of the building at once. Tom perceiving it, said,—

"'Is this the game you would be at? faith, I will spoil your sport, for I have a delicate tool to pick your tooth with.' Then taking the two-handed sword which the king gave him, and flinging open the gate, he there found the giant, who, by an unfortunate slip in his thrusting, was fallen all along, and lay not able to help himself.

"'How now,' said Tom, 'do you com

here to take up your lodging?' and with that, he ran his long sword between the giant's shoulders, which made the brute groan as loud as thunder.

"Then Sir Thomas pulled out his sword again, and at six or seven blows smote off his head; and then turning to the dragon, which was all this while chained to the tree, without any further words, but with four or five blows, cut off the head of that also."

Once and again this must be Harry Fielding. The words of the narrative are of immense strength and simplicity. When Tom runs his long sword through the giant, it only "makes the brute groan as loud as thunder." An inferior hand would have spoiled all by trying a dying speech. One recognises Fielding's cudgel-style by the force and simplicity of the blow; and the greatness of Hickathrift is only increased by the conclusion of his history. He is left singing a song at a very noble and splendid feast, to which he invited all his friends and acquaintances, when he made them the following promise,—

"My friends, while I have strength to stand,
Most manfully I will pursue
All dangers till I clear the land
Of lions, bears, and tigers too."

And that is all. How fine the conclusion is! The enormous champion does not die, but lapses into silence. He may be alive yet somewhere in the fens, drinking mutely. A health to him! The day was a good day which brought the acquaintance of Tom Hickathrift.

Patient Grissell and the babes in the wood are dressed by Mr. Cundall in scarlet and gold—attired in glorious raiment after their death and sufferings as a reward for their martyrdom in life. As for Grissell, I have always had my opinion about her. She is so intolerably patient as to provoke any husband, and owed a great deal of her ill-treatment to the shameful meekness with which she bore it. But the babes in the wood must awaken the sympathy of any but an ogre, and every man, woman, or child who has a heart for poetry must feel himself stirred by the lines which tell their sad story:—

"He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him;
And look, they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain.
'Stay here,' quoth he, 'I'll bring you
bread
When I come back again.'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down,
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all bearnear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these poor innocents
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief.
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves."

Sweet little martyrs! Poetry contains nothing more touching than their legend. They have lain for hundreds of years embalmed in it. Time has not spoiled the smile of their sweet faces, nestling cheek by cheek under the yellow leaves. Robins have become sacred birds for the good deed they did. They will be allowed to sing in Paradise for that.

"Bevis of Hampton," that famous knight, is not a warrior much to the taste of the present times. He kills a great deal too much, and without any sense of humour and without inspiring any awe; but "Guy of Warwick" is a true knight. After the steward's son has done great deeds, and by his valour and virtue has won the hand of fair Felice, and with it her father's title of Earl of Warwick, the famous warrior is smitten with a sense of the vanity of all earthly things, even of married love and of fair Felice, who comes like a pious soul as she is, that he should take the cross and go to Palestine.

"While Guy was in this repenting solitude," the legend says, "fair Felice like a mourning widow, clothed herself in sable attire, and vowed chastity in the absence of her beloved husband. Her whole delight was in divine meditations and heavenly consolations, praying for the welfare of her beloved Lord Guy. And, to shew her humility, she sold all

her jewels and costly robes, and gave the money to the poor."

Years and years after her lord was gone there used to come for alms to her castle-gate an old pilgrim, whom the fair Felice relieved with hundreds of other poor. At last, this old hermit, feeling his death drawing nigh, took a ring from his hand and sent it to fair Felice, and she knew by that token it was her lord and husband, and hastened to him. And Guy soon after died in the arms of his beloved Felice, who, having survived him only fifteen days, was buried in the same grave. So ends the story of Guy, the bold baron of price, and of the fair maid Felice. A worthy legend. His bones are dust, and his sword is rust, and his soul is with the saints, I trust. Mr. Taylor supplies two noble illustrations to Sir Bevis and Sir Guy.

We must pass over the rest of the Gammer Gurton library with a brief commendation. The ballads and stories are good, the pictures are good, the type is good, the covers are fine, and the price is small. The same may be said of *The Home Treasury*, edited by the benevolent Felix Summerly. This *Home-Treasury* contains a deal of pleasant reading and delightful pictures. The fairy-tales are skilfully recast, and charmingly illustrated with coloured prints (perhaps all prints for children ought to have pretty colours, by the way) by some of the good-natured artists before mentioned. The delightful drawings for *Little Red Riding-hood* are supplied by Mr. Webster. Mr. Townshend nobly illustrates *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*; while the pretty love-tale of *Beast and the Beauty* is delineated by Mr. Redgrave. In the book of *Fairy Tales and Ballads* Cope, Redgrave, and Taylor, vie with each other which shall most shew skill and recreate youth. For the Story-books of the Seasons and the Mrs. Harriet-Myrtle Series Mr. Absolon has supplied a profusion of designs, which are all, without exception, charming. The organ of love of children as developed on that gentleman's cranium must be something prodigious, and the bump of benevolence quite a mountain. Blessed is he whose hat is enlarged by them!

Let a word be said, in conclusion, regarding the admirable story of the *Good-natured Bear*, one of the wittiest, pleasantest, and kindest of books that I have read for many a long day. Witness this extract, which contains the commencement of the bear's autobiography:—

"I am a native of Poland, and was born in one of the largest and most comfortable caves in the forest of Towskipowski. My father and mother were greatly respected by all the inhabitants of the forest, and were, in fact, regarded, not only by all their own species, but by every other animal, as persons of some consequence. I do not mention this little circumstance from any pride, but only out of filial affection for their memory.

"My father was a man of a proud and resentful—my father, I meant to say, was a *person*, of a proud and resentful disposition, though of the greatest courage and honour; but my mother was one in whom all the qualities of the fairer, or at least, the softer sex, were united. I shall never forget the patience, the gentleness, the skill, and the firmness with which she first taught me to walk alone. I mean to walk on all fours, of course; the upright manner of my present walking was only learned afterwards. As this infant effort, however, is one of my very earliest recollections, I have mentioned it before all the rest, and if you please, I will give you a little account of it."

"Oh! do, Mr. Bear," cried Gretchen; and no sooner had she uttered the words, than all the children cried out at the same time, "Oh! please do, sir." The bear took several long whiffs at his pipe, and thus continued—

"My mother took me to a retired part of the forest, where few animals ever came; and telling me that I must now stand alone, extended both paws, and slowly lowered me towards the earth. The height, as I looked down, seemed terrible, and I felt my legs kick in the air with fear of, I did not know what, till suddenly I felt four hard things, and no motion. It was the fixed earth beneath my four infant legs. 'Now,' said my mother, 'you are what is called standing alone!' But what she said I heard as in a dream. With my back in the air, as though it rested on a wooden trussel, with my nose poking out straight, snuffing the fresh breeze, and the many scents of the woods, my ears pricking and shooting with all sorts of new sounds, to wonder at, to want to have, to love or to tumble down at,—and my eyes staring before me full of light, and c

fused gold, and dancing things, I seemed to be in a condition over which I had no power to effect the least change, and in which I must remain fixed till some wonderful thing happened. But the firm voice of my mother came to my assistance, and I heard her tell me to look upon the earth beneath me, and see where I was. First I looked up among the boughs, then sideways at my shoulder, then I squinted at the tip of my nose—all by mistake and innocence—at last, I bent my nose in despair, and saw my fore paws standing, and this of course was right. The first thing that caught my attention, being the first thing I saw distinctly, was a little blue flower with a bright jewel in the middle, which I afterwards found was a drop of dew. Sometimes I thought this little blue darling was so close that it almost touched my eyes, and certainly the odour of it was up in my head; sometimes I thought it was deep down, a long way off. When I bent my face towards it to give it a kiss, it seemed just where it was, though I had not done what I had thought to do.

"The next thing I saw upon the ground was a soft-looking little creature, that crawled along with a round ball upon the middle of its back, of a beautiful white colour, with brown and red curling stripes. The creature moved very, very slowly, and appeared always to follow the opinion and advice of two long horns on its head, that went feeling about on all sides. Presently it slowly approached my right fore paw, and I wondered how I should feel, or smell, or hear it, as it went over my toes; but the instant one of the horns touched the hair of my paw both horns shrunk into nothing, and presently came out again, and the creature slowly moved away in another direction. While I was wondering at this strange proceeding—for I never thought of hurting the creature, not knowing how to hurt any thing, and what should have made the horn fancy otherwise?—while, then, I was wondering at this, my attention was suddenly drawn to a tuft of moss on my right near a hollow tree-trunk. Out of this green tuft

looked a pair of very bright, round, small eyes, which were staring up at me.

"If I had known how to walk, I should have stepped back a few steps when I saw those bright little eyes, but I never ventured to lift a paw from the earth, since my mother had first set me down, nor did I know how to do so, or what were the proper thoughts or motions to begin with. So I stood looking at the eyes; and presently I saw that the head was yellow, and all the face and throat yellow, and that it had a large mouth. 'What you have just seen,' said my mother, 'we call a snail; and what you now see is a frog.' The names, however, did not help me at all to understand. Why the first should have turned from my paw so suddenly, and why this creature should continue to stare up at me in such a manner I could not conceive. I expected, however, that it would soon come slowly crawling forth, and then I should see whether it would also avoid me in the same manner. I now observed that its body and breast were double somehow, and that its paws were very large for its size, but had no hair upon them, which I thought was probably occasioned by its slow crawling having rubbed it all off. I had scarcely made these observations and reflections, when a beam of bright light breaking through the trees, the creature suddenly gave a great hop right up under my nose, and I, thinking the world was at an end, instantly fell flat down on one side, and lay there waiting!"

Those who wish to know more about him, and to see Mr. Tayler's admirable likenesses of him, must buy the book for themselves. For it must be kept away from its right owners no longer, and must be consigned to brown paper and bound up with twine along with its beautiful comrades, never to see the light again until the packet opens under the astonished eyes of A. H. T.

M. A. TITMARSH.

ANNETTE.

[In Widcombe churchyard, near Bath, there is a grave, over which has been placed a broken pillar bearing the word "Annette," without date or further name.]

THERE stands beneath the chestnut shade
 A solitary tomb,
 The wild flowers round it droop and fade,
 And then renew their bloom ;
 The wind doth whisper through the grass
 Its mournful wild regret,
 The rolling seasons o'er it pass ;
 But who wert thou, Annette ?

The ivy clasps its tender form
 Around the sculptured base,
 As 'twere to shield it from the storm
 Within its kind embrace.
 Perhaps this may a token be
 Of love which sorrows yet,
 And fain would shed a tear o'er thee,
 Poor desolate Annette !

Yet strange it is that at thy grave
 No record there should be
 That might from blank oblivion save
 A memory of thee :
 No line to tell how good or fair,—
 It is as though "forget"
 Were the one word engraven there,
 And not thy name, Annette.

The golden smile of even dwells
 Upon thy resting-place ;
 Perchance of thy last hour it tells,
 How Death's unfear'd embrace
 Came to thee like the coming night,
 And found that thou hadst yet
 A smile of faith and love as bright
 As this calm hour, Annette.

And yet it might be that the hour
 Of thy departure came
 When wintry storms began to lower
 And love, and hope, and fame,
 All spread their wings to fly from thee,
 And thou, with ills beset,
 Laid'st down the burden joyfully
 Which broke thy heart, Annette.

Perchance thy life was one long night
 Of sorrow, care, and pain,
 That Hope's bright star shed not its light
 Upon the dreary plain ;
 And that beneath this verdant mound,
 Where oft before have met
 Earth's lonely ones, thou too hast found
 A home at last, Annette.

The weary and despairing heart,
 Unsought, unloved before,
 Would thrill with joy to find its part
 In life's vain pageant o'er,
 And gladly seek an unknown grave,
 Where all may soon forget
 How sank beneath life's turbid wave
 Thy fragile form, Annette.

Perchance, when we are lying low,
 And flowers above us bloom,
 A future race, as we do now,
 May gaze upon thy tomb,
 All grey and hoary then with time,
 And see that one word set,
 So touching, simple, and sublime,
 And ask, "Who was Annette?"

As little they as we can know
 Of what thy tale might be,
 And each surmise is idle now
 And vain is sympathy.
 Above thy pillared monument,
 By mourners' tears unwet,
 Our words and lays are idly spent
 To guess thy fate, Annette.

Perchance our tombs may stand by thine,
 With epitaph and name,
 To tell our ancestry and line,
 And blazon forth our fame;
 All the fond praises friends can give
 In one long record set,
 Hoping the flatt'ring tale will live
 When we are dead, Annette.

That hope is vain,—a hundred years
 Strange footsteps will have pressed
 The spot where all our hopes and fears
 Have found alike their rest.
 Then some may say, if they can trace
 The time-worn record yet,
 "Whose is this name, and whose this race,
 And what this word 'Annette?'"

Thy memory will be as dear
 To future times as ours,—
 Alike unmourned by sigh or tear,
 Alike undecked with flowers;
 Alike the weeds and grass will grow,
 Where none their progress let,
 On graves unknown as thine is now
 To our research, Annette.

E. E. G.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CXCVII.

MAY, 1846.

VOL. XXXIII.

THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY.

THE LONE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER," "THE ATTACHÉ," ETC.

THIS morning I accompanied the Judge and Miss Sandford in their sleigh on an excursion into the country. The scene, though rather painful to the eyes, was indescribably brilliant and beautiful. There had been during last night and part of yesterday a slight thaw, accompanied by a cold fine rain that froze the moment it fell into ice of the purest crystal. Every deciduous tree was covered with this glittering coating, and looked in the distance like an enormous though graceful bunch of feathers; while on a nearer approach it resembled, with its limbs now bending under the heavy weight of the transparent incrustation, a dazzling chandelier. The open fields, covered with a rough but hardened surface of snow, glistened in the sun as if thickly strewed with the largest diamonds; and every rail of the wooden fences in this general profusion of ornaments was decorated with a delicate fringe of pendent ice, that radiated like burnished silver. The heavy and sombre spruce, loaded with snow, rejoiced in a green old age. Having its massy shape relieved by strong and numerous lights, it gained in grace what it lost in strength, and stood erect among its drooping neighbours, venerable but vigorous, the hoary forefather of the wood.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXCVII.

The tall and slender poplar and white birch, which here and there had sprung up in the new clearings from the roots of old trees, and outgrown their strength and proportions, bent their heads gracefully to the ground under their unusual burden and formed fanciful arches, which the frost encircled with numerous wreaths of pearls. Every thing in the distance was covered with the purest white, while the colours of nearer objects were as diversified as their forms.

The bark of the different trees and their limbs appeared through the transparent ice; and the rays of the sun, as they fell upon them, invested them with all the hues of the prism. It was a scene as impossible to describe as to forget. To the natives it is not an unusual sight; for it generally occurs once a-year, at least, and its effects are as well appreciated as its beauty. The farmer foresees and laments serious injury to his orchard, the woodman a pitiless pelting of ice as he plies his axe in the forest, the huntsman a barrier to his sport, and the traveller an omen of hard and severe weather; and yet such was the glory of the landscape, that every heart felt its magic and acknowledged the might and the beauty of this sudden transformation.

L L

It was the work of a night. The sun set with chilling showers. It rose in all its splendour to witness and to heighten by its presence the magnificence and brilliancy of the scene. We constantly recurred to this topic after our return, and again and again went to the window as the day declined to catch the last parting glimpse of the "silver frost" before it dissolved from view under the gaze of the sun and vanished for ever. In the evening, winter and its scenery, its festivals and privations, and its effects on the habits, feelings, and tastes of the people formed the subject of a long conversation, in which the Judge told me the following sad and interesting story:—

On one of the shore-roads, as the highways near the Atlantic are called, in a distant part of the province, there is a lone house situated in the midst of one of the wildest and most barren tracts of country in these colonies; on either side of it are enormous bogs, stretching away in the distance for miles. Behind it is an undulating country of granite formation, covered with enormous masses of detached rock. In front is a lake in a deep and sunken hollow, so still, so cheerless and repulsive, that it looks like the pool of death. Beyond this a mountain wave of granite rises and shuts out the sea, which is not far distant. The place where the house stands is a small ridge of land in the form of a wedge, which formerly bore beech and birch trees; and not only had a tolerable soil, but was exempt from the incumbrance of loose stone. Beyond this ridge, however, all is barren. The surface is either naked rock or partially covered with moss, the wild strawberry, and the hardy white clover. Here and there a stunted birch or dwarf larch finds a scanty subsistence in the crevices of the rocks, or in coarse gravel formed by the disintegration that time and the alternations of heat and frost have produced in the granite. In the hollows, which resemble basins or stone reservoirs, a boggy substance has accumulated, that nurtures small groves of ill-conditioned and half-fed firs, which seem to have grown prematurely old, and grey before their time, being covered with white moss, which, climbing up their stems,

hangs pendent from their limbs, like hoary locks. The larger bogs on the right and left are in part covered with a long coarse aquatic grass (which the moose and caraboo feed upon in winter, when the frost enables them to travel over these treacherous and dangerous places), and in part by the yellow water-lilies, the wild iris, and clusters of cranberry-bushes. It is impossible to conceive any thing more lonely and desolate than this place. Even in summer, when the grassy road is well defined, and vegetation has done its best to clothe the huge proportions of the landscape and conceal its poverty and deformity, when the glittering insects flutter by to withdraw your attention from their dank, stagnant, and unwholesome cradles, to their own beauty, and the wild bee as he journeys on whispers of his winter's store of honey, and the birds sing merrily that contentment is bliss; even then, excited by the novelty of the scene, and interested as you are in the little lone household of the desert, its total seclusion from the world and the whole human family overpowers and appals you. A crowd of ideas rushes into your mind faster than you can arrange and dispose of them. Surely you say, Here, at least, is innocence; and where there is innocence, there must be happiness. Where there is no tempter, there can be no victim. It is the "still water" of life. Here all is calm and quiet, while on either side is the rapid or the cataract. The passions can have no scope, the affections must occupy the whole ground. How can envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness find an entrance? There can be nothing to envy where the condition of all is alike, and where all that is garnered is a common stock. There can be no hatred where there is no injury or no superiority; but they can love one another, for they are all in all to each other, and they can trim their fire for the poor wayfaring man, feed him, and send him on his journey rejoicing. They can hear from him of the houseless stranger, and bless God with thankful hearts that he has given them a home to dwell in. He may tell them tales of war, but they feel they are beyond its reach; and, what is far better, learn that if poverty has its priva-

tions, it has also its own peculiar privileges and immunities. Thoughts like these naturally force themselves upon you in such a scene. Your feelings are subdued and softened. You behold the family with interest and affection, but still you shrink at a full view of their situation and involuntarily regard it with pity as a hopeless exile. You are a creature of habit; you cannot understand it; you feel you have social duties to perform; that grief is lessened when the burden is divided, and happiness increased when it is imparted. That man was not made to live alone; and that mutual wants, individual weakness, and common protection require that, though we live in families, our families must dwell in communities.

If such be the feelings that a traveller entertains even in summer, how must he shudder when he regards this lone house in winter? I have seen many solitary habitations as well as this, and some of them much farther removed from any neighbourhood, but never one so dreary and so desolate. Follow any new road into the wilderness, and you will find a family settled there miles and miles from any house. But imagination soon fills up the intervening space with a dense population, and you see them in the midst of a well-cultivated country, and enjoying all the blessings of a civilized community. They are merely pioneers. They have taken up their station: the tide of emigration will speedily reach them and pass on. Go into that house, and you are at once struck with the difference of the two families. The former is still life and contentment; the latter is all hope, bustle, and noisy happiness. The axe is at work on the forest that is ringing with its regular blows. Merry voices are heard there, and the loud laugh echoes through the woods, for friends have come from the settlements, and ten acres of wood are to be cut down in one day. Sleighs are arriving with neighbours and relations, from whom they have lately parted; and at night there will be a festive assembly at a place which, until the year before, when the road was made and the house built, was in the heart of a howling wilderness. There is nothing about

such a dwelling to make you think it desolate, although loneliness is its characteristic. Converse with the forester, a fine, manly, native settler, and you find he has visions of a mill on his brook: he talks of keeping fifty head of horned cattle in a few years. As soon as his mill is finished, this log-hut is to be superseded by a large framed house; and that miserable shed, as he calls his stable, is to give place to a spacious barn, seventy feet long and fifty feet wide. He is full of merriment, confidence, and hope. In the former place, a pious resignation, a placid contentment, hearts chastened and subdued into a patient endurance of toil, and a meek but firm reliance on the superintendence of a Divine Providence, form a strong contrast to the more animated and self-relying forest family.

The wintry blast howls round their dwelling, like a remorseless and savage foe. Its hollow, mournful voice appeals the heart with painful recollections of its overpowering strength; and the poor besieged family, as they encircle their little fire at night (drawn still closer together now by their mutual fears and affections), offer up a silent prayer to the throne of grace, and implore the continued and merciful protection of Him who is always a father to the fatherless. At this season the road is covered, in common with the dreary desert, with deep snow. In the clear light of an unclouded sun, its direction may be ascertained by an experienced traveller, and by him alone; but at night, or in stormy weather, it is a vast and trackless field, where the fatigued and bewildered stranger is doomed to inevitable death.

To afford shelter and assistance to the traveller, to furnish him with a guide, and speed him on his way, was the object which John Lent had in view in settling on the "Ridge." He was aided by the subscriptions and encouraged by the personal assistance of those on either side of the desert who were interested in the road, or in the benevolence of the undertaking. A house and barn were erected with much labour and difficulty (for all the materials were brought from a great distance), the Court of Sessions granted him a free

tavern license, and the legislature of the province a small sum of ten or twelve pounds a-year, in consideration of the importance of this house to the mail communication of that part of the province. The ridge contained about thirty acres of land. These were soon cleared and brought into cultivation, and produced his winter's store of hay, and yearly supply of wheat and vegetables. His sheep and cows wandered over the plains, and found in summer, in an extended range, sufficient food on the scattered and short but sweet herbage of white clover, and the leaves of the dwarf bushes. The bog supplied him with fuel and materials for cultivating his fields, while the proceeds of his little inn enabled him to obtain some of those articles of groceries that habit has rendered indispensable to the poorest people in this country. Such was the condition of this family. They derived a scanty but a certain provision from the sources I have described. Year followed year with little variation. Their occupations came and ceased with the seasons. Time passed silently away, and as there were few incidents of importance that interested them, its flight was unperceived and unmarked. The three eldest daughters had severally left home for service in the next town, which was a seaport, had married and quitted the country; and the family, at the time I am speaking of, consisted of John Lent, his wife, and three little girls, the youngest of whom was seven years of age. When I arrived at the house last summer, Mrs. Lent did not at first recognise me. Old Age has so completely covered my visage with his wrinkled and repulsive mask, that the features of manhood are effectually concealed from view. It has removed my hair, deprived me of my teeth, obscured my eyes, and disfigured my cheeks with unseemly furrows.

These ravages of time, however, are wisely permitted or ordained, to prepare us to leave a world which we can no longer either serve or adorn. In proportion as we lose our personal attractions, mankind recede from us; and, at last, we mutually take leave of each other without a sigh or a tear of regret.

What years had gradually effected

for me, misfortune had suddenly and deeply engraven upon her. The young and cheerful woman whom I had known, was now a staid and care-worn matron; the light and elastic step of youth had been succeeded by the slow and heavy tread of limbs stiffened with toil, and her hair had blanched under grief and anxiety. My voice first attracted her attention. She said she knew it, and was certain it was that of an old and kind friend, and entreated me not to think her ungrateful if she could not recall my name, for her poor head had been confused of late. On discovering who I was, she communicated to me a brief outline of her melancholy story, the details of which I subsequently heard from others at Shelburne.

During the previous winter her husband had set out on foot for the nearest town to procure some little necessities for the house, and intended to return the next day. The subsequent morning was fine, but the weather, as is often the case in this variable climate, suddenly changed. At noon it began to snow; towards evening the wind had risen to a gale, and clouds of sleet were sweeping over the desert with resistless fury. Once or twice she went to the door and looked out, but withdrew immediately, nearly blinded and suffocated by the drifting storm. Her evening meal was prepared for her husband. The table, with its snow-white cover, stood ready for his reception. The savoury stew simmered on the hearth, and the potatoes gave out their steam in token of readiness, while the little earthen teapot and unleavened cake, the never-failing appendages of a settler's meal, were ready to cheer him on his return. "Ah, here he is!" she said, as the outer door suddenly opened, followed by thick volumes of snow that nearly filled the little entry. "No, that is the wind that has forced it open. He won't be here to-night; we had better go to supper. He saw the coming storm, and remained in town. I often wonder how he can foretell the weather so well. He knows when a thaw, or a frost, or a fall of snow, or a tempest is approaching hours beforehand. He was too wise to try the barren to-day."

His absence gave her no anxiety whatever; she had become familiar with the storms, and dreaded them only for others who were strangers and unwary. He had often been away before, and there was nothing unusual in his not arriving now. It was a proof of his sagacity, and not of his danger.

The gale continued unabated throughout the second day, and she neither expected him nor prepared for his reception. The third day was calm and tranquil; the whirlwind had spent its fury, and having rolled up its wreathy pillows, sunk down and reposed in utter exhaustion. The snow-birds came in numbers about the barn to feed on the hay-seed of the stack-yard, and the cattle were set at liberty to relax their stiffened limbs and to go to the spring in quest of water. The affrighted and half-famished poultry issued from their hiding-places, and clamorously demanded that attention that had been so long withheld, while the ill-omened crow came at the well-known signal to enforce his claim to a share of the food as a houseless and friendless stranger. The children, too, were released from their prison, and life and animation were again to be seen round the Lone House.

As the mother stood at the door and looked abroad upon the scene, a little spring bird, the first harbinger of that glad season, carolled merrily from the leafless apple-tree at the side of the cottage.

"Thank God!" she said, "winter is now nearly over, and its storms and trials; we have seldom more than one very heavy gale of wind after that little bird comes to sing us a song of spring. Your father will be at home early to-day." And she sent the eldest girl to the snares set for catching wild rabbits. "They will be all abroad to-day," she said; "see if there are any there for his dinner."

In a short time the child returned, with two of these little animals in her hand, and the table was again spread; but he came not. He would return, perhaps, she thought, in the evening, for when he did not arrive at noon he seldom reached home until sunset. But night came with

its accustomed meal, and his place was still vacant. To-morrow would be post-day; he had very properly waited, she said, to come with Ainslow. She was glad of it, for he was lame, the walking was heavy, and he had a pack to carry. Yes, they would both be here early in the day. Doubt, fear, or misgiving, never entered her mind. She had great confidence in his judgment; whatever he decided on was right, and it was prudent and much more agreeable for him to travel in company with the postman, who had all the news, and was a pleasant and obliging man. The next day brought again and again merry faces to the door, to look over the dreary bog and catch the first glimpse of the sleigh.

At last a shout proclaimed its approach, and the whole group were assembled to see the little dark spec that was moving forward in the distance, and gradually enlarging into a distinct form. It was anxiously watched, but was slow in coming, as every thing in life is that is impatiently waited for.

The arrival of the postman was an important event at this little habitation. He was a part of that world on either side of them, of which they had heard and formed vague conceptions, but which they had never seen. Their father's return, too, was an affair of great interest. He did not very frequently leave home; and when he did, he always brought back some little present to the mother or her children from some kind persons, whom their attentions and peculiar situation and character had converted from strangers into friends. They were little events, to be sure; but these little incidents constitute "the short and simple annals of the poor." They are all that occur to diversify the monotony of their secluded life. The postman came, but he had no companion. He drove his sleigh to the opposite side of the road, where the barn stood, and, leaving it there, he proceeded to the house. He was met by Mrs. Lent, who shook him cordially by the hand, and said that she had expected her husband with him, but supposed he was not ready to come.

The dinner, however, was now

waiting, and she pressed him to go in and partake with the family of their humble meal.

"Have you seen John?"

The truth had now to be told, which Ainslow did in the kindest and most considerate manner. After preparing her mind for the reception of very bad news, he proceeded to inform her, that as he crossed the wooden bridge at the black brook in the bog, he observed John Lent sitting on the floor, with his back resting against the rail, a stiffened and frozen corpse. He had evidently been overpowered by the storm, which coming from the eastward, blew full in his face, depriving him at once of his breath and his strength; and having sat down exhausted to rest his wearied limbs, he had sunk into that fatal sleep in which the soul, without a struggle or a sigh, passes into another and a better world. He added, that he had taken him up in his arms, and lifted him into the sleigh, where he now was; and that he had covered him with a rug, and driven to the barn, that she might not be too suddenly shocked by the awful sight of the dead body; and concluded with those consolatory remarks which, though unheard or unheeded, are usually addressed to those who are smitten down by sudden affliction. Before he had finished his narrative a loud, long-continued, and piercing cry of distress arose from the sleigh that thrilled the whole group, and brought them instantly to the door. The poor man's faithful and affectionate dog had discovered his master, and the strong instinct of the animal revealed to him at once that he would never more hear that voice of kindness and fellowship that had cheered him from day to day, or receive his food from that hand which had always been extended to feed or to fondle him. The postman then drove the sleigh to the door, lifted out the lifeless body, which had been frozen in its sitting attitude, and placing it in the same position on a large chest in a corner of the strangers' room, rested its back against the wall. It looked like a man not dead, but sleeping. He then withdrew the family into their sitting-room, and having placed some oats in a bucket

before his horse, who ate them as he stood in his harness, he occupied the few remaining minutes of his time in endeavouring as he best could to condole with and comfort the poor widow and her helpless family. He was astonished at her fortitude. Her agony, it was evident, was almost insupportable, but she gave no vent to violent and unavailing lamentations. He was not the first, as he will be by no means the last, to admire this quality of the female mind when roused by great events to deep thought and cool and deliberate action. Weak, timid, and powerless as woman is, in the minor troubles and trials of life, when real danger and great afflictions are to be encountered, she rises superior to fear, calls in the aid of a judgment always good, when confidently relied on, and a moral courage surpassing that of man, because its foundations are not built on the delusive laws of honour, but deeply laid in conscious innocence, in a strong sense of the obligations of duty, and a pious and firm reliance on the might and goodness of God. Thus supported and strengthened, she sustains burdens disproportioned to her sex, and successfully resists afflictions that overpower the vigour, and appal the courage of man.

The poor widow heard him calmly and patiently, though words seemed to fail her when thanking him for his kindness. This portentous silence, however, deceived him. There are calamities too heavy to be borne, and misfortunes may overpower by surprise, that could be successfully resisted if their advent were known. Although the blow did not prostrate this miserable woman, it stunned her into insensibility. Thought and memory seemed suspended. Incapable of action herself, she was passive in the hands of her children. She had but one confused and indistinct idea that remained. She thought her husband was at home and asleep in the adjoining room, but his long slumber and unbroken silence did not alarm her. When her meals were prepared by her daughter, she would look round and say, "Call your father—tell him we wait for him;" or at night she would look into his room and admonish him it was prudent to wake up and go to bed, or he

would take cold. The poor children gazed at her, wondered, and shed tears. Helpless, unprotected, and alone in the world, their little hearts failed them; and the inquiry often and often occurred to their minds, What is to become of us? Death, that sat embodied in one human form in that house, and had laid his cold, benumbing hand on another, whom he appeared to have marked for his victim, seemed ready to devour them all. Silence first disclosed to them their solitude, and solitude their danger. On the third evening they clustered as usual round their mother's chair and prayed; but she was unable to join them. She looked at them, but did not seem to comprehend them. They then tried, with faltering lips and tearful eyes, a verse of a hymn, one that she had always been fond of; but two voices were now wanting, and they were alarmed at the feeble and plaintive sound of their own. The chords of the widow's heart vibrated at the sound of the music, and she looked about her, as one awaking from slumber. Thought, feeling, and sensibility returned; the fountains of her affections opened, and a flood of tears mingled with those of her children. She inquired of them the day of the week, and whether any person had been at the house since the postman left it, wrung her hands in agony at the thoughts of the length of her stupor, and having affectionately kissed and blessed her little ones, went to bed to weep unseen, and pour out her griefs and her petitions undisturbed to Him who has graciously promised His protection to the widow and the orphan.

In the morning she rose more composed, but sadly changed. Years had revolved in that night, and left their tracks and furrows on her faded cheek; and the depth, and strength, and acuteness of her mental sufferings, had rendered her hair as white as the snow-wreath that death had folded round her husband as a winding-sheet. The struggle had been violent, but successful. She was afflicted but not subdued, bereft but not destitute. She was sensible of her situation, and willing to submit with humble resignation; aware of her duties, and ready to undertake

them. She stood between the living and the dead. A fearful debt was to be discharged to the one, subsistence and comfort were due to the other. She commenced the morning with prayer from a church formulary that had been given her by a travelling missionary, and then went about her usual duties. As she sat by her fire-side in the evening she revolved in her mind the new sphere in which she was placed. As any doubt or difficulty suggested itself, her loss became more and more apparent. How was her husband to be buried? The ground was frozen to the depth of three feet, and she was unable to dig a grave. She dare not go to the next neighbour's, a distance of seven miles, for she could not leave her children. She could not send her eldest daughter, for she did not know the way; and she, too, might be lost. She must wait for the postman, he would arrive in three days, and would assist her. If not, God would send relief when least expected. Every thing, however, about her—every thing she had to do, and every thing she required, mixed itself in some way with recollections of him she mourned, and reminded her of some habit, word, or act of his. Even the weather now made her shudder. The storm, like a giant refreshed with sleep, arose again in all its might, and swept across the desert with such unbroken force that the snow appeared rather like a moving mass of drift than distinct and separate flakes. It was just such an evening as when her husband perished. She shuddered, and drew her children nearer to her on the hearth. They had always loved each other, but their affection was greatly increased now, for they knew that death was a reality. They had seen it and felt its effects. It had lessened their number once, it could do so again. They had been told they were mortal, now they knew it. It was an awful disclosure to them, and yet what was death? It was not annihilation, for the body remained. That which had inhabited and animated it was incorporeal, and had departed unseen. It was that unknown, invisible, and mysterious spirit, they had unconsciously loved, for the corpse shocked and terrified them. They had been instructed that there was a soul that survived the body, but

they could not comprehend it. They now saw and shuddered at the difference between the living and the dead. It was palpable, but still it was not intelligible. Poor little innocents! it was their first practical lesson in mortality, and it was engraved on their aching hearts too deeply ever to be forgotten. Their affection now became more intense and far more tender, for solicitude had blended with it and softened it. Yes, their little circle was stronger for having its circumference reduced, it could bear more pressure than before, if the burden were unhappily increased.

The time for rest had now approached, and the widow was weak and unwell. The thought of her unburied husband oppressed her. The presence of death, too, in the house, for so long a time, was a heavy load for her nerves ; and unable to sustain her feelings and her reflections any longer, she resorted to her evening prayers with her little family, and added to the prescribed form a short and simple petition of her own. Her voice was almost inaudible, amid the din and roar of the tempest, to those around her ; but it penetrated far above the elements, and reached the throne of mercy to which it was addressed. Relieved, refreshed, and strengthened by this devotional exercise, they gathered again around the hearth ere the fire was secured for the night, and were engaged in some little consultation about the daily duties that were to be assigned to each, when they were aroused by a loud and violent knocking at the door. The mother arose and opened it, with a palpitating heart. Three strange, wild-looking, haggard men, entreated admittance for God's sake, for they were famished, and nearly chilled to death with the cold. What a contrast for that hitherto quiet and noiseless household ! There were these men stamping on the floor, shaking off the snow from their clothes, beating their hands together, throwing down their packs, talking loudly, and all speaking at once—all calling for food, all demanding more fire, and all rejoicing in their shelter and safety. The children huddled together in affright in the corner of the room, and the poor woman trembled as she reflected

that she was alone and unprotected. Who are these men, she asked herself? Houseless in the storm, her heart replied, "Would to Heaven there had been such a shelter for my poor John Lent ! We need not fear, for God and our poverty are our protection." She told them they were in the house of death—that her husband lay dead, and, for want of assistance, unburied in the next room, but that all that could be done for them she would do, though at such a time, and in such a place, that all, of course, would be but very little. She advised them to keep at a distance from the fire, and having ascertained that they were not frost-bitten, set about getting them some refreshment. While at work she heard all that they had to say to each other, and with the quickness of observation peculiar to the natives of this country soon perceived they were not equals—that one of them spoke with a voice of authority ; that another called him, Sir ; and the third only answered when he was spoken to, and that all three were sailors. They had a fearful tale of trouble and of death, to which frequent allusion was made. They were the captain, mate, and steward, of a ship that had been wrecked that day on the coast beyond the hilly land in front of the cottage, and were the sole survivors of ten, who, on that morning, were pursuing their course on the ocean in perfect confidence and safety. A hearty meal was hastily prepared, and more hastily despatched. Liquor was then asked for ; she trembled and obeyed. She was a lone woman, it was a dangerous thing, and she hesitated ; but a moment's reflection suggested to her that it was impossible that they could either forget her loss or their own.

A fresh difficulty now occurred, to understand which it is necessary to describe the house. The chimney stood in the middle of the building, opposite the front door, which opened into a small entry. On the right was the family sitting-room or kitchen, where they were now assembled, off which were two bedrooms. On the left, three rooms were similarly arranged, and devoted to the accommodation of strangers. In the apartment corresponding to the one they were in was the frozen body of her husband, resting on a chest, in a

sitting attitude, as I have before described. In order to prepare their beds it was necessary to pass through that room, into which she had not ventured since she had recovered from her stupor. She was perplexed and distressed, but at last, having stated to the captain her difficulty, he at once ordered the steward to go and make the requisite arrangements. The master and mate having been thus provided for for the night, some blankets were given to the steward, who slept on the hearth, before the kitchen fire. In the morning the latter was sent to dig a grave for poor John Lent, while the other two, having procured the requisite tools, made him a coffin, into which he was placed with great difficulty, from the rigidity of his limbs. The little pony was then harnessed to the sledge, and the body was followed by the family and their guests to its last resting-place. The beautiful burial-service of the church was read over the deceased by the captain, amid the heartfelt sobs of the widow, the loud lamentations of the children, and the generous tears of the sailors. The scene was one that was deeply felt by all present. There was a community of suffering, a similarity of situation, and a sympathy among them all, that for the time made them forget they were strangers and feel towards each other like members of one family. The mariners had twice narrowly escaped death themselves: first, from shipwreck, and then from the intensity of the weather; while seven of their comrades had been swept into eternity before their eyes. The poor widow, in losing John Lent, appeared to have lost every thing—her friend, her support, her companion, and protector; the husband of her heart, the father of her children. If their losses were similar, their mutual sorrows were similar also. She had afforded them food, shelter, and a home. They had aided her in a most trying moment with their personal assistance, and comforted her with their sympathy and kindness. The next morning her guests visited the sea-shore, in order to ascertain whether any portion of the cargo of their vessel could be saved. When they arrived at the scene of their disaster, they found that the vessel

was gone; she had either fallen off from the precipitous cliff upon which she had been thrown by the violence of the sea, or been withdrawn by the reflux of the mountain waves, and had sunk into the deep water, where her masts could now just be discerned under its clear and untroubled surface. The cabin, which had been built on the deck, had been broken to pieces, and fragments of it were to be seen scattered about on the snow. Some few barrels and boxes from the steward's pantry had been thrown on shore, containing stores of various kinds, and also the captain's hammock and bedding. These were divided into two small lots of equal weight, and constituted two sleigh loads, for the travelling was too heavy to permit them all to be carried at once. The captain presented them, together with a purse of ten sovereigns, to the poor widow, as a token of his gratitude for her kindness and sympathy for his distress. She was also recommended to examine the shore from time to time after violent gales of winds, as many loose articles would no doubt hereafter float to the surface; and these, by a written authority, he empowered her to apply to her own use.

On the succeeding morning the postman returned with his mail, and furnished a conveyance for the steward. The captain and mate followed under his guidance, with Mrs. Lent's little pony and sledge, which were to be returned the following mail-day by Ainslow. They now took an affectionate leave of each other, with mutual thanks and benedictions, and the widow and her family were again left to their sorrows and their labours. From that day she said an unseen hand had upheld her, fed her, and protected her, and that hand was the hand of the good and merciful God of the widow and the orphan. There were times, she added, when the wounds of her heart would burst open and bleed afresh; but she had been told the affections required that relief, and that Nature had wisely provided it, to prevent a worse issue. She informed me that she often saw her husband of late. When sitting by her solitary lamp, after her children had fallen asleep, she frequently perceived him looking in at the window upon her. She would s

times rise and go there, with a view of conversing with him, but he always withdrew, as if he was not permitted to have an interview with her. She said she was not afraid to meet him ; why should she be ? He who had loved her in life would not harm her in death. As soon as she returned to her seat, he would again resume his place at the window, and watch over her for hours together. She had mentioned the circumstance to the clergyman, who charged her to keep her secret, and especially from her children, whose young and weak nerves it might terrify. He had endeavoured to persuade her it was the reflexion of her own face in the glass ; that it was a natural effect, and by no means an unusual occurrence. But no one, she added, knew so well as those who saw with their own eyes. It was difficult, perhaps, for others who had not been so favoured and protected to believe it, but it was, nevertheless, strictly true ; and was a great comfort to her to think that his care and his love existed for her beyond the grave. She

said many people had advised her to leave that place, as too insecure and inconvenient for a helpless woman ; but God had never failed them. She had never known want or been visited by illness, while she and her children had been fed in the wilderness like the chosen people of the Lord. He had raised her up a host of friends, whose heart he had touched with kindness for her, and whose hands he had used as the instruments of his mercy and bounty. It would be ungrateful and distrustful in her to leave a place he had selected for her, and he might perhaps turn away his countenance in anger, and abandon her in her old age to poverty and want. And besides, she said, there is my old man ; his visits now are dearer to me than ever ; he was once my companion—he is now my guardian angel. I cannot and I will not forsake him while I live, and when it is God's will that I depart hence, I hope to be laid beside him, who, alive or dead, has never suffered this poor dwelling to be to me a "Lonely House."

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT VICTOR HUGO.

THE novelist, the dramatist, the lyricist, is now a peer of France. The bold defender of the liberty of the stage, the spirited pleader before the Tribunal de Commerce, sits on the benches of the *noblesse viagère*: the author of the interdicted drama,* of the supposed offence against the family of Orleans, is installed among the constitutional nominees of Louis Philippe. Long life to him at the Luxembourg—the Baron Victor Hugo! Whether he will attempt in the upper chamber the ambitious rôle of his friend and brother bard, De Lamartine, in the lower, remains to be seen. We trust that he will not avail himself of his position as a senator to press those Rhenane, and (he must pardon us) insane pretensions which produced that marvellous political paper from the tourist; otherwise we shall be compelled to part company, and to range ourselves, with hostile look intent, against one with whom, admiring him as we do, we would fain continue upon terms of cordial intimacy. It is not, however, in the arena of political controversy that we are now to seek him; so let us have no unfriendly anticipations. We resume the pen to fulfil an engagement made to our readers to increase their acquaintance with the bard whom we introduced in a former paper; and it now devolves upon us to exhibit him in the exercise of his art upon other subjects than those, the admirable treatment of which has justly earned for him the title of Historical Poet *par excellence*. There is no lack of variety in Victor. Few are the children of song in whom will be found a greater diversity of matter, a more free and facile multiformity of style. *Ennui* is a state of feeling he is never likely to produce in his readers; for want of transitions and novelty none will cast him aside. Besides the materials of history,—wars, revolutions, politics,—in his dealings with which we have already displayed something of his spirit, abundant are the subjects which engage his muse—which his taste se-

lects, his imagination embellishes, his sympathy associates itself with, and his voice interprets. Into the feeling-fraught heart of humanity he enters, and inly dwells; with beauty-breathing nature he respires; with calm-inducing, thought-suggesting, love-fostering nature he meditates, and quickly feels. Gentle, domestic affections; home, parents, children, friends; the love of infancy, and the reverence for age; kindly cheerfulness and chastened sorrow; a calm, meditative melancholy dwelling upon recollections of early hopes and dreams gone by—these are among the feelings which occupy him, who at other times, with the eye at once of poet, patriot, and sage, regards the changing scenes and actors in the great drama of nations. Pensive, serene, peaceful, glides among homely haunts, by the household hearth, amid the fields, the hamlets, and the woods, the verse that elsewhere rolls its mighty stream around kings and conquerors, triumphs and trophies, and shattered thrones, and contending factions. To him may be applied in their comprehensiveness the words of one with whom he, Frenchman though he be, has much in common:

“ Not love, not war, nor the tumultuous
swell
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor duty struggling with affections
strange,
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell:
But where untroubled peace and concord
dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the blue smoke of the elmy
grange
Skyward ascending from the twilight
dell.
Meek aspirations please her, lone enden-
vour,
And sage content, and placid melan-
choly.”—WORDSWORTH.

An intent and earnest perusal of Victor Hugo will reveal this disposition, of which probably few English readers would suspect a poet of a nation they are too accustomed to regard as the pattern of frivolity.

* “Le Roi s’amuse.”

We confidently recommend such study to all who desire the gratification of delicate taste, and deep and truthful feeling, contenting ourselves with producing here a few specimens of the versatility of Hugo's powers. We have seen that he can build the lofty rhyme in the shape of Ode Historical. In many an effusion of less pretension, he exhibits not less excellence; in many a happy strain of individual sentiment, in some delicious ballads. His lays of love have a surpassing delicacy and tenderness; his verses which respect personal emotions and experience, be they enjoyments or regrets, mourn they or exult, have an intensity communicating itself by a charm that attests the truth of the feeling, and the felicity of the expression. Imparting his own emotions he seems but to be the echo of yours. It is thus that the true poet is known and approved—he is *felt*: he speaks *for* the incapable man; his language is your feeling, clothed as you would clothe it, had Heaven but willed to endow you with that glorious “art divine of words;” and your heart leaps with gratitude to the interpreter of that, which, beating in your breast and crowding your brain, had never found freedom and expression but for him whose magic voice sets open the gates, and liberates thought from its silent chamber, and struggling, fluttering, panting passion from its cage. So is it, in many a strain of personal intensity, that Byron has made himself the voice of the burning longings of the heart; so that Campbell has breathed the breath of delicate passion in verse of such sensible fragrance, that, as you read, you inhale a rich atmosphere of which you had dimly dreamed, but never tasted before. These are they that relieve the burdened heart from its incapability, and give form and vocality to the vague, the bodiless, and the unexpressed. What the spirit has dreamed, what the soul has imagined and felt, has at length been told to it—to itself, better than itself yet knew; the wondrous, the all-expressive, the *very* words it has never been able to devise for its emotions, *they* have been spoken; and the “Eureka!” of the philosopher was not more joyous, or more sincere, than the recognition which the heart at

such moments makes of the long-desired, the at-last discovered. Hear the Victor in a mournful mood,—a plaintive but subdued strain, wherein many a listening ear will catch the tones which, soothing sorrow by the faithful expression they yield to it, are the favourite music of melancholy:—

Regret.

“Oui, le bonheur bien vite a passé dans ma vie!

On le suit; dans ses bras on se livre au sommeil;

Puis, comme cette vierge aux champs crétois ravie,

On se voit seul à son réveil.

On le cherche de loin dans l'avenir immense,

On lui crie ‘Oh! reviens, compagnon de mes jours.’

Et le plaisir accourt, mais sans remplir l'absence

De celui qu'on pleure toujours.

Moi, si l'impur plaisir offre sa vaine flamme,

Je lui dirai ‘Va, fuis, et respecte mon sort;

Le bonheur a laissé le regret dans mon âme,

Mais toi, tu laisses le remord!’

Pourtant je ne dois point troubler votre délire,

Amis: je veux paraître ignorer les douleurs;

Je souris avec vous, je vous cache ma lyre

Lorsqu'elle est humide de pleurs.

Chacun de vous peut-être, en son cœur solitaire,

Sous des ris passagers étouffe un long regret;

Hélas! nous souffrons tous ensemble sur la terre,

Et nous souffrons tous en secret!

On est honteux des pleurs; on rougit de ses peines,

Des innocens chagrins, des souvenirs touchans;

Comme si nous n'étions sous les terrestres chaînes

Que pour la joie et pour les chants!

Hélas! il m'a donc fui sans me laisser de trace,

Mais pour le retenir j'ai fait ce que j'ai pu,

Ce temps où le bonheur brille, et soudain s'efface,

Comme un sourire interrompu!”

Regret.

Yes, Happiness hath left me soon behind!

Alas, we all pursue its steps! and when

We've sunk to rest within its arms entwined,

Like the Phœnician virgin,* wake, and find

Ourselves alone again.

Then, through the distant future's boundless space

We seek the lost companion of our days:

"Return, return!" we cry; and lo, apace
Pleasure appears! but not to fill the place

Of that we mourn always.

I, should unhallowed Pleasure woo me now,

Will to the wanton sorcress say, "Be-gone!

Respect the cypress on my mournful brow,

Lost Happiness hath left regret—but thou

Leavest remorse, alone."

Yet, haply lest I check the mounting fire,

O friends, that in your revelry appears!

With you I'll breathe the air which ye respire,

And, smiling, hide my melancholy lyre
When it is wet with tears.

Each in his secret heart perchance doth own

Some fond regret 'neath passing smiles concealed;—

Sufferers alike together and alone

Are we;—with many a grief to others known,

How many unrevealed!

Alas! for natural tears and simple pains,
For tender recollections, cherished long,

For guileless griefs, which no compunc-tion stains,

We blush;—as if we wore these earthly chains

Only for sport and song!

Yes, my blest hours have fled without a trace:

In vain I strove their parting to delay;
Brightly they beamed, then left a cheerless space,

Like an o'erclouded smile, that in the face

Lightens, and fades away.

There is a graceful melancholy, at

once kindly and dignified—a deep but not a morose mournfulness, which pleases us greatly in this unpretending composition. There is a polish, and a finish too: excellencies observable in many of the smaller poems of our author, and in which he strikes us as bearing a peculiar similarity to our own elegant and tasteful Campbell.

On a former occasion we expressed our admiration of Hugo's powers as a descriptive poet; asserting our opinion, that in delineations of natural scenery he is without a rival in the poetical literature of his country. We shall only so far qualify that praise as to say, that if fault is to be found with his landscapes, it is that they are occasionally too crowded. The richness of resource with which he accumulates image upon image is sometimes indulged to an excess, which may be thought to impair the general effect. Yet, for ourselves, we confess that even in those instances we have experienced in the perusal that species of pleasing bewilderment which every one must have felt when, in some gorgeous prospect, rich with the wonders, the graces, and the sportive caprices of Nature, the demands made upon the eye are too numerous to be satisfied,—fail (if failure it can be called), by the very abundance of beauty. For examples of our author's descriptive powers applied to external nature, we specially refer the reader to a poem in the *Chants du Crépuscule*, entitled "Au bord de la Mer," containing a magnificent picture, and furnishing a conspicuous instance of Victor's *diffuse* style: to two pieces in the *Feuilles d'Automne*, under the titles of "Pan," and "Bièvre;" and to a portion of a long narrative in the *Rayons et Ombres*, "Ce qui se passait aux Feuillantines vers 1813." In these particularly, and in some delightful verses "à Virgile," in the *Voix Intérieures*, will be found that richness and truthfulness of description, that intimacy with and enjoyment of Nature, which distinguish in a remarkable degree the poetical character of our favourite—in so great a degree, that there are really few pages of Victor's volumes (some of the historical poetry excepted) in

* Europa.

which the reader will not be made sensible, by prompt and vivid metaphor, striking simile and illustration, that he is in the hands and under the guidance of one whose study has been the book of Nature since first he looked upon its pages, who has mastered his subject with the mastery of love, and treasured it in heart and mind,—a store from which he can draw inexhaustibly, and with all the freedom, vigour, and boldness, of one who, knowing that he hath the knowledge, knoweth also how to employ it.

There is, however, a form of poetical power which, perhaps, may be most properly termed *allusive description* (readers of Milton cannot be unacquainted with its exercise); and which, not so exclusively respecting scenery—understanding that word as applied to the mere components of a landscape—consists in presenting an idea of a region, a country, or (if you like) a more confined locality, either by the designation of some prevailing quality which at once conveys the spirit, the influence of the whole to the reader's mind, reflects the light and shade that form the colour of the scene, or by grouping, together in more or less quantity, the separate objects of association and interest which, at once heightening and heightened by the attractions of external nature, giving and receiving charm, make up a more complete picturesque than is within the reach even of that art,—

"Which morning, noontide, even,
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry."

For the antiquarian and man of art are the remains and monuments of a country; for the painter its landscapes; for the historian its annals; for the romancer and the lover of grotesque lore its traditions, fables, superstitions, legends; for the commentator on life and character, its manners, tastes, and tone: but *all* of these are for the poet. Of other men, each appreciates in his own department; but the poet alone combines and exhibits in masterly portraiture the whole of which their respective subjects are parts. Thus, he compels and seizes the spirit that eludes the grasp of others: thus, he

brings into presence before his readers that national existence which is composed of a people's past and present, its aspect and its associations, its history and romance, its tone of feeling and popular characteristics, its works of art, its riches of nature—scenery, and soil, and clime. Victor Hugo abounds in this allusive description; and of its two modes of bringing scenes before the eyes we select some few examples, which the reader, taking the author's volumes in his hand, will have no difficulty in multiplying. Sometimes this presentation of the scene is effected by an epithet, the beauty or the vivid truthfulness of which is instantaneously felt and acknowledged: and in this our Victor is most happy, as—

"Le volcan de la Sicile blonde,"

wherein you see the yellow surface of that land of the golden ear, the granary of old Rome,—

"De noirs Escurials, mystérieux séjour."

You recognise the resort of Philip the dark-souled, up among the gloomy sierra of Guadarama.

"Le Nil, le Rhin, le Tibre; *Austerlitz*
rayonnante,
Eylau, froid et brumeux."

You behold that immortal sun peering over and blazing upon Moravian uplands; you behold, too, that wintry scene of horror on the inhospitable plain of Prussian-Poland. In

"L'Arabie infranchissable,"

you feel that a single word has spread out the desert before you. And be it remarked, by the way, that, in that excellent test of a poet, the degree in which he possesses, and the manner in which he exercises a sway over epithets, the author in question will bear the closest and nicest criticism. Pages of commendation might be written, and pages filled with instances shewing how rich is his command, and how graceful and judicious his employment of this most expressive quality of his native language.

At another time, the poet's power in bringing either a single scene, or the grand national features and historical associations of a country, to the know-

ledge and appreciation of his readers, is shewn in a few rapid and off-hand touches—sufficient,—rapid and off-hand as they are—to place the individual spot, or the succession of views, the whole picturesque character of the land, indeed, before them. Look at this *tableau* of the renowned Christian and Moslem fortresses on the banks of the glorious stream that reaches from its Swabian springs to

"The vast encincture of that gloomy sea,
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet
In conflict."

It is from a piece in the *Orientales*, entitled "*Le Danube en colère*," a piece finely conceived, indeed, but spoilt by sundry extravagancies, such as this undoubted genius sometimes permits himself to run into. Old Father Danube is chiding these his unruly children for their ever-recurring hostilities:

"Quoi ! ne pouvez-vous vivre ensemble,
Mes filles ? faut il que je tremble
Du destin qui ne vous rassemble
Que pour vous haïr de plus près ?
Quand vous pourriez, seurs pacifiques,
Mirer dans mes eaux magnifiques
Semlin ! tes noirs clochers gothiques,
Belgrade, tes blancs minarets !"

Ye daughters mine ! will nought abate
Your fierce interminable hate ?
Still am I doomed to rue the fate
That such unfriendly neighbours
made ?
The while ye might, in peaceful cheer,
Mirror upon my waters clear
Semlin ! thy Gothic steeples drear,
And thy bright minarets, Belgrade !

Now, here you have the spot under your eye, with all the conflicting interest that peculiarly attaches to it. Here are the broad glassy river, the confronting battlements, the territorial approximation, the more than territorial separation of Christianity and Islamism. The stanza contains at once the picture of the place and its history, its aspect and its asso-

ciations. Look, again, at this grand and delicious view of a land dear to the soul of Victor, this moving panorama of Iberian scenery. A few bold dashes, and the spell of the country is upon you. Its romance of olden time, its historic grandeur, its *romance of modern war* ; the drear, and wild, and sublime features of its external nature ; its wide-lying cities, its long and melancholy tracts, its glorious monumental remains, are seen in—ay, and something of the character of its singular people is transparent through—the vigorous, the beautiful, the most musical verses which we attempt to render. The lines afford, also, an excellent example of that felicity of illustration which we numbered among our author's accomplishments. The poem of which they form the close is occupied with the sweetness and innocent joyousness of childhood, and pleads for, and exhorts to indulgence for its free and sportive sallies. "As for me," exclaims the poet,—

"Moi, quel que soit le monde, et l'homme,
et l'avenir,
Soit qu'il faille oublier ou se ressouvenir,
Que Dieu m'afflige ou me console,
Je ne veux habiter la cité des vivans
Que dans une maison qu'une rumeur
d'enfans
Fasse toujours vivante et folle.

De même, si jamais enfin je vous revois,
Beau pays, dont la langue est faite pour
ma voix,
Dont mes yeux aimaient leurs cam-
pagnes,
Bords où mes pas enfans suivaient Na-
poléon,
Fortes villes du Cid ! ô Valence, ô Léon,
Castille, Aragon, mes Espagnes,

Je ne veux traverser vos plaines, vos
cités,
Franchir vos ponts d'une arche entre
deux monts jetés,
Voir vos palais romains ou maures,
Votre Guadalquivir qui serpente et s'en-
fuit,
Que dans ces chars dorés qu'emplissent
de leur bruit
Les grelots des mules sonores !" *

* Observe the exceeding beauty of the musical word *sonore* (so effective at the close of a line, and often so effectively employed by our author), the uses of which are more comprehensive than those of our own word similarly derived. Here we have it applied to the jingle of bells, and expressive of their shrill music. In the verses on the *Carillon*, which closed our former paper, we found it applied to the rhythm, the graduated succession of sounds. And in the following it expresses th-

For me, whate'er my life and lot may
 shew,
 Years blank with gloom or cheered by
 memory's glow,
 Turmoil or peace; ne'er be it mine, I
 pray,
 To be a dweller of the peopled earth,
 Save 'neath a roof alive with children's
 mirth,
 Loud through the livelong day.

So, if my hap it be to see once more
 Those noble scenes my footsteps trod
 before,
 An infant follower in Napoleon's train;
 Rodrigo's holds, Valencia and Leon,
 And both Castilles, and mated Aragon;
 Ne'er be it mine, O Spain!

To pass thy plains with cities sprent be-
 tween,
 Thy stately arches flung o'er deep ravine,
 Thy palaces, of Moor's or Roman's
 time;
 Or the swift windings of thy Guadal-
 quivir,
 Save in those gilded cars, where bells for
 ever
 Ring their melodious chime."

But they whose favour is dear to
 us as the light of our eyes, are, doubt-
 less, desirous to hear a love-lay of
 our boasted bard. They shall surely
 have one, if they will but permit us
 first to select a few felicitous speci-
 mens; some small gems, but spark-
 ling, even amidst an atmosphere of
 brilliancy. Here, for instance, is a
 sweet transparency, a veil of soft
 light, a gleam from an open corner
 of heaven, such as Campbell was
 wont to shed in liquid verse. Here
 it is, clothing you with beauty:—

"La lune au jour est tiède et pâle,
 Comme un joyeux convalescent;
 T'endré, elle ouvre ses yeux d'opale,
 D'où la douceur du ciel descend!"

The pale-faced moon in the noonday
 sky
 Shines with a mild-reviving glow;
 Softly unclosing her opal eye,
 Shedding the sweetness of heav'n be-
 low.

From the same piece, and what a
 noontide effect!—

"Tout vit, et se pose avec grâce,
 Le rayon sur le seuil ouvert,
 L'ombre qui fuit sur l'eau qui passe,
 Le ciel bleu sur le côté vert."

How graceful the picture! the life, the
 repose!
 The sunbeam that plays on the porch-
 stone wide;
 And the shadow that fleets o'er the stream
 that flows,
 And the soft blue sky with the hill's
 green side.

In the following there appears to
 us something of the expression which
 Collins, his fancy dwelling on the
 dim and mysterious, knew so well to
 throw into a line,—a word:—

"Chênes, vous grandirez au fond des
 solitudes,
 Dans les lointains* brumeux à la clarté
 des soirs."

Nor is this fine stroke of personi-
 fication unlike the effect of the ma-
 gician's wand, swayed by that bold
 yet tender, that most—perhaps, in
 all the immortal throng of Britain's
 bards—most picturesque of poets:—

"Où sont-ils les marins sombrés dans les
 nuits noires?
 O flots! que vous savez de lugubres
 histoires!
 Flots profonds, redoutés des mères à
 genoux!"

hollow reverberation rendered by the substance upon which the action of sound is
 exercised. In the long, wild, dreamy "Ode à l'Arc de Triomphe," in the *Voix In-
 stérieures*,—describing the scene when Paris, the city of fame, the centre of glory, the
 focus of politics, the *officina of émeutes* and revolutions, shall be a ruin and a wilder-
 ness, "Le jour où Paris se tairait," the poet bursts into the fine and mournful de-
 scription, thus,—

"Il se taira pourtant! après bien des aurores,
 Bien des mois, bien des ans, bien des siècles couchés,
 Quand cette rive où l'eau se brise aux ponts sonores
 Sera rendue aux Jones murmurants et penchés."

Only note the beauty of the epithets; only remark the flow, or rather the obstruc-
 tion in the former, the flow in the latter of the last two lines. The sound is here in-
 deed an echo to the sense. We know few finer examples.

* "The plural use of the word *lointain* seems peculiarly beautiful. The indis-
 tinctness of distance is thereby deepened, the wonders of the unknown greatly en-
 anced.

Vous vous les racontez en montant les
marées,
Et c'est ce qui vous fait ces voix dés-
espérées
Que vous avez le soir quand vous venez
vers nous."

Where are the hapless shipmen?—dis-
appeared,

Gone down, when witness none, save
Night, hath been.

Ye deep, deep waves, of kneeling mo-
thers feared,

What dismal tales know ye of things
unseen!

Tales, that ye tell your whispering selves
between

The while in crowds to the flood-tide
ye pour;

And this it is that gives you, as I ween,
Those mournful voices, mournful ever
more,

When ye come in at eve to us that dwell
on shore.

Here is a magnificent image:—

"Oh, regardez le ciel! cent nuages
mouvans,

Amonceles là-haut sous le souffle des
vents,

Groupent leurs formes inconnues;
Sous leurs flots par momens flamboie un
pâle éclair,

Comme si tout-à-coup quelque géant de
l'air

Tirait son glaive dans les nues!"

See, where on high the vapouring
masses piled

By the wind's breath in groups grotesque
and wild,

Present strange shapes to view;
Now darts a ghastly flash from out their
shrouds,

As though some air-born giant 'mid the
clouds

Sudden his falchion drew!"

Was Milton floating in the brain
of Victor?—

"Millions of flaming swords drawn from
the thighs
Of mighty cherubim."

Here a simile, expressed with what
simple solemnity, bringing to the ac-
tive spirit a scene how pensive and
religious, how melancholy, shadowy,
and dim!—

"C'était une humble église au cintre sur-
baissé,

L'église où nous entrâmes,
Où depuis trois cents ans avaient déjà
passé

El pleuré bien des âmes.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXCVII.

Elle était triste et calme à la chute du
jour,

L'église où nous entrâmes,
L'autel sans serviteur, comme un cœur
sans amour

Avait éteint ses flammes.

A peine on entendait flotter quelque
soupir,

Quelque basse parole,
Comme en une forêt qui vient d'assoupir
Un dernier oiseau vole."

It was a humble church, with arches
low,

The church we entered there,
Where many a weary soul since long ago
Had passed, with plaint or pray'r.

Mournful and still it was at day's decline,
The church we entered there;

As in a loveless heart, at the lone shrine,
The fires extinguish'd were.

Scarcely was heard to float some gentlest
sigh,

Scarcely some low-breath'd word,
As in a forest fall'n asleep, doth fly
One last, belated bird.

Here, again, how touching an ap-
plication!—

"Les feuilles qui gisaient dans le bois
solitaire,

S'efforçant sous ses pas de s'élever de
terre,

Couraient dans le jardin;
Ainsi, parfois, quand l'âme est triste, nos
pensées

S'envolent un moment sur leurs ailes
blessées,

Puis retombent soudain."

The leaves that in the lonely walks
were spread,

Starting from off the ground beneath his
tread,

Coursed o'er the garden-plain;
Thus, sometimes, 'mid the soul's deep
sorrows

Our thoughts a moment mount on
wounded wings,

Then, sudden, fall again.

Reader! intelligent, susceptible,
and tasteful as thou doubtless art,
tell us now in confidence, are not
these the touches of a true poet?
Do you not acknowledge in such the
exquisite hand of a master? of one
who, whether he strike the chords
of the great world-music or the more
interior ones of the human instru-
ment, has the skill—power possessed
by the mighty alone—to thrill either
lyre with responsive vibrations or
the tones of the other?

M M

But the love-ditty? Anon, anon, sweet lectress! There are, really, so many of exceeding tenderness and beauty, of such earnest passion, such graceful and attractive melancholy, that to say we present you with the best, would be an assertion we should fear to hazard; lest feminine discernment—quick and critical in these matters, at all events—should dispute our choice and reverse our judgment, and from such decision there would be no appeal. We pray you, therefore, sweetest Adriana, to kindly affection the lay we here select; accepting the *conçetti* (if such, indeed, they be) for the sake of the devotion and utter abandonment of the passion-stricken:—

“ Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme

Donne à quelqu'un
Sa musique, sa flamme,
Ou son parfum ;

Puisqu'ici toute chose
Donne toujours
Son épine ou sa rose
A ses amours ;

Puisqu'Avril donne aux chênes
Un bruit charmant ;
Que la nuit donne aux peines
L'oubli dormant ;

Puisque l'air à la branche
Donne l'oiseau ;
Que l'aube à la pervenche
Donne un peu d'eau ;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
S'y reposer,
L'onde amère à la rive
Donne un baiser ;

Je te donne à cette heure,
Penché sur toi ;
La chose la meilleure
Que j'aie en moi !

Reçois donc ma pensée
Triste d'ailleurs,
Qui, comme une rosée,
T'arrive en pleurs !

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
Ô mes amours !
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
De tous mes jours !

transports pleins d'ivresses,
à de soupçons !
tes les caresses
mes chansons !

Mon esprit qui sans voile
Vogue au hasard,
Et qui n'a pour étoile
Que ton regard !

Ma Muse que les heures
Bercent rêvant,
Qui, pleurant quand tu pleures,
Pleure souvent !

Reçois, mon bien céleste,
Ô ma beauté,
Mon cœur, dont rien ne reste,
L'amour oté !”

Since every thing below
Doth, in this mortal state,
Its tone, its fragrance, or its glow
Communicate ;

Since all that lives and moves
Upon this earth, bestows
On what it seeks and what it loves
Its thorn or rose ;

Since April to the trees
Gives a bewitching sound,
And sombre night to griefs gives ease
And peace profound ;

Since day-spring on the flower
A fresh'ning drop confers,
And the frank air on branch and tower
Its cherishers ;

Since the dark wave bestows
A soft caress, imprest
On the green bank to which it goes
Seeking its rest ;

I give thee at this hour,
Thus fondly bent o'er thee,
The best of all the things in dower
That in me be.

Receive,—poor gift, 't is true,
Which grief, not joy, endears,—
My thoughts, that like a shower of dew,
Reach thee in tears.

My vows untold receive,
All pure before thee laid !
Receive of all the days I live
The light or shade !

My hours with rapture fill'd,
Which no suspicion wrongs ;
And all the blandishments distill'd
From all my songs.

My spirit, whose essay
Flies fearless, wild, and free ;
And hath, and seeks, to guide its way
No star but thee.”

“ Cleave the dark air, and seek no star but thee.”—DARWIN.
abic line, be it observed, remarkable for melodious expression.

My pensive, dreamy Muse,
Who, though all else should smile,
Oft as thou weep'st with thee would
choose
To weep the while.

Oh, sweetest mine! this gift
Receive;—'t is thine alone;—
My heart, of which there's nothing left
When Love is gone!

Yet a little more *colin-maillard*
among Victor's crowd of fair forms.
We snatch at them "quite promis-
cuously;" we stretch out our hands,
and they are filled. Pause, then,
yet a moment with us, ere we pro-
ceed to touch the ballad-poetry of
our author, and admire such beauty
and such happiness of expression as
these:—

"Ferait fuir le sommeil, la plus craintif
des anges;"

"Par la blanche colombe aux rapides
adieux;"

"Cette tente d'un jour qu'il faut sitôt
ployer,"

spoken of mortal life.

We cannot doubt but that you will
approve and enjoy sentiments so en-
nobling, so cheering, so calming,
couched in such beautiful form as
here they lie:—

"L'auguste Piété, servante des proscrits."

"Cet lange, qui donne et qui tremble,
C'est l'aumône aux yeux de douceur,
Au front crédule, et qui ressemble
A la Foi dont elle est la sœur."

Au front crédule! How sweetly
expressive of unsuspecting innocence!
the purity, the "whiteness of the
soul," patent in the calm, clear, and
candid brow!—

"Le soir, au seuil de sa demeure,
Heureux celui qui sait encore
Ramasser un enfant qui pleure,
Comme un avaré un sequin d'or!"

Beautiful as a proverb of Palestine
or of Persia! Shall we go on? It
would be as easy as agreeable to
prolong this occupation. We might
continue to gratify the reader of
taste with admirable passages, striking
and original expressions, taking the
jewels from out their rich *entourage*.
We might, we say, continue to pre-
sent to notice single lines of fine
effect and significance, as—

"Doux comme un chant du soir, for
comme un choc d'armures;"

or vigorous and impetuous, graceful
and flowing numbers, as these:—

"David! comme un grand roi qui partage
à des princes
Les états paternels provinces par pro-
vinces,
Dieu donne à chaque artiste un empire
divers:
Au poète le souffle épars dans l'univers,
La vie et la pensée et les foudres ton-
nantes
Et le splendide essaim des strophes frisson-
nantes,
Volant de l'homme à l'ange, et du monstre
à la fleur;
La forme au statuaire; au peintre la
couleur;
Au doux musicien, rêveur limpide et sombre,
Le monde obscur des sons qui murmure dans
l'ombre."

We purposely refrain from giving
any thing but the original, that you
may the better appreciate these noble
lines. Verily, with such command
of language and such resounding
march of versification, we, for our-
selves, shall begin to believe in the
possibility of a French Dryden—
a "glorious John," and eke—of
Paris.

Shall we go on? we say. No;
for when should we have done with
so pleasing an employment? Yet
this one little curiosity we must com-
mend to our loving countrymen and
dearly beloved Cockneys,—this de-
signation of time and locality to the
nativity of

"Ce pédant qu'on appelle Ennui;"

whom the wicked Frenchman, with
true national raillery, calls

"Ce docteur, né dans Londres un
Dimanche en Décembre."

But since we must perforce take
this hit at the hands of Victor, we
e'en beg leave to pass on the fun;
and, accordingly, despatch this com-
pliment to America, with our best
bow to President Polk and his swag-
gering statist:—

"Peuple à peine essayé, nation de hasard,
Sans tige, sans passé, sans histoire, et
sans art."

Thus it is that our friend disposes of
the grandiloquent Jonathan:—

"Many persons, whose opinion is of weight, have said that the author's odes are not odes: be it so. Many others will say (with less reason) that his ballads are no ballads at all: granted also. Let folks give them any other appellation they choose: the author agrees to it beforehand." So says Victor himself, in one of his prefaces to the *Odes et Ballades*; and it must be confessed that his ballad is almost as great a novelty in that class of French poetry, as in its own department was his ode. Into his effusions of high lyrical effort the poet has poured a flood of song, drawn from other sources of inspiration than such as supplied the greater and the lesser classical copyists,—the pure imitators and the mixed herd of imitators of imitation. A bolder grasp of measures, a more ample sweep of language, a greater freedom of thought, a finer play of imagination, and an immeasurably deeper intensity of feeling by the introduction into that heretofore cold and formal style, that distant, and, so to say, objective life, of a pervading passion, a natural earnestness of sentiment, a vivid personality of emotion,—these have been the contributions of Victor Hugo to the Ode of France; endowments of which there was so much need, qualities whose absence was so felt, that the contemplation of the otherwise well-executed compositions became as distasteful to the poetic student as to the lonely husband in his Spartan halls was the aspect of the fair-proportioned statues, wanting the tenderness and the fire, the melting and kindling glance of vitality:—

"Εὐμέφον δὲ πολυγῶν
 Ἐχθρῶν χάρις ἀνδρῶν
 Ὀρμῶν δ' ἐν ἔχθρῳ
 Ἐφ' ἡ πᾶς Ἀφροδίτα.—Æsch. Agam.

So great and so novel in their character are, we again repeat, the merits of our author with reference to the higher lyrical poetry of his country. Without claiming for him so high a meed of praise, we can hardly regard his productions under the head of ballads as forming a less striking contrast with their predecessors *ejusdem nominis*. Although a taste for antiquarian research, and a tendency to reproduce the characteristics of the olden times of their history, have

now been for some time conspicuous in the literature of our accomplished neighbours, it was not a little startling to hear a young poet announce, twenty years ago, that his ballads were an "endeavour to give some idea of what might be the poems of the first troubadours of the middle ages,—of those Christian rhapsodists who had nothing in the world but their sword and their guitar, and who went about from château to château, requiting hospitality with songs." This was certainly a novel announcement, and a bold one; for if, on one part, from "liberal" France was to be expected nothing but contempt for those dark ages of knightly courtesy and religious enthusiasm; or from the remnants of imperial France, only that indifference which it manifested to every thing but the *souvenirs* of its own achievements; the sympathies of the Restoration, on another hand, would revert rather to the pure "classic" glories of Louis XIV. or, at furthest, to the Caussades and Candales, and the Gabrielles of his father and his grandfather. To avow, therefore, before a Parisian public a mediæval flight of imagination, was rather a daring attempt at reaction in poetic sympathies; albeit the essay was made during the restoration of an ancient dynasty, and under the blessed rule of a "*roi chevalier*." We might dispute the successful realisation of the author's design, but we are content to take them under the name he has given them in his first volume—Ballads; and embracing in our notice others which come under the same head, without pretending to the same purpose, shall endeavour to give our readers a notion of Hugo's ability in this department. One, and a splendid one, among those which profess a troubadour character—*La Fiancée du Timbalier*—is known to the readers of FRASER by the admirable translation in "The Relics of Father Prout." We select another, as excelling by its touching simplicity, and as presenting—if not exactly a specimen of what the troubadours themselves would have sung—at all events, a colouring of imagination drawn from those times of popular credence with their countless and picturesque superstitions. Few can fail to be struck, we think, with the

beautiful picture contained in the sixth stanza :—

" La Grand'mère.

" " Dors-tu ? reveille-toi, mère de notre mère !

D'ordinaire en dormant ta bouche remuait ;

Car ton sommeil souvent ressemble à ta prière.

Mais, ce soir, on dirait la madone de pierre ;

Ta lèvre est immobile et ton souffle est muet.

Pourquoi courber ton front plus bas que de coutume ?

Quel mal avons nous fait, pour ne plus nous chérir ?

Vois, la lampe pâlit, l'âtre scintille et fume ;

Si tu ne parles pas, le feu qui se consume,

Et la lampe, et nous deux, nous allons tous mourir !

Tu nous trouveras morts près de la lampe éteinte,

Alors, que diras tu quand tu t'éveilleras ?

Tes enfans à leur tour seront sourds à ta plainte,

Pour nous rendre la vie, en invoquant ta sainte,

Il faudra bien longtemps nous serrer dans tes bras.

Donne-nous donc tes mains dans nos mains réchauffées,

Chante-nous quelque chant de pauvre troubadour,

Dis-nous ces chevaliers, qui, servis par les fées,

Pour bouquets à leur dame apportaient des trophées,

Et dont le cri de guerre était un nom d'amour.

Dis-nous quel divin signe est funeste aux fantômes ;

Quel ermite dans l'air vit Lucifer volant ;

Quel rubis étincelle au front du roi des gnomes ;

Et si le noir démon craint plus, dans ses royaumes,

Les psaumes de Turpin que le fer de Roland.

Ou, montre-nous ta Bible et les belles images,

Le ciel d'or, les saints bleus, les saintes à genoux,

L'enfant Jésus, la crèche, et le bœuf, et les mages :

Fais-nous lire du doigt dans le milieu des pages

Un peu de ce latin, qui parle à Dieu de nous.

Mère ! — Hélas ! par degrés s'affaïsse la lumière,

L'ombre joyeuse danse autour du noir foyer,

Les esprits vont peut-être entrer dans la chaumière ;

Oh, sors de ton sommeil, interrompe ta prière !

Toi qui nous rassurais, veux tu nous effrayer ?

Dieu ! que tes bras sont froids ! rouvre les yeux. — Naguère

Tu nous parlais d'un monde où nous mènent nos pas,

Et de ciel, et de tombe, et de vie éphémère,

Tu parlais de la mort — dis-nous, ô notre mère !

Qu'est ce donc que la mort ? — Tu ne nous réponds pas !

Leur gémissante voix longtemps se plaignit seule,

La jeune aube parut sans réveiller l'aïeule,

La cloche frappa l'air de ses funèbres coups ;

Et, le soir, un passant, par la porte entr'ouverte,

Vit, devant le saint livre et la couche déserte,

Les deux petits enfans qui priaient à genoux."

The Grandmother.

" Mother of our own dear mother, good old grandam, wake and smile !

Commonly your lips keep moving when you're sleeping all the while :

For between your pray'r and slumber scarce the difference is known ;

But to-night you're like the image of Madonna cut in stone,

With your lips without a motion or a breath—a single one.

Why more heavily than usual dost thou bend thine old grey brow ?

What is it we've done to grieve thee, that thou'lt not caress us now ?

Grandam, see ! the lamp is paling, and the fire burns fast away ;

Speak to us, or fire and lamp-light will not any longer stay,

And thy two poor little children, we shall die as well as they.

Ah ! when thou shalt wake and find us, near the lamp that's ceased to burn,

Dead, and when thou speakest to us, deaf and silent in our turn—

Then, how great will be your sorrow ! then you'll cry for us in vain ;

Call upon your saint and patron for a long, long time and fain,

And a long, long time embrace us, ere we come to life again !

"Many persons, whose opinion is of weight, have said that the author's odes are not odes: be it so. Many others will say (with less reason) that his ballads are no ballads at all: granted also. Let folks give them any other appellation they choose: the author agrees to it beforehand." So says Victor himself, in one of his prefaces to the *Odes et Ballades*; and it must be confessed that his ballad is almost as great a novelty in that class of French poetry, as in its own department was his ode. Into his effusions of high lyrical effort the poet has poured a flood of song, drawn from other sources of inspiration than such as supplied the greater and the lesser classical copyists,—the pure imitators and the mixed herd of imitators of imitation. A bolder grasp of measures, a more ample sweep of language, a greater freedom of thought, a finer play of imagination, and an immeasurably deeper intensity of feeling by the introduction into that heretofore cold and formal style, that distant, and, so to say, objective life, of a pervading passion, a natural earnestness of sentiment, a vivid personality of emotion,—these have been the contributions of Victor Hugo to the Ode of France; endowments of which there was so much need, qualities whose absence was so felt, that the contemplation of the otherwise well-executed compositions became as distasteful to the poetic student as to the lonely husband in his Spartan halls was the aspect of the fair-proportioned statues, wanting the tenderness and the fire, the melting and kindling glance of vitality:—

"Εὐρίεθρον δὲ κολοσσῶν
 Ἐχθρῶναι χεῖρας ἀνδρῶν
 Ὀρμύων δ' ἐν ἀρχαῖς
 Ἐβρι πᾶσι Ἀφροδίτα.—ÆSCH. *Agam.*

So great and so novel in their character are, we again repeat, the merits of our author with reference to the higher lyrical poetry of his country. Without claiming for him so high a meed of praise, we can hardly regard his productions under the head of ballads as forming a less striking contrast with their predecessors *ejusdem nominis*. Although a taste for antiquarian research, and a tendency to reproduce the characteristics of the olden times of their history, have

now been for some time conspicuous in the literature of our accomplished neighbours, it was not a little startling to hear a young poet announce, twenty years ago, that his ballads were an "endeavour to give some idea of what might be the poems of the first troubadours of the middle ages,—of those Christian rhapsodists who had nothing in the world but their sword and their guitar, and who went about from château to château, requiting hospitality with songs." This was certainly a novel announcement, and a bold one; for if, on one part, from "liberal" France was to be expected nothing but contempt for those dark ages of knightly courtesy and religious enthusiasm; or from the remnants of imperial France, only that indifference which it manifested to every thing but the *souvenirs* of its own achievements; the sympathies of the Restoration, on another hand, would revert rather to the pure "classic" glories of Louis XIV. or, at furthest, to the Caussades and Candales, and the Gabrielles of his father and his grandfather. To avow, therefore, before a Parisian public a mediæval flight of imagination, was rather a daring attempt at reaction in poetic sympathies; albeit the essay was made during the restoration of an ancient dynasty, and under the blessed rule of a "*roi chevalier*." We might dispute the successful realisation of the author's design, but we are content to take them under the name he has given them in his first volume—Ballads; and embracing in our notice others which come under the same head, without pretending to the same purpose, shall endeavour to give our readers a notion of Hugo's ability in this department. One, and a splendid one, among those which profess a troubadour character—*La Fiancée du Timbalier*—is known to the readers of FRASER by the admirable translation in "The Relics of Father Prout." We select another, as excelling by its touching simplicity, and as presenting—if not exactly a specimen of what the troubadours themselves would have sung—at all events, a colouring of imagination drawn from those times of popular credence with their countless and picturesque superstitions. Few can fail to be struck, we think, with the

Only feel how warm our hands are ; wake,
and place thy hands in ours.
Wake, and sing us some old ballad of the
wand'ring troubadours.
Tell us of those knights whom fairies used
to help to love and fame,
Knights who brought, instead of posies,
spoils and trophies to their dame,
And whose war-cry in the battle was a
lady's gentle name.

Tell us what's the sacred token wicked
shapes and sprites to scare !
And of Lucifer—who was it saw him
flying through the air ?
What's the gem that's on the forehead of
the King of Gnomes display'd ?
Does Archbishop Turpin's psalter, or
Roland's enormous blade,
Daunt the great black King of Evil?—Say,
which makes him most afraid ?

Or thy large old Bible reach us, with its
pictures bright and blue,—
Hear'n all gold ; and saints a-kneeling ;
and the infant Jesus too,
In the manger with the oxen ; and the
kings ; and soft and slow
O'er the middle of the pages guide our
fingers as we go,
Reading some of that good Latin, speaks
to God from us, you know.

Grandam, see ! the light is failing,—fail-
ing ; and upon the hearth
And around the blackened ingle leaps
the shadow in its mirth.
Ha ! perhaps the sprites are coming !—
yes, they'll soon be at the door ;—
Wake, oh, wake ! and if you're praying,
dearest grandam, pray no more :
Sure, you do not wish to fright us, you
who cheered us ayé before !

But thine arms are colder, colder ; and
thine eyes so closed are ;—
'T was but lately you did tell us of another
world afar ;
And of heav'n you were discoursing, and
the grave, where people lie,—
Told us life was short and fleeting, and of
death, that all must die.
What is death ? dear grandam, tell us what
it is,—you don't reply !"

Long time did those slender voices moan
and murmur all alone :
Still the aged dame awaked not, though
the golden morning shone.
Soon was heard the dismal tolling of the
solemn funeral bell,
Mournfully the air resounded : and, as
silent evening fell,
One who pass'd that door half-open'd
those two little ones espied,
With the holy book before them kneeling
at the lone bedside.

To quit troubadours and *trouvères*,

Provençals or Picards, here is a snatch
from the *Romancero General*. Who,
native or foreign, has ever ventured
to compete with Lockhart in the
handling of a Spanish ballad ? The
following "*Romance Mauresque*"
stands in the middle of the *Orientales* ;
Spain is a ground that Victor delights
to tread over again. We place the
English version of this, one of the
many ballads on the infants of Lara,
beside that of our author, and we
think the Frenchman must here cede
the palm. His version is gallant and
easy in parts, but it wants the total
spirit and the dash of Lockhart's
bounding lines ; it has not the reso-
lute compression, the masterly abrupt-
ness of the Scot's handiwork :—

VICTOR HUGO.

" *Romance Mauresque*.

" Don Rodrigue est à la chasse,
Sans épée et sans cuirasse,
Un jour d'été, vers midi,
Sous la feuillée et sur l'herbe
Il s'assied, l'homme superbe,
Don Rodrigue le hardi.

La haine en feu le dévore,
Sombre il pense au bâtard maure
A son neveu Mudarra,
Dont ses complots sanguinaires,
Jadis ont tué les frères
Les sept infans de Lara.

Pour le trouver en campagne,
Il traverserait l'Espagne
De Figuère à Setuval,
L'un des deux mourrait sans doute,
En ce moment sur la route
Il passe un homme à cheval.

' Chevalier, chrétien ou maure,
Qui dors sous la sycamore,
Dieu te guide par la main !'
' Que Dieu répande ses grâces
Sur toi, l'écuyer qui passes,
Qui passes par le chemin !'

' Chevalier, chrétien ou maure,
Qui dors sous la sycamore,
Parmi l'herbe du vallon,
Dis ton nom, afin qu'on sache
Si tu portes le panache
D'un vaillant ou d'un félon.'

' Si c'est là ce qui t'intrigue,
On m'appelle Don Rodrigue,
Don Rodrigue de Lara ;
Doña Sanche est ma sœur même ;
Du moins, c'est à mon baptême,
Ce qu'un prêtre déclara.

J'attends sous ce sycamore,
J'ai cherché d'Albe à Zamore
Ce Mudarra le bâtard,
Le fils de la renégate,
Qui commande une frégate
Du roi maure Aliatar.

Certe, à moins qu'il ne m'évite,
Je le reconnaitrais vite ;
Toujours il porte avec lui
Notre dague de famille ;
Une agate au pommeau brille,
Et la lame est sans étui.

Oui, par mon âme chrétienne,
D'une autre main que la mienne,
Ce mécréant ne mourra ;
C'est le bonheur que je brigue. —
'On t'appelle Don Rodrigue,
Don Rodrigue de Lara !

Eh bien ! seigneur, le jeune homme
Qui te parle et qui te nomme,
C'est Mudarra le bâtard.
C'est le vengeur et le juge,
Cherche à présent un refuge !
L'autre dit ; 'tu viens bien tard !'

'Moi, fils de la renégate,
Qui commande une frégate
Du roi maure Aliatar ;
Moi, ma dague et ma vengeance,
Tous les trois d'intelligence,
Nous voici ! 'Tu viens bien tard !'

'Trop tôt pour toi, Don Rodrigue,
A moins qu'il ne te fatigue
De vivre. Ah ! la peur t'émeut,
Ton front pâlit ; rends, infâme,
A moi ta vie, et ton âme
A ton ange, s'il en veut.

Si mon poignard de Tolède
Et mon Dieu me sont en aide,
Regarde mes yeux ardents ;
Je suis ton seigneur, ton maître,
Et je t'arracherais, traître,
Le souffle d'entre les dents !

Le neveu de Donna Sanche,
Dans ton sang enfin étanché
Le soif qui le dévora ;
Mon oncle, il faut que tu meures,
Pour toi plus de jours ni d'heures !
'Mon bon neveu, Mudarra.

Un moment ! afin que j'aie
Chercher mon fer de bataille. —
'Tu n'auras d'autres délais,
Que celui qu'ont eu mes frères ;
Dans les caveaux funéraires,
Où tu les as mis, suis-les !

Si, jusqu'à l'heure venue,
J'ai gardé ma lame nue,
C'est que je voulais, bourreau,
Que, vengeant la renégate,
Ma dague au pommeau d'agate,
Eût ta gorge pour fourreau."

LOCKHART.

"The Vengeance of Mudarra."

"To the chase goes Rodrigo with hound
and with hawk,
But what game he desires is revealed in
his talk,—
'Oh, in vain have I slaughter'd the in-
fants of Lara,
There's an heir in his halls—there's the
bastard Mudarra !
There's the son of the renegade—spawn
of Mahoun :
If I meet with Mudarra, my spear brings
him down !'

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his
wrath,
A stripling, armed cap-à-pied, crosses his
path ;
'Good morrow, young 'squire !' 'Good
morrow, old knight !'
'Will you ride with our party and share
our delight ?'
'Speak your name, courteous stranger,'
the stripling replied,
'Speak your name and your lineage, ere
with you I ride !'

'My name is Rodrigo,' thus answered
the knight,
'Of the line of old Lara, though barr'd
from my right ;
For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for
the heir
Of our ancestors' castles and forestries
fair
A bastard—a renegade's offspring—Mu-
darra,
Whom I'll send, if I can, to the infants
of Lara.'

'I behold thee—disgrace to thy lineage !
—with joy,
I behold thee, thou murderer !' answered
the boy :
'The bastard you curse, you behold him
in me ;
But his brothers' avenger that bastard
shall be !
Draw ! for I am the renegade's offspring,
Mudarra ;
We shall see who inherits the life-blood
of Lara !'

'I am armed for the forest chase, not for
the fight ;
Let me go for my shield and my sword,'
cries the knight.
'Now the mercy you dealt to my bro-
thers of old,
Be the hope of that mercy the comfort
you hold !
Die ! foeman to Sancha ; die ! traitor to
Lara !'
As he spake, there was blood on the spe
of Mudarra."

And now for a painful confession. Among some pieces at the end of the volume of *Orientales* is an awful ballad, "La Légende de la Nonne," which would have gladdened the soul of Monk Lewis, and—better than his own "Cloud-kings and Water-kings"—better than Southey's "Old Women of Berkeley" and "Painters of Florence"—better than Sir Walter's contributions to that collection—would, with its grim German conception, clothing itself in the fierce colours of Spanish passion and the dark light of Spanish scenery, its reckless rapidity of verse contrasting with the solemn horror of the tale, its bizarre *refrain* ringing ever and anon amid the recounted crime and the recorded punishment,—would, we say, have made the fortune of the *Tales of Wonder*. We confess, with confusion of face, that it has baffled our powers of "oversetting." Our limits forbid us to extract it, with its four-and-twenty stanzas of eight lines a-piece; but we freely offer a couple of uncut copies of REGINA to whoever shall worthily execute its traduction. But let him who attempts it beware what he is about. It well-nigh drove us to an act of the last desperation. For the life of us, we could not succeed in rendering, with safe gravity, the singular *refrain*,—which, by the bye, while perfectly in character with the land of the *toreador*, is decidedly of the northern ballad, by its want of connexion with the current of the story,—

"Enfans, voici des bœufs qui passent,
Cachez vos rouges tabliers."

To alter it would be to take the tale into another country, and thus destroy one half of its effect.

To console ourselves for our incapacity in the terrible line, we have had recourse to the pathetic. Under the unassuming title of "Guitare," Victor slips into our hand a bit of ballad poetry of that rich and rare quality, in which exquisite Art vindicates to itself the grace and charm of Nature. Listen and judge:—

"Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine,
Chantait ainsi;
Quelqu'un a-t-il connu dona Sabine,
Quelqu'un d'ici ?

Dancez, chantez, villageois ! La nuit
gagne
Le mont Falù.—
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Quelqu'un de vous a-t-il connu Sabine,
Ma senora ?
Sa mère était la vieille maugrabine
D'Antequera.
Qui chaque nuit criait dans la Tour-
Magne
Comme un hibou—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Dancez, chantez ! des biens que l'heure
envoie

Il faut user,
Elle était jeune et son œil plein de joie
Faisait penser.

A ce vieillard qu'un enfant accompagne
Jetez un sou !—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Vraiment, la reine eût près d'elle été laide
Quand, vers le soir,

Elle passait sur le pont de Tolède
En corset noir ;

Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne,
Ornait son cou.—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Le roi disait, en la voyant si belle,

A son neveu :

'Pour un baiser, pour un sourire d'elle,
Pour un cheveu,

Infant don Ruy, je donnerais l'Espagne
Et le Pérou !—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Je ne sais pas si j'aimais cette dame,

Mais je sais bien,

Que pour avoir un regard de son âme,

Moi, pauvre chien,

J'aurais gaiment passé dix ans au bain
Sous le verrou.—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Un jour d'été que tout était lumière,

Vie et douceur,

Elle s'en vint jouer dans la rivière

Avec sa sœur ;

Je vis le pied de sa jeune compagne

Et son genou.—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Quand je voyais cette enfant, moi, le
pâtre

De ce canton,

Je croyais voir la belle Cléopâtre

Qui, nous dit-on,

Ménait César, empereur d'Allemagne,

Par le licou.—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.

Dansez, chantez, villageois, la nuit tombe !
 Sabine un jour
 A tout vendu, sa beauté de colombe,
 Et son amour,
 Pour l'anneau d'or du comte de Saldagne,
 Pour un bijou.—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
 Me rendra fou.

Sur ce vieux banc souffrez que je m'ap-
 puie,
 Car je suis las ;
 Avec ce comte elle s'est donc enfuie,
 Enfuie hélas !
 Par le chemin qui va vers la Cerdagne,
 Je ne sais où.—
 Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
 Me rendra fou.

Je la voyais passer de ma demeure,
 Et c'était tout ;
 Mais à présent je m'ennuie à toute heure,
 Plein de dégoût,
 Rêveur oisif, l'âme dans la campagne,
 La dague au clou.—
 Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
 M'a rendu fou."

'Twas Gastibelza, ranger bold,
 And thus it was he sung,—
 " O who doth here Sabina know,
 Ye villagers among ?
 Dance on the while ! On Mount Falou
 Die the last streaks of day ;—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain
 comes
 Will witch my wits away.

Doth eny my señora know,
 Sabina, bright and brown ?
 Her mother was the gipsy old
 Of Antequera's town :
 Who shriek'd at night in the great tow'r,
 Like to the owl grey.—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

Dance on ! the goods the hour bestows
 Were meant for us to use ;
 O she was fair ; her bright black eye
 Made lover's fancy muse.
 Now to this greybeard with his child
 Give ye an alms, I pray !—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

The queen beside her had been plain,
 When, on the bridge at eve,
 At fair Toledo, you beheld
 Her lovely bosom heave,
 'Neath bodice black, and chaplet old
 Upon her neck that lay.—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

The king unto his nephew said,
 Beholding her so fair,
 ' But for a kiss, a smile of her,
 But for a lock of hair,

Trust me, Don Ruy, I'd give broad
 Spain,
 I'd give Peru's rich away !"—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

I know not if I loved this dame,
 But this I know and own,
 That for one look from out her soul
 Right gladly had I gone,
 'Neath bolt and chain to work the oar,
 For ten long years to stay.—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

One summer's day, one sunny day,
 She with her sister came,
 To sport her in the rivulet,
 'That bright and beauteous dame !
 I saw her young companion's foot,
 I saw her knee, i'fay—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

When, simple shepherd, I beheld
 That fresh and fair donzel,
 Methought 'twas Cleopatra's self,
 Who led,—as legends tell,—
 Captive the Cæsar of Almaine,
 That might not say her nay.—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

Dance, villagers ; the night draws down !
 Sabina,—wo the hour !—
 Did sell her love, did sell her all,
 Sold heart and beauty's dow'r,
 For Count Saldagne's ring of gold,
 All for a trinket gay.—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

Now let me lean on this old seat,
 For I am tired, perdy.
 I tell you with this Count she fled,
 Beyond the reach of me.
 They went by the Cerdagne road,
 Whither, I cannot say.—
 The wind that 'thwart the mountain comes
 Will witch my wits away.

I saw her pass, my dwelling by,
 'Twas my last look for aye !
 And now I go grieving and low,
 And dreaming all the day ;
 My sword's hung up, my heart's afar
 Over yon hills astray.—
 O the wind that 'thwart the mountain
 comes
 Hath witch'd my wits away."

And now, adieu, Victor ! Peer
 though thou be, forget not thine
 other designation : for all the green-
 braided badge of thy new order, see
 that thou discard not the Mus-
 livery : and, in the intervals of
 natorial session, give us yet anc
 of those delightful volumes of tl
 with their quaint, fantastic, arabes
 crepuscular, enigmatical titles.

THE CHAMBER OF THE BELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE events which we are about to relate occurred in a small and obscure German town, which, for our own convenience, we will designate Nienburg. Who, in the present day, is unacquainted with the general outline of the petty towns of the "Fatherland?" Suffice it, that Nienburg formed no exception to the rule, but shewed its narrow streets of tall, many-gabled, and picturesque-looking houses, its dark, mysterious churches, its long lines of convent walls, its close and irregular-shaped *places*, and its motley population of peasants, monks, soldiers, *béguines*, and beggars. As regarded its geography, it was seated at the base of one of two conical hills; that immediately in its rear being cultivated to nearly two-thirds of its height, and planted on the southern side with vines, while the more lofty and more distant eminence was crowned by the mouldering remains of what had evidently once been a formidable stronghold. Upon this rock no trace of vegetation could be detected; all was arid, bleak, and desolate; the crude and abrupt outline of the height being broken in many places by the remains of cyclopean masonry, indicating the extent and direction of the outworks, which, on the more accessible sides of the acclivity, descended almost to the valley. Portions of now mouldering towers, blending their hoary tints with that of the stones on which they had been seated for centuries, afforded shelter to the foul birds of carnage and darkness, whose shrill screams and hoarse hootings swelled and quivered upon the night-wind, like the wailings of the dead over the ruins of their former pride. The valley or gorge between the two hills was scarcely more cheerful than the castled height which frowned above it, for it was occupied throughout its whole extent with graves; save that, immediately under the shadow of the eminence last described, stood a low and small erection of stone, parted by this city of the dead from the living town of Nienburg; which, cut off by

an angle of its own vine-clad eminence from all view of this dreary necropolis, was further enlivened by a cheerful stream, which swept swiftly and smilingly at its foot, hurrying to cast its pure and sparkling waters into the bosom of the Rhine. A few light craft, moored along the shore, heaved lazily upon the current, and the nets of the fishers spread upon the bank sufficiently denoted the uses of the little fleet.

Beyond the town, in the opposite direction to the ruins, spread one of those fine old forests to which Germany is indebted for so much of her prosperity and so many of her superstitions; and where the warm sun and the flying clouds produced the most fantastic effects, as they grappled for power above the stern old trees, spread over the rarely occurring glades, or succeeded each other upon the dancing leaves. The blast which had howled its defiance over the neighbouring ruins, where it beat freely against the sharp rock and the rigid masonry, took another and a wilder tone as it penetrated into the mystic depths of the dark wood, or forced its way through the living network of the swinging branches. None ventured there at nightfall: the goatherd drove home his flock, the woodsman laid by his axe, and the benighted fowler hastened to escape into the open country, without venturing to cast one glance behind upon the scenes of his day's sport.

Such was the position of the little town, to some of whose inhabitants we are about to introduce our readers. It was evening, and a bright moon was paving the river with flakes of silver, which looked like the armour of some water-giant, beneath which his huge frame was quivering with desire to visit the tranquil earth that slept so peacefully beside him. The breeze was sighing through the vines, and heaving aside their large glossy leaves and delicate tendrils; the laughter of children and the voices of women might be heard at intervals; and here and there, upon the bosom of

the stream, rested a bright red glare which was reflected upon the trembling current. The fishermen were busy, plying their trade by torch-light.

Upon the very verge of the town stood a house, separated from the street by a high wall inclosing a spacious garden, laid out with scrupulous care and almost painful formality. Flowers of every scent, and of every colour, blossomed in minute patches of the most grotesque and varied shapes; trim-cut hedges of yew, with their outline broken at intervals by strange uncouth figures, clipped into deformity from the same material; monstrous statues of discoloured stone, and of proportions which defied criticism, mounted upon square pedestals; basins, fringed with water-plants and peopled with gold fish; and paths, smoothly and brightly gravelled, formed the *matériel* of this pleasure; in the midst of which stood the house, with its tall gable turned towards the street, the heavy beams of its roof carved at the extremities into whimsical finials, and its leaden gyrgoyles grinning like an assemblage of demon heads, beneath the shadow of the slender cupola which supported the vane.

Nor did the appearance of the mansion within belie its outward promise. It was spacious and cleanly. No accessory to comfort was wanting. The high-backed chairs, whose carving was terminated by a rude representation of the family crest, were well cushioned. There was a soft carpet on the centre of the floor; family portraits were pannelled into the walls; and the doors and windows were screened by heavy draperies of fringed damask. Every thing bore the stamp of extreme care and scrupulous management. There were birds and flowers upon a table, which stood within the deep bay of an immense window looking upon the garden from the apartment where our story is to begin; and upon a second, drawn near to the porcelain stove, which occupied an angle of the room, were placed a lamp, some female working materials, such as Berlin wool, coloured silks, and a half-knitted stocking; a few books, and some fishing apparatus.

On one side of the stove sat a female, of about five-and-thirty years old.

She was comely but not handsome; her eyes were fine and clear, but the dark brows by which they were overhung almost met in the centre, forming that waving line beneath the forehead so prized by the modern Greeks, but which gives such a harshness to the countenance. There was, moreover, a terseness and decision about the lines of her mouth which accorded well with those dark brows; and her head was seated upon her shoulders with a majesty which would have become an empress. Her complexion was perfectly fair, but its freshness was gone; her teeth were beautiful, and her hands and arms faultless. Her face wore a pained expression, as though the sorrows which had passed over her had never been forgotten, and as though she did not yet believe them to be over. At the moment in which we are describing her, she was buried in deep and evidently painful thought: even her knitting, that everlasting resource of a German woman, was thrown aside, and she sat with her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her head bowed down, as though her reflections were too heavy a burden for her to support upright. Her brows were knit together, and her thin lips compressed, while she beat upon the floor with her foot rapidly and feverishly, as if in this monotonous movement she found vent for the feeling by which she was oppressed.

She was still in this attitude when the door was suddenly opened, and she hastily roused herself, and resumed the abandoned knitting.

The intruder was a fine strongly-built man, some five years her junior, and it was easy to decide at a glance that they were nearly related; there were the same thick continuous brows, the same stern expression about the mouth, the same high forehead surmounted by masses of rich brown hair, the same majestic carriage of the head; but all these features which, in the case of the female, produced an effect almost repelling, made of the man a no specimen of masculine beauty. Nevertheless, it was a fearful beauty, and wore the brightness of the vapour which veils the sun in thunder. There was a light in his large brown eyes which, even in the calmest moments, betrayed the

spirit that slept within, and a scorn in the curve of his thin lips which gave a bitterness to their harshness.

"You are late, Elric," said the lady; "the supper has been served for the last hour."

"I have been in the forest," was the reply, "and took no heed of time."

"During our mother's life ——" commenced the watcher.

"I know what you are about to say, Stephanie," interposed the young man, impatiently. "During our mother's life, I was compelled to a rigid punctuality; now, I am my own master, and have to answer to no one for an hour's delay."

"Could I only be assured that you were wandering there alone ——" murmured the lady.

"Hark you, gräfine," said Elric, turning his flashing eyes full upon her, as he twisted tightly about his fingers a trout-line which he had caught up from the table; "I have already warned you that I will hear no more upon this subject. Do I ever thwart your wishes? Do I ever control your amusements? Do I ever dictate to your affections? You may marry, if you will, the veriest boor in Nienburg: your destiny will be of your own seeking, and you are old enough to exert your free-will; but I will be equally unfettered. I respected the prejudices of my mother, because she *was* my mother; but I will brook no more womanly dictation. Be warned in time."

"The daughter of a fisherman!" exclaimed the lady, scornfully, as she raised her eyes to his.

The young count sprang a pace towards her, with a red spot burning upon either cheek; but he instantly checked himself, and said, with a laugh of bitter scorn, "Even so, my lady countess, the daughter of a fisherman; and you have yet to learn that the subtle essence which men call mind can be diffused through the being of a fisher's daughter as freely and fully as through that of a landgrave's heiress; that the sublime ——"

"Supper waits, Herr Graf," said his sister, rising haughtily from her seat, and leading the way to an inner apartment.

The meal passed in silence. The

presence of the servants prevented any allusion to the subject which occupied the minds of both, and neither was willing to make an effort to banish it. Under such circumstances it is, therefore, scarcely surprising that on their return to the drawing-room the brother and sister at once recurred to the obnoxious theme.

It is, however, time that we should explain to the reader the position of the noble orphans. Count Elric Königstein was the last representative of a proud and ancient family, which, originally both powerful and wealthy, had become impoverished by the loyalty and improvidence of its chiefs, and, as a natural consequence, had lost its influence with its riches. *Geschenke halten die Freundschaft warm* had for generations been the motto of their race; and they had so long been distinguished for an open hand and an ungrudging generosity, that at length they found themselves with nothing more to give.

The Thirty Years' War had cost Count Elric the small remains of the family treasure and the life of his father; and he found himself, at the age of sixteen, under the tutelage of his mother, with, for all patrimony, the house at Nienburg, a small estate in the neighbourhood, and the moiety of her jointure, scrupulously divided between himself and his sister at the death of their last parent. The young man, like all the other males of his race, panted for a military life; but the old Countess von Königstein positively negated his inclination. He was the last hope of the family; and as she looked upon the noble promise of his magnificent person, she had proud dreams of the total restoration of their house by his alliance with some high-born and wealthy heiress.

Meanwhile, the high-spirited Elric led what was, for him, a life of slow torture. Denied the education suited to his rank by the utter inability of the countess to meet the expense of one of the universities, he was placed under the care and tuition of a priest attached to the principal church of Nienburg, and soon mastered the very limited stock of erudition which was boasted by the good father, while his hours at home were even more heavy and unprofitable. Dis-

appointed in her ambition, crippled in her means, and soured by her trials, the widowed countess, weak in mind and tyrannical by nature, expended upon trifles the energy and order which were better suited to matters of importance. Her pleasure-ground was typical of her whole life. She had not one enlarged idea; not one great perception; but pressed her iron rod upon rushes and weeds. All was monotony and submissiveness in the old mansion; and it will be easily understood that an undercurrent of lassitude and disgust soon destroyed the beautiful unity of nature which is so blessed an attribute of the young. Father Eberhard preached obedience to the revolting spirit of the youth, and he obeyed in so far as by word and action he could follow the counsel he received, but in the depths of his spirit he rebelled. No word of encouragement, no sentence of endearment, ever escaped the pinched lips of the countess. Like many other weak persons, she believed that dignity consisted in an absence of all concession, and gratified her vanity by adopting as her creed that an absence of rebuke should satisfy all around her, but that none should venture to presume upon her indulgence.

In this dreary way did she fritter away her age, but the evil did not end there; for she wasted along with it the fresh youth and pure spirits of her children, already sufficiently unfortunate from their exceptionable position. In her daughter she found a docile pupil; nor did Stephanie resist, even when her mother dashed the cup of happiness from her lips by refusing her consent to a marriage which would have crowned her dearest hopes. The suitor, unexceptionable as he was in point of character, income, and disposition, failed in exhibiting—like the Königsteins—his nine quarterings, and was rejected accordingly. Stephanie, as we have said, submitted; but she was blighted in heart from that day forth; and—last and worst misery for the young—she ceased to hope in the future. What could it offer to her which would remedy the past? And with her occasional bursts of cheerfulness fled the sole charm of home to her boy-brother. Yet still he controlled himself, for his was not a nature to

waste its strength on trifles which he felt to be unworthy of the strife. There was a fire within, but it was buried deep beneath the surface, like that of a volcano, which, suffering even for years, the vicinity of man and of man's works, slowly collects its deadly power, and then in one dread effort spreads ruin and desolation on all within its influence.

At length the countess died, and her children mourned for her as we all mourn over accustomed objects of which we are suddenly deprived. They missed her every day and every hour; they missed her harsh and cold accents; they missed her imperious orders; her minute reproaches; her restless movements. They felt themselves alone; abandoned to self-government after years of unquestioning subjection; the world of their own home appeared too vast to them when they were called upon to inhabit it without the presence of the ruling spirit which had hitherto sufficed to fill its void. Nor did the orphans draw more closely together as they walked away, hand in hand, from beside the grave of their last parent. They had no longer a feeling in common. Stephanie was like the tree prostrated by the lightning, and crushed into the earth by the weight of its own fall: Elric was like the sturdy sapling braving the tempest, and almost wooing it to burst, that he might feel its wild breath rioting among the leaves which now lay hushed and motionless upon their boughs. Moreover, debarred the healthful and exciting exercises of her brother, the young countess had never passed a day, and scarcely an hour, beyond her mother's presence; and, careless of herself, she had necessarily followed the monotonous routine of her home duties, until she had ceased to see to how poor and pitiful a result the majority of them led. The spring of her life—if such a life can be said ever to have had a spring—was over; the little vanities of her sex had ceased to occupy her; and she pursued the same dreary round of occupations and anxieties, eventuating much from choice as custom.

If Elric, as he turned away from his mother's grave, hoped for a better home or a more congenial companionship, it was not long ere

fully undeceived. Nothing could arouse Stephanie from the moral torpor into which she had fallen; and, never doubting that her privilege of eldership would leave her right of control unquestioned, she endeavoured to compel her young and fiery brother to the same wearisome, heart-sickening monotony of which she had herself long ceased to feel the bitterness. In this attempt she was destined, however, signally to fail. Crippled as he was in his worldly career by the comparative poverty in which he found himself, Elric was, nevertheless, like the wounded eagle, which, although it cannot soar against the sun, may still make its aërie in the free air and upon the mountain-heights. His strength was crushed but not subdued. It is impossible to say what he might have been had his impetuous passions been diffused and rightly directed. The leaping torrent may be diverted into a channel, and turned to purposes of usefulness, in which its headlong fury, exhausting itself by degrees, may leave it to flow on ultimately in a clear and placid stream; while, unheeded and unguided, it must prove only a source of ruin and destruction. And such was the moral condition of Count Elric. He felt his strength, but he was yet ignorant of its power, and utterly unskilled in its control.

Many years, however, had passed over the orphans in dreamy listlessness. Once the young man had endeavoured to condole with his sister upon the heart-stroke inflicted by the prejudices of their mother; but his sympathy awakened no response in her cicatrized heart. She even applauded the rigour which had saved her from the remorse of disgracing her family, and urged upon him the necessity of being careful that her sacrifice should not be made in vain.

This was the last attempt of Elric to open up the springs of family affection; and he felt his failure the more bitterly, that he yearned for a companionship of spirit. Even the worthy Father Eberhard was lost to him; for he had been called to a distant mission and had quitted Nienburg, in all probability, for ever. He looked around him, and envied the busy inhabitants of the little town,

who pursued alike their avocations and their amusements in common; while he sighed as he remembered that from these he was alike shut out. He could not, now that he had attained the age of manhood, volunteer a partnership in the social occupations of the plebeian citizens with whom he had been forbidden all association during his youth, and with whom he could now never hope to meet upon equal terms.

The solitary young man turned, in his isolation, to Nature; and Nature is a marvellous comforter to those who can appreciate her consolations and her endearments. He threw aside his books; they had long ceased to afford him either amusement or instruction; he abandoned his sister to her solitary home. She scarcely seemed to remark his absence, save when it interfered with the clock-work regularity of the little household; and he rushed away to the forest depths, and flung himself down beneath the shadows of the tall trees, and thought until thought became madness; and then he seized his gun, and pursued the game through the tangled underwood, until, in fatigue of body, he forgot his bitterness of soul; or plunged once more into the sunshine, and paddling his boat into the centre of the stream, waged war upon the finny tribes that peopled it. His return, when laden with these spoils, was always welcome to the countess, for she was too good a housewife not to appreciate such an assistance to their slender means; but suddenly this resource, upon which she had begun to calculate in her daily arrangements, failed her all at once; nor could Elric, when questioned upon the subject, offer such reason for his defection as tended to satisfy her mind. With the true perception of a woman, she felt that there was a mystery. Where could Elric spend the long hours in which he was daily absent from home? and with whom?

Suddenly a suspicion grew upon her, and a deep crimson flush overspread her usually pale cheek as she began, with a beating heart, to take a mental survey of her distant neighbourhood.

"It cannot be the gräfine Rosa," she murmured to herself: "for although Elric could row to the

schloss in three hours, he could not return in the same time against the current; nor would the proud countesses encourage him: he is too poor. No, no—it cannot be the gräfine Rosa. Baron Kadschan's daughter?—Equally impossible. Elric has no horses, and there are five long leagues between us. Constance von Hartheim?—Still more improbable. She is to take the vows next year in Our Lady of Mercy. Poor, too, as himself, and as noble. No, no, her family would not permit it. And we know none other! Unless, in-

deed, the dark-eyed daughter of the Burgomeister of Nienburg. But I am mad—he DARE not!—I would rather see him stretched out yonder in the death-valley."

The eye of the proud countess flamed, and the deep red glow burned on her cheek and brow; she clenched her slender hands tightly together, and her breath came thick and fast; but she soon controlled her emotion, and whispered to herself with a bitter laugh, which sounded strangely in that silent room, "No, no, he DARE not!"

CHAPTER II.

"Whisht, whisht, Mina; here is the Herr Graf!"

A joyous and graceful peal of laughter was the sole, and evidently incredulous reply to this warning. There was no mistaking the origin of that melodious mirth: you felt at once that the lips from which it had gushed were fresh, and rich, and youthful; and that the eyes which danced in their own light as it rang out were eyes such as poets dream of when they have visions of a world unknown of sin.

"Once more, Mina, dear Mina, I vow by my patron-saint! here is the Herr Graf."

These words were uttered by a young girl in the costume of a peasant, with a round, good-humoured, sun-burnt face, bare arms bronzed by exposure to the weather, and one of those stunted and muscular figures which seem to herald an existence of toil and hardship. She was standing near a cluster of marsh-willows which overshadowed a little runlet, that, descending from the height above the town, swept onward to the river. As Elric, for it was of him that she spoke, reached the spot, a second figure sprang from a sitting position, and stood before him. The young count started, and forgetting that he was in the presence of two mere peasant girls, with intuitive courtesy withdrew his cap. Well might he start; for such a vision as that upon which he looked had never before met his eyes.

It was that of a young girl in the first dawn of her beauty. The glow of fifteen summers was on her cheek, the light of heaven dwelt in the depths of her dark blue eyes, whose

lashes, long and lustrous, tempered without concealing their brightness. A flood of hair of that precious shade of auburn which seems to catch the sunbeams, and to imprison them in its glowing meshes, fell upon her finely developed shoulders, which were partially bare. Her little feet, moulded like those of an antique nymph, and gleaming in their whiteness through the limpid waves by which they were bathed, were also necessarily uncovered; one small delicate hand still grasped, and slightly lifted the coarse, but becoming drapery in which she was attired. Her figure was perfect, and bending slightly forward, half in fear and half in shame, looked as though a sound would startle, and impel it into flight. The lips, parted by the same impulse, revealed teeth like ivory; and the whole aspect and attitude of the girl was so lovely that Canova might have created his master-piece after such a model.

For an instant there was silence, but only for an instant; for, his first surprise over, the young count sprang forward and offered his hand to the fair maid to lead her to the bank. She obeyed without remonstrance, for so great an honour had rendered her powerless to resist; and, in the next moment she stood beside him, with her small white feet half-buried among the yielding grass.

Who cannot guess the secret of such a meeting? Intoxicated by her beauty, thrall'd by her simplicity, an hour had not elapsed when Elric had forgotten the ninings of the Königsteins in the position of the fisherman's boy. A new world had develope

the fascinated recluse. Hitherto, he had dwelt only amid coldness and restraint; no kindred spirit had awakened at his touch; no heart had throbbed beneath his gaze. Now, he saw a fair cheek glow and a bright eye sink under his praise: he felt the trembling of the little hand which he grasped within his own; and he began to understand that he was not alone on earth.

The father of Mina was poor, very poor. Her mother was dead. She was the one pet lamb which to the fisher was dearer than the flock of the rich man: she was the child of his age and of his prayers; the light of his narrow dwelling; the sunbeam of his home. He was not long ere he heard of the meeting under the alder-trees; and poor and powerless as he was, he resolved, as he kissed the pure brow of his daughter when she lay down to rest, to remonstrate with the Herr Graf, that his pure one might be left unto him pure. He did so on the morrow, when once more, Mina and Elric had met beside the mountain-stream. The girl was there because the count had made her promise to meet him; and he, because his whole soul was already wrapped up in the peasant-maiden. They were sitting side by side, and hand in hand, when the old fisher came upon them; and they both looked up, Mina with a blush, and Elric with a smile, but neither shrank beneath the stern and anxious eye of the old man.

"Is this well, Herr Graf?" asked the father, in a voice which was full of tears; "the strong against the weak, the rich against the poor, the proud against the humble? Have pity upon me, I have but her."

"And she is worth all the world, old man," replied Elric calmly; "possessed of her, *you* are the rich, the strong, and the proud. I was alone until I found her."

"And now, my lord count?"

"Now she must be mine."

The sturdy fisher clenched his hand, and moved a pace nearer to the young noble.

Elric sprang to his feet, and grasped the convulsed hand.

"She has promised, and she will perform: will *you* condemn me gain to solitude and to despair?"

"My lord count," gasped the

grey-haired man; "heaven knows how I have toiled to keep a roof above her head, and comfort at her hearth; and my labour has been light, for her evening welcome has more than paid me for the struggle of the day. Leave us then in peace. Do not make me weep over the shame I may not have the power to avert."

"You are her father," murmured Elric passionately, as his large eyes flashed, and his lips quivered; "or you should not live again to couple her name with the idea of shame. Mina shall be my wife!"

The astonished fisherman staggered as though he had been struck by a heavy hand.

"Your wife, Herr Graf! You dream! Mina can never be your wife. Your name is the noblest that has ever met her ear. You dwell in a palace, and may stand before the emperor. And what is she?"

"My affianced bride!" said the young count, proudly: "my life had become a bitter burden, and she has turned it to one long dream of delight; the future was a vision of which I feared to dwell upon the darkness; she is the sunbeam which has brought day into the gloom, and spread before me a long perspective of happiness. Talk not to me of my proud name; I would I had been born a cotta's son, that so I might have had fellowship with my kind."

Mina only wept.

"Surely I dream!" murmured the old man, passing his hard hand across his brow. "My child is so young—so ignorant."

"I will be her tutor."

"So unfitted to be the wife of a noble."

"I am poor enough to be a peasant."

"I shall die if I am left desolate."

"You shall be her father and my father; her friend and my friend." While he spoke Elric bent his knee, and drew Mina to his bosom; and as the beams of the declining sun fell upon the group, the long shadow of the old man rested upon the kneeling pair. The aged fisher bent his grey head and wept.

No vows were plighted: none were needed; and henceforth the whole soul of Elric was wrapped up in his peasant-love. One only weight pressed upon his spirit. He remem-

bered the prejudices of his sister, and shrank before the bitter scorn with which he well knew that she would visit the timid and unoffending Mina. This was the only evil from which he felt powerless to screen her. That the cold and proud Countess Stephanie and the fisher's daughter could share one common home, he did not dare to hope; yet his roof must be the shelter of his young bride; nor could he contemplate the departure of his sister from the dwelling of her ancestors without a pang of anguish; he felt that she would go forth only to die. This conviction made a coward of him; and he left her knowledge of his defalcation to chance.

It was not long ere a rumour reached her of the truth, but she spurned it in haughty disbelief. It could not be—day and night might change their course, and the stars of heaven spring to earthly life amid the green sward of the swelling hills—but a Königstein to wed with a peasant! No—no—the young countess remembered her own youth, and laughed the tale to scorn. Still she watched, and pondered over the long and profitless absences of Elric; and still her midnight dreams were full of vague and terrible visions; when at length she was compelled to admit the frightful truth.

Had the gräfine been a woman of energy and impetuous passions, she would have become insane under the blow; but she had passed a life of self-centred submissiveness; and if the thunder was indeed awakened, it reverberated only in the depths of her spirit, and carried no desolation upon its breath. Cold, uncompromising, and resolute, she had gradually become under the example of her mother and the force of circumstances. The one great end of her existence was now the honour of her race, of which she was only the more jealous as their poverty rendered it the more difficult to uphold. All else had been denied to her; a home of loving affection, the charm of social intercourse, the pleasures of her sex and of her rank—she had grasped nothing but the overweening pride of ancestry, and a deep scorn for all who were less nobly born.

The last bolt had now fallen! Months passed on; months of dissension, reproach, and bitterness. For

awhile she hoped that what she deemed the wild and unworthy fancy of her brother would not stand the test of time: nay, in her cold-hearted pride, she perhaps had other and more guilty hopes, but they were equally in vain. Mina was daily more dear to the young count, for she had opened up to him an existence of affection and of trust to which he had been hitherto a stranger; his time was no longer a burden upon his strength. The days were too short for the bright thoughts which crowded upon him, the nights for his dreams of happiness. Mina had already become his pupil, and they studied beside the running streams and under the leafy boughs; and when the page was too difficult to read, the young girl lifted her sun-bright eyes to those of her tutor, and found its solution there.

The lovers cared not for time, for they were happy; and the seasons had once revolved, and when the winter snows had forbidden them to pursue their daily task in the valley or upon the hill-side, the last descendant of the counts of Königstein had taken his place beside the fisher's hearth, without bestowing one thought upon its poverty. But the father's heart was full of care. Already had idle tongues breathed foul suspicions of his pure and innocent child. She was becoming the subject of a new legend for the gossips of the neighbourhood; and he was powerless to avenge her. Humble himself as he might to their level, the fisherman could not forget that it was the young Graf von Königstein who was thus domesticated beneath his roof; and as time wore on, he trembled to think how all this might end. Should he even preserve the honour of his beloved Mina, her peace of mind would be gone for ever, and she would be totally unfitted for the existence of toil and poverty, which was her birthright. He could not endure this cruel thought for ever in silence, and on the evening in which we have introduced the orphans to our readers, he had profited by the temporary absence of Mina to pour out before the young count all the treasure of wretchedness which he had so long concealed. Elric started as the frightful fact burst upon him. He had already spurned the world's

sneer, but he could not brook that its scorn should rest upon his innocent young bride.

"Enough, old man!" he said, hoarsely; "enough. These busy tongues shall be stayed. These wonder-mongers shall be silenced. And when once Mina has become my wife, woe be to him who shall dare to couple her pure image with suspicion!"

He left the hut with a hasty step, and was soon lost among the dense shadows of the neighbouring forest. A bitter task was before him, but it was too late to shrink from its completion; yet still he lingered, for he dared not picture to himself what might be the result of his explanation with his sister.

We have already described their meeting; and now having acquainted the reader with the excited state of mind and feeling in which the young count entered his dreary home, we will rejoin the noble orphans in the apartment to which they had returned from the supper-room. The countess at once resumed her seat beside the stove, and drawing her frame towards her, affected to be intently occupied on the elaborate piece of embroidery which it contained; but Elric had less self-government. He paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps: and the moisture started to his brow as he strove to control the emotion which shook his frame. At length he spoke, and his voice was so hoarse, so deep, and so unnatural, that the young gräfine involuntarily started.

"Stephanie!" he said; "the moment is at last come in which we must understand each other without disguise. We are alone in the world—we are strangers in heart—as utterly strangers as on the day when we buried our last parent. I sought in vain, long years ago, to draw the bond of relationship closer, but such was not your will. You had decided that my youth and my manhood alike should be one long season of weariness and isolation. I utter no reproach, it was idle in me to believe that without feeling for yourself you could feel for me. You knew that I had no escape, that I had no resource; but you cared not for this, and you have lived on among the puerilities of which you have made

duties, and the prejudices of which you have made chains of iron, without remembering their effect on me. I have endured this long, too long; I have endured it uncomplainingly, but the limits of that endurance are now overpast. Henceforth we must be more, far more, or nothing to each other."

"I understand your meaning, Gräfin von Königstein," said the lady, rising coldly and haughtily from her seat; "there is to be a bridal beneath the roof of your noble ancestors; the daughter of a serf is to take our mother's place and to sit in our mother's chair. Is it not so? Then hear me in my turn; and I am calm, you see, for this is an hour for which I have been long prepared. Hear me swear that, while I have life, this shall never be!"

There was rage as well as scorn in the laughter by which the count replied.

"Beneath the roof of my father was I born," pursued the countess; "and beneath his roof will I die. I, at least, have never sullied it by one thought of dishonour. I can look around me boldly, upon these portraits of our honoured race, for the spirits of the dead will not blush over my degeneracy. Mistake me not. My days shall end here where they began; and no churl's daughter shall sit with me at my ancestral hearth."

"Stephanie, Stephanie, forbear!" exclaimed the count, writhing like one in physical agony. "You know not the spirit that you brave. Hitherto I have been supine, for hitherto my existence has not been worth a struggle; to-day it is otherwise; I will submit no longer to a code of narrow-hearted bigotry. You say truly. There will ere long be a bridal in my father's house, and purer or fairer bride never pledged her faith to one of his ancient race."

"None fairer, perchance," said the lady, with a withering gesture of contempt; "but profane not the glorious blood that fills your veins, and that ought now to leap in hot reproach to your false heart, by slandering the blameless dead! Purer, said you? The breath of slander has already fastened upon the purity you seek to vaunt. Your miracle of virtue has long been the proverb of the chaste."

The young man struck his brow heavily with his clenched hand, and sank into a chair.

"Once more," he gasped out, "I warn you to beware. You are awakening a demon within me! Do you not see, weak woman, that you are yourself arming me with weapons against your pride? If slander has indeed rested upon the young and innocent head of her whom you affect to despise, by whom did that slander come?"

"Herein we are at least agreed," answered the countess, in the same cold and unimpassioned tone in which she had all along spoken; "had you, Herr Graf, never forgotten what was due to yourself and to your race, the fisher's daughter might have mated with one of her own class, and so have escaped; but you saw fit to drag her forth from the slough which was her natural patrimony into the light, that scorn might point its finger at her and blight her as it passed her by."

"Could I but learn whose was that devilish finger—could I but know who first dared to breathe a whisper against her fair fame——"

"What vengeance would you wreak upon the culprit, Count von Königstein? Suppose I were to tell you that it was I, who to screen the honour of our house, to screen your own, rebutted the rumour which was brought to me of your mad folly, and bade the gossips look closer ere they dared to couple your name with that of a beggar's child? Suppose that others spoke upon that hint, do you deem that I am likely to tremble beneath your frown?"

"Devil!" muttered the young man from between his clenched teeth; "you may have cause! Thus, then, gräfin, you have dishonoured your sister," he said, after a pause.

The lady threw back her head scornfully.

"Do you still persist?" she asked, as her heavy brow gathered into a storm.

"Now more than ever. Those who have done the wrong shall repair it, and that speedily. You have declared that you will die beneath the roof of your ancestors; be it so: but that roof shall be shared by your brother's wife; and woe be to them who cause the first tear that she shall shed here!"

"Madman and fool!" exclaimed the exasperated countess, whose long-pent-up passions at length burst their bounds, and swept down all before them: "complete this disgraceful compact if you dare! Remember, that although your solitary life might have enabled you to marry without the interference of the Emperor, had you chosen a wife suited to your birth and rank, one word from me will end your disgraceful dream; or should you still persist, you will exchange your birthplace for a prison. This word should have been said ere now, but that I shrink from exposing your degeneracy; trust no longer, however, to my forbearance: the honour of our race is in my hands, and I will save it at whatever cost. Either pledge yourself upon the spot to forego this degrading fancy, or the sun of to-morrow shall not set before I depart for Vienna."

Elric gasped for breath. He well knew the stern and unflinching nature of his sister, she felt that he was indeed in her power. The whole happiness of his future life hung upon that hour, but he scorned to give a pledge which he had not the strength, nay more, which he had no longer even the right, to keep.

"Beware, Stephanie, beware!" he exclaimed in a tone of menace; "beware alike of what you say and of what you do; for you are rapidly bursting the bonds by which we are united."

"You have yourself already done so," was the bitter retort; "when you sought to make me share your affection with a base-born hind's daughter, you released me from those ties, which I no longer recognise."

"Are you seeking to drive me to extremity?"

"I am endeavouring to awaken you to a sense of duty and of honour."

"Stephanie, we must part! The same roof can no longer cover us. You have aroused an evil spirit within my breast which I never knew abided there. Take your inheritance and depart."

"Never! I have already told you that I have sworn to live and die under this roof, and that while I have life you shall be saved from dishonour. You dare not put me forth, and I will perform my vow."

"Gräfinne, I am the master here!"

"It may be so, and yet I despise your menace. We will talk no more on this hateful subject."

"On this or none. If you remain here, you remain as the associate of my wife."

"Never! And were my eyes once profaned by her presence within these sacred walls, she would have cause to curse the hour in which she entered them."

"Ha!"

"Nature, the laws of your class, and the custom of your rank, oppose so glaring a degradation; nor am I more forbearing than Nature, custom, and the law. My determination is irrevocable."

"It may be that it is of slight importance," said the young noble, as he turned upon her eyes whose pupils were dilated, and seemed slightly tinged with blood, "I cannot condescend to further entreaty or expostulation. We now understand each other."

As he ceased speaking, the countess re-seated herself, with a sarcastic smile playing about her lip, but the tempest which was raging in the breast of Elric was frightful. His hands were so tightly clenched that the blood had started beneath the nails. The veins of his throat and forehead were swollen like cords, and his thin lips were livid and trembling. As he passed athwart the apartment he suddenly paused; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and he gasped for breath, and clung to a chair, like one suddenly smitten with paralysis. Then came a rush of crimson over his features, as though his heart had rejected the coward blood which had just fled to it, and flung it back as a damning witness to his burning brow. And still the lady wrought upon her tapestry with a steady hand beneath the broad light of the lamp; nor could a line of passion be traced upon her calm, pale face.

Before the count retired to rest that night, he heard the voice of his sister desiring that a seat might be secured for her in the post-carriage which passed through Nienburg during the following day, on its way to Vienna. She had uttered no word, and Elric was not ignor-

ant of the stringency of that authority which she was about to evoke. Should his intended marriage once reach the ears of the emperor, Mina was lost for ever. Driven almost to frenzy, the young man raised in his powerful hand the heavy lamp which still burnt upon the table, and eagerly made the circuit of the room, pausing before each picture, as though he still hoped to find among those of his female ancestors a precedent for his own wild passion; but he looked in vain. Upon all he traced the elaborately-embossed shield and the pompous title. He had long known that it was so; but at that moment he scrutinised them closely, as though he anticipated that a miracle would be wrought in his behalf. This done, he once more replaced the lamp on its accustomed stand; and after glaring for awhile into the flame, as if to brave the fire that burnt pale beside that which flashed from beneath his own dark brows, he walked slowly to a cabinet which occupied an angle of the apartment.

It contained a slender collection of shells and minerals, the bequest of Father Eberhard to his pupil on his departure from Nienburg; a few stuffed birds, shot and preserved by the count himself; and, finally, a few chemical preparations with which the good priest had tried sundry simple experiments as a practical illustration of his lessons. It was to this latter division of the cabinet that the young man directed his attention. He deliberately lighted a small taper at the lamp, and then drew from their concealment sundry phials, containing various coloured liquids. Of these he selected one two-thirds full of a white and limpid fluid, which he placed in his breast; and this done, he extinguished his taper, returned it to its niche, and, closing the cabinet, threw himself into a chair, pale, haggard, and panting.

He had not been seated many seconds when, at the sound of an approaching step, he lifted his aching head from his arm, and endeavoured to assume an appearance of composure. It was that of the venerable woman who had been the favourite attendant of his mother, and who had, upon her marriage, followed

her from her home, and ultimately become his nurse. A shuddering thrill passed through his veins, for he was awaiting her. She was accustomed each night, after his sister had retired, to prepare for both a draught of lemonade as their night-beverage, and first leaving one with her young master, to carry the other to the chamber of the countess. Her appearance was therefore anticipated; and she remained for an instant, as usual, in order to receive the praise which her beloved nurseling never failed to lavish upon her skill; but, for the first time, Elric objected to the flavour of the draught, and requested her to bring him a lemon that he might augment its acidity. The discomfited old woman obeyed, and, having deposited her salver upon the table, left the room. Elric started up, grasped a mass of his dishevelled hair in his hand with a violence which threatened to rend it from the roots, uttered one groan

which seemed to tear asunder all the fibres of his heart, and then glared about him, rapidly but searchingly, ere he drew the fatal phial from his breast, and slowly, gloatingly poured out the whole of the liquid into the porcelain cup which had been prepared for his sister. As he did so, a slight acrid scent diffused itself over the apartment, but almost instantly evaporated, and the death-draught remained as clear and limpid as before.

"To-morrow!" murmured the wretched young man, as he watched the retiring form of the grey-haired attendant when she finally left the room; and then he once more buried his face in his hands, and fell into a state of torpor.

"To-morrow!" he repeated, as he at length rose, staggeringly, to seek his chamber. "Mina, beloved Mina, I have bought you at a fearful price!"

CHAPTER III.

The voice of lamentation was loud upon the morrow in that ancient house. The Countess Stephanie had ceased to exist. The aged nurse had drawn back the curtains of the window, that her mistress might, as usual, be awakened by the cheerful sunlight; but she was no longer conscious of its beams. She lay upon her bed, pale, placid, and unchanged, like one who had passed from the calm slumber of repose to the deep sleep of death. One hand pillowed her cheek, and the other still clasped her rosary. Death had touched her lovingly, for there was almost a smile upon her lips; and the hard lines which the world traces upon the countenance had disappeared beneath his gentle pressure.

The count stood gloomily beside her bed, awaiting the arrival of the physician who had been summoned. He trembled violently, but he was surrounded by the voice of wailing and the sight of tears; he had lost his only sister, his last relative. How, then, could he have remained unmoved? The physician came; he felt the small and rounded wrists, but there was no pulsation: he bared the white and beautiful arm to the shoulder, and applied the lancet, but the blood had ceased to circulate in

the blue veins. The man of science shook his head, and extended his hand in sympathy to the anxious brother. The catastrophe, he said, was subject of regret to him rather than of surprise. The young gräfin had long suffered from an affection of the heart. A little sooner or a little later the blow must have fallen. It was a mere question of time. All human aid was useless. And so he departed from the house of mourning.

The few individuals of Nienburg and its immediate neighbourhood who were privileged to intrude at such a moment, crowded to the mansion to offer their condolences to the young graf, and to talk over the sudden and melancholy death of his sister; and meanwhile, Elric, unable to rest for an instant in the same place, wandered through the desolate apartments, tearless and silent, occasionally lifting the different articles which had belonged to Stephanie in his trembling hands, and looking intently upon them, as though he dreaded to behold the characters of his crime traced upon their surface.

The German ceremonial of interment is complicated and minute, and all persons of high birth are expected to conform to it in every particular.

Among the rites which precede burial is one which, trying as it cannot fail to prove to the principal actor, must, nevertheless, greatly tend to tranquillise the minds of the survivors. It is necessary that we should describe this.

For four-and-twenty hours the corpse remains beneath the roof where the death has taken place, and while there all the affecting offices necessary to its final burial are performed. This time elapsed, it is carried to the cemetery, and laid, in its winding-sheet, upon a bed in the inner apartment of the low stone building to which, in our description of the death-valley of Nienburg, we have already made allusion. This solitary erection consists only of two rooms; that in which the body is deposited is called the Hall of Resurrection, and contains no other furniture than the bed itself and a bell-rope, the end of which is placed in the hand of the corpse. This cord is attached to a bell which rings in the next room, and which is thence called the Chamber of the Bell. Thus should it occur that the friends of an individual may have been deceived, and have mistaken lethargy for death, and that the patient should awake during the night (for the body must remain all night in this gloomy refuge), the slightest movement which he may make necessarily rings the bell, and he obtains instant help. It is customary for the nearest relative to keep this dreary watch; and from a beautiful sentiment, which must almost tend to reconcile the watcher to his ghostly task, he is fated to watch there alone, that it may be he who calls back the ebbing life, and that none may share in a joy so holy and so deep—a joy, moreover, so rare and so unhopèd for!

The long day, and the still longer night in which the Countess Stephanie lay dead beneath the roof she had so revered throughout her life, passed over; and all the pompous accessories which could be commanded in so obscure a neighbourhood were secured to do honour to her obsequies. The mournful train moved slowly onward to the cemetery, where a grave had already been prepared ~~for~~ her beside her mother;

and, passing near the spot where she was finally to rest, entered the Hall of Resurrection, and gently and carefully stretched her upon the bed of gloom. The wildest of the mourners was the poor old nurse, who, with her grey hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dim eyes swollen with tears, knelt near the head of her mistress, and clasped her clay-cold hands. But it was the young count who was the centre of commiseration. The last four-and-twenty hours had done the work of years upon him; a sullen, leaden tinge had spread over his skin, his voice was deep and hollow, and his trembling hands could scarcely perform their offices. "No wonder!" ejaculated those who looked upon him; "for years they had benevery thing to each other."

At length the funeral train departed, for the sun was setting. Elric listened in horror to their retreating footsteps, for he felt that he was soon to be alone. Alone with what? With the dead, stretched there by his own hand—With his murdered sister! This was his companionship within; and without, graves, nothing but graves, sheeted corpses, and the yawning tomb which was awaiting his victim. The sweat rolled in large drops down the forehead of the young man. He had watched near the body of his mother in peace and prayer, for she had been taken from him, and he was innocent then and full of hope; but now—now! He tottered to the window and looked out. The twilight was thickening, and the light came pale through the narrow leaded panes of the little casement. He glanced around the sepulchral chamber in which he was to pass the night. There was a small fire burning upon the open hearth at which he lighted his lamp, and a prayer-book lying upon the table, on which he vainly endeavoured to concentrate his thoughts. At that moment he was beyond the reach of prayer! The strong man was bowed, body and spirit, beneath the pressure of his crime! Again and again he asked himself, with a pertinacity that bordered on delirium, what it was over which he watched? And again and again the question was answered in his own heart. Over his sister, his only surviving relative, murdered

by his own hand. The murderer was watching beside his victim!

At intervals he strove against the horror by which he was oppressed; he endeavoured to rally the pride of his sex and of his strength. What could he fear? The dead are powerless over the living; and yet, fiercer and sharper came the memory that his crime had been gratuitous, for had he not been told that the death which he had given must ere long have come? "A little sooner, or a little later," had said the man of science. Oh, had he only waited, promised, temporised; but all was now too late! She lay there cold, pale, stark, within a few paces of him, and tears of blood could not recall the dead!

It was the close of autumn, and as the sun set masses of lurid and sulphureous clouds gathered upon the western horizon, but save an occasional sweep of wind which moaned through the funeral trees, all remained still, buried in that ringing silence which may be heard; and the moon, as yet untouched by the rising vapours, gleamed on the narrow window of the cell, and cast upon the floor the quivering shadows of the trees beside it. But at length came midnight, the moon was veiled in clouds, and a sweeping wind rushed through the long grass upon the graves, and swayed to and fro the tall branches of the yews and cypresses; next came the sound of falling rain,—large, heavy drops, which plashed upon the foliage, and then fell with a sullen reverberation upon the dry and thirsty earth. Gradually the storm increased; and ere long, as the thunder began to growl hoarsely in the distance, it beat angrily against the diamond panes, and dropped in a shower from the eaves of the little building. Elric breathed more freely. This elemental warfare was more congenial to his troubled spirit than the fearful silence by which it had been preceded. He tried to think of Mina; but as though her pure and innocent image could not blend with the objects around him, he found it impossible to pursue a continuous chain of thought. Once more he bent over the book before him, but as he turned the page a sudden light filled the narrow chamber, and through the sheeted glare sprang a

fierce flash, which for a moment seemed to destroy his power of vision. He rose hurriedly from his chair; the thunder appeared to be bursting over his head, the lightning danced like fiery demons across the floor, the wind howled and roared in the wide chimney; and suddenly, as he stood there, aghast and conscience-stricken, a sharp blast penetrating through some aperture in the walls, extinguished his solitary lamp. At this instant the bell rang.

"The Bell!" shouted the young count, like a maniac,—*"THE BELL!"* And then, gaining strength from his excess of horror, he laughed as wildly as he had spoken. "Fool that I am! Is not such a wind as this enough to shake the very edifice from its foundation? and am I scared because it has vibrated along a wire? Has not the same blast put out my lamp? All is still again. My own thoughts have made a coward of me!"

As he uttered these words, another and a brighter flash shot through the casement and ran along the wire, and again the bell rang out; but his eye had been upon it, and he could no longer cheat himself into the belief that he had endeavoured to create. The fiery vapour had disappeared, but still louder and louder rang the bell, as though pulled by a hand of agony.

Elric sank helpless to his knees. At every successive flash he saw the violent motion of the bell which hung above him, and as the darkness again gathered about the cell, he still heard the maddening peal, which seemed to split his brain.

"Light! light!" he moaned at last, as he rose painfully from the floor. "I must have light, or I shall become a raving maniac."

And then he strove to re-illumine the lamp; but his shaking hand ill obeyed the impulse of his frenzied will. And still, without the intermission of a second, the bell rang on. At length he obtained a light, and staggering to the wall, he fixed his eyes upon the frightful wire.

"It stretches," he muttered, unconsciously; "still it stretches, and there is no wind now; there is a lull. Some one must be pulling it, ~~from~~ the other chamber, and if so be —"

His voice became extinct; he could not utter the name of his sister.

With a frantic gesture he seized the lamp and turned towards the door which opened into the death-chamber, and still the bell rang on, without the cessation of an instant. A short passage parted the two cells, and as he staggered onwards he was compelled to cling to the wall, for his knees knocked together, and he could scarcely support himself. At length he reached the inner door, and desperately flung it open. A chill like that which escapes from a vault fell upon his brow, and the sound of the bell pursued him still. He moved a pace forward, retreated, again advanced, and, finally, by a mighty effort, sprang into the centre of the chamber. One shrill and piercing cry escaped him, and the lamp fell from his hand.

"You are then here?" murmured a low and feeble voice. "You, Elric von Königstein, the renegade from honour, the sorricide, the would-be murderer! Yours is the affection which watches over my last hours on earth? The same hand which mixed the deadly draught is ready to lay me in the grave?"

As the words fell upon his ear, a vivid flash filled the room, and the count saw his sister sitting upright wrapped in her death-clothes. A deep groan escaped him.

"That draught was scarcely swallowed," pursued the voice, "ere I detected that it had been tampered with; but it was then too late to save myself, and, for the honour of our name, I shrank from denouncing you, though I felt at once that you were the murderer. But you were coward as well as sorricide. You

have subjected me to all the agonies of death, and have not merely condemned me to an after-life of suffering, but of suffering to us both, for I shall live on under the knowledge of the fate to which you destined me, and you beneath my irrevocable curse."

The last few sentences were uttered feebly and gaspingly, as though the strength of the speaker were spent, and then a heavy fall upon the bed betrayed to the horror-stricken Elric that some fresh catastrophe had occurred.

With the energy of despair he rushed from the room, and hastened to procure a light. A frightful spectacle met him on his return. Stephanie lay across the bed, with a portion of her funeral-dress displaced. The arm with which she had rung the fatal bell was that from which her medical attendant had striven to procure blood during her insensibility, and which, in preparing her for the grave, had been unbound. The violent exertion to which it had been subjected, added to the power of the poison that still lurked in her veins, had opened the wound, and ere the young count returned, with the lamp she was indeed a corpse, with her white burial-garments dabbled in blood. The scene told its own tale on the morrow. She had partially awakened, and the result was evident. None knew, save he who watched beside her, that the fatal bell had rung!

The curse worked. Madness seized upon the wretched Elric, and for years he was a raving lunatic, who might at any moment be lashed into frenzy by the mere ringing of a bell.

PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON.

No. V.

THE CAMPAIGN OF MARENGO.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE conquest of Italy had, as we have seen, placed Napoleon on a pedestal of fame which already overshadowed the government of the Republic. The power of his popularity weighed heavily on the Directors; and as he was "moody and dissatisfied, and brooding over the prospect of inactivity," they were as anxious to find him employment as he was to obtain it. The peace so lately concluded left, however, no opening for military exertion on the continent of Europe; and as Napoleon, though named general of the army of England, declined after a brief survey of the ports of the Channel, to venture on the invasion of the hostile island, attention was turned to a different quarter.

The French government had already, under Louis XV., contemplated the occupation of Egypt. The Directory were also desirous of making conquests in the East, and, some time before Napoleon's expedition, had ordered Admiral Bruyez to surprise Malta,—a plan which the knights foiled, by refusing to admit his four ships into the harbour of La Valette. During the Italian campaigns Napoleon had more than once proposed to seize the Turkish province of Albania; at a later period he turned his thoughts towards Egypt, and now both the general and Directory resolved to carry this last plan into execution. That so unprincipled an act of aggression could not be defended by the slightest shadow or semblance of justice, troubled the projectors as little as the executors of the undertaking.

The details of the expedition belong not to our subject. Treachery and cowardice opened the gates of Malta to the Republican forces; and in Egypt an army of 40,000 French veterans could experience but a feeble opposition from a few undisciplined

Turks and Mamelukes; the military operations cannot, therefore, be reckoned among the principal campaigns of Napoleon. Biographers assure us that he governed the conquered province with so much ability, as to obtain from the inhabitants the title of "the Just Sultan." On examination it proves, however, that his conduct was so rapacious and oppressive, so directly at variance with all the long-established customs of the East, that it maddened the people and drove them into open rebellion. The ruthless barbarity by which the insurrections were crushed, and the sanguinary cruelty which marked his subsequent conduct, are fully attested by his own letters.

Defeated at Acre, disappointed, perhaps, in his expectations of founding a splendid Eastern empire, he deserted his army—left them by stealth in a foreign land, beset with difficulties and cut off from all communication with their native country. Preceded by the bulletin of a victory he had achieved over some Turks who had landed at Aboukir, he arrived in France after a long and tedious passage, and his first reception on landing already told him that he was the undisputed lord of the soil. His journey to the capital was a continued triumph, and the intelligence of his arrival was hailed with acclamations in every part of the country.

This was Napoleon's first ill-omened return to Paris, after sacrificing thousands to his ambition and forsaking the remains of the gallant army entrusted to his care: but we shall see him again returning, vampire-like, to seek for more victims, after burying hundreds of thousands beneath the snows of Russia. The fresh victims are granted and led to death, and he appears again a lonely specter from the slaughter-scene of

Leipzig; and, lastly, he comes, in fitting guise, a craven fugitive from the crimson field of Waterloo, where the best and bravest blood of France was poured out in torrents for him "who yet could hoard his own." There surely breathes not the man, possessing one spark of high and noble feeling, who would have survived a single one of these dreadful catastrophes: they all blacken the scutcheon of Napoleon, and yet thousands are willing to banish every sense of shame from earth in order to uphold the praise of this dishonoured chieftain.

The Directory, conscious of their want of power to punish his desertion of the army, received him with distinction and allowed him to remain in Paris, while their own authority was rapidly declining. This government, which it has been the fashion to revile in most extravagant terms, in order to enhance the glory of Napoleon, had, nevertheless, considerable merit. Composed of the parties who had overthrown the Jacobins and crushed the sanguinary anarchy of the Reign of Terror, it had deviated widely from what were termed the principles of the Revolution, and had thus forfeited the support of the violent Republicans without gaining the friendship of the Royalists. Placed between these extreme factions, the Directory had no hold on the affections of the country; the five years of internal peace which they had maintained were not sufficient to allay the wild elements awakened by the Revolution; nor had repose blinded the nations to the defects of the constitution, and to the indifferent character of the individuals at the head of affairs.

A desire for change, one of the usual characteristics of revolution, was general; and measures for the overthrow of the government were already in progress when Napoleon landed. The military part of the enterprise had been intended for General Joubert, but as he was killed at the battle of Novi, the post naturally devolved on the successful commander who had planted the *tricolor* on the towers of Cairo and Milan.

The revolution of the 18th of Brumaire is foreign to our purpose. The total want of courage and composure evinced by Napoleon on the

occasion is well known. He was on the point of being outlawed and forsaken even by the troops, when the resolution of his brother Lucien and the gallantry of Murat gave a favourable turn to affairs, and placed him as First Consul at the head of the government. What the constitutional power of a consul might be, none knew and few inquired, for all felt that the bayonets of the army rendered the new occupant of the curule chair absolute and irresponsible.

No revolutionary government in France had stood on so firm a foundation as the one on which the favour of the troops placed the consulate, from the first day of its formation. Its predecessors had depended on the favour of mobs or on the intrigues of factions, while the curule chair rested on the affections of an army already distinguished by many gallant actions. The strength which the new government derived from its military influence obtained for it the support of all the parties in the state, who were tired of revolutions, dreaded the return of anarchy, and who, by their number and respectability, set an example that was quickly followed by the better classes of the people. By their adhesion, the many thus augmented the very strength which had attracted them, and which was to be still farther increased by the military events we have next to relate.

France, which was thus rallying round the consular government, was far stronger for the purposes of war than it had been at any previous period of history. The revolution had swept away all the long-established institutions, the rights of persons and of property, which prevent even the most absolute monarchs from wielding at pleasure the resources of their dominions. But the tempest which had swept away these obstacles had not, and could not, injure the natural physical strength inherent in a great nation situated in the very centre of Europe. The war had even enlarged the boundaries of the republic, without impairing its internal resources, which the spoils of conquered provinces had probably tended to augment. Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine had been incorporated with France; Holland and Switzerland were in possession of her troops,

and their resources completely at her disposal; Spain was a submissive and tributary ally; and Genoa formed an advanced post towards Italy. The long-continued contest had given her warlike armies, commanded by experienced officers; the campaign of 1799, at one time so disastrous, had ended as fortunately as gloriously. The Russians had been forced altogether out of the field, and England had withdrawn her troops from the Continent. The Republican armies that had been victorious in Switzerland and Holland could now be united to those which were opposing Austria, and it was hardly to be expected that the imperial power could maintain a single-handed contest against forces which had just vanquished the troops of the three powers combined. Austria, it is true, still retained possession of Italy, but, as we shall see presently, the occupation of Switzerland by the French more than counterbalanced that advantage. With the hopes of victory which the possession of such vast means naturally inspired, anxious, no doubt, to reconquer Italy, the theatre of his first exploits, and to fix his power by new triumphs, Napoleon determined to strike with might and main against the Austrians. Nor were the means wanting.

Under the Directory, General Jourdan had already perfected the fatal law of conscription, which placed at the disposal of government the whole male population of France, and obliged every man capable of bearing arms to do military duty. A decree of the Consul, executed with rigour and aided by the enthusiasm of the moment, brought 160,000 men to the colours, including 30,000 old and experienced soldiers whose discharges were cancelled, and who were again called upon to take service.

Ten thousand French and 20,000 Batavians were stationed under Augereau in Holland, in order to protect that country against the attack of the English. The frontier, as high as Coblenz, required few troops, as the neutrality of Northern Germany could be depended upon. The former armies, of the Rhine and of Switzerland, were united and placed under the orders of General Moreau, who soon found himself at the head of 130,000 men. At the commence-

ment of the year Massena had already taken the command of the army of Italy, composed of the remnants of the broken bands so often defeated by Suvaroff, and amounting in all to about 45,000 men. These troops were cooped up in Genoa and the Riviera, and were almost in a total state of disorganisation.

An army of Reserve, composed of 30,000 conscripts and of different corps from the interior of France, assembled at Dijon, from whence the armies could be reinforced or supported at need. The mustering and organisation of the troops, with every preparation necessary to render them fit for immediate service, was carried on with the energy and alacrity of a military government having the goodwill and all the resources of the country at its absolute disposal, and well aware that its power and permanence depended principally on victory and conquest.

Besides troops in the Tyrol, Austria had two formidable armies in the field; the one on the Rhine, the other in Italy. The Archduke Charles, dissatisfied with the treatment he had experienced from the Aulic Council during the previous campaign, had resigned the command of the first, and was succeeded by Marshal Kray, a bold and active officer, who, at the commencement of operations, found himself at the head of about 75,000 men. The Austrian army of Italy was still stronger; it consisted of 110,000 men, and was under the command of Marshal Melas, a distinguished veteran of the Austrian school, but bending already under the chilling weight of seventy-six years,—an age at which few retain the energy and activity necessary for directing and carrying into effect the dangerous, trying, and varying operations of war. Deducting the troops stationed in Tuscany, the Venetian States and the Romagna, the disposable force under the orders of Melas amounted to about 90,000 men. Leaving 40,000 of these in Piedmont and Lombardy to guard the fortresses and to watch the frontiers of Switzerland, which, as the country was now in the possession of the French, flanked the whole Italian theatre of war, the aged commander advanced with the rest against Genoa and the Riviera.

As the Apennines become passable six weeks sooner than the Alps, Melas determined to open the campaign early in the year, and to finish the expedition against the Riviera in time to have the troops again disposable, before his flank could be turned by forces marching through Switzerland. The army left their winter quarters, and were ordered to assemble on the 25th of February; but snow having fallen on the 13th of the month, the order was countermanded, and the actual advance delayed till the 5th of April. Whether the passes remained impracticable for six weeks we are not told, nor is the delay which took place any where explained; that it proved decisive of the fate of the campaign is perfectly evident.

As Massena had 40,000 men under his command, and General Thureau 6000 more in the passes of Mount Cenis, the superiority of the Austrians was not very decisive. They were, nevertheless, successful; they carried the Bochetta Pass by storm, and, after a series of sanguinary combats, succeeded in forcing the left wing of the French, under General Suchet, to fall back behind the Var; the right, under Massena himself, was driven into Genoa, which was immediately blockaded by sea and land; an English squadron under Lord Keith maintaining the naval investment, and 20,000 Austrians under General Otto investing the fortress by land: Melas, with the rest of his forces, followed Suchet and occupied Nice. The Austrian commander was only waiting for the fall of Genoa to press his success still further, when the operations of the army of reserve obliged him to retrace his steps back into Italy.

But what the Austrians were gaining on one point, they were already losing on another. Moreau had crossed the Rhine on the 25th of April, and, being greatly superior to Marshal Kray, continued to press him, though without gaining any decisive advantage. It was at first Napoleon's intention to have placed himself at the head of the army of the Rhine; but he changed his resolution on the subject for reasons that are not known, unless we suppose that he did not think himself strong enough to make an enemy of so popular an officer as General Moreau,

who declared that he would not remain with the army if the First Consul joined in person. This shews how ill - deserved is the praise so generally bestowed on Napoleon for having generously given over the most numerous and best-appointed troops to his rival in military fame.

General Berthier had been appointed commander of the army of the Reserve, and he no sooner reported that it was ready to take the field than Napoleon left Paris to place himself at its head. A clause in the constitution prevented the First Consul from commanding an army in person, but did not prevent him from being present as a spectator in the field, and as he had the appointment of the generals, he was sure to possess the real authority, whoever might possess the mere nominal title.

In the St. Helena Memoirs the exile relates with evident satisfaction that he made all Europe believe that there was no such army as the army of Reserve in existence. The spies of the different courts only found a few raw conscripts and invalids at Dijon and reported accordingly, at the very time when the troops were advancing by different roads towards Genoa, the principal point of assembly. All historians have, of course, repeated this in proof of the sagacity displayed by the chief consul, but those who know how many preparations are necessary to facilitate the march of 40,000 men through a mountainous country will easily understand that such a movement could not possibly be concealed. Besides, it now appears that Melas had information of the march of the army as early as the month of May, but did not know where the storm would burst, for it was only on the 27th of April that Napoleon decided on crossing the St. Bernards in preference to the St. Gothard, as first intended. Carnot, the minister of war, had been despatched into Germany, with an order for Moreau to send 25,000 men of the army of the Rhine to the aid of the army of Reserve.

Early in May, 60,000 men were thus assembled at the foot of the Alps, and Colonel Moresoot having examined the Great St. Bernard and reported the passage practicable, and,

with proper precautions, easily to be effected, the whole instantly set out on their toilsome march. The army was divided into six columns: four moved upon Lombardy by the roads over the Great and Little St. Bernard, the St. Gothard, and the Simplon; Napoleon himself, with the main body, crossing the Great St. Bernard; two columns descended upon Piedmont by Mount Cenis and Mount Genève. At all periods of history military bands have crossed these mountains, the roads were practicable for travellers, and though the difficulties of the passage were considerable, they have been greatly exaggerated by the generality of historians.

On the 16th of May all who were intended to cross the Great St. Bernard were assembled at Martigny, when Lannes, at the head of the advanced guard, commenced the ascent of the mountain. Numerous guides and beasts of burden had been provided; the guns were dismounted and placed upon sledges, in the trunks of trees hollowed out for the purpose, and dragged along by strength of arm, a hundred men being sometimes harnessed to a single gun. The carriages were taken to pieces, placed on sledges, or conveyed on mules. If the difficulties of crossing these barriers of eternal ice and snow were great, the courage and energy of the soldiers were greater still, and their good will and enthusiasm overcame every obstacle. National songs and martial music animated them to exertion, and the drums beat the charge whenever any place of peculiar difficulty occurred. As the troops passed the Convent of Hospitaliers, placed on the summit of the mountain, the monks furnished every soldier with a luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of wine, and on the fourth day the last division of the army had effected the passage without hardly sustaining any loss.

The advanced guard of Lannes already reached the valley of Aosta on the 17th; next day six Austrian companies, stationed at Chatillon, were attacked and dispersed; but in following up this success an obstacle was encountered which Napoleon had not counted upon, and which threatened ruin to the whole under-

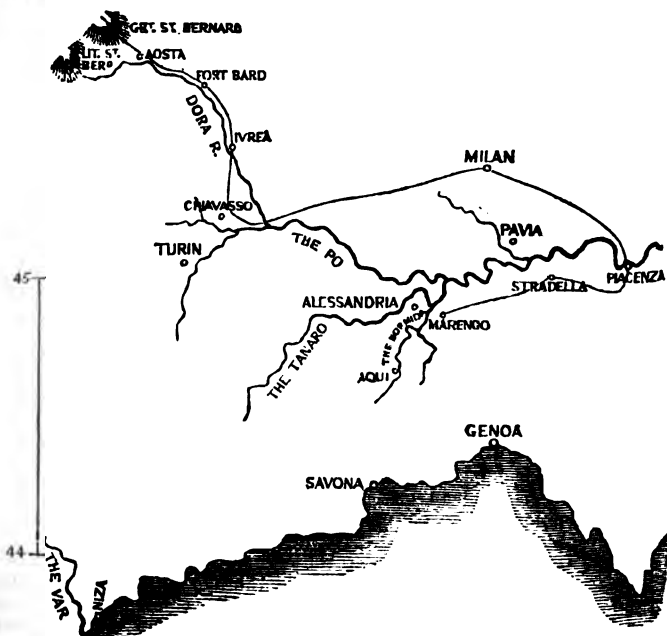
taking. This was Fort Bard, a castle of strength, built upon a steep conical rock, situated on the left bank of the Dora, and completely commanding the town and narrow valley through which the road from Aosta to Ivrea passes. The infantry of the advanced guard proceeded securely on their march by a footpath over the Albaredo mountain, but it required several days of labour before the tract could be rendered fit for cavalry; to carry guns along it proved totally impracticable. Time pressed, the success of the campaign depended upon celerity of movement, and any delay in this Alpine wilderness would have left the troops totally destitute of provisions. In this perilous situation General Lannes caused the village of Bard to be attacked during the night, trusting that its capture would induce the Austrian commander to surrender the fort also. The village was taken, but the castle held out; its brave defender, Captain Bernkoph, whose gallant conduct contrasts so brilliantly with the many melancholy instances of different behaviour we shall yet have to record, refused to resign his post, and replied to every summons by renewed discharges of round and grape.

On the news of this danger, Napoleon, who had not, as so many fables assert, crossed the mountain with the troops and cheered them on during the toilsome march, but remained quietly at Lausanne, hastened up to the van. Having again caused the castle to be summoned and experienced another refusal, he ordered 900 men to assault it during the night. The attack failed after a considerable loss had been sustained, and nothing was left but to force the passage, such as it was, and to carry the artillery along under the very guns of the hostile fortress. The streets of the village having been covered with straw and litter to deaden the sound, the wheels of the guns muffled, fifty men were harnessed with the drag-ropes to every piece of artillery, and the darkness of night gave them the signal to set out upon their daring enterprise. The foe was not, however, unprepared or taken by surprise, as Napoleon and his biographers pretend; on the contrary, they opened a heavy fire up-

the French as they hurried along with all possible speed, and many men were lost, several guns destroyed, and ammunition-waggons blown up before the dangerous passage was effected. After three nights of such dangerous toil the whole army were at length enabled to follow the advanced guard towards Ivrea, General Chabran being left to invest the fortress.

The Austrian forces, which, under General Kaim, had remained to protect Piedmont and Lombardy, were dispersed in a chain of posts watching the passes of the Swiss and Savoy Alps, and presented on no point any very effective strength. Their numbers also had been greatly diminished

by drafts sent to the main army and to the blockading corps before Genoa, both of which had suffered severely in the actions fought in the Apennines, in the Riviera, and on the Var, the passage of which the Austrians had vainly endeavoured to force. No effective resistance was, therefore, offered to the army of Reserve on their first descent from the Alps. After two unsuccessful attacks they carried Ivrea by storm; they next forced the passage of the Chimella, and pressed back General Haddick, who with 6000 Austrians was endeavouring to retard their progress. Turning to the westward, General Lannes had already reached the banks of the Po near Chivasso,



within a march of Turin, and every thing indicated that Napoleon intended to hazard a battle for the relief of Genoa, which, after the most heroic defence, was now reduced to absolute extremity by famine. But such was not the case: the Consul suddenly changed the direction of his march, left Genoa to its fate, turned to the eastward, and hurried on to Milan. This movement has, of course, been lauded by biographers, though its merit is certainly no-

where made apparent, unless we suppose that the mere *éclat* of occupying the capital of Lombardy could counterbalance the loss of Genoa, and the great advantage which this respite gave the Austrian commanders.

General Vucassowitch, who with 10,000 Imperialists observed the country between Domodasola and Bellingzona, was too feeble, even if his forces had been united, to withstand the whole French army, fell

back fighting and in good order, and having thrown a garrison into the citadel of Milan, retired across the Adda towards Mantua, thus separating himself from the main army of General Melas. He was followed by some French corps that occupied Cremona, and extended themselves as far as Brescia.

On the 2d June Napoleon again entered the capital of Lombardy, and immediately proclaimed the re-establishment of the Cisalpine republic. Having been joined by General Moncey, who was left with 20,000 men to watch the far-scattered detachments of Vucassowitch that were already behind the Mincio, he proceeded with the remainder of his forces, amounting to 30,000 men, to seek the battle which was now to decide the fate of Italy.

On the 5th June Murat appeared before the bridge-head of Piacenza, a feeble work, defended by only 200 Austrians; but having failed to carry it, he effected the passage in boats some distance above the town, and then advanced to the attack of the place on the right bank of the river. Some Austrian battalions arriving at the same time, a sharp action here took place, but ended in favour of the French, who now crossed the river in full force, prepared to push onwards to Genoa, at the very moment when the corps which had reduced the fortress was already in their immediate front. General Melas was at Nice when he received the intimation that the army of Reserve was crossing the St. Bernard. Accompanied by some troops, he immediately set out for Turin, where the news that hostile columns were advancing by the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and Mount Cenis, also reached him. Thus pressed, he determined to assemble his army, to withdraw the troops from the Var, and to raise the siege of Genoa, and had actually sent orders to that effect when Massena, after a close blockade of sixty days, accepted terms of capitulation, and surrendered the fortress on condition that part of the garrison should be sent to France by sea, the other allowed to march out by land and join Suchet's army. These conditions were not fulfilled before General Ott received pressing instructions to

send troops to Piacenza to protect that important post, and to follow with all his disposable forces as soon as it should be in his power, in order that the communication with the left bank of the Po might be maintained.

It was his advanced guard, composed of five or six battalions detached before the fall of Genoa, that the French encountered after the passage of the river. The main body were following by forced marches, and had already reached Voghera on the 8th of June. General Ott here found himself at the head of twenty-six battalions of infantry and eleven squadrons of cavalry, the infantry greatly weakened by the many losses they had sustained in the severe actions fought round Genoa. Thinking, however, that he had only a small French force in his front, and that the main army was in march towards Mantua, he determined to drive them back across the Po, and to reoccupy Piacenza. But the divisions of Gardame, Chamberlaci, and Mounier were already assembled at Stradella, and when General Lannes, whose division again formed the advanced guard, found himself unexpectedly opposed at Casteggio on the morning of the 9th by a large body of Austrians, they immediately moved off to his support. A very sharp action, called by the French the battle of Montebello, here took place. Lannes fought to great disadvantage during the early part of the day, and it was only the timely arrival of the other divisions which convinced the Austrians of their mistake, and decided the contest in favour of the French. The vanquished left 2000 killed and wounded on the field, 2071 prisoners, and two guns were taken by the victors. Napoleon himself was not present in the action, the honour of which belongs to General Lannes, afterwards Duke of Montebello.

From the prisoners taken at Casteggio the first intelligence of the fall of Genoa was received, and Napoleon deeming haste no longer essential gave the troops two rest at Stradella, during which the detachments that had crossed the Po rejoined the army. The whole force, after the losses sustained in the ac-

Piacenza and Casteggio, did not much exceed 28,000 men. General La Poipe, with 8000 more, was to have joined from Pavia, but a spy—employed, it is said, by both parties—having been deceived by General Zach, the Austrian quartermaster-general, informed Buonaparte that Melas intended to march upon Milan. La Poipe was therefore left at Pavia to impede the movement.

Napoleon, finding no traces of the enemy on the 12th when he advanced beyond Voghera, nor even when on the following day he entered the wide plain of Marengo, situated between Alessandria and Tortona, was confirmed in the belief that the enemy intended to retire without fighting. News arriving, however, that no Austrians had been observed on the left bank of the Po, he concluded that they intended to fall back on Genoa, and immediately ordered General Dernaix, who had only joined the army two days before, to hurry on to Rivolto with the division of Boudet and some cavalry, and arrest the foe, should they attempt to pass in that direction. It was not till the evening of the 13th that General Victor's division fell

in with the rear guard of Austrians at Marengo, and the facility with which the latter relinquished the village and allowed themselves to be driven into the bridge-head covering the passage of Bormida, convinced the French commander that they intended to retire without trying the fate of arms. At this very time Melas was making the necessary disposition for attacking the enemy on the following morning.

The Austrian commander had assembled all his forces at Alessandria on the 11th June, and determined, with the advice of a council of war, to try the fate of arms in a general action as soon as the troops should have enjoyed a few days' rest. His situation at this time was exceedingly precarious. Suchet, reinforced from France as well as by the garrison of Genoa, was advancing in the Riviera, and had already reached Savona. General Thureau had descended into the plain, and the Austrian army, which amounted to 110,000 men at the opening of the campaign, now hardly exceeded 75,000, of whom 30,000 only were disposable for battle.*

There was also a probability that

* To shew how armies dwindle down, we shall here give the strength and situation of the French and Austrian corps at the moment of the battle of Marengo:—

French Army.

Generals Thureau and Chebran, on the Dora and at Chiavasso.....	9,438
Moncey, between the Tessino and the Adda.....	11,564
Loisson, on the left bank of the Adda.....	6,484
Suchet in the Riviera, after being joined by Miolis and Gazan with the garrison of Genoa	23,100
General Bethencourt at Arona.....	695
Artillery, pontoniers, and sappers attached to the different corps..	1,400
In the plain of Marengo, under Napoleon himself.....	28,169

Total 80,845

Of this latter force, 3688 were cavalry and 690 artillery.

Austrian Army.

In the Romagna, Tuscany, Istria, and the Venetian States.....	8,392
In the garrisons of Piedmont and Lombardy—that is, in Alessandria, Tortona, Coni, Turin, Arona, citadel of Milan, citadel of Piacenza, Pizzighetone, Peschiera, Verona, Mantua, Fort St. Maria, Genoa, and Savona.....	29,556
Investing Gavi.....	1,192
Perdus in the neighbourhood of Bobbio.....	1,028
In Cassal	2,617
In Aquì	1,082
At Alessandria ready for the field	30,837

Total 74,704

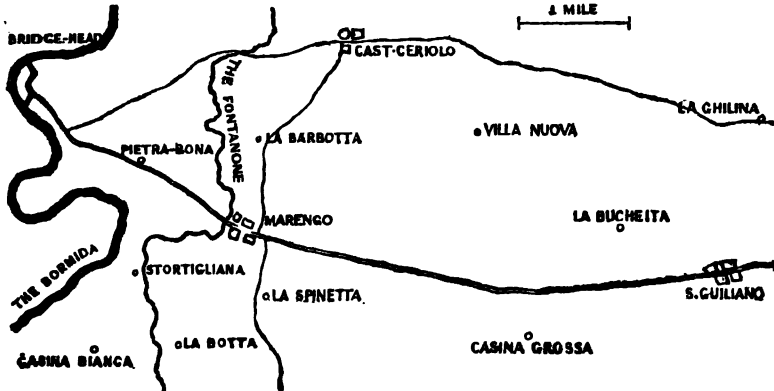
Of the force assembled for battle at Alessandria, 7543 were cavalry; but of these General Nimpeche's brigade, 2341 strong, were detached on the morning of the battle, leaving 28,496 fit for action.

the troops would soon find themselves in want of supplies, as several of the magazines which, for the convenience of transport, had, as at Pavia, been left in open towns, had fallen into the hands of the French. On the 11th of June, Melas still had it in his power to retire on Mantua, or to fall back on Genoa and depend on the English fleet for supplies; but he preferred risking the chance of battle, confiding in his numerous cavalry and artillery, which had not shared in the toils and losses of the Apennine campaign, and were in high order, and superior to the French in numbers; and the wide plain of Marengo presented the fairest opportunity for employing them to advantage: information also reached Alessandria that General La Poipe was absent, and that General Desaix had been detached; every thing seemed in favour of the Austrian arms.

The 14th June was fixed upon as the day of battle, the troops had already received orders to cross the Bormida at midnight, when news arrived that the French had taken

Marengo; a loss that rendered it necessary to delay the march till day-break, as the army had now to begin by conquering the very ground on which they were to develop themselves for combat.

The wide plain of Marengo is divided from the Bormida by the Fontanone, a small rivulet with deep and marshy banks, that issues from swampy ground about a mile to the left of Marengo, which may be considered as the centre of the French position, and falls into the Tanaro beyond Castel-Ceriolo, a village where, on the morning of the action, their extreme right was stationed. The rivulet thus protected the whole front of the French position, which was distant about two miles from the bridge-head of the Bormida. The intermediate hamlet of Padrebona was in possession of the French advanced guard; General Victor had his head-quarters at Marengo; the troops of Lannes and Murat, with Moncey's division, were farther in the rear; and Napoleon himself, with the consular guard, was at Torri-di-Gaffarola, twelve miles



from the front. During the night, however, he received intelligence of the intended attack, and immediately despatched orders for General Desaix to march with all speed on San Giuliano, a village about six miles in the rear of Marengo.

With the first dawn of morning the Austrian army, amounting to 28,500 men, of whom 5,300 were cavalry, with upwards of a hundred pieces of artillery, began to cross the Bormida; but though two bridges

led over the river into the bridge-head, the work itself had only one outlet—a circumstance that occasioned a great, and as it proved, a fatal delay. It was thus eight o'clock before they had carried the hamlet of Padrebona, and Lannes and Murat were already in full march to support Victor, before the assailants were ready to fall on. The Austrians were divided into three columns: the right, under O'Reily, was to ascend the Bo

and attack the left of the French; the main column, under Melas himself, was destined to carry Marengo; and the left, under Marshal Ott, was to march on Salé, and turn the right of the enemy.

Towards nine o'clock, the troops being formed, the first line of the main body advanced against Marengo and the Fontana water: they were supported by the fire of thirty pieces of artillery, and the attack was made in gallant style, but failed completely, every attempt to pass the rivulet proving fruitless. The second line took up their defeated comrades and renewed the onset with equal bravery, but with no better success: they were forced to fall back with loss, while Lannes and Murat, with the whole French cavalry, were already in line prepared to assist the defenders. On the right, three squadrons of hussars had contrived to pass the rivulet by single files, under cover of some brushwood; but were no sooner discovered by General Kellerman than he attacked them at the head of his whole brigade of heavy cavalry, and completely routed them. Five battalions of grenadiers, who under General Latterman composed the reserve of the Austrian main division, made a third effort, and by dint of gallantry succeeded in establishing themselves beyond the streamlet: they were fiercely charged home by the troops of Victor and Lannes, but resisted the dauntless bravery: artillery was brought up on both sides, and the open and level nature of the ground gave a murderous efficiency to its fire. The carnage was horrible, says an eye-witness; in a quarter of an hour half the division of Rivond were struck down; all the mounted officers were killed or wounded; all General Rivaud's orderlies were slain, his aide-de-camp was severely wounded, and he himself was struck by a ball on the hip; but nothing daunted his courage. The Austrian grenadiers carried the village of Marengo; the French retook it, but were unable to drive their adversaries back across the streamlet, over which a bridge had now been thrown, that enabled the assailants to advance additional numbers to the plain.

On other points, also, success was

gathering round the imperial standards. Count O'Reilly had carried the farm of La Sortiglia, whence he was enabled to enfilade the whole of the position occupied by General Chambarlhac's division, some battalions of which already began to give way. General Ott was still more successful: he had found Castel-Ceriolo feebly occupied, and had taken it without difficulty, and meeting with no enemy on the Salé road, but hearing the combat raging fiercely on his right, immediately turned in that direction, and fell upon the right flank of General Lannes' division, already engaged in front with the Austrian battalions, who had effected the passage of the rivulet near the hamlet of La Barbotta. Lannes, though severely pressed, threw back his only reserve brigade to confront these new assailants, and maintained the combat in brave style; but fortune had for the moment, at least, forsaken the *tricolor* flag.

It was now about eleven o'clock, and Napoleon arrived on the field with Moncey's division and the consular guard, amounting in all to 4700 men. Instead of lending direct aid to the troops so hardly pressed, he ordered Moncey to attack Castel-Ceriolo, which was not even in the line of combat, and made the guard advance beyond the farm of Li Poggi, situated in the centre of the plain. These indirect efforts produced no result. Moncey took Castel-Ceriolo, which was only defended by a few Austrian companies; but General Ott having detached a brigade against him, he was obliged to resign the prize as rapidly as he had taken it; and his troops, threatened by the Austrian cavalry, threw themselves into the vineyards, and retired in the direction of Torri-di-Gaffarola.

The Imperialists followed up their success with vigour. General Bellegarde's division forced the passage of the rivulet at La Barbatto; Marengo was carried, and the Austrian artillery, brought across the Fontanone, swept the plain with deadly showers of grape and canister. At this time, when the whole of the French army were falling back in great confusion, Napoleon directed the grenadiers of the consular guard, amounting to only 900 men, to break through the con-

fused mass of Lannes' division, and front General Ott's troops that were following in pursuit. The order was nobly executed: this handful of brave soldiers advanced in open column with skirmishers on their flanks. Seeing cavalry preparing to charge them, they closed up, and received the onset with rock-like firmness, and repulsed the assailants. The fugitive Austrians were pursued by General Champeaux's dragoons, who were soon arrested in their turn by the infantry regiment of Spleney. Formed in line these steady troops first drove back the French cavalry, and then advanced upon the consular guard, who to meet them with an equal fire were forced to deploy in the middle of the hostile plain. The combat was sharp but of short duration: four squadrons of Austrian hussars, under Baron Frimont, turned the flank of the brave grenadiers so uselessly sent forward to certain destruction, and completely routed them. It was now one o'clock, all further resistance on the part of the French seemed to have ceased. In this hour of fear Napoleon is described as riding about with depressed looks, extremely agitated, but braving danger better than misfortune, attempting nothing, and trusting only to fortune. Why the 3000 Austrian cavalry of the main column, who had hardly struck a blow, did not profit by the disorder of the retreating enemy, and complete the victory which had been so dearly purchased, is a question which history has not yet been enabled to answer.

Still Fortune smiled brightly on the imperial standards, but unpromising, indeed, were the measures taken to secure the favour of the fickle goddess. Count O'Reily having taken Casa-Bianca, and forced a battalion by which it was defended to lay down their arms, continued his movement towards Frugarolo, where he took post, thus placing himself completely beyond the verge of battle, there being no foe in that direction. General Ott also resumed his first line of march, and advanced by the road to *La Ghilina*, without meeting any opposition. In the centre the main column pushed on in the following order. General Zach, the quartermaster-general, led the way at the head of eight battalions and

six squadrons: following, a thousand yards behind this advanced body, came nine battalions and twelve squadrons; further in the rear were six battalions of grenadiers, who had taken no share in the action: flanking corps to the right and left kept up his communication with Ott and O'Reily. Some time seems to have elapsed between the defeat of the consular guard and the advance of the corps thus drawn up,—a delay that might be rendered necessary for reforming the troops, and allowing them some rest after the fatigues of the long and stern combat which had already been fought.

General Melas was seventy-six years of age; and the success achieved was a noble effort, indeed, for the time and toil-worn soldier. Exhausted by fatigue, having had two horses shot under him, and being besides slightly wounded, he now retired to Alessandria; and thinking the battle already gained, resigned the command to Marshal Kaim, who was also wounded: Generals Had-dick and Latterman, and many other officers of rank, were likewise obliged to leave the field in consequence of severe wounds. These changes at such a moment could certainly not augment the vigour and uniformity of action in the higher departments of command, while in the lower grades, the appearance of authority seemed to have vanished altogether. The whole mass, intoxicated with success, seeing the roads covered with the dead, the wounded, and the flying, expecting probably no further resistance, advanced in the disorderly and careless manner which in war is rarely allowed to pass unpunished. An eye-witness thus expresses himself on the subject:—"The resistance of the enemy had become so feeble, the success of the Austrians was so decided along the whole line, that they seemed to think it impossible for victory to escape them. The ranks got into confusion, the soldiers laid aside their arms to despoil the dead. All marched carelessly and without precaution, observing less regularity than a regiment would observe on a march in profound peace: every one was occupied in giving and receiving congratulations."

Ill-timed, and premature indecisions

It was past five o'clock, day was drawing to a close, the Austrians were still advancing, when the arrival of Dessaix checked the farther retreat of the French. He stationed his division, consisting of 6000 men with twelve pieces of artillery, in front of the village of San Giuliano, where some vines and patches of trees concealed them from view. Kellerman's brigade of cavalry was on his right, the other troops took post on the flanks and in the rear, as they could be collected and reformed. Biographers make Napoleon remind his soldiers that "he was accustomed to sleep on the field of battle;" but as we shall see, victory was not achieved by idle words.

At a mile from the village, General Zach formed three battalions, and supported by cavalry and artillery, led them on to the attack; arrived within range, they were received with so heavy a fire of grape and musketry, that they instantly gave way, the artillerymen withdrawing the guns after the first few rounds. This was the signal for the whole French division to advance: their gallant leader Dessaix fell at the first onset; and as the Austrian grenadiers stood firm, the combat soon reached the point when the slightest additional blow dealt by one party or the other is sure to give the decision. It was here given by Kellerman at the head of 1200 horsemen.

Posted on the right of Dessaix's division, he accompanied them in their advance, and no sooner perceived the Austrian grenadiers engaged in a closely balanced combat with the French infantry, than wheeling to the left he fell upon their unguarded flank with one part of his brigade, while the other, bearing right onwards, charged the Austrian cavalry by whom they were supported. One instant changed the fate of battle: the Austrian cavalry, unworthy of their fame, fled without striking a blow; the infantry, surprised and left to their fate, were trodden under hoof, sabred, or captured. General Zach, 37 officers, and 1600 men, were taken prisoners.

Encouraged by this splendid and unexpected success, the whole French army again started forward. Far in front, Kellerman and his daring

horsemen still led the way to victory. When he reached the second Austrian division, a melancholy repetition of the scene of shame just described again occurred. The 2000 cavalry of the main column fled panic-struck, without awaiting the onset; some galloped away to General Ott's corps, others rushed madly along the high road, overthrowing in their disgraceful career their very infantry, which was endeavouring to form. The astonished battalions, broken by friends, were unable to withstand the onset of foes; they were charged and dispersed, and would have been utterly destroyed, had not Kellerman halted to reform his ranks and await the rest of the army, which was still far behind.

And where, during this scene of death and shame, were the victorious corps of Ott and O'Reilly; and why did they not close in and crush between them the confused mass of pursuers, disordered even by their own unexpected success? This is a question which history cannot yet answer: the character of individuals, the views, practices, and opinions of the armies in which they serve, must sometimes account for the feeble actions even of the bold and the resolute. The six reserve battalions seeing the general route, formed on the left of the road, and allowed the crowd of fugitives to roll on towards Marengo: not finding themselves attacked they retired towards the village, which they maintained till the flanking columns had gained the bridge-head.

General Ott had nearly reached Ghilina when he observed the action near San Giuliano; he instantly prepared to fall on the right flank of the French, but the rapidity with which the fire flew back towards Marengo, unfortunately made him conclude that his aid would be too late. He retired to Castel-Ceriolo, drove out some French who had already occupied the place, and reached the bridge-head without difficulty.

The victors pursued their flying foes to the very ditch of the works, nor did the confusion of the routed cease even within the ramparts. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, all hurried to the bridges, that were soon blocked

up. An artillery driver, fancying that safety could only be gained on the opposite bank, plunged with his gun into the stream and effected a passage; others, seeing what had happened, followed the example, but the marshy bed of the river giving way beneath the additional weight, between thirty and forty guns and ammunition-wagons remained fast in the water. As the French made no attempt to carry the works of the bridge-head, the action ceased between nine and ten o'clock, both parties resuming the positions they had held in the morning.

On the part of the Austrians, 6 generals, 246 officers, and 6229 men were killed or wounded; and 1 general, 74 officers, and 2846 taken: 13 guns fell into the hands of the conqueror. The French in their bulletin acknowledge a loss of only 600 killed, 1500 wounded, and 900 taken prisoners; though it is evident, from the nature of the action, that they could not, in killed and wounded, have sustained a loss much inferior to that of the enemy. Brossier, in the *Mémoire* already quoted, allows that 6000 men were placed *hors de combat*.

Such was the battle of Marengo, that for thirteen years prostrated all the Continental monarchies at the feet of a fortunate soldier; and never, since the time of Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus, had results of equal magnitude been produced by the exertions of armies numerically so feeble. It was on the news of this decisive battle, that Mr. Pitt desired the map of Europe to be rolled up, saying that "it would not be required for the next twenty years:" nor was he greatly mistaken in his calculation.

If we believe a widely circulated and generally accredited anecdote, the victor was not on this occasion so great as his victory; he had not ordered the brilliant onset which decided the day. Kellerman saw and seized the opportunity for striking the blow, and the chieftain deigned, it seems, to be a little jealous of the fame the subordinate had acquired. When the real victor entered the room in which Napoleon was at supper after the battle with his staff and a number of generals, the latter only said, "Ah, Kellerman, you made

a pretty good charge there!"—*une assez belle charge*; to which the offended general replied, "Yes, I have placed the crown upon your head!" an answer that caused Kellerman to be ever afterwards kept in the background.

It was while bending under the heavy calamity which had just burst upon him, that the aged commander of the Austrian army was forced to decide on the measures best calculated to save the remnants of his defeated host. He had it in his power to try the fate of another battle, or to cross the Po at Cassal, and endeavour to reach the Mincio. Lastly, he could throw himself into Genoa, and depend on the British fleet for his supplies. The reduced numbers and broken spirits of the troops held out little prospect of success against the whole French army united; the march towards the Mincio was long, and certain of being attended with loss and difficulty, even if the situation of Moncey's troops should leave it practicable; the movement on Genoa held out better prospects of success. A few days before the action, Melas had written to Lord Keith, stating that, in case of reverse, he should throw himself into that fortress; and the admiral had informed him, in reply, that every assistance the fleet could render should be at his disposal. When we consider the great advantages the Austrians had derived from the defence made by Mantua in 1796, it is not easy to understand what induced Melas to forego the intention of marching to Genoa, where an English army under Sir Ralph Abercromby was hourly expected, and where, indeed, it arrived on the 22d of June, exactly like all the English armies of the period, in time to be too late. Besides these expedients, which Melas submitted to a council of war, he also suggested to them whether, considering the reverses sustained in Germany, and the exposed situation of the Austrian dominions, it might not be advisable to negotiate with the Consul, and obtain a *trêve* for the army, on condition of giving up some of the conquests of the previous campaign? When we consider the influence which the name of a commander-in-chief exercises, and take

rits of the assembly into account, we need not be surprised at their yielding unanimous consent to his proposal. A flag of truce was sent out accordingly, and on condition that the Austrians should evacuate the bridge-head and retire to the left bank of the Bormida, Napoleon granted a suspension of arms for forty-eight hours, willing to enter into a negotiation that promised far greater results than any which had yet been achieved in the field.

The Austrian negotiator had, at first, only authority to offer the restitution of Piedmont and Genoa, and as an English army was daily expected to arrive at the latter place, these terms would probably have been accepted had further concessions been resolutely declined; but Napoleon insisting on the line of the Po and the Mincio, his demand was complied with, and the convention of Alessandria signed on the very day after the battle. By this act, Lombardy, Piedmont, and the Riviera, together with the fortresses of Turin, Coni, Alessandria, Tortona, Genoa, Pizzighetone, Savona, Piacenza, Mailam, Ceva, Arona, and Urbino, which, if properly defended, might have arrested armies during entire campaigns, were given up without a blow or effort. Nothing equal to this ill-fated convention had ever before been known in military history; it remained for subsequent events to give it the appearance of an absolute deed of heroism.

The result of this treaty, which again placed Italy under the dominion of France, lent a lustre to the battle of Marengo and the passage of the Alps far exceeding any reflected from the brightest military actions performed in modern times. And Napoleon, conscious that arms could effect nothing greater for the moment, made from the very battlefield itself proposals of peace to the Austrian government. Having despatched these by Count St. Julian, an Austrian officer, he set out for Milan to reorganise the Cisalpine republic. He was received with acclamations, and attended divine service in the cathedral, when *Te Deum* was sung for the victory gained. "It was the first religious ceremony," says Norvins, "at which he had been present, since he presided in Egypt

over the festival of Mahomet." During his stay at Milan, the restorer of the liberties of nations and the reformer of morals, acted in a manner hardly consistent with the character so liberally ascribed to him by biographers. Marchesi, a wretched singer, refused to sing before the First Consul, and having expressed himself with silly impertinence on the occasion, was, properly enough, perhaps, kicked out of the apartment. Not satisfied with this, however, Napoleon sent an order for him to be thrown into prison:—a regular *lettre de cachet*, worthy of the old Bastille days, sent by the chief magistrate of one republic and the restorer of others, to punish a musician for refusing to sing a song!

The attention publicly shewn to Madame Grassini, the celebrated vocalist, we should not have noticed, had it not been the custom of biographers to extol Napoleon for his scrupulous attention to decorum.

Resuming his journey, the Consul reached the Tuileries on the 3d of July. The enthusiasm of the Parisians was boundless. Success so vast, brilliant, and unexpected, seemed to change all political opinions and animosities into an idolatrous admiration of the fortunate conqueror. Day after day the palace was surrounded by crowds eager to obtain a moment's sight of the man whose actions, seen through the dazzling halo that victory casts around the events of war, appeared to border almost on the fabulous.

As the campaign of Marengo is generally looked upon as furnishing brilliant evidence of the great military genius ascribed to the French emperor, it will be right here to enter into some examination of its merits.

Early in May, and a month before the fall of Genoa, the Consul had assembled 60,000 men on the Swiss side of the Alps. He knew how long Massena would be able to hold out, and was, of course, fully aware that 60,000 men, mostly tried soldiers, thrown into the scale, would be sure, as affairs stood in Italy, to turn the balance at once in favour of the French. On this point there could not be a shadow of doubt. Under these circumstances, the shortest, simplest, and most evident course seemed to be a junction with Thural

and Suchet, and an advance with these united forces to the relief of Genoa, leaving Moncey to cross the St. Gothard. As Melas could not, after the reduction of Genoa and his junction with Ott and Kaim, assemble more than 30,000 men for the battle of Marengo, it is evident that he would not before the surrender of Massena, and before Ott's troops were disposable, have been able to collect a force capable of facing the army that might have been brought to act against him.

The toilsome march over the St. Bernard, the difficult passage under Fort Bard, and all the hazards encountered in this boasted undertaking, only brought Napoleon into the plains of Chiavasso, which he could have reached with far greater facility, and with greater numbers, by joining Thurau. The march upon Milan is still more extraordinary. It allowed Genoa to fall, placed the remnants of Ott's corps at the disposal of Melas, and gave the Austrian time to collect his dispersed forces, while it did not place an additional soldier at the disposal of Napoleon, who fought his decisive battle with 28,000 men, while he had 80,000 scattered up and down the country. That by the position of these detached corps he cut off Melas' retreat to Mantua is probably true; but by his own position he also cut himself off from all communication with France: and in a hostile country, surrounded by numerous fortresses, it is not easy to see what could have saved his army from complete destruction had the battle of Marengo been lost, as so nearly proved the case. All these boasted strategical movements tended in nothing whatever to augment the chances of victory in the field, where their value was ultimately to be tried; and not effecting this object, they must naturally be condemned, independent of the hazards to which they exposed the army and the success of the enterprise. That the circumstances under which the battle was fought—Moncey on the Adda, Napoleon to the south of Alessandria—the results of victory were sure to be heightened is certain; but the results must have been heightened to either party, and Napoleon's previous movements tended in nothing to augment his chances of success,

and to double the stakes is no proof of the skill of the player.

As to the battle itself, it offers no evidence whatever of military skill, nor of anything but great gallantry on the part of the French officers and soldiers, and a firm resolution to fight it out to the last. The slow pursuit of the Austrians, which allowed Desaix to arrive and the retreating troops to form around him, together with a single charge of cavalry, which Napoleon did not even order, decided the fate of the day and of the campaign. The Austrians were guilty of some extraordinary faults. By an unaccountable miscalculation of time and distance they believed Suchet, who was before Savona, to be at Aquis, and, as we have seen, detached 2300 cavalry in that direction on the very morning of the battle. About noon, and after the first success had been gained, Count O'Reilly with his division of infantry proceeded to Frugarolo, to observe the same phantom host. And, lastly, when fortune had turned, and when the French army were in pursuit, and, as eye-witnesses allow, in such total confusion that 2000 men could nowhere be assembled round their colours, the flanking corps of Ott and O'Reilly, that were in perfect order, retired without striking one blow at the disordered mass, which, in the darkness of night, that always magnifies the foe, and in a state of complete disorganisation into which their hurried advance had thrown them, would probably have been dispersed by the slightest effort. Add to these great errors on the part of the Austrians the advantages which, in point of personal position and the description of his troops, Napoleon formerly possessed over Beaulieu, and which he now possessed in a far greater degree over Melas, and we shall easily understand how his army vanquished an equal number of adversaries, without any great degree of military genius being necessarily evinced on the occasion. The shameful and now well-known attempt to forge a little fame on this occasion, shews that he was not altogether unconscious of this himself. In General Berthier's *Relation de la Bataille de Marengo*, written—~~by~~ Napoleon's order, and under his inspection, the flight, o

retreat, of the French from Marengo to San Giuliano, is neither flight nor retreat, but a grand conception of the Consul's, who threw back the left of the army towards San Giuliano while resting the right on the village of Castel-Ceriolo. In all languages a number of writers have repeated this idle fable, though its utter folly should have been apparent at the very first glance; and not only were the Austrians in possession of Castel-Ceriolo, but General Ott's division, which had captured it in the morning, was actually advancing along the road from the village to La Ghilina at the very time this pretended movement must have been made. The Austrians must, therefore, as a single look at the map will shew, have passed close along the rear of this new French line—must have brushed the very knapsacks of the soldiers of whom it was composed!

But if the passage of the St. Bernard deserve far more blame than praise as a military operation, the reverse is the case if considered as a political one; for if its object were to dazzle and astonish with a view to aid in Napoleon's elevation, then certainly nothing could be better calculated. The novelty of the undertaking, its real and exaggerated difficulties, the march of an army

over the lofty barriers of snow and ice that cover the highest summits of the Alps, the breaking into the fair fields of Italy from the seats of eternal frost, and bursting on the astonished foe, as the avalanche bursts from the lofty regions whence the invaders descended, had something striking and romantic that could not, if attended with success, fail to captivate the easily excited imaginations of the French people. It offered the Parisians subjects for description and declamation; "enabled them," as the German historian, Schlösser, the extravagant admirer of Napoleon, says, "to praise their own nation, according to custom, beyond all bounds and measure;" and tended naturally to make them idolise the man who, to be the first among the French, had performed actions that, as represented, seemed almost to border on the miraculous. If looked upon in this point of view, and as a road towards a crown, for which every thing was to be risked, then the passage of the St. Bernard was a great conception. If it be examined as a strategical monument, and tried by the fate of Genoa, the small army brought into the field of Marengo, and by the situation of affairs at one o'clock on the decisive battle-day, then it is little, indeed.

ELEPHANT-SHOOTING IN CEYLON.

SIR,—As it may not be altogether uninteresting to “gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,” to read a little of the field-sports of the land we live in, I am instructed to acquaint you that here, in Ceylon, we flatter ourselves that, amongst many other good things, we are indulged with the very best elephant-shooting in the world; and that we hold it meet, with your good leave (since none of our better qualified predecessors have done so), to place on record a few observations upon the sport, illustrating the general remarks we make by a diary of one of the very best of our excursions.

Excepting for some miles inland from the line of coast between Chilaw and Tangalle, and in the immediate neighbourhood of very thickly inhabited localities, elephants are to be met with in every part of Ceylon. Not always, certainly, in the same numbers at the same places, but you will never go far without hearing of them; and there are extensive tracts of country in which they abound at almost all seasons. They are met with singly, more commonly in herds of from three to twelve or twenty, and sometimes in more numerous herds, which are spoken of as amounting even to hundreds; and they are found indifferently on all descriptions of ground—on the hills and plains—in the open country, and equally in forest or in bush jungle.

The average height of the full-grown Ceylon elephant is upwards of eight feet. Their sight is very defective, but their hearing seems good, and their sense of smell particularly acute. It is always advisable to get to leeward of them if possible; and directly you hear or approach them, even on the stillest days, you will see the natives crumbling the gossamer grass and dropping it from their raised hands, or adopting other modes of ascertaining if there be any movement in the air. They vary exceedingly in courage, from the beast which will run from any alarm, to the one which will resolutely advance on the fire of a whole party. But they are very much more commonly timid than

courageous: of course, when wounded, many of them become savage, and as troublesome as they can make themselves, though it is remarked that they are inconceivably stupid in dealing with unfortunate gentlemen, and, so far as our Ceylon records go, it is certain that (though a mere stamp of the foot would be death) at least three-fourths of those who fall into the clutches of an elephant escape with a mauling. The last gentlemen sportsmen killed by elephants in this island were Mr. Wallett and (*longo intervallo*) Major Haddick, while Messrs. M’Kenzie, Holyoake, George, Galloway, and Major Rogers have been severely wounded by them, luckily escaping with more or less damage. Of course, a very great number of men are saved from accidents by their brother sportsmen. Elephants are generally bolder on open ground than in cover, but, if bold, far more dangerous in cover than in open ground. In the first instance they see their antagonist, and he looks no great things compared to themselves. Sometimes, in open ground, they appear to hesitate as you are coming up, and then turn when you are within twenty paces; but very often, if you are not followed by a *posse* that frightens them, they stand or huddle together, and when you are very close, one or two of them come on to meet you. In cover they most commonly hear you coming up, and at the sound, or when they see the cover stir, they go off; or if you contrive to come up very well in very thick jungle, after seeing their legs at four or five yards from you, you may, by creeping on another pace, catch their small eyes peering down to make you out; but before your gun is up to your shoulder they will be off, with a crash that seems to be levelling every thing around you. There are, however, exceptions to these rules; and they furnish most of the critical predicaments in which elephant-shots have been placed, as may be readily conceived when it is ~~considered~~ how close you must be to the jungle with its thorns

round, is trampled down like stubble by the elephant that rushes on you. It is, in truth, a very uncertain sport as regards danger; but in open ground, if all fails, you have free and fair use of your legs, and a man in elephant-shooting may calculate on having sometimes to run, for reasons quite as satisfactory to his *amour propre* as Bardolph's at Gad's or Claverhouse's at Loudon Hill. The most favourable ground for shooting is very open jungle, where you can approach without being heard or seen, and make way through it in the event of a retreat. Opinions differ widely as to the *pace* of the elephant; but I find all men who have been chased unanimously agree that they run fast, and that he does cleverly who gets away from them.

The practice in Ceylon is to fire invariably at the head, the favourite shots being above the trunk, at the temples, the hollow over the eye, and the hollow at the back of the ear; in all cases bearing in mind the size and position of the brain, and levelling so as to go directly to it through these weaker parts of the skull. In the opinion of the first shot in Ceylon, fifteen paces is decidedly the best distance to fire. It gives time for a second shot; whereas, when you let an elephant come quite close, if the first shot does not drop him, and he rushes on, the second will be a very hurried and most likely ineffectual one, and if not effective, the retreat will commence with the disadvantage of a very short start. It is, however, certain that, what with the closeness of cover and the desire in open ground to be sure of your bird, most first shots are fired at about ten paces, and occasionally closer. Men don't like to hear their friends say, "It's a pity you didn't go a little nearer before you fired." A shot that goes true to the brain drops an elephant off the gun; but nothing is more common than to see them take a dozen shots and go away, and they have been known to take many more, and afterwards fairly to defeat the party opposed to them. There is a wide difference of opinion as to the *most* deadly shot. I think the temple the most certain; but authority in Ceylon says the *inter*. It is the prettiest shot, no

doubt, but I have seen it very often fail. Behind the ear, they say, is deadly; but I never fired it, or saw it fired, that I remember. If the ball go critically true to its mark, all shots are certain; but the bones on either side of the honeycomb passages to the brain are so thick that there is in all a glorious uncertainty, which keeps a man on the *qui vive* till he sees his elephant down, and even that does not insure results. Elephants, after being left for dead, and their tails cut off, are often seen up again, and, like "the Old Original Coach and Horses new revived" on the Harrow Road, flourishing in active business.

There are not many elephant-shots who have not been foolish enough in their day to go up to an elephant with a single and only barrel; but this is generally before they have seen a scrape. I should say a man was *perfectly* gunned for elephant-shooting with three doubles, carrying balls fourteen or sixteen to the pound, with the same bore, nipple, &c. The ball, one-third pewter, should go down with moderate pressure over a charge and a-half of powder, and the caps ought to fit exactly. I have been *minus* three caps out of four barrels when before a herd. Many elephant-shots affect heavy guns. I think them utter nuisances: their weight fags you and heats you, and at times you find yourself before an elephant with scarce power to lift them. I remember once coming hurriedly on an elephant with nothing but a single bush between us, and firing a shot from my heavy Nock, which, instead of the temple, struck the ear of the animal, when she turned slap on me, and I literally was not able to get the infernal patteraro up to my shoulder a second time before she almost had hold of it. I fired as I was raising it, and of course did her no harm. I had to bolt. In ten seconds I was down—her trunk twiddling about my legs, and, but for a friend who came up at the moment, and floored her as she was on her knees paying every possible attention to me, I should most probably have been expended. I have since found myself more than half dead after a pursuit, in which I had carried a heavy gun; and as light ones

do their work, I know no advantage the heavier have, unless it be that they may possibly stun or stupify, or, perhaps, now and then kill a very big elephant, when the light ones would not. But this is a bare and rare possibility; while the inconvenience and nuisance of carrying the heavies is incontestible and never-ceasing. Although a single elephant will often take all you can give him, the battery I recommend is chiefly desirable in dealing with a herd, both as regards the number you may kill, and the chance of fresh elephants coming on you after you have discharged three or four barrels, especially as these latter are usually ill-disposed and resolute. The two steady fellows who carry your spare guns must be instructed to keep *very* close, and by no means to allow their zeal to bring themselves into action.

By taking a good map of Ceylon—(I can fancy you paraphrasing Mr. Pottingen's exclamation of "Ten brave men! but where are they to be found?")—well, then, by taking the best you can get, and drawing a line from Pangregam or Bintenné at the great bend of the Mahavilla Ganga (where it changes its east and west course to north and south), direct eastward to the coast, you will pass over the ground on which our party met. It is a part of what is called the Veddah-ratè, or Veddah's country, of the province of Wellassy. There are a few small villages where it borders on the cultivated parts of Bintenné, Oova, and Wellassy, but with these exceptions it is uninhabited, save by the Veddahs who hunt over it. To make amends, however, for this want of society, elephants are almost always numerous there, deer innumerable, and hogs, buffaloes, bears, cheetas, partridge, peafowl, and snipe, in very reasonable abundance. For an extent of, perhaps, 200 square miles, this country is neither more nor less in appearance than what it is called—"the Park," or, more properly, "Rogers' Park," from the unrivalled sportsman who first discovered its capabilities.* It contains many large isolated hills of rock and forest, but the lower ground

consists of long undulations perfectly open, or dotted with single trees and clumps, with stripes of forest (chiefly in the hollows where the waters run) which here and there spread over the neighbouring ground to some extent. In fact, great part of it resembles the Sherwood of *Ivanhoe*, consisting of "woods through which there are many open glades and some paths, but such as seem only formed by the numerous herds of cattle which graze in the forest, or by the animals of chase and the hunters that make prey of them;" while the more open parts recalled to our minds the descriptions we had read of the American prairies. In much of the forest there is no undergrowth; in other parts a good deal. The Patupalar river, and one or two of its feeders, intersect the country rather inconveniently; so much so, indeed, that a gentleman who preceded us prophesied that our sport on this occasion would amount to little more than taking off our clothes to cross one river, and putting them on again to go decently to the next. About two and a-half miles from the last inhabited spot, called Dimbledenny, is the bungalow—prettily situated, with a fine lawn bordered by noble trees in its front—where our head-quarters were to be established. Two very precipitous and striking rocks, of about 300 feet in height, called "Rogers' Pillars," rise behind the building, and serve as admirable landmarks.

Our ride from Kandy was a great treat, especially the descent of the Diabobolè pass, which leads down to a tract of country of notoriously bad character, and which, at a turn of the road about a mile beyond Gona-gamma, presents the traveller with a most striking and impressive view. The river, whose modulated roar has been previously heard, is seen by breaks for many miles, foaming and struggling along its rocky and descending bed to the left, covered till late in the day by wreaths of mist, through which are seen its banks, torn bare to the primitive rock, high above the usual watermark. From these the precipices rise abruptly

* This noble and estimable fellow was, last year, struck down and killed by lightning in Ceylon.

full 2000 feet, and close the view on that side. To the right the forest hills ascend somewhat more gradually, but yet wild and broken, while on in front lies the Mahavilla valley between them—still, dank, and noisome-looking, shut in from the wholesome and purifying breeze, and open with all its spread of vegetation, swamp, and water, to the fiery sun. Not a hut, or a curl of smoke, or the sign of any thing betokening the presence of man, is seen along the line; while a few abandoned clearings at the foot of the pass shew where he has vainly endeavoured permanently to invade the confines of this deadly valley, and either died or fled. If you could imagine a Kandian priest of fifty feet in height, with a voice of twenty-trumpet power, the pass itself is precisely a scene in which, with a fitting regard to the picturesque and the probable, he might fire away his poetry and prophecy to great advantage on an English detachment winding down the mountain, after the approved fashion of Gray's celebrated bard. A very different landscape is presented by the path which leads from Pangregam to Bibilè, passing through a noble forest, the openings of which give views of the Hewaillia range of mountains on the right. The exquisite and varied greens which clothed their sides were, as we all declared, superior to any thing we had ever witnessed; and what with them and the waterfalls, the pretty cottages, and wihares or temples, in their sheltered nooks, with graceful bamboos and cocoa-nuts around them—the classic spots of several skirmishes in the Kandian rebellion, where those we knew had done the state some service—the charming plain of Veeragama, and the pea-fowl, with their splendid plumage, bearding us as if they knew we had no guns, our last day's ride was enlivened by almost a continued file-fire of exclamations of delight. It was near dusk in the evening when we reached the edge of the park, and our guide, after leading us a couple of miles into it, suddenly stopped, declaring himself at fault, and, after much expostulation, all that we could extract from him, by fixing him on a knoll and desiring him to consider well the scarce per-

ceptible outline of the several hills within our view, was that he had brought us in a direction directly opposite to that of our destination. We accordingly doubled back, and night set in. We had wandered about an hour in the dark, when, on passing the ridge of a small hill, we heard the long, low, roll of a herd of elephants, and a sharp "prut" or two, and looking in the direction of the sounds, saw a thick black mass at some distance on our right. It was evidently a large herd, and I have already mentioned that we had no guns. As we crossed near to them the growling became much louder, accompanied by a sort of banging noise, like a cooper hammering a cask, which, with two or three peculiarly angry trumpets, so scared our people that they quite forgot themselves, and scudded in all directions. With a deal of difficulty we collected them by shouting, except two, whom our eloquent execrations could not seduce out of the trees, up which they had fled, and where they chose to pass the night, so that we pushed on without them, and were very shortly brought up by a chasm, of which we could not see the bottom but where we could hear the water flowing fast, and which we were told was impassable. Here we struck a light from a tinder-box, and were striving to set fire to bits of wood to enable us to examine our difficulties, when a native, attracted by our shouting, came from the other side, and told us he had left the bungalow that afternoon, and that though we could cross the river below us, the next one we should come to was a more doubtful matter. We forded the first stream easily enough, for it was not breast-high, and, after passing half a mile of plain, we came to the second river, and were surprised to see lots of people and lights, and doubly so to hear a well-known voice or two shouting and laughing at their loudest. They were our friends, who had been similarly benighted and beset with elephants, and together we made as merry a crossing of a rattling stream of 100 yards in width, and of rather critical depth, as heart could desire. Our numerous schools, or flambeaux, gleaming in and along the water, flashing on either bank and lighting up the lofty

trees; our horses floundering and sometimes swimming; the people—Kandians and Malays—with loose, dishevelled hair, struggling with the stream, and screaming to us and to each other; and the red, rapid current rushing along on all sides of us, with the final scramble up the bank, and the purl of one or two horses back again into the river, were all capital in their way. A short walk brought us to the bungalow, where dry clothes and a good dinner fitted us to listen to each other's recitals. Our friends had been luckily in with some elephants during the daylight, and had altogether bagged seven—one of them a small tusker. The following circumstance which occurred to R—, the first shot of Ceylon, may illustrate what I have said of the uncertainty of the front shot. They were beating an elephant out of some thick cover at Bibile, and R— was standing on a narrow path leading through it, when the elephant put his head out of the jungle within six paces of him. He fired a fronter. The elephant came on: he fired a second, at four paces. Slap! the elephant was upon him, and chased him, at the top of his speed, down sixty yards of the path. It is not every man who would have told that tale, for the pace of gentlemen differs, perhaps, more than that of elephants, and few could run with R—. In talking over these matters and anticipating our next day's sport, we got but too rapidly through the night of our arrival at the Park.

31st December. — Soon after daylight the *réveil* of R—'s voice was heard, but, what with the unpackings and squibbings inevitable on a first morning, it was near eight o'clock before we had assembled, each man followed by his three or four gun-carriers and tail-cutters. In addition to these, we were accompanied by the Ratè-ralè, or native chief of the district, a most respectable-looking old headman in his native costume, but who now figured in a pair of bright plaid tights and a blue jacket, and really looked very like some anomalous animal peculiar to this unfrequented region. His followers consisted of ten or fifteen people, acquainted with the country, as elephant-trackers and beaters. Two or three of these were very in-

telligent young fellows, who seldom walked away, reducing their toggery to its smallest compass for a *reconnaissance*, without returning to lead us up to elephants, and six or seven of the others were Veddahs—the wild men of Ceylon. They were sad, skinny, miserable, downcast-looking fellows, of very low stature, with the exception of one tall lathy young man, the wild and distrustful expression of whose eye, caught through his long locks, was far more that of a wild animal than of a human being. A very few inches of rag constituted the whole of their drapery; their hair, in long matted stripes, fell in front to the same length as behind, covering eyes, mouth, and chin. Their arms were a small hatchet, stuck in their girdle-string, and a bow of above six feet in height, with two long-bladed arrows; and they moved along in single file, looking as sad and keeping as silent as if to laugh or to speak were equally against their practice. It is right to explain here, that of our party of five, the one, M—, was a young civilian, whose defect of sight put shooting out of the question; and the other having recently, or scarcely, recovered from a severe illness, was by no means qualified for the active duties of this service, except on the modern co-operative and movement principle of "Go it, you cripples!" The less you have that bags in your personal equipment for elephant-shooting the better; for though you are very likely (wear what you will) to come back in rags and tatters, you have more chance of being presentable by wearing close clothing. The colour of your dress should be dark. Our outer garments were uniformly of blue nankeen; and a hunting-cap is the only orthodox head-covering. We started this morning, knowing there were elephants in our path; and in about half an hour after we had forded the river we were told that we were near them. We accordingly dismounted, and, passing over some rocky ground, came on four, standing under trees in a hollow about 100 yards off, flapping their ears and browsing. We stepped out: it soon became a run, and the elephants, seeing our numbers, turned up the opposite ascent, but before they had mounted twenty paces of it

all four were down. We reloaded and strolled along some distance up the low ridge, enjoying the cool morning breeze, and starting a noble herd of deer in our way, while our *éclaireurs* were out in front, and in about an hour one of them returned and shewed three other elephants at some distance below us. We doubled round a little for the advantage of cover and to get to leeward of them, but on reaching the spot found they were off. We started on their track and followed at a good pace—I dare say, over a couple of miles of all sorts of ground, and at last were at fault in some mixed cover, when, as we were discussing what was best to be done, the three elephants broke out of the jungle, about thirty yards behind us, and three of us met them. One beast, more forward than the others, took our balls—all frontiers; when a second dashed forward from behind, with a shrill trumpet and raised trunk, like a knight shouting his war-cry and “to the rescue;” and it was a chevy among the unloaded for a second or two. But the rest came up, and one of the elephants was floored—the other two escaping. These operations had brought us to eleven o’clock, and we adjourned to breakfast, where a sylvan table of stakes, covered with fern, and seats to match, had been put up by our followers, under some shady trees. A hearty breakfast was rapidly despatched, and we were luxuriously discussing our cigars when news of a herd put us again in motion. They were in cover, and, as it appeared, on the move, so that it was some time before we came upon them. When we did, it became again a race. They were, however, not to be headed on this ground, but as they were squeezed and impeded by some closer jungle, we closed upon the mob of ungainly monsters, and the jeering cries of “Dah, dah!—eh, eh!” from our followers, provoked one to turn, and he dropped before he was well round. The next one that turned, turned for action, and took one ball that checked, and a second that floored him. They then broke and separated, some crashing one way, some another; and after four more were killed, we were at a stand-still. After having talked for a quarter of an hour, we were

told that there were some of them still quite close to us, when we divided, as it was uncertain where they would break. S— and G— had scarcely taken their station when two elephants dashed out of the jungle at them most gallantly, and dropped together, very close to their antagonists. Only two of this herd escaped. We retraced the scene of action, giving each poor beast the praise he had merited, and had progressed some half mile beyond it, and taken a halting position under some fine trees to blow a cloud and wait on Providence, when a herd was reported to be browsing just on the hill-side above us. This herd was ten in number, of which one escaped. I have seldom seen anything prettier of its kind than our approach upon these animals. They were scattered along the top of a rising sweep of long grass, under fine single trees; each huge brute, according to his own sweet will, eating or whispering himself with the grass, or flapping his ears, and ruminating on matters “dreamt of in his philosophy,” when a “prut” from one told that we were seen. At first the elephants only looked at us as they stood, but as we came nearer, one or two of them walked forward, and the rest huddled together. We then ran at them, and they turned for the cover some fifty yards away. Our party divided—two after them, three to flank and meet them; for the cover was a mere strip of trees along a broken water-chasm. As the following party closed on them, at the edge of the cover, one turned handsomely, and S— floored him. All passed on, elephants and men, to where the flanking party met them. There four or five were tumbled one over the other into the ditch, and their roaring was tremendous. R— pursued the rest, and while the others were loading, a single one came steadily down the track the pursuers had just come, and was dropped by G—, certainly within two yards of the muzzle of his fowling-piece. R— accounted for those he followed. While we were down below, and the *Raté-raté* was coming to join us, the elephant first floored rose up and charged him furiously, but the old gentleman escaped through the trees, and so did the elephant. It was now

evening, and with their twenty-two tails (for the brush of the elephant, like that of the fox, is the trophy of his conqueror), our party rode home, and after fording the river drank *that first glass of Madeira—that first glass!*—

“To such as know thee not, my words were weak;

To those who’ve gulp’d thee down, what language could they speak!”

I solemnly declare that no mortal man but he who drinks it after a whole day’s *fag* within the tropics can know the goods the gods provide us in “London particular”—the best kind of *madeira*—that has twice passed the line. After *that* came dressing and dinner, and talk for an hour or two, and then a sleep, as if *Morpheus* had borrowed “Night’s leaden sceptre” to knock one senseless the moment we set foot in his dominions. I ought to have mentioned that it was our practice to pay down at once half-a-crown to any one who shewed us elephants, and seven-and-sixpence to any one who took us up to a full-grown tusker.

1st January.—This morning was passed in deer-shooting, which, from the necessity of keeping your people fed and in good-humour, is one of the most important and provoking duties of those who come to shoot elephants in the *Veddah-raté*. The mode pursued in this sport was to post us at seventy or a hundred yards apart, each to stand motionless *in front* of a tree, in some open glade bordered by a stripe of forest, while the few *Veddahs* would beat, *i. e.* walk through the cover, merely tapping a tree with their hatchets, or occasionally giving a cry so as to startle the deer out towards us. The sportsman would either get a running shot, or if, as was very commonly the case, the deer stood to listen or stopped to gaze at his unusual appearance, a standing one. It was very pretty, no doubt; the slightly wooded glades were like those of home. The morning climate was almost English; and when the antlered deer came breaking out, for a time it was very interesting: but we soon voted that we didn’t like it. The waiting was tiresome, and a deer going along at speed is not very easily hit; but it was indispensable, and we were at it till

breakfast-time, and succeeded in getting three deer. After breakfast, we were soon put upon the track of some elephants, and were passing quietly and silently onward when a shot from behind brought us back to where R— (who was bringing up the rear of the party) had killed an elephant, which the rest of us had passed. We immediately dispersed for the herd, and R— came upon the only one we found (a young tusker) and floored him. Whether there was a herd here or not there is no saying, for, if they try to do so, they can steal away as gently and silently as the smallest animals. We had now news of two small herds, and were soon mounted and in the direction of one of them, when a most flattering report of the numbers of a herd about three miles off, made us change our route. We had reached the ground, dismounted, and were standing in an open space within the edge of the cover, waiting for certain intelligence, when unexpectedly four elephants came up from behind us. As we ran to meet them they turned, and three were killed, the other escaped. While we were reloading, news of the herd up above in the jungle and pretty heavy rain came on together: however, those loaded pushed on, and a lively fire commenced, which only ceased when the rain made it impossible to load, or to keep a loaded gun dry. Five had been killed. One of them, a very large beast, took an infinity of killing. I don’t think I am beyond the mark when I say, that fifteen or sixteen balls must have been fired into his head before one from G— dropped him. And he was not active, so as to put people off their shooting; but he was in a hollow, and the balls all went low, down towards his jaws, instead of up to his brain. Though this fellow stood so stiffly, the most dashing elephant in this field was a little monster of that age when elephants make very comical but rough playfellows. He charged, right and left, among the people, screaming and lashing about his trunk in the ridiculous way these little fellows do, while the *Veddahs* were firing their arrows at him, and those who dared running up and drawing them out again. It was a complete farce after the tragedy that had been enacted

At last they fairly mobbed him, took off the tip of his tail as their trophy, and away he galloped, roaring as lustily as ever. While the rain was going on G— and M— had heard an elephant, which appeared to be a wounded one, in some thick cover—so thick, in fact, that though they could see the movement of the beast, they dared not go in with their wet guns. As soon as it ceased we fired off some of our pieces and reloaded, and, though it was near dusk, took post about a patch of jungle, while a few natives, with S— and G—, went in to work out some elephants that were said to be there. But they did not come out; they were found in cover so thick that what with it and the dusk they were scarcely distinguishable, till, letting the sportsmen come within a very few yards, they deliberately dashed at them. They were killed—two of them—and there's an end; but with unsteady shots, timid gun-carriers, snaps, flashes, or any of the accidents that affect true firing, these charges in such close cover involve the serious possibilities of elephant-shooting. G—, who is by no means given to be figurative, declared that the beast he came near, in the indistinct and motionless immensity of his form, and the headlong desperation of his rush, gave him more the idea of an infernal monster than any animal, biped or quadruped, with which his short experience of this world had hitherto brought him acquainted. It was late when we reached home, as well drenched as need be, to the enjoyment of our glass of Madeira, dinner, talk, and snooze.

2d January.—We commenced as before—deer-shooting; but our second beat was interrupted by intelligence that a herd of elephants were on the edge of the cover that the beaters had been in. We went round and came up to them very prettily, almost touching the rear ones before they stirred. The usual sneering cries turned two, who dropped, and the rest took the cover, in which three of them were floored. Those who have not seen it can scarcely believe how instantaneously a good shot drives life out of such masses of vitality. One that turned and charged at R— was dropped by him, and literally died *as its knees*

bent, and there it remained on its knees with its head straight out, five or six yards from R—, as if it had been artificially set up in that position. A shout outside hurried three of us away, and as we emerged from the cover we saw G— following at about thirty yards, and “dahing” to the very top of his voice three elephants who were legging off at their fastest, in Indian file. We strove to cross in on them, all “dahing” in full chorus, but it was a very doubtful thing, till a most bitterly sarcastic “Dah!” from V—, such as no elephant of spirit could put up with, provoked the rear one to leave the line and dash straight at him, when with a single shot he dropped him like a master of the art. The pursuit continued, and altogether nine out of the ten composing this herd were killed. A very small one was caught, and tethered with jungle-rope or creepers, but the poor little fellow was so outrageous that he roared his life away, and was left dead within half a mile of the bungalow. We moved on to a spot on the Batticaloa path near Dimble-denny, where both breakfast and elephants were reported to be in waiting. The latter, of course, received our earliest attentions; and coming up to them in some fine high cover, with an opening to the left, the whole six, of which they consisted, were floored within fifty yards of the spot whereon we found them. After breakfast we proceeded with our sport; and coming on a herd of five in an open plain they bolted as we neared them, and two out of the number escaped, for the grass was literally higher than our heads. Another herd of five were afterwards encountered, and all killed, each as he turned (four of them by R—, who had rather an awkward tumble near one of them), during a very rapid pursuit through cover. The perfect illustration of first-rate shooting exhibited in that chase by R— would have been a glorious treat to any one, except, perhaps, to his painting associate M—, who described him following the herd at score, and with an unerring tact, taking each beast as he turned enough to give his temple, or if that moment was lost, letting him come full round, and dropping each one in succession

by a single shot, rising from his headlong tumble cool as ever, and only failing to have all the five because the last two turned together; and as Sir Boyle Roache judiciously observed, "a man can't be like a bird, in two places at once." A somewhat similar occurrence took place with a previous party at the park. R—, accompanied by two others, ascended a rugged hill, on the top of which elephants were said to be. When near the top they rested to recover wind, to give every one a fair chance. They took a fresh departure. This pace quickened and lengthened as they approached the very top; each was at his best, R— heading them a little. The crest was all but gained by the second in the race, when he heard bang! bang! every nerve was strained; again, bang! bang! burst upon their ears,—their very souls were thrown into their efforts; another second and they were on the plateau; but in that second a third double report was heard, and there stood R—, by the last of the herd of five elephants that had fallen to his six shots, discharged while they were clearing the few yards he had put between them. Heavy rain put an effectual stop to our proceedings at an early hour this afternoon, and drove us to the enjoyment of

"Home, sweet home,"

with its exhilarating accompaniments.

3d January—was a day of incessant rain, during which not a soul could stir out. The evening's entertainment was a Veddah dance. It is odd, that though man in a savage state seems generally an awfully grave fellow, yet he always dances. I never saw one of these Veddahs laugh; and they preserved their gravity as determinately as ever throughout their dancing, which was unquestionably as sombre a piece of hilarity as ever Terpsichore presided over. They jumped round and past each other with their feet together, and their arms and long hair lolloping about (I know no more descriptive phrase), repeating in a sing-song tone a few words—an invocation to some devil of consideration in these parts, but without a smile, a cry, or a look of pleasure. After a long

bout at this jumping, one screamed, when they all fell on their backs in a supposed sort of trance, and lay with their muscles and limbs quivering, till they were picked up and recommenced their dance, clapping their hands in addition to their previous performances. At another scream they all were tranced again, to be lifted up for the purpose of another very short dance, at the end of which they threw themselves at our feet. It was very sad stuff, but it was their best; so we sent to Kattobowa for some clothes and handkerchiefs for them, and made inquiries respecting their mode of living, &c., by which we ascertained that they lived much apart from each other in rock-houses or caves, some being married; and that they fed principally on deer's flesh and honey. One gentleman, pre-eminent in ugliness and education, as he appeared to be almost capable of making himself understood by the Kandians, was pointed out as "the owner of many hills," which seems to imply the existence of notions of a property in the land amongst them. We made them give us some bow practice on one or two occasions, but they shot badly, and I imagine they get very near their game before they aim at them.

4th January.—Our yesterday's idleness rendered it more than ever necessary that some deer should be shot, and this morning was given up entirely to this tantalising duty. While we were at breakfast by a delicious stream, we heard the roaring of elephants not far off, and after it we started to find them. There were but two. V— had the luck to come on them, and floored them both—one being a small tusker. Our friend R—, who had been previously indisposed, was now so unwell that he was forced to return to the bungalow, and with his departure the zeal of our followers quite evaporated. After some useless endeavours to excite them, as we had shot deer enough, we determined to go home, have a good swim in the river, and vote this a *dies non*. We found we had committed a great mistake in not bringing dogs for the deer-hunting. R— had, on previous occasions, killed fourteen and fifteen in morning. At certain seasons all

well to them, standing in the open ground, had not a long narrow pool of water been between us: the noise of our splashing, and the spread of our people in rounding this, alarmed the elephants, and they started, but before they had reached a ridge forty yards off, we "dahed" them into a turn, and all five were floored—four lying one over the other. This seemed to give confidence to the Palitalawa gentry, one of whom exclaimed to his friends, "Did you see that?" We loaded and went down to the second herd, who were not more than two hundred yards off, in some thick but narrow jungle. Just as we reached them they broke, and we, in two parties, came up with them at a little opening of about twenty feet square, where the firing commenced. One gave a good deal of trouble; after being brought on his knees and turned by M—, he came boldly back into the *mêlée*, and was only repulsed by a couple of facers from M— and G—: but he was scarcely in the cover a second time, when out he came again, and G— being unloaded and almost touching him, bolted back, and fell over the trunk of an elephant that had been floored. A fresh gun was at this moment given to M—, who fired, and as he looked along the barrel, saw first a blue cap jerk, and open, and then the elephant fall. The cap was G—'s, who, in recovering himself from his stumble, had brought it right on the line of sight: it was a wicker cap covered with blue cloth, and fitting close to the head like a hunting cap. At least four inches of it were opened. It was certainly an awfully close shave. No more elephants were to be heard of, so we devoted the evening to deer-shooting, which was put an end to by a very shocking accident. We were posted, and a large herd of deer as well as a hog having already been seen, we were anticipating sport, when suddenly the single taps and cries of the Veddahs were interrupted by a wild and mournful howl, which spoke in unquestionable eloquence of some sad mischance. S— and M—, who were nearest to the cry, ran down, and to their horror found a Veddah, a smart young fellow, surrounded by his people, and sitting, his back against a tree, with

his intestines in his lap. A wild buffalo, that he had passed almost without notice in the cover, had rushed on him from behind, knocked him down, and gored him as he fell, from the groin upwards. There never, I believe, in this world, or in all the fanciful exaggerations of poetic minds seeking to illustrate the dignity of our nature, could be a finer picture of manly fortitude than in that noble savage. He positively — *never — never once* — during the many hours we were with him, shewed by a move, a wink, or the contraction of a muscle, that he felt pain from his wound, or fear for the death which seemed too sure to follow it, though the perspiration literally pouring from his chest and shoulders shewed how much he suffered. He looked up calmly in our faces—poor fellow! If it was to find comfort or confidence there, I fear he found not much of either. I do not believe that one of us could altogether check the tears that involuntarily rose to see the manly fellow, and to know his fate inevitable. We did all we could—made a litter; carried him to his rock; built a shed over him; put back the bowels and sewed up the wound; found out his relations (luckily he was not married), &c. &c. But the end of this sad story is that the poor fellow died the day after we left this neighbourhood, to our great grief, though, as it appeared, not at all to the surprise of the old Mohandiram of Neelghelly, who informed us, that if he had known we were going to shoot at Palitalawa he should decidedly have prevented it; the place being especially and most particularly consigned over to the devil: but that from the moment he had heard that the Veddahs had eaten the pig we shot (which he says they did), nothing of horror that might have occurred could have astonished him in the least. The Veddah's accident threw a gloom over us all. Our list of elephants killed had turned one hundred, which we had modestly aspired to as our maximum; and we felt impressed with the melancholy conviction that, do what we would, the people, who were now footsore, rich, home-sick, and perhaps a little frightened, would humbug us, and that we had seen the end of our sport.

There were more buffaloes about Palitalawa than at the Park, but they seemed in general so inoffensive that we didn't think of firing at them. We had walked close to them and lain down within ten yards of them; in fact, treated them precisely as we have done domestic cattle while deer-shooting, and except by a half-threatening shake of the head occasionally, they scarcely seemed to notice us. Of course we all knew that a buffalo provoked was often an awkward customer, and that he always takes a most unaccountable deal of killing; but I declare I had imbibed a sort of friendly feeling for the brutes, who struck me as having something essentially John Bullish in their character. To let alone and to be let alone seemed to me their rule, which they enforced by a surly, dogged exterior, and now and then by a flourish of their horns, as much as to say, "You'd better let me be;" and although they would commonly get away if they could with or without a wound, if forced to fight no wild animal fought so desperately. There were certainly none of the softer graces about them, but I have seen it somewhere said of honest John, that "it's being the beast he is that has made a man of him;" however, I hereby read my recantation, for Heaven bless the dear old fellow Bull! he would scorn to do so dastardly a blackguardism as that we have recounted of Mr. Buffalo.

8th January. — We went back to Rogers' bungalow, resting midway at Dunagallé, where several shots were fired at a wild buffalo that had contrived to accommodate himself amongst a herd of those by courtesy called tame ones; but he was too cunning for us, keeping in the very middle of the good company he had introduced himself to; and when at last we bullied this Don Juan of buffaloes into scampering off—to the shame of the domesticated cattle of Ceylon be it said—away went all the objects of his unhallowed passion around him, whisking their tails and frisking their hind-quarters as if the soul of Héloïse had descended upon the whole herd. We passed through a gloriously wild mass of rocks near a river, which we had to swim, while on the trail of some elephants, and which just as we struck off they

told us was most famous for its alligators; but we neither saw them nor any thing else, with the exception of G—, who, having dismounted and killed a deer, had the luck to fall in with five elephants, two of which he shot, we listening to his popping as we took our Madeira in the bungalow.

9th January. — Next day we bade farewell to the Park. As we rode through it to breakfast at Dimble-denny, whence (beating ineffectually *en route* for an horallia, or rogue elephant, at the pretty and populous Moormans' village of Kotabowa) we reached Diagoné, where we halted on the 10th to break up. This was some miles out of the Park; but there were elephants about, and S— and M— went after one of bad character, and found three in very thick cover; one of which was dropped after a very liberal expenditure of ammunition. He was our last, and so fat a brute that I do believe several of the shots which did not kill him would have done so but for his fleshy defences. Our total return of killed on this trip was as follows:— 26 by R—; 24 by G—; 22 by S—; 19 by V—; 9 by M—, and 4 undecided, making a total of 104; 64 of them being shot in three days, on two of which we had also to "kill us venison." I think it worthy of mention, as not derogating from the shooting, but illustrating still more palpably the very favourable nature of the Park ground, that our killed in that neighbourhood amounted to near five-sixths of the elephants seen. The others shot on the day of meeting and at Diagoné, were shot in thick cover, where large numbers are neither so easily reckoned nor disposed of.

Next morning V— and M— took a sorrowful leave of their friends, one of whom, an officer of the quarter-master-general's department, was going to work his way over to Batticaloa; and the other lucky fellow, having leave to the end of February, meant to accompany him. This letter prove at all v notice, I feel it would be without the following ex G—'s letters pointing out teresting particulars—

"On the 12th heard of a tu

the day : had a beautiful shot on the side of a steep and rocky hill. He fell over, rolling twenty or thirty yards down the side, making a tremendous crash : his tusks are thick, but not very long. In returning I fell in with four others, which I exterminated. At Dimbledenny a large herd of elephants had broken into the chenas (cleared lands), and we saw their ravages in every direction. S— shot a fine buck on our way, to the delight of our hungry followers. Nothing can be more beautiful than a ride in this country, while the pleasure of seeing a fine pair of antlers rising above the long grass, and partridges, quail, and snipe, continually in your path, makes the journey always exciting. Late in the evening we reached the bungalow, which looked sad and solitary after the pleasant party which had left it.

"On the 17th, in riding to the Pattipalar, saw several herd of deer, but did not kill any till evening, when S— knocked over a fine buck. We started at daylight next day, and breakfasted by the banks of a beautiful stream, devoting the whole day to shooting. I only came upon the track of two elephants ; one I killed the first shot. I fell in shortly after with the other ; he charged with his trunk curled up, and head so high, that I had little chance of giving him a mortal wound. My shot turned him, and I followed him for nearly two hours, sometimes over the most rocky ground and through the thickest jungle, and at last was fairly beat and obliged to give it up. It was quite wonderful to see the quickness of the Veddehs in following the trail ; often I could not distinguish the slightest mark, when it was apparently plain to them. We saw a few deer on our return, and quantities of wild buffaloes, which are very numerous here. Rode to the Navallar, ten miles, on the following morning ; the first part through open plains, the remainder forest. Saw two or three herds of deer next day, and killed a fine doe, and ought to have had a buck. I did not return home till very late ; the little valley I had been shooting in looked so beautiful. A lovely moon had risen ; on one side was a range of wooded hills, and at their foot fine clumps of

trees, and on the other the dark line of a thick jungle extending for miles. Three or four large herds of deer crossed my path, and their wild bark, with the harsh scream of the peacock on every side, made it very interesting. It was too dark to shoot, of which they seemed to be aware, as I frequently came within twenty or thirty yards of a herd, when perhaps a buck would walk a few paces towards me, and then give a bark as a warning, and dash away with the herd after him. I mounted my horse at last, and rode to our encampment through a mile of forest. We rode to Condawattune (eighteen miles) on the 21st, through a thick jungle. The first thing that greeted our view on arriving was three elephants wallowing in the mud (which was up to their middle), and plucking the long grass, which they carefully washed before they ate it. A number of large white paddy birds were amusing themselves by jumping on and off the beasts, both parties seeming vastly pleased with their occupations. As our shouting at the elephants did not move them, we took my little ride and began to crack at their friends the paddy birds, and as the distance was good two hundred yards, several of the shots struck the elephants, who at first only shook their heads and looked cross ; but at last they arose, and walked very leisurely out of the mud till they reached the firm ground, when they formed as regular a line as could be, broke into a trot, and when within thirty yards threw up their heads and trunks, and charged up to us most gallantly. The one opposite me kept his head so high, that it was perfectly safe, but my shot turned him, and he took the jungle, where I killed him. Condawattune is a small Moorish village, situated on the banks of a large marsh, through which branches of the Pattipalar and Navallar run, and form a large lake in the floods. About a mile from it is another marsh, where we went in the evening, and saw a herd of thirty elephants grazing. We killed nine of them. There are quantities of deer, and swarms of pea-fowl, besides snipe, duck, &c. ; but we had no powder to waste. We started early in the morning, after a sleepless night from the mosquitoes, the howling of the

buffaloes, and roaring of the elephants. S— killed a small tusker, and we shortly after came upon a large herd, and killed twelve. One fellow very nearly caught me, and I was not more than a foot from him when I turned him. We moved homewards, and saw a large herd of twenty-five on the border of the marsh, when we heard a tusker was at the other end. He luckily fell to my shot, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a very pretty pair of tusks. This was my best day, having killed eleven. Our walk home was delightful. We had a beautiful moon, and at the back of our little encampment Friar's Hood, False Hood, and various other mountains were in the distance. We saw every description of game—large herds of deer, pea-fowl, &c. The only disagreeable-looking fellows were the alligators, which we saw gliding into the rivers we had to cross, but the people seemed very little afraid of them. It is a most exciting life. Our little tallipot tent seems to us as luxurious and comfortable as the best house we ever slept in. The first herd of thirty, which we saw grazing by the marsh, gave us for the time one of the best skirmishes we have had. We followed them into a very thick thorny jungle, where they seemed quite out of their beat, crowding one upon the other, sometimes charging us, and then perhaps ten or twelve of them rushing off with a tremendous crash. I killed four without moving an inch, two charged, and the others waited till I reloaded, not liking to advance over their dead brethren. We were obliged to retreat for want of daylight. After the paddy is reaped, which takes place about June, the plain is crowded with elephants eating the burnt roots, and we were told three or four tuskers were frequently seen in the day.

"On the 24th we arrived at Batticaloa at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. The banks of the large lake, bordered with trees, are flat and uninteresting; but we saw swarms of alligators along them, and fishing seemed to be carried on the whole length of the lake. Groups of people surrounded the bushes overhanging the banks, with bows and arrows, this being one of the ways they fish; and at night the

whole banks were lighted up with fishermen holding chools in one hand and in the other a basket, which they put over the fish on its coming to the surface.

"We sailed down the lake from Batticaloa on the night of the 28th, and arrived early at Mandoor, where we breakfasted and separated, after passing together a most agreeable month. S— moved west to his wild ground, and I sailed south for five miles farther towards mine. But I did not see an elephant till I had travelled eighty miles. There were tracks enough, but they were said to be all in the deep jungle, feeding on the young sprouts. After the harvest they are reported to swarm along the whole line. At Comary, a miserable place, the natives begged me to shoot two wild buffaloes, who had joined their tame herds, and were very dangerous. I broke the leg of one, who escaped into the jungle, and shot the other clean through the body; but, barring a tumble, he did not appear the worst for it. Buffaloes and pea-fowl abounded on the way to Pattwille, and near Organdemalle. I saw several of the former, and fired at one without effect, though the ball went into his chest. I, however, killed a fine buck, which was welcomed with acclamation. On the way to the Komenaar, on the 3d, I witnessed a comical scene, which proved terribly detrimental to my wine and crockery. An elephant attacked my coolies a few yards a-head of me, putting them all to flight, and really seemed puzzled to know which was worth most, running first after one and then the others; he came up to me in gallant style, and I killed him. Shortly after I met with four others, and shot them. At Potané every thing appeared burnt up, but there were a good number of single elephants, of which I bagged seven, besides a buffalo and a deer. I also went up the Mandagal Kandé for bears, but saw none. The country to Yaale very flat, with small openings in the jungle. Saw five elephants on the road, and killed all. Met two in the plain at Yaale, and killed one. Yaale is by the side of the river Manie, a beautiful jungle. Went out shooting at daylight, saw two and killed them; and saw quan-

tity of elk. Every thing is burnt up, but it must be a good place in wet weather. On the road to Palootopane I shot six elephants."

He had no more shooting till he reached a place called Madooenwelle on the 13th, whence he writes:—"Left early for Madooenwelle; found a very civil Modliar, and a good house. Heard of three tuskers, fell in with one, and killed him; and the next day with the second, and the day after with the third, killing them, with three others. There were plenty of elephants, but the jungle as bad as possible,—so thick and thorny."

The remainder of his route was without adventure as regards sport, until the 26th, when, while breakfasting at Nambapanè on the Kaloo river, after a ride of twenty miles, he heard tidings of a large herd, with a tusker among them. He accordingly went out, and in a very thick jungle of the clumpy bamboo came near, though he could not see them. One fellow was evidently very angry, growling and screaming out sharp shrill trumpets every now and then. On passing into a small opening, G—heard, and almost at the same moment saw, an elephant, dashing at him. He fired his two barrels, but a clump of the bamboos making the beast take a diagonal direction at the moment, the shot was a slanting one. His gun-bearer gallantly put a fresh gun into his hand, but in taking it he slipped and fell, and, as the elephant was then right above him, fired upwards under his trunk. The beast dropped over G—, who ascribes his safety to his being either under his neck or between his legs. He says the sensation was what he should expect if a mountain were to fall on him, and he had a confused fancy that the beast kicked him from his fore to his hind legs, and back again. All that is certain is, that the elephant must have been well bothered, and went away leaving G— with his pretty Purdy smashed to pieces, and himself very much bruised in the legs and body, and with several ugly gashes on his face, which was afterwards awfully swollen and discoloured. He, however, rode on near twenty miles that day, and arrived at Colombo next morning quite exhausted; all he could say to account

for his appearance at the door of a brother-officer being the word "Elephant, elephant." By the care of his medical friends, he was set up again in about a fortnight, and is now at this present writing with merely a couple of little scars on his nose and lip, laboriously endeavouring, by every sophistry of calculation, to antedate the period when he may be again at work. Shooting singly is a good deal practised, but of course it multiplies the unfavourable chances of the sport very considerably. Nor does a large party very much diminish them, as after the elephants break it is every one for himself. The safest mode is to shoot by twos, who agree to take alternate shots; but men separate even with this arrangement.

And now, sir, I fear we have given you a surfeit of elephant-shooting; but it was our wish to shew the sort of sport it is, and to assure those brother-officers who may be destined to serve here, and who care for shooting, that to ramble over this most beautiful of created lands with this sport as an object is a good to thank Heaven for, which lightens beyond conception the tiresome monotony of tropical life. I do not think that the conscientious could object to it on the score of cruelty, for the elephants destroy a very great deal of cultivation, and no inconsiderable number of lives. But there are other objections which it is easier to state than to answer, and which I do not deny are urged, even here, against the sport by some who have, as well as by many who have not, enjoyed it. Take them in the words of Molière:—

" Si c'étoit qu'on ne fut à la chasse
Des lièvres, des lapins, et des jeunes
daims—passe :
Mais d'aller attaquer de ces bêtes vil-
laines,
Qui n'ont aucun respect pour les faces
humaines,
Et qui courent les gens, qui les veulent
courir,
C'est un sot passe-temps qui je ne puis
souffrir !"

After all, what say you, Mr. Editor ?

" Lead we not here a jolly life,
Betwixt the shine and shade !"

PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY.

'Tis sixty years since a thin quarto volume appeared in London with the plain and unpretending title of *An Ode to Superstition, and some other Poems*, and exactly the same number of years since a thin octavo appeared at Kilmarnock, entitled, *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. The thin quarto was the production of Samuel Rogers, a young gentleman of education, the son of a London banker; the thin octavo the production of Robert Burns, a Scottish ploughboy, without education, and almost without a penny in the world.

'Tis fifty years since Burns was buried in the kirkyard of St. Michael's:

"O early ripe, to thy abundant store,
What could advancing age have added
more!"

While the poet of the *Ode to Superstition* is still among us, full of years and full of health, and as much in love with poetry as ever. "It is, I confess," says Cowley, "but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when once we fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life." It was so with Waller when he was eighty-two, and is so with Mr. Rogers now that he is eighty-one. Long may it be so:—

"If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's long-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure."

Waller "was the delight of the House of Commons, and, even at eighty, he said the liveliest things of any among them." How true of Rogers, at eighty, at his own, or at any other table!

The poet of *An Ode to Superstition* has outlived a whole generation of poets, poetasters, and poetitos; has seen the rise and decline of schools, Lake, Cockney, and Satanic—the changeful caprices of taste

—the injurious effects of a coterie of friends—the impartial verdicts of Time and a third generation—another Temple of Fame—a new class of occupants in many of the niches of the old—restorations, depositions, and removals, and, what few are allowed to see, his own position in the Temple pretty well determined, not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low that he can escape from envy and even emulation. Nor is this all: he has lived to see Poetry at its last gasp among us; the godlike race of the last generation expiring or extinct, and no new-comers in their stead; just as if Nature chose to lie fallow for a time, and verse was to usurp the place of poetry, desire for skill, and the ambition and impudence of daring for the flight and the raptures of the true-born poet.

If such is the case, that Poetry is pretty well extinct among us—which no one, I believe, has the hardihood to gainsay—a retrospective review of what our great men accomplished in the long and important reign of King George III. (the era that has just gone by) will not be deemed devoid of interest at this time. The subject is a very varied one, is as yet without an historian, nor has hitherto received that attention in critical detail so pre-eminently due to a period productive of so many poems of real and lasting merit,—poems as varied, I may add, as any era in our literature can exhibit, the celebrated Elizabethan period, perhaps, but barely excepted.

A new race of poets came in with King George III., for the poets of the preceding reigns who lived to witness the accession of the king either survived that event but a very few years, or were unwilling to risk their reputations, in any new contest for distinction. Young was far advanced in years, and content—and wisely so—with the fame of his *Satires* and his *Night Thoughts*; Gray had written his *Elegy* and his *Odes*, and was annotating Linnæus within the walls of a college; Shennstone found full occupation for the remainder of his life in laying

the Leasowes to suit the genius of the place; Johnson was put above necessity and the booksellers by a pension from the crown; Akenside and Armstrong were pursuing their profession of physicians; Lyttelton was busy putting points and periods to his History; Smollett, in seeking a precarious livelihood from prose; and Mallet employed in defending the administration of Lord Bute, and earning the wages of a pension from the minister. Three alone adhered in any way to verse: Mason was employed in contemplating his *English Garden*; Glover, in brooding over his posthumous *Athenaid*; and Home, in writing new tragedies to eclipse, if possible, the early lustre of his *Douglas*.

There was room for a new race of poets. Nor was it long before a new set of candidates for distinction came forward to supply the places of the old. The voice of the Muse was first awakened in Edinburgh and Aberdeen. I can find no earlier publication of the year 1760 than a thin octavo of seventy pages, printed at Edinburgh, entitled, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language*, the first edition of a work which has had its influence in the literature of our country, the far-famed Ossian, the favourite poem of the great Napoleon. "Have you seen," says Gray, "the Erse Fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old." Many, like Gray, were alive to their beauties: inquiry was made upon inquiry, and dissertation led to dissertation. It was long, however, before the points in dispute were settled, and the authorship brought home to the pen of the translator. The *Fragments* have had a beneficial and a lasting effect upon English literature. The grandeur of Ossian emboldened the wing of the youthful Byron, and the noble daring of the allusions and illustrations countenanced the author of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in what was new and hazardous, when Hayley held, and Darwin was about to assume, a high but temporary position in our poetry.

The Aberdeen volume of poems and translations (8vo. 1761) was the

first publication of Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel*. So lightly, we are told, did Beattie think of this collection that he used to destroy all the copies he could procure, and would only suffer four of the pieces—and those much altered—to stand in the same volume with the *Minstrel*. Beattie acquired a very slender reputation by this first heir of his invention; nor would it appear to have been known much beyond the walls of the Marischal College, before the *Minstrel* drew attention to its pages, and excited curiosity to see what the successful poet on this occasion had written unsuccessfully before. In the same year in which Beattie appeared, a new candidate came forward to startle, astonish, and annoy. The reputation of a poet of higher powers than Beattie seemed likely to exhibit would have sunk before the fame of the new aspirant. I allude to Churchill, whose first publication, *The Rosciad*, appeared in the March of 1761, and without the author's name. This was a lucky, and, what is more, a clever hit. The town, a little republic in itself, went mad about the poem; and when the author's name was prefixed to a second edition, the poet was welcomed by the public as no new poet had ever been before. Nor was his second publication—his *Apology*—inferior to his first. His name was heard in every circle of fashion, and in every coffee-house in town. Nor did he suffer his reputation to flag, but kept the public in one continual state of excitement for the remainder of his life. He attacked the whole race of actors in his *Rosciad*; the Critical Reviewers (the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers of the day), in his *Apology*; the whole Scottish nation, in his *Prophecy of Famine*; Dr. Johnson, in *The Ghost*; and Hogarth, in *A Familiar Epistle*. Every person of distinction expected that it was to be his turn next; and there was no saying where his satire would not have reached, for he was busy with a caustic dedication to Warburton when, on the 4th of November, 1764, he died at Boulogne, at the too early age of three-and-thirty. Dr. Young survived him nearly a year. What the predecessor of Pope in satire thought of the new satirist, no one has told us.

While "the noisy Churchill" engrossed to himself the whole attention of the public, a poem appeared in May 1762, likely to outlive the caustic effusions of the satirist, because, with equal talent, it is based on less fleeting materials. This was *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in Three Cantos, by a Sailor*; better known as Falconer's *Shipwreck*, and deservedly remembered for its "simple tale," its beautiful transcripts of reality, and as adding a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the great body of our island poetry. The popularity of Churchill kept it on the shelves of the booksellers for a time, but it soon rose into a reputation, and nothing can now occur to keep it down.

When Goldsmith published his first poem (*The Traveller*) in the December of 1764, Churchill had been dead a month, and there was room for a new poet to supply his place. Nor were critics wanting who were able and willing to help it forward. "Such is the poem," says Dr. Johnson, who reviewed it in the *Critical Review*, "on which we now congratulate the public, as on a production to which, since the death of Pope, it will not be easy to find any thing equal." 'This was high praise, not considered undeserved at the time, nor thought so now. Such, indeed, was the reputation of the *Traveller*, that it was likely to have led to a further succession of poets in the school of Pope, but for the timely interposition of a collection of poems which called our attention off from the study of a single school, and directed the young and rising poets to a wider range for study and imitation.

This collection of poems was Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, one of the most tasteful collections of poems in any language, and one of the best and most widely known: "The publication of which," says Southey, "must form an epoch in the history of our poetry whenever it is written." The first edition appeared in 1765, a year remarkable in more ways than one. Dr. Young, the sole survivor of the poets of the last generation, died, at the great age of eighty-four, on the 5th of April; and Mr. Rogers, the still surviving patriarch of the past generation of

poets, was born on the 30th of July of the same year.

The effect of the *Reliques* was more immediate than some have been willing to imagine. *The Hermit* of Goldsmith, a publication of the following year, originated in the *Reliques*; and the *Minstrel* of Beattie, a publication of the year 1771, in the preliminary dissertation prefixed to the volumes. If Percy had rendered no other service to literature than the suggestion of the *Minstrel*, his name would deserve respect. "The *Minstrel*," says Southey, "was an incidental effect of Percy's volumes. Their immediate consequence was to produce a swarm of 'legendary tales,' bearing, in their style, about as much resemblance to the genuine ballad as the heroes of a French tragedy to the historical personages whose names they bear, or a set of stage-dances to the lads and lasses of a village-green in the old times of the maypole." This was the more immediate effect; the lasting result of the *Reliques* was their directing the rude gropings of genius in a Scott, a Southey, a Coleridge, and a Wordsworth.

Beattie reappeared in 1766 with a volume of poems, better by far than what he had done before, but still insufficient to achieve the reputation which the *Minstrel* subsequently acquired for the author of the volume. A second candidate was Cunningham, a player, still remembered for his *Kate of Aberdeen*, a short but charming piece of simple-hearted poetry. Poor Cunningham made no great way with his verse; he had dedicated his volume, with all the ambition of an actor, to no less a personage than Garrick; but the head of the patentee players received the stroller's poetry with indifference, and did not on this occasion repay—which he commonly did—his encomiums "in kind." But the poet of the year 1766 was Anstey, with his *New Bath Guide*.

"There is a new thing published," says Walpole, "that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the *New Bath Guide*. It stole into the world, and, for a fortnight, no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally every thing else; but so much wit, so much humour.

fun, and poetry, never met together before. I can say it by heart, and, if I had time, would write it you down; for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had.

Gray commended it to Wharton, and Smollett wrote his *Humphrey Clinker* (the last and best of his works) on Anstey's principle in his *Guide*.

A publication of the year 1767, called the *Beauties of English Poetry*, selected by Oliver Goldsmith, deserves to be remarked. The selection seems to have been made as a sort of antidote to Percy's *Reliques*. "My bookseller having informed me," he says, "that there was no collection of English poetry among us of any estimation, . . . I therefore offer this," he adds, "to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has yet appeared. I claim no merit in the choice, as it was obvious, for in all languages the best productions are most easily found." It will hardly be believed by any one who hears it for the first time, that a poet of Goldsmith's taste in poetry could have made a selection from our poets without including a single poet (Milton excepted) from the noble race of poets who preceded the Restoration. Yet such, however, is the case; and I can only account for the principle on which the selection would appear to have been made, that it was meant as an antidote to Percy's publication, or that Goldsmith (and this is not unlikely) was perfectly unacquainted with the poets of a period previous to Dryden and Pope.

Michael Bruce, a young and promising poet, died in the year 1767, at the too early age of twenty-one. Some of his poems—and they were posthumously published, without the last touches of the author—possess unusual beauties. His *Lockleven* is called, by Coleridge, "a poem of great merit;" and the same great critic directs attention to what he calls "the following exquisite passage, expressing the effects of a fine day on the human heart:"—

"Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny
side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy
flocks,
Feed undisturb'd; and fill the echoing air
With music grateful to the master's ear.

The traveller stops, and gazes round and
round

O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Ev'n the mendicant,

Bowbent with age, that on the old grey
stones,

Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he
sings."

Another poet, whose song ceased before he had time to do still better things, was poor Falconer, who perished at sea, in the *Aurora* frigate, in the year 1769. He had sung his own catastrophe in his *Shipwreck* only a few years before.

The poem of the year 1770 was *The Deserted Village*—in some respects a superior poem to *The Traveller*. It was immediately a favourite, and in less than four months had run through five editions. Gray thought Goldsmith a genuine poet. "I was with him," says Nicholls, "at Malvern, when he received the *Deserted Village*, which he desired me to read to him; he listened with fixed attention, and soon exclaimed, 'This man is a poet!'"

If *The Deserted Village* was, as it certainly is, an accession to our poetry, the death of Akenside and the far too premature removal of Chatterton were real losses in the very same year in which Goldsmith's great poem appeared. Akenside had, no doubt, sang his song, but Chatterton was only in his eighteenth year. What a production for a boy was the ballad of "Sir Charles Bawdin!" There is nothing nobler of the kind in the whole compass of our poetry. "Tasso alone," says Campbell, "can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age."

The Deserted Village of the year 1770 was followed in 1771 by the first book of *The Minstrel*, a poem which has given more delight to minds of a certain class, and that class a high one, than any other poem in the English language. Since Beattie composed the poem on which his fame relies, and securely too for an hereafter, many poems of a far loftier and even a more original character have been added to the now almost overgrown body of our poetry, yet Beattie is still the poet for the young; and still in Edwin—that happy personification of

the poetic temperament—young and enthusiastic readers delight and recognise a picture of themselves. Gray lived to commend and to correct it—with the taste of a true poet and the generosity of an unselfish one. "This of all others," he says, "is my favourite stanza: it is true poetry, it is inspiration." The stanza is well known,—

"O, how canst thou renounce,"

and shares with a stanza in the *Castle of Indolence* the applause of nations.

Mason, in 1771, put forth a new edition of his *Poems*, and in a separate publication the same year the first book of his *English Garden*. To the *Poems* he has made a few additions, but nothing so beautiful as his epitaph on his wife, inscribed upon her grave in Bristol Cathedral. The lines are well known, but not so the circumstance only recently published, that the last four lines were written by Gray:—

"Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path
once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the pure in heart behold
their God.'"

We learn from the same unquestionable quarter (the *Reminiscences* of the Rev. Norton Nicholls), that Gray thought very little of what he had seen of the *English Garden*. "He mentioned the poem of the *Garden* with disapprobation, and said it should not be published if he could prevent it." There are lines and passages, however, of true poetry throughout the poem, which form in themselves an agreeable accession to our stock of favourite passages. How exquisite, for instance, is this:—

"Many a glade is found
The haunt of wood-gods only; where,
if art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with un-
sandalled foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy
ground."

The poem, however, made but a very slender impression on the public

mind, nor is it now much read, save by the student of our poetry, to whom it affords a lesson of importance.

The only remembered publication in poetry of the year 1773 was *The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*,—a caustic attack, replete with wit, humour, and invective, on the architect's Chinese eccentricities in the gardens at Kew. It was long before Mason was suspected of the satire. Tom Warton was the first to attribute it to his pen; he said it was Walpole's *buckramed* up by Mason. But Walpole, from a letter to Mason only recently published, would appear to have had nothing to do with it. "I have read it," writes Walpole, "so very often, that I have got it by heart, and now I am master of all its beauties. I confess I like it infinitely better than I did, though I liked it infinitely before. But what signifies what I think? All the world thinks the same. No soul has, I have heard, guessed within a hundred miles. I caught at Anstey's, and have, I believe, contributed to spread the notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's, and, to my infinite honour, mine. But now that you have tapped this mine of talent, and it runs so richly and easily, for Heaven's and for England's sake, do not let it rest."

The Heroic Epistle was followed, in 1774, by the *Judah Restored*, of Roberts,— "a work," says Campbell, "of no common merit." Southey calls the author a poet of the same respectable class as the author of *Leonidas* and the *Athenaid*, and adds in a note, "Dr. Roberts's *Judah Restored* was one of the first books that I ever possessed. It was given me by a lady whom I must ever gratefully and affectionately remember as the kindest friend of my boyhood. I read it often then, and can still recur to it with satisfaction; and perhaps I owe something to the plain dignity of its style, which is suited to the subject, and every where bears the stamp of good sense and careful erudition. To acknowledge obligations of this kind is both a pleasure and duty."* I have Southey's copy of the *Judah* before me at this moment; on the fly-leaf is inscribed, in the neat hand-writ-

* Southey's *Cowper*, Vol. iii. p. 32.

of the poet, "Robert Southey—given me by Mrs. Dolignon, 1784." The poet of *Kehama* was born the year in which the *Judah* appeared, and was only ten years old when a copy of the poem was given to him by the lady he remembers so affectionately as "the kindest friend of his boyhood." This one book may have had the same effect on Southey that Spenser's works had upon the mind of Cowley: "I had read him all over," he says, "before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch."

On the 4th of April, 1774, died Oliver Goldsmith, leaving unfortunately unfinished one of the best of his lighter pieces—his well-known and inimitable *Retaliation*. It was published a fortnight after his death, and became immediately a favourite. A second posthumous publication of the same poet was *The Haunch of Venison*, a clever epistle to Lord Clare, full of characteristic beauties peculiar to its author. Both pieces owe something to Anstey and his *Guide*—the suggestion certainly.

In 1776 Mickle put forth his translation of the *Lusiad*—free, flowery, and periphrastical, full of spirit, and not devoid of beauties, but untrue to the majestic simplicity of the great Portuguese.

While Goldsmith was confining his selection from our poets to a period too narrow to embrace many of the nobler productions of the British Muse, Gray was annotating Lydgate, and the younger Warton collecting materials for his *History of English Poetry*. Our literature lies under other obligations to the younger Warton,—great as that obligation is for his noble but unfinished *History*. He was the first to explain and direct attention to many of the less obvious beauties of *The Faerie Queene*, and, in conjunction with Edwards, the first to revive the sonnet among us, favourite form of verse with our Elizabethan poets, with Shakespeare and with Milton, but entirely abandoned by the poets who came after him. The first volume of Warton's *History* was published in 1774; his *Poems* containing his sonnets in 1777. The effect produced by their publication was more immediate than

has hitherto been thought. We owe the sonnets of Bampfylde (4to. 1778) to the example of the younger Warton. Nor is the pupil unworthy of the master, or unwilling to own his obligation. Some of the *Sixteen Sonnets* of Bampfylde (for such is the title of his thin unpretending quarto) are "beautiful exceedingly, and in one (the tenth) Warton is addressed in a way which he could well appreciate.

The good effects of Percy's *Reliques*, Warton's volume of *History*, and Warton's *Poems*, received a temporary check in the year 1779, by the publication of the first part of Johnson's well-known *Lives of the Poets*, containing his celebrated criticism on the *Lycidas* of Milton, and his noble parallel between Dryden and Pope. The concluding portion of the *Lives*, containing his famous abuse of Gray, appeared two years later (1781), and, like the former portion of the work, was read with deserved avidity. The effect was catching. The school of Dryden and Pope revived. Hayley wrote his *Triumphs of Temper* in the verse recommended by Johnson; Crabbe composed his *Library* and his *Village* in the same versification; Cowper his *Table Talk*, and even Mason (though the last person in the world to admit it) his translation of Du Fresnoy, in Johnson's *only* measure.

But the fear of Dr. Johnson did not reach beyond the grave, and when Cowper put forth his *Task* in the spring of 1785, the great critic was no more. Not that Cowper was likely to be deterred from blank verse by the criticisms of Johnson, for the *Task* was commenced in Johnson's lifetime, and in the same structure of versification. That Johnson could have hurt the sale for a time by a savage remark at the table of Reynolds, no one acquainted with the literature of the period will for a moment doubt. That he could have kept the poem from what it now possesses and deserves,—a universal admiration, it would be equally absurd to suppose for a single moment.

When Cowper put forth his *Task* there was no poet of any great ability or distinguished name in the field. Hayley ambled over the course, to use an expression of Southey, with-

out a competitor. But Hayley had done his best, poor as that was, though his day was hardly by. It was Cowper who forced us from the fetters which Johnson had forged for future poets, and Hayley had done his best to rivet and retain. Nor was Cowper without some assistance at this time. Evans's old ballads did something to extend a taste for the early but unknown masters of our poetry. Some of Mickle's imitations, in the same collection, were read by younger minds with an influence of which we enjoy the fruits to this day. Charlotte Smith put forth a volume of her sonnets, replete with touching sentiment, eminently characteristic of the softer graces of the female mind, and the late Sir Egerton Brydges, a volume of poems, containing one noble sonnet ("Echo and Silence") which, though neglected at the time, will live as long as any poem of its length in the English language.

The *Task* was followed by a volume of poems from a provincial press full of the very finest poetry, and one that has stood its test, and will stand for ever. The author of the *Task* was of noble extraction, and counted kin with lord-chancellors and earls. His fellow-author was a poor Scottish peasant, nameless and unknown when his poems were put forth, but known, and deservedly known, wherever the language of his country has been heard. This poet was Robert Burns. Cowper and Burns were far too nobly constituted to think discouragingly of one another. "Is not the *Task*," says Burns, "a glorious poem?" The religion of the *Task*, bating a few scraps of "Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature; the religion that exalts and ennobles man." "I have read Burns's poems," says Cowper, "and have read them twice; and though they be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life save Shakspeare (I should rather say save Prior), who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he

has laboured. It will be pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration dishonours himself if he aims no higher than to raise a laugh." This, let it be remembered, was written at the time when the poet's reputation was as yet unconfirmed. But the praise is ample, and such as Burns would have loved to have heard from Cowper's lips. "Poor Burns!" he writes in another letter, "loses much of his deserved praise in this country through our ignorance of his language. I despair of meeting with any Englishman who will take the pains that I have taken to understand him. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern. I lent him to a very sensible neighbour of mine: but his uncouth dialect spoiled all; and before he had half read him through, he was quite ram-fuzzled." The word to which Cowper alludes occurs in the "Epistle to Lapraik;" if the meaning was somewhat difficult at the time, few will need to be told it now. The study of Burns is very general in England, and in Ireland he is almost as much understood and appreciated as in his own country.

Mr. Rogers appeared as a poet in the same year with Burns. But his *Ode to Superstition* was little read at the time, and his fame rests now on a wide and a secure foundation. Another poet of the same year was Henry Headley, a young and promising writer, imbued with a fine and cultivated taste, of which his two volumes of selections from our early poets, published in the following year, is still an enduring testimony. If Goldsmith had lived to have seen these selections published, culled by a boy of barely twenty-one, he surely would have blushed to have looked upon his own.

There were other candidates for distinction at this time, imbued with the same tastes and fostered in the same quarter, the cloisters of Trinity College, Oxford, and the wards of Winchester School. The first was Thomas Russell, prematurely snatched away (1788) in his twenty-sixth year, leaving a few sonnets and poems behind him, which his friend

judged worthy of knowing hereafter. That he had intended his poems for publication was somewhat uncertain; that he was gifted with no ordinary genius, the magnificent sonnet supposed to be written at Lemnos has put beyond the pale of cavil or suspicion. The second candidate for distinction was William Lisle Bowles, whose fourteen sonnets appeared in 1789, while he was yet an undergraduate at Oxford. The younger Warton lived long enough to foretell the future distinction of the boy his brother had brought up; Coleridge, to thank him in a sonnet for poetic obligations:—

"My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles, for
those soft strains,
Whose sadness soothes me like the mur-
muring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of
spring;"

and Southey, to express in prose his gratitude for similar obligations. The Vicar of Bremhill (now in his eighty-fourth year) has reason to be proud of such testimonies in his favour. It would be idle assertion to call them undeserved; his sonnets are very beautiful, full of soothing sadness, and a pleasing love and reverence for nature, animate and inanimate.

When Bowles was seeing his sonnets through the press, his old antagonist, Lord Byron, was a child in his mother's or his nurse's arms. While they were yet hardly a year before the public, the younger Warton was buried in the chapel of his college at Oxford amid the tears of many who knew the frank, confiding disposition of his nature.

"For though not sweeter his own Homer
sang,
Yet was his life the more endearing
song."

Other poems of consequence followed at intervals, not very remote. In 1791 Cowper put forth his translation of the *Iliad* into English blank verse, and Darwin his *Botanic Garden*, a poem in two parts, written in the measure of Pope, but polished till little remained save glitter and fine words.

The only poem of repute of the year 1792 that has reached our

time, or seems likely to revive, and acquire an hereafter, is *The Pleasures of Memory*. This is a poem which Goldsmith would have read with pleasure, for it is much in his manner. "There is no such thing," says Byron, "as a vulgar line in the book." The versification is very finished, but not in Darwin's manner to too great a nicety, while there are passages here and there which take silent possession of the heart, a sure sign of unusual excellence.

Wordsworth's first poem, *An Evening Walk, an epistle in verse, addressed to a young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England*, appeared the year after *The Pleasures of Memory*, and was followed the same year by a volume of *Descriptive Sketches, in verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian Grisons, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps*. Every line in *The Evening Walk* bears the mark of a keen observer for himself; there is not a borrowed image in the poem, though the pervading character throughout reminds one too closely perhaps of *The Nocturnal Reverie of the Countess of Winchelsea*, a wonderful poem, to which Wordsworth was the first to direct attention. Here is a picture from Wordsworth's first volume, something between a Hobbima and a Hondekoeter:—

"Sweet are the sounds that mingle from
afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the fold-
ing star,
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling
sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's
edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and
bill
Wetting, that drip upon the waters
still;
And heron, as resounds the trodden
shore,
Shoots upward, darting his long neck be-
fore."

One feels that our poetry is enriched by a passage of this description,—that the poet who could write in this way was likely to make what Addison calls *additions to Nature*, and this Mr. Wordsworth has done in a pre-eminent degree.

Southey, in 1795, made his first public appearance as a poet in a thin

duodecimo volume, printed at Bath, on the poor pale blue paper of the period. This was a kind of *Lara* and *Jacqueline* affair. One-half of the volume was by Southey, the other half by Lovell, the poems of the former being distinguished by the signature of "Bion," of the latter by that of "Moschus." The poems are not very many in number, nor are they very good, yet the little volume is not without its interest in the history of a great mind, feeling its way to a proud position in our letters.

The joint publication of Southey and Lovell, in 1795, was followed the next year by a similar kind of publication, between Coleridge and his school-fellow Lamb. The name of Coleridge appears alone upon the title-page, which is thus inscribed, *Poems on Various Subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge.* Lamb's contributions are distinguished by his initials, and the volume is remarkable in more ways than one. Coleridge calls his sonnets *Effusions*,—Effusion 1; Effusion 2. This appellation he removed in a second edition, and called them, what in reality they were, and what, when they were written, he intended they should be, "Sonnets, attempted in the manner of Mr. Bowles." Here is his sonnet of gratitude to the vicar of Bremhill, a mistaken attack on Rogers, subsequently withdrawn, and the following bold panegyric upon Wordsworth: "The expression *green radiance* is borrowed," he writes, "from Mr. Wordsworth, a poet, whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure, but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid colouring."

"'Tis certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophet and of poet is the same."

One sees the prophetic eye of taste in the printed judgment of Coleridge on this occasion.

Burns is said to have foretold the future fame of Sir Walter Scott: "This boy will be heard of yet." But the great poet of Scotland was cold in his grave before Scott became a candidate for literary distinction. He died the very year of Scott's first publication. *The Chase, and Wil-*

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXCVII.

liam and Helen; two Ballads from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürger. Edinburgh, 1796. Men who love to trace the hereditary descent of genius foresee a mysterious something in this seeming transmigration. Be this as it may, there is little of Burns in Scott's early publication, little of his own after-excellence, and, in short, very little to admire.

A third publication of the year 1796 was the *Joan of Arc* of Southey, the production of a boy of two-and-twenty, and the first of a series of epics remarkable for the even level of their flight, and the wide difference of opinion they are known to have occasioned. The new epic, however, had its own little phalanx of admirers; and when a volume of smaller poems from the same pen was published a short time after, the poet of *Joan of Arc* had a second accession of admirers. His noble *Inscriptions* acquired him not a few; and all who were blind to the nobler portions of his epic could comprehend the beauties of a story in verse like "Mary the Maid of the Inn."

Our poetry was infested at this time with the unpoetic invectives of Wolcot, and the puerile inanities of the Della Cruscan school. Verse and poetry were too commonly confounded, ease and smoothness were mistaken for higher powers, and the rough impudence of Wolcott for the keen, caustic irony of the Muse of Satire. It was time to put an end to such pretensions and to sing-song prettinesses with nothing in the world to recommend them. The opportunity was great, nor was there a poet wanting, or, better still, one unwilling to rid our literature of the weeds and vermin that infested it. The poet who came forward was William Gifford, and the poem he produced, his *Baviad and Maviad*,—a clever, well-constructed satire, more in Churchill's annihilating manner than the keen, razor-edged satire of Pope or Young. The triumph was complete, and the *Baviad and Maviad* is still read, though the works it satirises have been forgotten long ago.

When Wordsworth, in the following year (1798), produced his two duodecimo volumes of *Lyrical Ballads*, few read, liked, or understood them;

q q

"And some him frantic deem'd, and
Some him deem'd a wit."

Every shaft of ridicule was turned against him, and with such success that his "audience" was, indeed, but "few." The principle on which his poems are composed was as yet unrecognised; and if the wits, who should have known much better, were blind to the several excellencies of his verse, he had little to look for from the bulk of readers. It was long, very long, therefore, before he had any ascertained and admitted position in the catalogue of English poets. Every description of circumstance seemed to go against him. Rogers put forth his *Epistle to a Friend* in the autumn of the same year, and Campbell his *Pleasures of Hope* in the following spring.

The effect was all but instantaneous. Two such noble examples of the school and poetry of Pope revived a predilection for a form of poetry in which so many great efforts had been achieved; and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth were overlooked in the fresh triumph of a former favourite, and the first production of a new and successful writer.

A third publication of the year 1798 was an octavo volume, since very much enlarged, and entitled, *Plays on the Passions*. This was Joanna Baillie's first publication, and is likely to see an hereafter, not so much from the exaggerated praises of Scott and Southey, for these can effect but little where the substance itself is poor, but from the intrinsic excellence of the work itself, and the fact that it is by far the noblest offspring of the female mind this country has to exhibit, and worth five hundred such *Sacred Dramas* as Hannah More inflicted on the public for a long succession of years, now happily at an end.

The last century closed with Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, and the new one opened with Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, and Moore's first work, his translation of *Anacreon*. Cowper and the elder Warton were removed in 1800 by death from witnessing the full effects of the example they had set us, for the agreeable *Essay on Pope* had its influence certainly in hastening the changes completed by the *Task*. Beattie was

suffering from paralysis and age, and Lewis, with his *Moon* and his *Tales of Wonder*, engrossed the attention of a London public. The living Parnassus was as yet without its full complement of tenants, but candidates came forward before long to fill the vacant places. Hogg published, in 1801, a little volume of *Scottish Pastoral Poems, Songs, &c., written in the Dialect of the South*; Leigh Hunt, the same year, a collection of poems entitled *Juvenilia*; Bloomfield, in 1802, his *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*; Sir Walter Scott, his *Glenfinlas and Eve of St. John*, more like polished tales than happy imitations of the early ballad, but truly wonderful when viewed in connexion with his after writings; Leyden, in 1803, his *Scottish Descriptive Poems*; Kirkc White, his *Clifton Grove*; Campbell, his *Lochiel and Hohenlinden*; and Southey, a second epic, his *Thalaba*, in an irregular measure of his own inventing.

On the 18th of April, 1802, died Dr. Darwin, and on the following 14th of August L. E. L. was born. In 1803 died Hoole, whose venerable translation of *Tasso* was preferred by Johnson to the glowing and substantial beauties of Fairfax. In the same year Lord Strangford put forward his translation from Camoens, and thus was Darwin perpetuated in the genus, and flowers, and odours of L. E. L., and Hoole in the polished refinements of the noble vinecent.

The critic was a wise one who, when he reviewed the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in the year 1803, foresaw a score of metrical romances in the materials of three octavo volumes. No better "preparatory school" for a part of Scott's particular genius could have well been found than the course of study which he had formed for himself in bringing the materials of the *Minstrelsy* together. His mind was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the past, as much as it would in all possibility have been had he lived in the times he describes so truly. His powers of observation were keen and scrutinising; his love of books and nature an increasing kind of appetite; and he was only in want of a metre to suit the stories he had floating before him, when a friend recited to

him from memory some of the striking passages of Coleridge's *Christabel*, then unpublished, and then as now, unfortunately a fragment. The rhythmical run of the verse was catching; and a story over which he had long brooded was commenced immediately, in the wild metre of the poem thus opportunely brought beneath his notice.

The metre found, the work went on at about the rate he tells us, of a canto per week; and was finally published in January 1805, in a quarto volume, price twenty-five shillings! Few will require to be told that Scott's first poem was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that the success of the work exceeded the fondest day-dreams of its author, and at once decided that literature should form the main business of his life. "The favour which it at once attained," says Lockhart, "had not been equalled in the case of any one poem of considerable length during at least two generations: it certainly had not been approached in the case of any narrative poem since the days of Dryden." The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500*l.* to which Messrs. Longman and Co. afterwards added 100*l.* in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work.

The year introduced by *The Lay*, closed with *Madoc* and *The Sabbath*. *Madoc*, a new epic by Southey; *The Sabbath*, a didactic poem by James Grahame—the *sepulchral Grahame* of the satire of Lord Byron. *Madoc* found few admirers at the time, nor has it many now, or the number it deserves to have; and *The Sabbath* of Grahame, though full of fine thoughts, and well sustained throughout, made but little way with poets, or with the public:

"Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore!

To lose the present, gain the future age,

Praised to be when you can hear no more,

And much enrich'd with Fame when useless worldly store."

But *Madoc* and *The Sabbath* are sure of being included in the bulk

of our British poetry, whenever that large body is re-edited by a poet of true judgment and discretion, and not by another Alexander Chalmers.

"The corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic." This, however, like many other popular sayings, admits of some exceptions; for the writers who originated the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey, Brougham, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Hallam, and Horner, belonged either to the Law or the Church, and put forward no pretensions of their own to a grain of ground upon Parnassus. They sat in judgment, however, on the production of the new race of poets with a stern and forbidding countenance. "Hard words and hanging," was the doom of all new candidates for the laurel; so that Hogg's translation of their motto, "*Judex damnatur absolvitur illis*,"—"I'll be d——d if you escape," was true, at least, to the spirit in which the journal was conducted. Young men of the present generation can form from the known character of the *Review* for the last eight-and-twenty years but a very slender idea of its influence for the first fifteen years of its existence. Nor is this loss of influence to be attributed to any falling off in the quality and value of its articles, for the *Edinburgh Review*, that can shew a paper by Macanlay, or an article like the "Churchill," from the pen of Mr. Forster, may rank in real worth and importance with the best number of the *Review* in the most palmy days of its existence. We are to attribute a decay of influence to another cause, to an abuse of its own power, the reversal of many of its own decrees in its own pages; and the simple circumstance, that merit will buoy up at last for malice and wit, though they may cause an incalculable deal of mischief for a time—it can be but for a time. Dryden's contempt for Shirley has not prevented what was due to him, the publication of a collected edition of his work; and all the wit that was shot against Wither has failed in keeping him from the place he deserves to hold in the catalogue of British poets.

When the *Edinburgh Review* was in the full first swing of its power and patronage, James Montgomery

published his *Wanderer in Switzerland*; Cary, the first part of his well-sustained translation of Dante; Hogg, his *Mountain Bard*; Crabbe, after a silence of twenty years, *The Parish Register*; Tannahill, a volume of Songs; Moore, his *Little's Poems*; Scott, his *Marmion*; and Byron, his *Hours of Idleness*. Crabbe alone was a favourite with the *Reviews*; Montgomery met with a severe handling; the review of *Little* occasioned a hostile meeting at Chalk Farm; the critique on *Marmion*, the *Quarterly Review*; and the bitter and uncalled-for notice of the *Hours of Idleness*, the swingeing satire, rough and vigorous, of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. "The poetry of this young lord," says the *Review*, "belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit; and our counsel is," it adds, "that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents which are considerable, and his opportunities which are great, to better account."

The *Edinburgh Review* may be forgiven all its injurious and unjust decrees in criticism, for the entertaining addition it made to our literature in the satire of Lord Byron. Not that the satire itself is a very noble specimen of Byron's Muse, or of the school of poetry of which it forms a part; but it is a fine, fearless piece of writing, with a strain of noble invective at times amidst its more prosaic passages and its mere calling of names. The *Review*, moreover, had this good effect, it roused a Muse of fire before its time, but not before its strength was at its height, and, in all probability, added to the bulk and value of the poems he has left us; for there is little reason to suppose that Byron's life would, under any circumstances, have extended much, if at all, beyond the six-and-thirty years to which it ran.

Birds cease to sing when kites are in the sky, but real poets, though depressed by criticisms for a time, revive with wonted vigour, and try a new flight in the poetic heaven. Byron understood this thoroughly when he sang,—

"Yet there will still be bards: though
fame is smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human
thought;

And the unquiet feelings which first
woke
Song in the world, will seek what then
they sought."

Campbell, the pet of the Reviewers, put forward his *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809; Crabbe, another favourite, his *Borough*, in 1810; Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*; and Southey, his noblest poem by far, his *Curse of Kehama*, in the same year. Our accessions were considerable, so were our losses. Anstey was removed from among us in 1805, forty years after the publication of *The New Bath Guide*; Charlotte Smith and Kirke White in 1806; Home in 1808, sixty years after the tragedy of *Douglas*, and an ode addressed to him by Collins, had secured his fame; Miss Seward, whose feeble lucubrations I have omitted to detail, was removed in 1809; Tannahill, in 1810; Graham and Leyden, in 1811; and in the same year the venerable Bishop Percy, whose *Reliques of English Poetry* had wrought the changes of which he lived to see so many noble and permanent effects.

Tales in Verse, *The World before the Flood*, *The Isle of Palms*, and some of the lighter poems of the year 1812, suffered an eclipse in the great quarto publication of that year, the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*. Murray gave 600*l.* for the copyright; the sale was instantaneous, and "I awoke one morning," as the author records, "and found myself famous." The success of the poem was complete, and people applied to the new poet what Waller had said of Denham, "that he broke out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or at the least suspected it."

The memorable quarto of the month of March (*Childe Harold*) was followed in October by one of the wittiest little volumes in the English language, *The Rejected Addresses of the Messrs. Smith. The Pipe of Tobacco*, by Isaac Hawkins Browne, clever as it is, must sink before the little brochure of the successful brothers. Philips, in his *Splendid Shilling*, is not more happy in his mock imitation of Milton's manner than the Messrs. Smith of Lord Byron's in the stanzas called "Cui Bono?" The Crabbe, the Scott,

the Southey, the Wordsworth, are all good,—indeed, there is not a bad parody in the volume; the Crabbe, in a word, is better than Crabbe,—

“Something had happened wrong about a bill,
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill;
So to amend it I was told to go,
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co.”

Surely “Emanuel Jennings,” compared with the above, rises, as the Messrs. Smith remark, to sublimity itself.

The last publication of the year 1812 was the *Rokeby* of Scott,—less successful than any of his former efforts, and with less of the blaze of true genius about it. Copies were scarce at first,—

“Pray have you got *Rokeby*? for I have got mine,
The mail-coach edition, prodigiously fine;”

and when copies were got, disappointment almost as speedily ensued. Fine passages throughout the poem unquestionably there are. But the versification was the same with his other poems, and what Curl called “the knack” was caught by a herd of tasteless imitators.

“I well remember,” writes Lockhart, “being in those days a young student at Oxford, how the booksellers’ shops there were beleaguered for the earliest copies, and how he that had been so fortunate as to secure one was followed to his chamber by a tribe of friends, all as eager to hear it read as ever horse-jockeys were to see the conclusion of a match at Newmarket; and, indeed, not a few of those enthusiastic academics had bets depending on the issue of the struggle, which they considered the elder favourite as making to keep his own ground against the fiery rivalry of *Childe Harold*.”

Byron had novelty on his side, and Scott had to encounter the satiety of the public ear. Other circumstances, moreover, were against him. Moore had given a humorous fling at the poem in his *Twopenny Post-Bag*; and the Messrs. Smith, in “A Tale of Drury Lane,” in *The Rejected Addresses*, a ludicrous turn to the manner and matter of his former poems. He felt what Byron calls his “reign” was over, and turning

from poetry to prose, left the field of verse to a formidable rival, and employed his pen in the composition of a lighter style of literature,—one in which he achieved a second reputation, and one in which he is still without a rival.

The public at large have never cared much about poems written in Spenser’s stanzas, and Byron was wise when he postponed the completion of his poem in that measure to a later period. Scott had awakened a taste for incident and story. Of mere description the public had had enough already; and of legendary tales in verse more than enough. People were tired, moreover, of border raids and Highland scenery; they longed for novelty and for another clime, and they got their wish. There was no suspense: the poet kept pace with the public; and *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* were still in the infancy of their fame, when *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and *The Siege of Corinth*, appeared to await the judgment of the public. The poet was not unmindful of the fate of others. He knew, moreover, the capricious turns of the public taste, and how necessary it was, to maintain his ground, that he should frequently renew his title to the rank assigned him. Afraid that people were beginning to get tired of Turkish tales, he added a third canto to *Childe Harold*; and when the fourth and last canto of that noble poem was published, he produced a novelty at the same time, a Venetian story (*Beppo*) in Whistlercraft verse—itself a novelty. Churchill’s four years were not better sustained than Byron’s twelve. From tales in tripping verse he turned to dramas; and when *Manfred* and *Cain*, and *Sardanapalus* and *Werner*, had done their work, *Don Juan* was taken up as a new string to his bow. This, his last, and in some respects his ablest, work was left unfinished at his death. What new style he would have attempted, or what success was likely to attend a fifth new manner, I need not stay to conjecture. His career was brilliant but short, and though he excelled in every style he attempted, there is every reason to suppose that he had done his best.

While Byron blazed the comet of a season, Shelley and Keats appeared

and passed away, leaving some noble memorials of their genius behind them: *The Adonais*, *The Hyperion*, *The Cloud*, the *Sonnet on Chapman's Homer*. But Shelley is too obscure, and Keats too mythological,—not the obscurity of thoughts too great for words, or a mythological taste derived from a repletion of learning, but the obscurity of haste and the mythological abundance of one who was not a scholar. Other poems of repute and consequence appeared in the same short season. Not a year went by without producing more than one volume of a quality we never see now.

In 1813, Hogg appeared with *The Queen's Wake*, containing "Bonny Kilmeny;" Allan Cunningham, with a volume of songs, some of surpassing beauty; Moore, with his *Two-penny Post-Bag*; Coleridge with a tragedy (*Remorse*); and Scott, in disguise, with *The Bridal of Triermain*. In 1814, Wordsworth enriched our poetry with his much-decried *Excursion*; Moore, with his *Irish Melodies*; Southey, with his *Roderick*; and Rogers, with his *Jacqueline*. Scott, in the following year, gave us *The Lord of the Isles* and *The Field of Waterloo*; and Leigh Hunt, "a real good and very original poem," his *Rimini*. Wilson, already known by his *Isle of Palms*, gained another wreath, in 1816, by his *City of the Plague*. *Lallah Rookh*, and *The Sibylline Leaves* of Coleridge, containing "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," will make the year 1817 a memorable year in the annals of poetry whenever they are written. Keats' *Endymion* was a publication of the year 1818; Shelley's *Cenci*, Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, Rogers' *Human Life*, and Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* and *The Waggoner*, belong to 1819; Keats'

Lamia, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnus*, and other poems, to 1820; Shelley's *Queen Mab* and *Adonais*; Southey's *Vision of Judgment*, and Byron's parody of the poem, to the year 1821; Rogers' *Italy* and Scott's *Halidon Hill*, to 1822; *The Loves of the Angels* of Moore, to 1823; Campbell's *Theodoric* to 1824, and Southey's *Tale of Paraguay*, to 1825. Song after this began to cease among us; Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, were dead; Scott and Southey silent; Coleridge dreaming away existence,—

"Fond to begin, but still to finish
loathe;"

Campbell past his prime; Rogers and Moore unwilling, rather than unable; Wilson busy with the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; Wordsworth confined

"Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;"

Hogg cultivating sheep on Yarrow, and Allan Cunningham superintending the marble progeny of Chantrey. Song, truly, had gone out among us. No one seems to write from the inborn force of his own genius, from Nature, and his own full thoughts:—

"Now each court hobby-horse will wince
in rhyme;

Both learn'd and unlearn'd, all write
plays.

It was not so of old: men took up trades
That knew the crafts they had been bred
in right;

An honest bilboe-smith would make good
blades,

The cobbler kept him to his awl; but now
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a
plough."—BEN JONSON.

But the present condition of our poetry will afford material for another paper.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

WHY runs, why wave-like sweeps along,
Through street and mart, the rushing throng?
Is Rhodes on fire? From every side
Rolls storming in the human tide,
And mounted on his courser proud
A knight I see above the crowd;
And after him — what wondrous feat! —
Is dragg'd a monster through the street.
A dragon it appears to sight,
With crocodile's wide-gaping jaws;
And now the dragon, now the knight,
The people's gaze alternate draws.

And loud a thousand voices rise,
"Come, see the hell-worm — here it lies! —
That with the flock devour'd the swain;
The hero this, who hath it slain!
Full many, ere he risk'd his life,
Went forth to dare the deadly strife;
But none return'd to tell the fight, —
All honour to the gallant knight!"
Thus to the cloister, moving on,
Proceeds the crowd, where hasty call
The knightly order of St. John
Assembles in the council-hall.

Before the noble master there
The youth appears, with modest air;
The following thousands shouting loud
Press in, and hall and gallery crowd;
And thus he takes the word: "Thy son,
The duty of a knight hath done!
The dragon, that laid waste the land,
Lies slain before thee by this hand;
Free to the wanderer now our ways,
From mead to mead the flocks may stray;
And joyous to the shrine of grace,
The pilgrim climb the rocky way!"

But stern the master eyes the youth, —
"A hero's part thou'st wrought, in sooth,
Bold deeds the knight with honour crown,
A daring spirit thou hast shewn;
But which the first of duties, say,
Of him who fights for Christ's dear sway,
And with the Cross adorns his mail?"
He speaks, and all around grow pale.
But graceful thus the youth replies,
Whilst bending low with cringing face:
"Obedience is the test that tries,
And shews him worthy of the grace."

"And this first duty, son," returns
The master, "thy rash spirit spurns;
The combat by the law denied,
With wayward courage thou hast tried."

"Forbear to judge, till heard the whole,"
Rejoins the youth, with steady soul,
"For, both in spirit and in will,
The law I've labour'd to fulfil.
Not rashly trusting all to might,
I went to seek the monster's life;
By artifice and cunning sleight,
I sought to conquer in the strife.

Already of their bold emprise
Had fallen five—the sacrifice,
Gems of the faith, our order's pride!
By you, the fight was then denied.
But gnawing at my heart there lay
Impatient wish to dare the fray;
Yes, e'en in dreams of silent night,
I panting fought the long'd-for fight;
And when the morning glimmering came,
And tidings of new misery brought,
Wild sorrow seized upon my frame,
And into deed matured my thought.

And thus I to myself began:
'What graces youth, what honours man,
What deeds achieved those heroes bold,
Of whom in song so much is told,
Whom to the gods' illustrious height
Blind heathendom did elevate?
To hard adventures forth they sped,
And freed the world from monsters dread;
With raging lions dauntless fought,
With fiercer minotaurs contended,
To hapless victims freedom brought,
Nor mourn'd the blood for right expended.

And but against the Paynim horde
Must Christian warrior draw the sword?
Sent as the champion of the world,
His spear but 'gainst false gods be hurl'd?
From every danger, every harm,
Deliver should his stalwart arm.
Yet wisdom must his courage guide,
And artifice with strength be tried.'
Thus oft I spoke, and, bent to scan
The monster's track, went forth alone;
Then whisper'd me my soul the plan,
And victory I felt my own.

And came to you, and spake: 'This isle
Grant me to leave for home awhile:
That favour from your grace obtain'd,
My destin'd port soon safe I gain'd;
And scarce I reach'd my native strand,
Ere by a cunning artist's hand,
True to the features well survey'd,
A mimic dragon had I made.
On stunted feet aloft was placed
The lengthy body's ponderous load;
A scaly shirt of mail encased
The back, and dread defence bestow'd.

Long stretch'd the neck, and opening fell,
 Sight ghastly as the gate of hell,
 As if in act to snatch their prey,
 Their width did the grim jaws display.
 From out the dark abyss beneath
 Threaten'd the sting-like rows of teeth;
 The tongue a pointed falchion seem'd,
 Dire lightnings from the small eyes gleam'd;
 And into serpent fold on fold

The back enormous tapering ran,
 Around itself all dreadly roll'd,
 To crush at once both steed and man!

Close imitating all the rest,
 In grisly grey the shape I drest;—
 Half snake, half lizard, seem'd it now,
 And dragon bred of poison'd slough.
 And when the image finish'd stood,
 Two dogs I chose of dauntless mood,
 Strong limb'd, and fleetest than the breeze,
 And train'd the savage bull to seize.
 These urg'd to fury fierce, I set
 Upon the dragon as their prey,
 With pointed fangs the beast to fret,
 And taught my bidding to obey.

And where the belly soft and white
 Lay naked to their galling bite,
 I made them seize the fiend, and there
 The flesh with sharp teeth hacking tear.
 Then arm'd as if for warlike deed,
 Bestrode myself my gallant steed,
 Of noblest race in Arab land,
 And when to flame his rage I'd fann'd,
 Plunging my spurs into his side,
 Upon the dragon fierce I sprung,
 And as to pierce it through I tried,
 With steady aim my javelin flung.

And though at first my courser scar'd,
 Foam'd, champ'd his bit, and shuddering rear'd,—
 And whining howl'd my hounds afraid,—
 Till use had made them bold I staid.
 And thus their training I pursued
 Till thrice her light the moon renewed,
 Then each his part exactly taught,
 Them hither in swift bark I brought.
 Three times the sun has lit the wave
 Since here I came, and scant the rest
 That to my weary limbs I gave,
 Ere to their mighty task address'd.

For moved my soul within me rose
 At story of the land's new woes;
 Torn limb from limb had late been found
 The shepherds to the marshes bound.
 Thus prompt resolving on my part,
 I took but counsel of my heart,
 And to my train of loyal squires
 With haste imparting my desires,
 Forth with my noble dogs and steed,
 By secret ways, which well I knew,
 Where none might look upon my deed,
 To meet the foe I fearless drew.

The chapel, sire, you know, which high
On rock that seems to prop the sky,
Built by the dauntless master's hands,
Wide prospect o'er the isle commands.
But small that chapel, poor and mean,
Yet there a miracle is seen :—
The Mother with the infant Lord,
By the three eastern kings ador'd !
Thrice thirty steps must pilgrim climb,
Ere at the holy shrine he bends,
But dizzy reach'd the height sublime
New strength his Saviour's presence lends.

Within the rock, thus chapel crown'd,
Wide yawns a gloomy cave profound,
Damp with the near swamps' noxious steam,
Impervious to day's cheering beam ;
Here made the snake his den, and lay
His victims waiting night and day.
Thus held he, like hell's dragon there,
Strict watch beside the house of prayer !
And came the pilgrim to the spot,
And turn'd into the dangerous way,
Broke from his ambush in the grot
The foe, and bore him thence his prey.

The rugged rock I climb'd, ere yet
In arduous fight the fiend I met,
And knelt before the Jesus-child,
And shriv'd my bosom sin-defil'd.
Then girded at the altar high
My limbs in glittering panoply,
And lance in hand, to seek the foe,
Descended to the plain below.
And that the peril of the deed
All mine might be, there bade to wait
My squires, and springing on my steed,
To God in prayer consign'd my fate.

Scarce reach'd the swampy marshes' bounds,
To bay began my gallant hounds,
And panting stood my trembling steed,
Nor would another step proceed :
For coil'd together, ball-like, lay
The grisly snake beside the way,
Sunning himself on the warm ground.
Quick sprung on him each active hound,
But with the jackal's howl, faint-hearted,
With arrowy swiftness turning flew,
When wide his gaping jaws he parted,
And forth a blast of poison blew.

But soon with courage fresh inspired,
The foe they seized to fury fired ;
And whilst on him in rage they hung,
Against his loins my spear I flung ;
But weak as willow-copling thin,
It bounded from the scaly skin,—
And ere a second I could cast,
My trembling courser shied aghast
Before the reptile's basilisk eye,
And current of his poison'd breath,
And terrified would backward fly,—
And now for me seem'd only death !

Then nimbly leaping to the ground,
 Quick flew my keen-edged sword around,
 But on that adamant mail
 My sturdy strokes might naught avail;
 And by his tail infuriate lash'd
 Down to the earth already dash'd,
 I lay, and wide his ghastly maw
 With grim teeth studded gaping saw !
 When, lo ! my dogs to flame enraged,
 Upon his naked belly sprung,
 And biting keen such good fight waged,
 Howling he stood, with torture wrang.

And ere he from his galling foes
 Could free him, from the ground I rose,
 Espied the unprotected part,
 And drove my sword through lungs and heart !
 Plunged to the hilt the weapon stood,
 Black spirting flow'd the streaming blood :
 The monster fell, and, as he sunk,
 Buried me 'neath his ponderous trunk.
 And thus awhile in death-like sround
 I lay, and when my life again
 Came back, my squires were standing round,
 And in his blood the fiend lay slain !"

The loud applause, till now suppress,
 Burst free from every hearer's breast,
 As thus the knight the adventure told ;
 And broke by vaulted roof tenfold
 Peals forth, re-echoing wide around
 The mingled voices' deaf'ning sound !
 Vehement e'en the brethren claim
 For him the hero's crown of fame ;
 And gratefully the people now
 Will bear him forth in triumph proud :
 But stern the master knits his brow,
 Commanding silence to the crowd.

And speaks : " The dragon that this land
 Laid waste thou'st slain with valiant hand ;
 A god unto the *people* thou
 Art grown, but to the *order* now
 Thou com'st a foe ! for worm more dread
 Than thou hast slain thy heart has bred,—
 The breast-empoisoning snake, whose sting
 Doth discord and destruction bring !
 The stubborn spirit this, which dares
 'Gainst discipline revolt to raise,
 The sacred band of order tears,
 And wide the world in ruin lays.

Mere *courage* show the Paynim race,
Obedience is the Christian's grace ;
 For where the Lord of earth and skies
 Once wander'd in a servant's guise,
 The fathers on that hallow'd ground
 Our order framed, for ever bound
 The hardest duty to fulfil—
 The conquest of the rebel will !

But moved thy heart by glory vain.
 For ever then my presence flee,—
 The Saviour's yoke must he sustain,
 Who soldier of His cross will be!"

Loud from the throng a murmur breaks,
 A mighty storm the building shakes;
 The brethren supplicate for grace;
 The silent youth, with earth-bent face,
 Calmly disrobes, and kissing ere
 He goes the master's hand severe,
 Departs. But, lo! the master's eye
 Pursues; and, hark! his loving cry,
 Recalls: "Embrace me now, my son!
 A harder conquest thou hast gain'd;
 Take back this cross, the guerdon won,
 By victory over self obtain'd!"

ARNOLD'S LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY.*

THE late Dr. Arnold took public favour by storm. Between the infancy of his popularity and its full efflorescence there was no intermediate stage, and he seemed to step at once from privacy, if not obscurity, to the highest point of literary celebrity. This is not a common case, but it may be explained. Dr. Arnold was a highly endowed man, and the times in which he lived were favourable to the development of his peculiar powers, and to the dispensation of the knowledge which he had acquired. He was able, earnest, and zealous, and devoted himself with stern diligence to the duties of his personal and public offices. As a matter of course, success followed his exertions. This is the reward of sincerity; and he reaped it in a full, if not in a prodigal measure. His fame as a mere scholar and as a classical critic he must divide with others who have achieved much less notoriety, and who were infinitely beneath him in general intelligence; but what really distinguished him, and what attracted towards his writings the regards of his countrymen, were his love of truth, the fearlessness with which he prosecuted any inquiry upon which he entered, his open disregard of consequences, the rashness of his logic, and his somewhat haughty contempt for the sacredness

of established opinions. These are all striking qualities, and it was not his custom to let them wane for want of exercise; but the rapid evolution of society during his day probably stimulated his ambition, and certainly gave a more definite aim to his controversial excursions than they could have obtained in quieter times. Such a man could never have been a literary adventurer. The severity and faithfulness of his nature forbade it, and when he emerged from his retirement he came forth armed at all points, prepared to vindicate his claims to the respect, if not to challenge the confidence, of his contemporaries.

The infirmities of this remarkable person had, perhaps, a similar origin with his virtues. His love of truth was intense, nor shall we for one moment doubt that he pursued his search after it with as much honesty of purpose as zeal; but he forgot that it assumes various shapes—in other words, that its complexion and character will necessarily depend on the temper of the mind which perceives it. Individual convictions are much affected by individual idiosyncrasies, not to speak of the minor but not less real influences of birth, education, and social position and converse, which it would be unwise to overlook in a summary of causation.

* Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent 1842, with the inaugural Lecture delivered in December 1841. By THOS. ARNOLD, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head-master of Rugby school. Third Edition. London, B. Fellowes, Ludgate Street, 1845.

We do not here allude to those slight and transient emotions which ebb and flow with the currents of the hour and day, and scarcely leave a ripple upon the surface of existence; but to the deeper and more durable impressions which, however acquired, take root and fructify, which no training can altogether eradicate, and which in time become thoroughly incorporated with the whole being of the man. It is by the greater or less prominence of these indescribable qualities that we distinguish one man from another; it is by their insensible operation upon his own actions that he distinguishes himself from his fellows; and it is in their aggregation that the force of his nature visibly resides. Such considerations, however, Dr. Arnold habitually neglected. His code of moral and intellectual law was eminently unaccommodating, and failed consequently to command that universal obedience which he required for it; and possibly to this, more than to any single circumstance that could be named, may his numerous disappointments and the petty vexations that followed them be attributed. His own nature was energetic, but with him it was the type of all other natures; nor could he, apparently, understand why this should not be so. He had more passion than feeling, and whatever he did or thought was marked by keenness rather than by tenderness. Of imagination, properly so called, he had none; while of neutrality upon any subject whatever he would seem to have been incapable. The result is, an absence of philosophical repose where that repose is most needed. He was too ardent, perhaps too honest, to be indifferent about any thing which engaged his attention; but out of this fiery property there necessarily sprang an agonish impatience, which it is painful to witness, and a want of discrimination which it is not easy otherwise to account for on the part of so able a writer. It had also the effect of confining while it concentrated his sympathies; but in direct proportion as it did this it likewise contracted the range of his analo-

gies, and impressed upon his most ambitious efforts at philosophical analysis an unsatisfactory air; and, *à fortiori*, on his philosophical, and even his historical, conclusions an ambiguous, because a narrow character. Dr. Arnold, with all his gifts, was pre-eminently a parochial sage. While gazing on the universe and contemplating its past and present progress, he seems to have been spell-bound by the local influences which surrounded him. His school was a miniature world, whence he drew his pictures of human passions and affections, and he the king, who presided with despotic authority over the unruly microcosm; and when he went abroad into life, or attempted to delineate the great world without, we at once recognise the hastiness and the intolerance of one who was a stranger to contradiction, and whose confidence in himself was the result of a consciousness of his superiority to those around him rather than of a fair comparison of himself with his equals. This peculiarity is remarkably conspicuous in some of his professional writings. We have no evidence, for example, that he had studied ecclesiastical history with more than ordinary attention, and none whatever that he excelled in his knowledge of ecclesiastical polity, and yet his dogmatism upon both these subjects is literally overwhelming. His scheme of a comprehensive union of Christians may be considered complimentary to his liberality, but at the expense of his judgment; while his theory of priesthood* and his hatred of clerical organisation clearly demonstrate his incapacity to deal with questions of so comprehensive a character. The legitimacy of the episcopate was another stumbling-block which impeded his path and disturbed his serenity throughout life, but which he at last overleaped at a bound, as an insufferable hinderance to the evolutions of a free spirit. Indeed, the scorn with which he treats the received hypothesis of prelatial descent is absolutely withering, and in a Churchman far from becoming. No greater horror could have been manifested had he been combating

* See *Fragment on the Church*. London, 1845. A posthumous and v ordinary fragment, which his widow has been advised to publish since his

some hideous sophism which involved the peace of the world and the well-being of the human race, instead of an opinion which, in the present age at least, is practically innocent, and which, for aught he knew to the contrary, might be historically correct. But on such points he was not an authority, and both the bent of his mind and his impatience of control, to say nothing of his contempt for scholastic antiquity, disqualified him in a remarkable manner for estimating the value of the testimony on which such conclusions rest. When we are told that "the essential idea of a priest is this, that he is a person made necessary to our intercourse with God;" that "this unreasonable, immoral, unscriptural necessity is the essence of priesthood;" that "priesthood is properly mediation, taking this last word in its etymological, rather than its common meaning;" that "this intermediate being" (the priest) "stands to man in the place of God;"* that a priesthood supposed to be of divine appointment is a hopeless evil, "requiring nothing less than a new revelation to remove it;"† that "an order of men set apart to teach their brethren is no essential and eternal part of the plan of Christianity;"‡ and that "the church of Christ is not to be subjected to the authoritative teaching of any of its members;"§ we are apt to suspect that there must have been something very peculiar in the mental structure of that man, who, himself a priest and the ordained minister of a church, one of the fundamental conditions of which it is that there should exist, not a priesthood only, but a tripartite division of that priesthood, could deliberately utter and as deliberately promulgate such extraordinary sentiments as these. Because the Oxford school exalted the priestly office too much, Dr. Arnold would utterly debase it; this, however, is not to argue, but to declaim. The abuse of an institution at any particular time, or in any particular place, is no proof of its uselessness in all time or at any time, and it is needless to add that it makes nothing for or against the sacredness of its origin; but in

the present case his reason was fairly mastered by the vehemence of his indignation against an obnoxious class of religionists, and finding apparently no escape from the troublesome inferences which his opponents deduced from the history of the primitive church,—inferences, by the way, which were as much a reality to him as to them—he boldly struck at the root of the whole edifice, and solved the difficulty by denouncing the priestly order itself as a violent and cruel invasion of human right, and as a thing which should be discarded as "immoral and unscriptural!" It is not easy, we confess, to account satisfactorily for such excessive waywardness; but we shall make the attempt, even at the risk of being unsuccessful.

It would appear to us, then, that the source of these irregularities in so amiable and excellent a man was essentially physiological. Dr. Arnold's temperament was ardent, and, as we have already stated, his zeal in all things, great or small, was irrepressible. To use a homely phrase, he could take nothing easily; and the result of this extreme anxiety to realise his own convictions was an intense manifestation of *individualism*. He was neither of Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, in religion; nor of Socrates or Plato in morals; nor of Bacon or Descartes in modern literature; nor of Pitt or Fox, Russell or Peel, in politics; but of Thomas Arnold, and of Thomas Arnold alone. It was his business to think for himself, and he did so; but he seemed to forget that others had an equal right to the liberty of private judgment, and would probably use it; and that to differ from him was neither a religious, a political, nor a moral heresy. Nothing, indeed, strikes us as more remarkable in his history than the fact that his own very circumscribed sphere of observation, and his separation from the practical business of life, never suggested a single doubt as to his competency to grapple with matters of acknowledged difficulty in the moral and physical government of the world. Hesitation was not one of his defects; on the contrary, his practice was to

* Fragment on the Church, pp. 15, 16.

† Ibid. 104.

‡ Ibid. 211.

§ Ibid. 219.

rush to *matias res*, and to dispense his censure with no measured hand to the right and to the left. All the previous rules and maxims of social existence he stretched upon a Procrustean bed of his own formation, and chopped them down to its dimensions. The process was summary and generally neat, but it was arbitrary and often capricious, and it caused the force of circumstances, for good or for evil, in a great measure to escape him. In no writer of modern times of the same distinction do we remember of so little allowance being made for their operation; perhaps because their recognition would have been inconvenient to a very daring theorist, but more probably because their influence was inadequately apprehended. They obstructed his progress, and he turned aside from them with scorn. In like manner he delighted in abstractions, and was sometimes happy in their application; but it may be doubted whether he possessed the subtlety or the comprehensiveness of mind necessary for a successful metaphysician; and it is quite certain that if he did, he carefully concealed them. The common apology for these extravagancies is, his limited experience of mankind; nor shall we deny that the almost monastic seclusion of Rugby may have tended to corroborate instead of to soften those strong impressions which he adopted so readily and retained so tenaciously: but the fault would appear to us to have lain deeper, since it cannot be disputed that many men with as little knowledge of life have taken juster views of the organisation and objects of human society. Dr. Arnold was, in fact, temperamentally an absolutist, and neither the accidents of his education nor his position contributed to abate the ruling infirmity of his mind. Samuel Johnson, for instance, was a great dogmatist, or, as some will have it, a great bigot,—such is the modern phrase, nor are we concerned at present with its justness; but Johnson, though travelling over much the same ground, swept round a wider circle than his successor, and, with equal confidence in his own powers, kept much nearer to the surface of things. It is only in Boswell that his egoism appears; and but for the revelations of that extraordinary book

and the whispers of tradition, the men of our generation would have known little or nothing of his leading properties. In what he wrote for the world the vigour and the extent of his powers are alone conspicuous, for we do not reckon his mannerism a mental defect; it was a mere blemish, or, at the most, an error in taste. The man himself is never obtruded on your notice; and though he may treat you to a little of his own wisdom, he does not think it necessary to despise the wisdom of the rest of mankind: but Dr. Arnold, like Savage Landor, constantly occupies the foreground of his own canvass—his personality is never absent from your mind's eye for one moment; and after having read and pondered, and read again, alternately delighted and bewildered, the conviction is irresistible, that the individualism of the accomplished writer is much more prominent than his philosophy. In our judgment, then, neither Winchester nor Oxford are answerable for the peculiarities discernible in Dr. Arnold, but Nature herself. She formed the man and made him what he was,—not the cloister or the school, the Academe or the Porch; a man whom a difficulty could not dismay nor a paradox startle; a man of high moral resolution and of strong passions, who was impatient of control and resented contradiction; a man who thought, felt, and acted energetically at all times and in all circumstances; a man of large benevolence, but who had resolved that the world should be virtuous only after a fashion of his own; a truthful but a severe man, from whom the weaknesses of humanity received little mercy; a respectable man, undoubtedly, and a good man, but one whose creed and precepts were unnecessarily harsh; and, beyond all controversy, a man the expansion of whose mind was cramped by the early adoption of a system of political ethics, which in after-life narrowed the field of his usefulness, and has cast over the most ambitious of his performances the shadow of a speedy decay. But it is time to turn to the volume before us.

The lectures of which it consists eight in number, were delivered Oxford in the years 1841-42, in t

have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the store-houses began to be drawn upon; and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill-sides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill-sides were now visited for a very different object: ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our road-sides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved in the first place for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering and most miserable death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825, told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on, till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, 20,000 innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure.*

Dr. Arnold then considers shortly, and very generally, with whom "the guilt of most atrocious murder" lay, whether on both sides equally, or on one side only; and concludes his review of the "tragedy," by triumphantly exclaiming, "if any man can defend the lawfulness, in

the abstract, of the starvation of the inhabitants of Genoa, I will engage also, to establish the lawfulness of the massacres of September."†

We are not surprised that this passage should have excited admiration. As a picture it is complete, and those who read here or elsewhere of the sufferings of the miserable inhabitants of Genoa during the blockade, which lasted forty-one days, will unite with us, as they would have united with Dr. Arnold, in considering war in all its aspects as one of the most dreadful scourges which ever desolated the earth: the analogy, however, with which it closes, appears to us to be both false and dangerous; and for these reasons we shall request the attention of the reader for a few minutes, while we endeavour to estimate its value.

The defence of the "lawfulness in the abstract," of starving the inhabitants of the city of Genoa, or any other city, is scarcely within the limits of any discussion growing out of the history of that melancholy transaction, and was a demand which Dr. Arnold had no right to make, either as a casuist or as a critic on maritime law: while it must be painfully obvious to all that Lord Keith's share in that memorable incident is unfavourably contrasted with that of the revolutionary general who held Genoa for the French Republic. His office, nevertheless, was as purely ministerial as the office of Massena. They both did what their respective governments ordered them to do, and in their circumstances they could do nothing else; but the point to be observed is this, that the object of the allies was to force Massena out of Genoa, not to starve the Genoese; and that, consequently, if the Genoese were starved because Massena would not abandon their city, the weight of that grave offence should lie upon him and those whom he served, and not upon the British admiral or the British government, who had no alternative between the institution of a blockade with all its attendant horrors, and the abandonment of that line of political action upon which they had entered arresting the progress of the Fr arms in Italy. Morally spea

* Lectures on History, pp. 168, et seqq.

† P. 172.

the "lawfulness" of slaughtering men in battle may be doubted; and no one ever yet read the history of an assault without feeling his blood run cold at the recital of the atrocities which accompanied it; but the civilian who defines the rules of war, or the politician who justifies its necessity, is not to be held as destitute of humanity because he cannot abate its cruelties; for the assumption that it will and must be attended with cruelties is one of the conditions of his argument, which by the nature of the case he is compelled to adopt, and which, let us hope, he adopts with reluctance. That every thing should be done which humanity can suggest to soften its severities, we readily grant, and if it be true, as has been said, that the Austrian commander before Genoa refused a passage across the lines to the women and children, that was an act of barbarity which history should record and stigmatise: but even such a permission would in the winter season, and in northern latitudes, only aggravate the prevailing wretchedness, by driving into the open country a crowd of houseless and defenceless fugitives, who would thus merely exchange one kind of death for another. Look at it, then, in what light you will, suffering and sorrow must attend war. It is not, and never has been the herald of happiness, but the servant of desolation: but dreadful thing as it is, and inevitable as it would seem to be so long as man is constituted as he is, it still has its laws—in civilised countries, at least—and we must protest as energetically as we can against the extraordinary doctrine here announced by Dr. Arnold, that its incidental calamities may be balanced by the frightful atrocities committed in Paris in 1792, and known as the "September massacres." If this be more than an antithetical ornament, we must pronounce it to be one of the most singular illustrations upon record of a confusion of moral ideas; for while legitimate war forbids murder, massacre is murder—more than that, it is murder in cold blood, without an aim or an object but the brutal lust of destruction and the fiendish love of slaughter; and such was the character of the "September massacres," which Dr. Arnold thought

himself justified in setting off against the sufferings of the Genoese. These massacres lasted for three days, during which short time the wretches who officiated at these orgies sacrificed from 6000 to 12,000 victims (for the number is uncertain), of all ages and ranks, and of both sexes, including the Princess de Lamballe; and it must be remembered that these enormities were not perpetrated by enemies on their foes, which would have been bad enough, but by devils in human shape on their own hapless countrymen and kindred; that no plea of necessity, good, bad, or indifferent, could be alleged in defence of these atrocities, except the foul passions of their execrable authors, and that after the lapse of half a century they stand out in bold relief as one of the most dismal tragedies which stain the page of modern history. That they should be likened to any of the ordinary casualties of war by a man of Dr. Arnold's reputation, is truly wonderful; but if our estimate of his character be correct, perhaps this anomaly may be explained. The story which he heard at Genoa in 1825 made a strong impression upon his imagination, and like most of his impressions it was as durable as it was strong. Nothing could be more natural than that while in the city itself he should inquire about the siege, and to a mind constituted and pre-occupied as his was, the transition from gratified curiosity to anger was easy. From that hour we may reasonably suppose that the siege of Genoa would occupy a considerable place in his recollections. It was an incident well suited to his tastes, and he has made an episode out of it, which would have been perfect but for its excessive narrowness; and which, as it at present stands, is cruelly unjust to the actors in that melancholy enterprise, as well as illogical in its philosophical conclusions, if regard be had to the recognised principles of warfare in ancient and modern times. The truth, we apprehend to be, that Dr. Arnold had an inexact conception of nationality, if, indeed, that phrase conveyed to his mind any definite idea whatever. Upon no other hypothesis can we account for the stress which he lays upon what would ap-

pear to be individual in contradistinction to imperial interests, or for his anxiety to measure the latter by a standard which falls infinitely short of their true proportions. These lectures, beautiful and instructive as they often are, when critically examined, abound in proofs of this peculiarity. There were not, perhaps, twenty men in Britain who felt as acutely on all subjects as he himself did, or who could invest the passing occurrences of the day, or the events of remote times, with the charm which he threw around both: but he wrote as if he thought otherwise, and he reasoned as if he believed that every man might become "a law unto himself," for it was far from his purpose to inculcate any such demoralising creed. His system of isolation has here its just issue. It confines his vision as a philosophical critic, as in other instances it confines his sympathies as a man: and the result is, a contracted appreciation of the force of those great influences which act on the common family of nations, which are in all probability a part of the scheme of creation, and which have been in conspicuous operation since the dawn of history downwards. The consideration of these, Dr. Arnold, as we venture to think, neglected; and if his book be taken as a whole, and be carefully examined, it will be found to be, if we mistake not, an ingenious defence of individual independency, and a softly worded apology for the "rights of man." What is it, we should be glad to know, which he spares that bears the name or impress of power? The word, except in some sense proper to himself, was as offensive as the thing which it represented; and whether the question be of ecclesiastical subordination, of magisterial authority, of natural law, or even of moral obedience, there is at least a tacit reservation of the privileges of the individual which it is impossible to overlook. Compare him in this respect with Burke, and his most ardent admirers could desire no higher analogy. In the one you find the majesty and integrity of society strenuously enforced, and our "glorious constitution" set forth as an object of almost idolatrous veneration; in the other you will discover nothing of the kind, but you may

learn that society is, upon the whole, rather an oppression than a benefit; that in various ways it has abridged your liberties, forced your will, and restricted your sphere of enjoyment; and that this or any other constitution—unless, perhaps, some unreal form of democracy—is as remarkable for its defects as its excellencies. Dr. Arnold was of the statutory school, and had unlimited confidence in the beneficial effects of legislation, and little in the undisturbed play of the social affections; and whatever of vice or folly may disfigure the world, would seem to be less a consequence of the propensity of man to err than of the neglect of his rulers to keep him right. The effects of this plaintive habit are very remarkable. All his pictures want relief. There is no sunshine, no *chiaro oscuro*, no light and shade, to diversify the landscape and to soften its angularities; but all is darkness and gloom, until the mind, saddened by the perpetual contemplation of an unavailing contest between feebleness and strength, and humility and tyranny, turns in dismay from a spectacle which is all the more terrible for the severe fidelity with which its several lineaments are displayed. We live in an age in which there is an unnatural appetite for the bare anatomies of life. The skin, the muscles, the bones, are each in their turn exposed to public view. Every social wound is probed till it bleeds and festers, and he is the most profound philosopher who is the most dexterous operator; but this disposition to luxuriate over human suffering and sordidness has the worst possible effect upon the national mind and taste. The humanity which it inculcates is melo-dramatic and false, and may be indulged to any extent at the smallest expense to the individual; but there is nothing practical and nothing useful about it. Dr. Arnold's nature was too noble and too pure to allow of his personally participating in this degrading pastime; but there can be no doubt that there is a querulous and an unhealthy tone about his miscellaneous writings, which may tend to foster the growth of a disease which a wise man would repress, and that they may afford food to those who, without one particle of his ability or his benevolence, would

have no objections to feed a passion which they consider respectable merely because it is prevalent. His otherwise admirable sketches will not teach contentment, nor will they inspire the uncritical reader with respect for the past or the present, for the author himself felt none: but surely there are some bright spots even in human history; surely there have been times when man was happy and deserved to be so; surely there is a tolerably equal admixture of good and evil in the world; and surely it is the duty of the moralist and the historian not to neglect these, were it only for example's sake. Dr. Arnold would seem to have thought differently. His theory of imaginary perfection precluded the possibility of a compromise, and what was not positively good he was obliged to condemn as positively bad. He had viewed society so long in one light that the power of contrast failed him, hence his characters are either heroes or devils. For mere humanity, such as God has made it, there was no place in his system; and between the paradisaical state of being on which his fancy loved to dwell, and the "desolation of woe," there was no middle spot on which man could rest, and fulfil some of the purposes of his being. In his anxiety to be just, he became stern and exclusive; and in his dread of being lenient to vice, he forgot the existence, the authority, and the elasticity of virtue. There might, nevertheless, be "balm in Gilead," though he had not the skill to extract it; and the gradual regeneration of the race may be among the designs of Providence, though the evidences of that arrangement escaped his penetration.

We have also remarked it as a peculiarity of these lectures, that amid much interesting discussion on what we must call a body of miscellaneous subjects, the theory of race, or generic differences, is nowhere noticed;* and that no attempt is made to discriminate between the effects of temperament and the influence of institutions. A slight acquaintance with history, however, is sufficient to shew that the former reaches deep into the philosophy of

nationality, and calls for the utmost caution in the application of dogmatic principles in the elucidation of its properties. The energy of the Saxon character, for instance, is what M. Guizot would call a *fact*; in other words, it is a natural not an acquired quality, to which many of the most memorable incidents of mediæval and modern history may be referred. The Saxon race is now the ruling race, and to its energy it owes, first, its liberty; secondly, its progress in science, literature, and commerce; and, thirdly, its extensive dominion. It covers a large portion of the surface of the globe, and in time it will cover more; and the question which is suggested by the contemplation of these phenomena is, to what cause can they with most propriety be ascribed? It is not Acts of Parliament, nor the existence of parliament itself, nor her tripartite constitution, which have made Britain what she is and long has been, the foremost power in the world; but it is the Saxon character which has made all these, for, in truth, they are but emanations from its spirit, forms of its living soul, and expressions of its sovereign will. It had no original advantages over other races except those which its energy imparted; and it is certainly not beneath the dignity of history, or of historical criticism, to inquire how that property has affected its destiny during the progress of a thousand years. Take the Irish, again. They are not Saxon, and neither are the French. The sprinkling of northern blood which both contain has not been able to modify the force of primary character; and by that character, not by Teutonic tastes and passions, do they continue to be distinguished to this day. Do what you will—endow Maynooth, build lay colleges in Ireland, or plant a mockery of the British senate in Paris; you cannot efface the ingrained marks of race, nor prevent them from re-acting on the habits, manners, tastes, and even the pastimes of the people who possess them. The same observation applies to other nations. Their generic peculiarities must be studied and remembered if we would com-

* There are two slight allusions to this subject at pp. 26 and 168, but they are allusions and no more.

prehend either them or their histories, or form a rational estimate of their vices or their virtues. Old records and monkish chronicles, of which Dr. Arnold was so fond, we are far from undervaluing as subsidiary testimonies; nor would we speak slightly of the importance of ancient statutes, which must necessarily reflect the spirit of the times and the legislative temper of the age to which they belong: but they cannot supply the place of those unwritten records which the Almighty has traced on the brows and planted in the hearts of the creatures whom He has made, and which not only outlive the passage of years and geographical changes, but are inextinguishable by the subtle influences of civilisation itself. Some chapters of the late Mr. Hope's work on man, apocryphal as that strange book is on many points, are models of this kind of analysis. Something less glarish would have suited Dr. Arnold; and had he lived to complete his sketch of the Middle Ages, he would have, doubtless, introduced the subject. The present volume contains scarcely an allusion to it, and in a series of introductory lectures on history, where it would have found its appropriate place, we consider its total omission a defect.

We must now bring these remarks to a close. They have exceeded the limits assigned to us, but the subject is seductive, and would warrant a

larger measure of observation than we can afford to bestow upon it. The extraordinary individual whose character we have endeavoured to estimate, was prematurely cut off in the midst of his days and his usefulness; and it is but reasonable to conclude that, had his valuable life been spared, Experience, which is a stern teacher, would have softened many of his asperities and corrected many of his errors. If properly directed, the exercise of his talents would have been of immense benefit to mankind; as it is, much of what he has left behind him is crude and unsatisfactory, and displays the activity rather than the compactness of his mind. We should also fear that his political and ecclesiastical heresies would find more admirers than his solid virtues, and that Dr. Arnold will be oftener quoted than imitated. "Unicuique dedit vitium natura creato." The rule is of universal application, and his prominent infirmity was a contempt for the opinions of others, and a too exclusive confidence in the soundness of his own. With less of this haughty self-reliance and more humility, what might he not have accomplished, for Dr. Arnold was both an accomplished and a good man?

Λαῶν γὰρ συμπάντων ποτὶς κρατιστεφρονες ἀνδρες
Θνησκόντες, ζῶντων δὲ βίη τις ἡμῶντων,
Ὅπως γὰρ μιν πύργον ἐν οὐρανῷ μόνον ἐξῶσιν;
Ἐκεῖ γὰρ πολλοὶν ἔξισιν μόνους εἰσι.*

* Callinus.

THE population of the Punjaub, when the kingdom was at the height of its glory, does not appear to have exceeded three or four millions of souls. Of these, not more than half a million were Sikhs, while the proportion of Hindus to Mussulmans could not have been less than three to one. All were, however, taken indifferently into his military service by Runjeet Singh. Of his manner of drilling them in the European fashion, and of the chief of the instruments which he used in so doing, notice has already been taken; and it is fair to add, that they did not stand alone. Many a scoundrel of European extraction, as well as some Americans, and fugitive Sepoys in abundance, sought employment, and endeavoured to accumulate wealth, under the Lion of the Punjaub. But, with the exception of Ventura, Court, Avitabile, Allard, and Korland, a native of the United States, who served as a civilian, though with more than a soldier's proverbial indifference to human life and the claims of pity, none attained to situations of high command. Some of them were put in charge of battalions, with pay at the rate of 500*l.* or 1000*l.* a-year; others commanded companies, or troops or squadrons of horse; but the manner in which the majority was disposed of was, that Runjeet attached them to the artillery, and they received wages at the rate of ten shillings a-day for teaching the natives how to work, and point, and manœuvre the guns.

In a former paper, some notice was taken of the arrangements in Sikh society, which renders the Punjaub, in every point of view, a nation quite distinct from all which touch upon it. A monarchy in name, it yet exhibited, even when Runjeet reigned, much more the appearance of a federation of petty principalities than of a single consolidated nation; for each chief, though appointed by the Maha Rajah to his district, ruled it and held it too, not unfrequently in defiance of the power which had placed him in his high station. Moreover, of the parties which intrigued one against the other at the

darbar, and, indeed, throughout the whole extent of the empire, there was no end; and so formidable were these, that Runjeet himself, able and unscrupulous as he was, controlled them more by holding the balance amid their feuds, than by putting down, by a strong hand, the factious spirit, and rendering his own will the law. The consequence was, that no sooner had Runjeet ceased to breathe, than the government, properly so called, resolved itself into its elements, and those frightful events followed of which we have already said enough, and of which it may be doubted whether even yet the end is achieved.

There is no Salic law among the Sikhs. On both sides of the Sutlej women have repeatedly held the sceptre, and almost always with an impure as well as a feeble hand. Upon this plea, the widow of Runjeet's son claimed, upon the death of Noo Nehal Singh, to govern, as regent, till it should be seen whether the widow of the deceased should have a child; and though by no means in favour with the powerful faction, of which Dhejan Singh and Goolab Singh were at the head, she carried her point. But her frightful debaucheries soon disgusted even the impure Sikhs; and the absurdity of the plea on which she claimed and exercised rule having been demonstrated, Shere Singh, one of the twins whose legitimacy Runjeet scarcely admitted, rebelled against her. She shut herself up in the citadel of Lahore and stood a siege. In due time, however, Dhejan Singh came to the assistance of the prince, and she was forced to surrender. She was murdered, forthwith, by her own waiting-woman.

And now began that series of mutinies and frightful revolts which led to the violation of the protected territories, and caused the Indian government to put forth its strength in the justest quarrel that ever led a nation to arm. The Sikh army had always been kept in arrear with its pay. Even Runjeet himself made a practice of withholding the wages of his troops till a threatened mutiny

forced upon him the necessity of acting honestly; indeed, it was no uncommon thing to find a whole year's pay due to men, who, with arms in their hands, lived, as was to be expected, by plunder, till the districts which they were embodied to protect could no longer sustain the weight of their presence. During the anarchy that followed Runjeet's demise, both the Sirkar and the army more and more followed the bent of their inclinations; and the one withholding pay, the other first threatened, then robbed the peaceable inhabitants, and, finally, broke out into universal mutiny. As was to be expected, the infuriated soldiery turned their arms first against their European commanders. Some of these they slew, others with difficulty escaped, while some owed their lives to their own gallantry and the devoted attachment of a few of their adherents. The result was, that Shere Singh yielded every point for which the mutineers clamoured, distributed largesses among them, and punished none; after which he granted a four months' furlough to the whole of them, and forthwith plunged into the course of degrading vice to which he had long been addicted.

It was in 1848 that the hatred of the Sikhs towards the English, which had long smouldered, and by the energy of Runjeet been kept under, began to shew itself openly. They demanded, that the new Maha Rajah should refuse a passage to General Pollock through the Punjaub; and when they failed in carrying this point, they clamoured for leave to fall upon his communications, and rob the convoys which from time to time were sent up to him. Shere Singh steadily refused to sanction these proceedings; whereupon a conspiracy was entered into for the purpose of getting rid of him; and, at a review of cavalry outside the walls of Lahore, he was murdered by his own brother-in-law, Ajeet Singh. Not that the young man stood alone. On the contrary, Dhejan Singh, the same minister who had raised Shere Singh to the throne, secretly favoured the plans for his destruction, and gave proof of his approval of the assassination by getting into the murderer's carriage and proceeding with him towards the city. But

they had not sat long together ere a difference of opinion, with regard to the new government that was to be set up, occurred; whereupon Ajeet Singh stabbed his relative to the heart, and casting his body to the ground, made his followers back off his head.

It would be as little profitable, as it would be disgusting, to follow, one by one, the course of the atrocities that followed. Ajeet Singh slew every member of the royal family whom he succeeded in getting into his power, shewing mercy to none, not even to an infant born the day before; and summed up all by sending the head of Dhejan Singh to his son, Rajah Heerab Singh. He paid dearly for his folly; for Heerab Singh getting his uncle, Gholab Singh, to join him, issued orders to the troops in garrison at Lahore to seize the murderer, who shut himself up in the citadel and was there besieged. The murderer endeavoured to escape, was overtaken, and cut to pieces, whereupon Heerab Singh set up Dhulab Singh, a reputed son of Runjeet, as Maha Rajah; and in the capacity of minister to this child of tender years, endeavoured to grasp the powers of the state. He was not strong enough to keep the place he had won. New factions arose, new mutinies occurred among the troops, and Heerab Singh becoming an object of hostility to his nearest of kin, died as most of his predecessors had done. And now the mother of the infant Maha Rajah put in her claim to be treated as regent, and the whole frame-work of society fell to pieces. The soldiers roamed about the country at will. Towns were sacked, villages plundered, while the wretched woman, nominally at the head of affairs, lived as we could not, without the violation of all the dictates of decency, stop so much as to hint at.

Meanwhile the Indian government had not been inattentive to the progress of events across the Sutlej. Other and more urgent cares pressed, indeed, upon Lord Ellenborough, so that he had neither leisure, nor perhaps military means sufficient, to throw the weight of his influence into the scale of the Sikhs; but his lordship, we believe, no secret of the plans was dictated for the putting

state of things which could not fail, sooner or later, of involving the British provinces in a war. Scinde and Gwallior, however, demanded his attention in the first instance. He gave it, and the results were, the permanent annexation of the former to the Company's possessions, and the establishment with the latter of relations which must conduce, ere long, to the absorption of the weaker into the vortex of the greater power. And then he began to march an army of observation towards the Sutlej. But Lord Ellenborough's brilliant policy was too rapid for the four-and-twenty kings of Leadenhall Street. In the exercise of their undoubted right, though much to the astonishment of all concerned, Lord Ellenborough was recalled, and Sir Henry Hardinge, in the spring of 1844, proceeded, overland, to assume the reins of government at Calcutta.

From the first beginning of British power in the East, there has been, both in the Company and among the people and government of England, the greatest horror of the extension of dominion which has been constantly going forward. When tidings arrived, in 1765, of the assumption of regal power over the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, men experienced, amid the triumph, a sort of dread of the consequences, for which they did not know how to account. Warren Hastings, in like manner, was condemned and afterwards persecuted for obeying an impulse which was resistless; and every governor-general since has assumed power, pledged to pacific measures, which he has invariably been compelled to abandon. But among all who have undertaken the serious charge of the Indian government, perhaps not one ever quitted England more honestly desirous of avoiding war than Sir Henry Hardinge. For himself, he had seen enough of battle to hinder any personal ambition, as a warrior, from urging him. He knew, also, that home the effect of the Cabul campaigns had been to render even Sir Charles Napier's triumphs in Scinde unpopular rather than otherwise. And almost the last advice which his old master gave him, ere parting, was to shun a rupture with the Sikhs altogether, if it should be possible so to

do; if not possible, to defer the evil as long as might be, and to put the enemy, ere he struck a blow, wholly in the wrong. Never, surely, was advice more prudent or more just offered; never was just and prudent counsel more faithfully followed. Sir Henry Hardinge, though awake to all that was passing in the Punjab, would not permit so much as one additional regiment to approach the Sutlej. He satisfied himself that the garrisons of Ferozepore and Ludiana were of sufficient strength to hold them till succour could be sent; and refused, therefore, to throw into the territories of the protected chiefs one man more than was needed to keep up the communications between these advanced posts and the frontiers of the provinces.

The summer of 1845 was marked by frightful excesses in Lahore. Murder and debauchery went hand-in-hand together; and the Ranee herself, as well as her chief adviser, Jowar Singh, no longer disguised their purpose of coming to blows with the English. On the part of Jowar Singh, this was but the prosecution of a policy which had long been in favour with him; and as he was heartily detested by the rest of the Sirdars, they made it a pretext for conspiring against him and putting him to death. But the Ranee was swayed by different motives. From day to day her army became more unmanageable; and she desired, above all things, to get rid of the nuisance, even if her deliverance should come with a victorious British force to Lahore. Accordingly, after having long withstood the clamours of her officers, she gave a hearty, yet a reluctant, consent to the proposed invasion of the protected states; and a plan of operations was drawn up, which indicated no slight knowledge of the art of war on the part of those from whom it emanated.

Meanwhile, there were frequent and anxious consultations at Calcutta in regard to events as they were and as they might be expected to be. The governor-general continued to urge the maintenance of peace; and expressed his disbelief of any design on the part of the Sikhs to provoke a rupture. At the same time he recommended, and caused to be carried

into effect, the concentration of a considerable army about Meerut, Umballa, and Delhi; and Sir Hugh Gough, the commander-in-chief, placing himself at its head, both the government and people of India stood still, as it were, to watch the results.

So early as the month of June affairs had assumed an aspect so alarming that it was judged prudent for the governor-general to visit the western provinces in person; and to confer on the spot with the commander-in-chief in regard to the measures which in the event of certain anticipated contingencies it might be judicious to adopt. Accordingly, late in the autumn, Sir Henry Hardinge proceeded up the Ganges, and on the 26th of November met Sir Hugh Gough at Kurnaul, where arrangements were made such as it was supposed would render the army available for any emergency that might arise. But though it was well known by this time that the Sikh columns were in motion, though a strong advanced guard had actually touched the Sutlej opposite to Ferozepore, and other columns were reported to be in movement towards other points on an extended frontier, Sir Henry Hardinge restrained the forward movement which Sir Hugh Gough had begun; and kept his force in such a position, as that it might march concentrated and entire as soon as the territory should be fairly violated, and not before.

On the 20th of November, Major Broadfoot, political agent for Lahore, had sent off a despatch full of important intelligence to the commander-in-chief. It completely removed an impression which up to this date seems to have prevailed in various quarters, that the army in and about the Sikh capital did not exceed 15,000 men, and established the fact, that not fewer than seven divisions, each mustering from 8000 to 10,000 men, had been instructed to carry the war beyond the country of the Punjab. One division only was to abide at home for the preservation of the public peace and the defence of the capital, while the remaining six were to pass the frontier, each upon a point of its own. The points threatened were Roree and the hill country about it, Loodiana, Horrekee, Ferozepore, Scinde,

and Attock. It is true that even in this despatch doubts were expressed as to the execution of so gigantic a scheme, and, indeed, of the commencement of hostilities at all. But Sir Hugh, like a gallant soldier as he is, considered that these doubts had no very sure foundation to rest upon. He therefore ordered the columns to concentrate; and was a march or two on his way to the banks of the Sutlej itself when Sir Henry Hardinge stopped him. For Sir Henry Hardinge, be it remembered, had other considerations than those which weighed with the commander-in-chief, to take account of. And he felt that, even in a point of view strictly military, it was as well, perhaps better, to continue his central position till the storm burst, because he should in that case be able to move upon it, and meet it, let it come from what quarter it might.

Anxiously, and with exceeding diligence, were the commissariat arrangements pressed forward. Depôts of stores and provisions were formed in various quarters, convenient in the event of operations, while camels, horses, and other beasts of burden, were hired or purchased wherever the agents of government could find them. More troops, also, were called up from the interior, and directed to concentrate in front of Sirhinde; but nothing was done to precipitate hostilities. At the same time, directions were given to the different chiefs of the protected states to have their contingents ready, so that they might offer to the invader the best resistance in their power, and secure time for the army to concentrate.

In this state things remained during the month of November, and up to the 4th in the month following. On that latter day, however, Sir Henry Hardinge, finding that his remonstrances were not attended to by the Sikh government, commanded the Sikh valkeel, or ambassador, to quit his camp; and proceeded in person from Umballa towards Loodiana, making a peaceable progress, according to the customs of his predecessors, through the territories of the friendly chiefs that intervened. For both he and Major Broadfoot seem still to have considered, that an invasion upon a great scale was little to be apprehended. That plunderers

would cross the river all men now anticipated, and that out of the mischief produced by them causes of war would arise, could not seriously be doubted. But that the Sikhs would take the initiative in this war does not appear to have been dreamed of by any one about the governor-general, or in his confidence. Men remembered how, on former occasions, Sikh armies had approached the farther bank of the Sutlej, occupied their camp there for awhile, and retired again; and Sir Henry, not less able as a politician than as an officer, wisely argued that he had no more right to remonstrate against their doing so again, than they had to complain of the measures which had been adopted to render Ferozepore safe against a sudden assault. For it is worthy of remark, that in addition to the old fortress which imperfectly commanded it, Ferozepore had recently been covered by stout field-works,—the construction of which, by-the-by, was recommended by the Duke of Wellington, as soon as tidings of the confused state of the Punjab reached him. Accordingly, the governor-general, considering that Sir John Littler, who occupied Ferozepore, would, with the 5000 men whom he had under his orders, be able to hold the place, so long as his provisions lasted, contented himself, while travelling towards Loodiana, by directing that the different corps in the rear should move up one upon the other, and that the whole should be in readiness to push forward, if required, by the morning of the 11th at the latest.

This forward movement brought together about 7500 men of all arms, with thirty-six guns, chiefly light six-pounders. Its object was to have in hand a force wherewith to bring relief to Ferozepore should it be invested; but as Sir Henry Hardinge considered that 7500 men, however trustworthy, would not be able to reach their way through 50,000, he moved over to Loodiana, with a view of ascertaining how far it might be possible to draw a reinforcement from there. And here, before we proceed farther, it may be as well to say a little more in detail than we yet done, the theatre on which these operations were conducted; because

his mind's eye a tolerably correct map of the seat of war, we defy any man to make head or tail of descriptions that begin in marches and end in battles, and noise, and smoke.

The river Sutlej, after leaving its source among the mountains, flows in a tortuous course through the great plain of Hindostan, and forms, for many miles, the boundary between the Punjab and a country, which, though under British protection, did not till within these few months form an integral portion of the British empire. Two detached stations on the northern frontier of this district were, indeed, in our possession, namely, Loodiana and Ferozepore; but, besides that they were isolated, being cut off from our own territories by the lands of chiefs not altogether to be relied upon, they stood apart full eighty miles, and could not, therefore, in any case, render mutual assistance to one another. Both were fortified,—Loodiana, however, most imperfectly. Both stood exposed to sudden danger, for they were close to the margin of the river; and on both it was necessary to keep an eye, inasmuch as some thousands of good troops, besides the wives and families of their officers, were stationed in each, according to the established usage of many years.

The general aspect of the protected Sikh states has little, in point of beauty, to recommend it. The country is flat, cultivated near the neighbourhood of towns and villages, but not fruitful even there, because the soil is sandy. Elsewhere, jungles of stunted shrubs a good deal overgrow it, interrupting the vision, and rendering the movement of troops in line, and especially of cavalry, difficult; and there is great want of water. And the roads are but indifferent.

Loodiana lies up the stream, as compared with Ferozepore. It is, likewise, nearer to Umballa by fifty miles at the least, though you may reach the one without coming within sight of the towers of the other. It is a town of greater note than Ferozepore, both because of the wealth of the shops, and that its agreeable climate renders it a favourite place of resort to European families. But in a military point of view it is very

little to be regarded ; its defences consisting of a common wall and a fort, which could not withstand the fire of a battering train for half a day.

Among other arrangements which he judged it expedient to make, Sir Henry Hardinge had directed a magazine of provisions and military stores to be formed as far in advance as Bussean. This small town stands where the roads from Umballa and Kurnaul meet, and is admirably placed for the supply both of Ferozepore and Loodiana, being about equidistant from both. Upon it he requested the commander-in-chief to direct his march, while he himself, as we have already stated, went on to Loodiana. He there found that, though some hazard must of necessity attend the measure, it would, upon the whole, be judicious to bring the strength of the garrison at once into the field, and filling the fort with invalids, to depend upon them for the protection of the ladies and the general defence of the place. Accordingly, about 4000 out of the 5000 men who held Loodiana, were, with their artillery, directed to march upon Bussean, where, upon the 13th, they formed a junction with the head of the column which had been moving from Umballa.

Not a day had passed since the troops began to concentrate, without bringing in its rumour as to the purposes and proceedings of the Sikhs. All these, however, were so contradictory one of another, that it was impossible to found upon them any definitive plan ; for now Ferozepore, now Loodiana, and now other places farther to the north-east, were described as threatened ; but the 13th put an end to every thing like doubt upon the subject. It was then ascertained that the enemy had actually crossed the river in force two days previously, and that Ferozepore was invested. In a moment the plans of the governor-general and commander-in-chief were matured. To relieve Ferozepore, at all hazards, was their great object ; and in order to effect that end, the columns were put in motion and pushed on by double marches.

In all operations of this sort, when an enemy numerically superior has the choice of the initiative, a de-

fensive force cannot fail to be put much upon its mettle, as well as to suffer great fatigue, and it may be inconvenient, for lack of provisions likewise ; and seldom in the annals of modern warfare have soldiers been more tried than those which acted in the month of December last under Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge. From the 14th to the 17th they were *en route* from before dawn till well on to midnight, no time being afforded so much as to cook the meat which they carried in their haversacks. On the 18th, after compassing a distance of twenty-one miles, they halted at a place called Moodkee about noon, and had just begun to light their fires and to make ready for cooking, when the word passed that the enemy was advancing, and the regiments stood to their arms.

There is one circumstance in the progress of this campaign which strikes a European soldier with surprise. Notwithstanding that there was present with the British army a cavalry force, most efficient as far as it went, and, in point of numbers, by no means contemptible, the intelligence at head-quarters seems to have been neither rapid nor very accurate. The advance to Moodkee, for example, appears to have been made under the persuasion that the enemy were still in their lines about Ferozepore ; and the troops halted and established their bivouacs, the same opinion still prevailing among them. Now one would have thought that the judicious use of a division of light cavalry, might have prevented this. Better mounted by far than any other horsemen in Asia, the Company's cavalry must be different from what we take it to be, if it be unsafe to send forward patrols and supports many miles a-head of the army which is advancing. Had this been done on the 18th, it is impossible that the arrival of the Sikhs within half an hour's march of the camp could have taken place without due warning given. As it was not done, the general has good cause to thank the steadiness and valour of his men, that he was not attacked more at unawares than really befell, and driven from the field.

The alarm being given, the whole army stood in its ranks ; a

the cavalry, with the horse artillery, being directed to feel to the front, moved forward. They passed through a country much overgrown by low jungle; and saw, in consequence, nothing to guide them, except heavy clouds of dust in the air. Presently the flash and report of a gun, with the whiz of a round shot over their heads, told them that hard knocks were coming. They formed up rapidly, and in good order; and moving on, as well as the jungle would allow, arrived in due time in presence of the enemy. And now began a conflict, of which it is impossible to write without bestowing unmixt praise upon the devoted heroism of every individual that took part in it. About 12,000 British troops, of which less than 3000 were Europeans, found themselves confronted by 40,000 Sikhs, not undisciplined and half-armed barbarians, but brave men, trained in the school of the French empire, and confident in their own prowess, as well as in the overwhelming superiority of their artillery. For while our people brought about forty light pieces into the field, more than double that number,—most of them twelve-pounders—poured destruction into our ranks; and knocked down guns, tumbrils, and horses, with an accuracy which shewed that artillery practice was familiar to their owners.

Of a battle thus begun, and waged throughout with stubbornness on the part of the English and exceeding bravery by the enemy, it were idle to attempt a technical description. Regiments went at it with hearty good-will; and when the British artillery was fairly swept aside by the superior weight of the fire that fell upon it, the bayonet and the sabre came into play, and carried all before them. The Sikhs were beaten at every point, and leaving seventeen guns behind, retreated, though in good order, just before dark. It was impossible to follow them, partly because the men were too much fatigued to go through with a rapid march, partly because the loss sustained had been heavy, and there was need, in some sort, to reorganise; so upon the field which they had won, and surrounded by the dead and the dying, the victors lay down that night and slept.

There was great suffering every where for want of water. Hunger men may endure for days together; but a burning thirst, in a tropical climate, is terrible; and when the fever in the blood becomes aggravated by such exertions as the British army had that day made, the whole world seems valueless in comparison with a cup of cold water. None came, however, for several hours; yet the gallant fellows bore the privation without a murmur; and when the following day brought them a reinforcement of two European regiments of infantry, with a small battery of heavy guns, they felt that they were irresistible. Nevertheless, the general, with great good sense, gave them two entire days to refresh; he had nothing to gain by precipitating matters. Ferozepore had been saved by the battle of the 18th; and his communications with the place being in some sort restored, he had time to warn Sir John Littler of his purposes, and to prepare him for co-operating in their accomplishment. These were the chief advantages of delay; besides that, others probably occurred to him, namely, the opportunity which was afforded for the coming up of the corps which had been directed to march from Delhi, Meerut, and other stations. And on the part of the Sikhs, it was doubtless considered that their very numbers would render a long halt on one spot impossible for them; for no country, however fertile, can sustain the pressure of sixty thousand men many days. Wherefore, the general did right in halting on the field which had been won; and possibly would have done still better, had he prolonged the halt till their necessities should have forced the enemy to act on the offensive. However, it did not so appear to the hero of Maharadjpore. A regular fire-eater, Sir Hugh Gough entertains no predilection for the Fabian manner of making war; and who will have the hardihood to charge him on that account with an unsoldierlike love of his profession?

Having collected the wounded, buried the dead, secured the captured guns, and restored order to the ranks of his regiments, Sir Hugh Gough, at an early hour on the morning of the 21st, again put his

columns in motion. He had been gratified, in the interval between the 18th and that date, by the tender which Sir Henry Hardinge made of his personal services in the capacity of second in command; while the army, which knew the worth of the governor-general in the field, as well as in the council, rejoiced with him when the news spread abroad. And, indeed, there was great room for gratification on all hands. The governor-general's behaviour was noble in the extreme. He would not rob his friend of a single laurel, while he cheerfully waved whatever claim his superior civil rank might give him, to take the foremost place in operations which were as much political as military. Yet he brought to the aid of the general all the talent and experience of which he is possessed, working with him cheerfully in the council tent, and riding in the field wherever the fire was hottest. Honour be to both these gallant soldiers! They suffered no unworthy feeling to come between them and their entire devotion to the public service; and the result has been to both their country's gratitude and a fame which shall be as deathless as the memory of the great deeds which they have done.

On the morning of the 21st of December, long before the break of day, the army was in motion. Baggage, wounded, and sick, were left in Moodkee under the protection of a couple of regiments of native infantry; while the rest moved on, left in front, taking the direction of Sultan-Khan-Wallah, a village near which the spies reported that the enemy had entrenched themselves. Meanwhile Sir John Littler, having been duly apprised of the order of march, moved, according to instructions, from Ferozepore; and the main columns taking ground to their right as they approached the supposed position of the enemy, a junction between the two corps was effected without hinderance. This befell about one o'clock in the day, and the strength of the British army was raised in consequence to 16,700 men, with sixty-nine guns, chiefly of horse artillery. And now came the question, what was next to be done? That the enemy lay in great force about

four miles farther off, had been fully ascertained. The numbers were variously reported from 48,000 to 60,000 men; and their artillery, almost all heavy pieces, amounted to 108 guns. Moreover, their camp was reported to extend about a mile in length, by half a mile in width; to be covered by breast-works, batteries and redoubts, and to inclose the strong village of Ferozeshah within it. The question therefore was, whether it would be more judicious to attack these entrenchments, or to halt, shew a front to the troops within them, and wait for further strength, especially in heavy guns? It may seem invidious to hint, that the latter was the course which every principle of the art of war would have dictated. Now that the invaders had fairly developed their plan of campaign, delay was all on the side of the British general. He commanded an army which, if numerically inferior to theirs, was far more pliable. He had a right to calculate on the daily increase of his own force, and was yet strong enough to fight a battle should the Sikhs grow weary of inaction, and quit their lines to offer it. Nevertheless, it appeared to the fiery old general that all these advantages would be more than counterbalanced by a show of diffidence; he therefore gave his voice for immediate action, and carried the governor-general heartily along with him.

Something less than an hour having been spent in making the necessary arrangements, the army was again put in motion. It passed, as on the 18th, through quantities of low jungle, and formed into two lines, when the skirmishers which covered the movement gave notice that the enemy's position was at hand. It is worthy of remark, likewise, that the course of the previous manœuvring having carried it round the right flank of the enemy's intrenchments, the formation in order of battle took place between the Sikh camp and Ferozepore, and that the lines fronted in a direction almost exactly the reverse which they had faced at action of the 18th. Moreover length of the Sikh camp is Ferozepore and the open while its breadth points

direction of Moodkee and the Sutlej, the movements which brought the Umballah corps into communication with Sir John Littler's division had placed the whole opposite to that side of the intrenchments which was the strongest. However, there lay the enemy; and the stout old commander, no wise distrusting the ability of his followers to beat them, moved on as if he had been directing a review manœuvre on Wormwood Scrubs or the Phoenix Park.

Let it not be supposed that we desire, in the most remote degree, to detract from the merits of the gallant men who fought and won the battle of Ferozeshah. They did the work right nobly; nevertheless we may be permitted to observe, that once again they (the chiefs) set the obvious principles of war at defiance, and conquered by the exercise of sheer valour. Whether they ought to have risked a battle at all may be questioned. But having come to the determination of fighting, it was surely more bold than scientific to attack the largest and best-protected front of a fortified position, other and weaker points being accessible. The Sikh camp is described as having been a parallelogram. It therefore presented four acute angles, each of which must of necessity be without any flanking line of fire to protect it. Now had the British army directed its columns of attack on any two of these acute angles, connecting the attacks by a line of cavalry and skirmishers between, there needs little knowledge of military matters to shew that the troops would have forced their way into the lines with, probably, one-fourth of the loss that actually befell while storming the front of the position in line. Still, as we have just said, let it not be supposed that we desire to detract from the merits of those who fought and won one of the most important battles that ever was waged in India. From the highest to the lowest in rank they shewed that they were eminently possessed of a quality without which all other military virtues go for nothing. Their courage and endurance would take no denial; and where there is a fixed determination not to be beaten, there will be led a marvellous amount both of

science and of skill, to overthrow sixteen or seventeen thousand men with arms in their hands.

The army being formed into two lines,—of which the first consisted entirely of infantry, with artillery in the centre and on each flank, while the second was composed partly of infantry, partly of cavalry,—moved steadily forward. They had arrived within one thousand yards of the intrenchments ere a gun opened upon them; but then there came such a storm of round shot and shells as no other troops in the world would have faced. On went the advanced line, however; the artillery unlimbering, and replying to the enemy's fire as fast as its inferiority, both of numbers and calibre, would allow; till the whole were pushed to within two hundred and fifty yards of the batteries. And now came grape, mixed with round and shells, which smashed the infantry, upset the guns, killed men and horses by the score, and proved to the satisfaction of all who witnessed it that, in one important point at least, the assailants were no match for the assaulted. In an instant the infantry were directed to charge. They left their artillery friends in a very demolished state behind them, and, setting up a shout, rushed at the breastworks and defences as the bulldog rushes at his prey when his master has slipped and hallooed him on. There was frightful carnage as they cleared the intervening space, but what cared these noble fellows for that? Twice broken and repulsed, the 62d regiment on the right, the 29th more to the left, both of them well supported by the Sepoy battalions that were brigaded with them, forced the first line of works at the point of the bayonet; and with a rolling fire swept down multitudes of the enemy, who either struggled still to hold their ground, or stopped one another in their efforts to escape from it.

They had well won the entrance to the camp, but a second line of intrenchments was before them; and, while they were hastily reforming for a second rush, an event occurred, of which it is impossible to write without horror. The Sikhs had ruined the whole of this outer face; and now the match was applied, and

the mines exploded, conveying many a gallant soldier to his last account. None but they who have witnessed the effect of such a catastrophe can form the most remote conception of it. The survivors hold their breath, and become conscious of a feeling, which partakes more of awe than of terror; while even they who have wrought the work of destruction appear to gaze with wonder for a moment on the scene which they have caused. This day, for example, the explosion was followed by a momentary lull in the roar of battle. But it was only for a moment. The second line of Sikh batteries opened with terrible effect. From the flanking batteries, too, shot came as thick as hail, knocking down whole sections, and tearing, in its remote flight, into the ranks of the British artillery, which still stood on the ground where it had halted when the infantry advanced to the charge. And here one of those panics which are much more apt to take the lookers-on at a great battle than the troops actively engaged, seized the native drivers. A shot struck a horse-artillery wagon, and set it on fire. It blew up, killing men and horses on each side of it; yet the animals which were harnessed to it received no hurt, though the noise and the flame behind them seemed to drive them mad. Away they plunged, with the burning mass at their heels, and driving through the ranks, caused such confusion, that not all the efforts of the officers could stop it. In a moment the whole body became a confused mass, and two or three battalions of native infantry catching the disease, the entire force fled in disorder across the plain. They never halted till they got to the village of Sultan-Khan-Wallah.

Meanwhile the struggle went on with unabated fury in front. The second line of infantry on the right had closed up to the support of the first, and the whole were pressing forward with the bayonet, when the sun went down, and in a few minutes afterwards the darkness of an Oriental night closed over them. What a night was that! By dint of a prowess never surpassed, rarely equalled, these resolute soldiers had forced their way within the second

line; and were now so completely mixed with the enemy, that no man could tell whether the form which stood next to his own was that of a friend or a foe. But this was a state of things which could not last long. The Sikhs felt that, if not routed, they had been worsted, in the fight. They therefore fell back from the Ferozepore front of the camp, and, establishing themselves in and about the village of Ferozshah, there passed the night.

The annals of war present us with no parallel to the respective positions of the hostile armies that night. They were both within the lines, both bivouacking where they had lately stood, the dead and wounded lying in multitudes beside them. The English had carried the intrenchments and kept them; the Sikhs were intrenched again in a strong village; and both parties waited for the dawn to renew the battle. Only a couple of hundred yards, at the most, divided them. And then might be seen with what untiring zeal and energy good officers exert themselves to sustain the courage, and soothe the anxieties, of the soldiers. Sir Henry Hardinge and Sir Hugh Gough seem never to have closed an eye. They went about from regiment to regiment, speaking cheerfully to the sound, and kindly and smilingly to the wounded, and telling all that "they must fight it out on the morrow; for it would never do for a British army to suffer so much as a repulse." Moreover, the Sikhs exhibited no signs of courage abated. On the contrary, having found out where the governor-general had established his bivouac, they opened upon it, and upon the regiments near, such a fire, that, at midnight, Sir Henry found it necessary to direct two regiments to stand to their arms and take the gun. And nobly these corps, the Queen's 80th, and the 2d Bengal European Light Infantry, performed their allotted task. They rushed upon the gun, bayoneted the gunners, drove away the line of infantry that supported it, and brought back a triumph.

There was rest for soldier throughout the night—such rest, at

find, who suffer from the combined pressure of cold, hunger, and thirst, and have nothing to support them except the hope of victory on the morrow. Sir Hugh Gough, in his excellent dispatch, calls it "a long night," and so it was; but with the approach of dawn there was a prompt arousing from every bivouac fire; and the formation of a line, less extensive than it had been on the previous day, but as regular and as pliable as if no sanguinary battle had been fought. Again was the horse artillery at its stations on either flank. Again were the heavy pieces formed in the centre; and as soon as there was light enough to discern objects, the strife was renewed.

Once more the Sikh artillery caused terrible havoc in the ranks. Our guns could not face them; and were the less able to do so, that their ammunition now began to grow scarce. Once more, therefore, recourse was had to the bayonet; Sir Hugh Gough and Sir Henry Hardinge, with the remains of their staff, riding in front of the line, both to encourage the soldiers, and to check the fire, which, if begun in the middle of a charge, almost always renders the movement ineffective. Nothing could withstand the rush. Ferozeshah was carried; whereupon the whole line wheeling to its left, swept the camp, till not an enemy remained in their position. And then was seen a sight, as gratifying to all concerned in the battle, as war itself ever offers to contemplation. Having carried every thing before them, the troops drew up in a line as regular as if they had been formed to salute the Queen in Hyde Park; and when their generals rode up, they cheered with all their might, waving the standards which they had taken, and exhibiting marks both of triumph and of gratitude. Yet their work was not yet done. A fresh column of 30,000 men, from the standing camp near Ferozepore, was seen advancing. It fell upon their position with great fury, being particularly strong, as all the rest had been, in its artillery; and for a few moments the tide of success, which had heretofore flowed in one direction, seemed to be in danger of being

and at this time one of

those extraordinary accidents against which it is impossible to provide, because in the management of military operations they are never counted upon. A staff-officer, whose intellects were unsettled, had ridden back, as soon as he saw that the enemy's camp was won, and directed the artillery and cavalry to retire upon Ferozepore, in order that men and horses might refresh themselves. Not a gun, therefore, was with Sir Hugh Gough; when Ty Singh with his army of reserve advanced against him, and the murderous fire of round shot and shell which the latter threw into the village where the British infantry stood met no reply. Moreover, to advance from the village would necessarily expose the men to almost certain destruction, because a powerful cavalry was ready to fall upon the columns, while to remain as they were could accomplish nothing, seeing that the enemy would never close with them; battles of artillery being under all circumstances their favourites. But if an accident brought the British infantry into the scrape, another accident relieved them. The cavalry and artillery, moved as they had been directed to do, after having suffered severely from the superior fire of the Sikhs, which took them in flank, while the infantry were advancing to the charge. Now, under the persuasion that a general retreat was ordered, they pursued their course towards Ferozepore. The movement brought them round the flank of the Sikhs, who, mistaking the object of it, suddenly abandoned their guns and fled. Once more the undaunted infantry were upon them, and the British army, mauled and crippled as it was, remained masters of the field, as well as of seventy-three pieces of cannon, and standards, and other trophies innumerable.

The battle was fought and won. Looked at in a strategical point of view, it may have been full of blunders; but the courage and steady discipline of the men could not be surpassed, and the behaviour of the leaders under fire was magnificent. A fearful carnage had occurred on both sides, for of the personal staff of the governor-general none now rode near him except his son, a boy of seventeen. Nevertheless heavy as the loss might be, the advantages

purchased were worth the cost. And Sir Henry Hardinge shewed that he felt this to be the case, by inviting the army to assemble that night about his tent, and to offer public thanks to the Lord of Hosts for the victory with which He had crowned their efforts. Yet, when the historian comes to record as among the slain the names of Broadfoot, Somerset, Herries, and many more, he will be forced to acknowledge that war is a frightful evil, be it undertaken in what cause it may. Sale, too, the hero of Jellalabad, had closed his career; McCaskill had fallen as became his previous career of honour; and the ranks were thinned to an extent not equalled in any battle of the Peninsula, Albuera, perhaps, alone excepted. It was a campaign, brief so far yet pregnant with great events, and very fruitful of private sorrow. Nevertheless Ferozepore was saved, and the invaders, crushed and baffled, were understood to be in full flight towards their own side of the Sutlej.

Thus far all had gone well. The protected states were in a great measure freed from the enemy, and the river once more ran between them and the British lines, nevertheless the Sikhs had not altogether abandoned their hold of the left bank; and, for the present, it was judged more prudent to leave them so. In spite of their defeats at Moodkee and Ferozepore, they outnumbered the English by four to one; and having crected with much skill a semicircular chain of works, which protected the bridge whereby they communicated from one bank to the other, they presented a front too formidable to be assailed by the shattered remains of the army which had just overthrown them. Accordingly, after advancing so as effectually to cover Ferozepore, Sir Hugh Gough pitched his tents, so that, with headquarters at a place called Mhalkee, he might keep in check any movement that should be made from Soobraon; while, at the same time, he was ready to manoeuvre towards Loodiana should it be threatened, and to cover all the roads by which the reinforcements that had been ordered up might be expected to travel.

Though the treaty which held the English and Sikh governments in

amity, provided that the Sikhs should send no troops across the Sutlej, they were permitted to retain certain jaghires, or feudal possessions, on the left bank, one of which comprised the town and fort of Dheerrumote. Here the enemy had established a magazine of grain; and a small garrison, consisting of mercenaries, chiefly Rohellas and Affghans, were thrown into the place for its protection. But besides that the grain was needed in the British lines, the presence of a hostile garrison on his own side of the stream was an eye-sore and an annoyance to the British general. Wherefore Major-general Sir Harry Smith was directed, with a brigade of infantry and a few guns, to reduce it. He accomplished the service on the 18th of January without loss, or, indeed, sustaining a serious resistance; and was on his way back to camp when tidings reached the commander-in-chief of a nature not to be dealt lightly with, far less neglected. It was ascertained that the enemy had detached 20,000 men from their camp at Soobraon against Loodiana. Their objects were represented to be, not only the seizure of that place, but the interruption of the British communications with the rear, and, perhaps, the capture of the battering-train, which was advancing by Bussecan; and Sir Harry Smith, being reinforced to the amount of 8000 men, received instructions to counterwork the project. His business was to form a junction with Colonel Godby, who, with one regiment of cavalry and four of infantry, occupied Loodiana; and then, but not till then, to push the Sikhs, and drive them, if possible, back upon their own country.

Sir Harry Smith proceeded on his way in high spirits, and prosecuted his journey by forced marches. Neither was the exertion unequalled for. The Sikhs had come upon Loodiana in great force, plundered the outskirts of the town and burnt the new barrack; and now Colonel Godby and his brigade were sent up in the fort, whence ~~the~~ ^{an} express to inform the chief of their danger. the relieving force twenty-five miles of on the morrow, at resumed their march

by having been warned to move out as soon as the dust of the column should become visible, and to join it. But he was cautioned, as Sir Harry Smith had been, to avoid as much as possible all partial engagements; and both he and his immediate commander faithfully and skilfully attended to the admonition.

Smith's column was in full march right in front, when, at a place called Buddewal, the enemy were observed manœuvring, in great force, to come between the leading regiment and the point on which it was moving. He was supported, as usual, by an enormous artillery, and occupied a line of villages, which ran at right angles with the head of the British column, and offered good cover both for guns and infantry. In a moment, and with the skill of a practised leader, Smith changed the order of his march. He obliques so as to move for awhile parallel with the enemy; till the latter, far outflanking him, shewed a disposition to act on the offensive, and opened a heavy fire from forty or fifty pieces of heavy cannon. Upon this Smith formed his line, brought up his eleven guns, and, massing them, threw in such a storm of shot as to check the Sikhs in their advance. He then broke into echelon of battalions and squadrons, so as to threaten a movement directly to the front all the while that he was taking ground rapidly to the right; and handled his troops so nicely, that without firing a musket-shot he carried them fairly round the enemy. His cavalry, meanwhile, observing a similar formation, covered the manœuvre. Several times they charged in squadrons, driving back the Sikh horse, and threatening the guns; so that they all passed, the artillery marching under their protection, and a large portion of the baggage being in like manner saved; but a portion of the latter fell into the enemy's hands. It could not possibly be saved. And when we consider that, only thus, and by the loss of ~~that~~ ~~men~~, so important a movement was accomplished it all the ~~the~~ military world has

the enemy to stop it. Meanwhile Colonel Godby, having seen the cloud of dust, moved from Loodiana; and marching parallel to the direction which it seemed to take, found himself, in due time, connected by his patrols with Smith's advanced guard. Both corps upon this placed themselves with Loodiana on their rear, and the enemy before them; the latter being so circumstanced, that the British army lay, as it were, upon one of its flanks. But Smith, though he had thus relieved the town, was unwilling to strike a blow till he could make it decisive. He, therefore, encamped in an attitude of watchfulness, waiting till another brigade should arrive, which, under the command of Colonel Wheeler, was marching from head-quarters to reinforce him.

Colonel Wheeler's march seems to have been conducted with equal diligence and care. He heard of the encounter of the 21st, and of its results; whereupon he abandoned the direct road to Loodiana, and, following a circuitous route, went round the enemy's position, without once coming under fire. He reached Sir Harry Smith's camp in safety; and, on the 26th, Smith made his preparations to fight a great battle. But it was found, ere the columns were put in motion, that the enemy had abandoned their position at Buddewal, and were withdrawn to an entrenched camp nearer to the river, of which the village of Ullee-wul was the key, covering the ford by which they had crossed, and on which they reckoned, in the event of a reverse, as a line of retreat. Operations were accordingly suspended, and such further arrangements set going as the altered state of affairs seemed to require.

While these important operations were proceeding in the field, the state of affairs at Lahore appears to have been confused and uncomfortable in the extreme. The Ranee, with her son and charge, occupied the citadel. Almost all the troops were on the Sutlej, when tidings came that Rajah Goolab Singh, who had for some time back kept aloof, and resided on his estate among the mountains, was descending towards Lahore at the head of 10,000 men. Now Rajah Goolab Singh was not in favour

relieving force
exertions of

either with the Ranee or the Sirdars. They equally feared and suspected him; and though he is probably as little to be depended upon as any other chief in the Punjab, he had either felt or affected heretofore great love for the British alliance; and, as a necessary result, was entirely opposed to the policy which had induced the war. His approach towards the capital, therefore, occasioned much anxiety and dismay, while the government endeavoured to anticipate any peaceful movement on his part by despatching forthwith a vakeel, or agent, to the English head-quarters; but with this functionary the governor-general refused to communicate. He was told that the British government knew nothing, even by name, of the parties for whom he professed to act; and that they would not treat with any, except Rajah Goolab Singh or the Maha Rajah. Hereupon the Sikh troops became more furious than ever, and that movement took place which drew from the British camp the corresponding march of Sir Harry Smith's division towards Loodiana. Moreover, there came into the Sikh camp at Ulleewul a reinforcement of 4000 men, with guns, almost at the same time that Smith received the accession to his strength by the coming up of Colonel Wheeler's brigade; and the consequence was, that on the 28th, when the two armies came into collision, the English mustered somewhere about 12,000; the Sikhs over, rather than under, 24,000 excellent troops.

The battle of Ulleewul was, out and out, the most scientific affair that occurred in the course of this campaign. It was planned with skill, executed with coolness and precision, and fought by the troops with all the courage and gallantry for which British soldiers are renowned. The army advanced in columns of brigades, with artillery in the intervals; the cavalry in advance, the infantry in a second line. They had marched about six miles, when a spy reported that the enemy were also in motion; and by and by, from the tops of some houses in a village, their masses were seen pointing in the direction of Jugraon. They formed, however, immediately, having their right on a ridge of low

hills, of which Ulleewul is in the centre, and their left resting on the entrenched camp, which covered the ford of Tulwa. Fifty pieces of heavy cannon were in their line, and they presented altogether a very formidable appearance; but Smith never once checked his movement. The ground over which he passed was firm, and covered with short grass. It suited exactly the description of troops which he was handling; and, as he neared the enemy, he took full advantage of it, so as to display the order of his attack, and bring his whole strength to bear. The cavalry opening and filing off by divisions, took ground to the right and left; thus opening a way for the infantry, and covering each flank. The guns were massed so that their fire might produce the best effect; and all, both horse and foot, wheeled into line. And now on both sides the artillery opened; under the fire of which Smith observing that the enemy's left outflanked him, broke again into column, and took ground to his right. It is impossible to read these details without experiencing the most lively admiration of the admirable *coup-d'œil* of the chief who directed the movements, and the marvellous steadiness of the men who performed them. Troops so handled could not fail to surmount all opposition, and they effectually did so.

The firing began about ten in the morning; by one o'clock in the day the Sikh army was broken and routed, the ground covered with its wreck, and the Sutlej choked with the dead and the dying. The whole of the artillery fell into the hands of the victors, and the booty was immense; but the victors had neither time nor inclination to dwell upon their triumphs. There was no further danger to be apprehended here. Of the 24,000 men who, in the morning, threatened Loodiana, scarcely as many hundreds held together; and these, after a brief show of rally on the opposite bank, melted away and disappeared entirely. Having bivouacked that night, therefore, on the field which he had won, and sent in the wounded, with the captured guns under sufficient escort, to Loodiana, Sir Harry Smith, with the bulk of his division, took the road to

quarters; and, in the afternoon of the 8th of February, came into position on the right of the main army, which was his established post.

We have already described the respective positions of Sir Hugh Gough's force and of the Sikh army that faced it. The latter occupied a semicircle of formidable works, which commanded a ford in the Sutlej on the left bank, and covered, as with a *écluse-de-pont*, the head of the bridge wherewith that river was spanned. Other entrenchments they had on the farther side, but as compared with these they were not very important; and they kept them both with about 85,000 men, the *élite* of the soldiers of the Punjab, and seventy pieces of cannon, chiefly of large calibre. We must confess that we do not quite see why the attempt to manœuvre them out of this position was not made. They had shewn our people that it was possible to cross the Sutlej and threaten the communications of the British army; and now the ford of Tulwan was as open to us as it had previously been to them. We confess that we cannot quite satisfy our own minds in regard to the causes which may have prevented the commander-in-chief from making use of this ford, and sending Sir Harry Smith up the opposite bank of the river, so as to threaten the enemy in flank, while he himself advanced against them in front. It appears, moreover, that the British generals were possessed of boats enough wherewith to construct a bridge for themselves below the enemy's position, had they been so disposed. But neither does this scheme seem to have found favour in their eyes; and so both flanks, which might have been turned, were left in their integrity. Of course we express ourselves thus with extreme diffidence, as all critics ought to do who write about transactions that have occurred at a distance; and we are bound to add, that, let the amount of science exhibited in the arrangements for the battle be what it might, of the manner in which the fighting part of the business was conducted we cannot speak too highly. Before dawn on the 10th, certain posts, which the enemy used to occupy by day and abandon at night, were seized. The artillery, including a

part of the battering train which had come up, was placed in position opposite to the Sikh batteries; the infantry formed in lines of brigade, with cavalry on the flanks, and supports chequering them in column; and, as soon as a heavy mist which hung over the banks of the river cleared away, the cannonade began.

The details of the battle of Sobraon must be so fresh in the recollection of our readers, that we shall not stop to repeat them. However skilfully guns in the open field may be used, they are no match for pieces of equal weight, and not less skilfully worked, through embrasures; and so it was soon discovered, to use the expressive words of Sir Hugh Gough, "that the issue of this struggle must be brought to the arbitrement of musketry and the bayonet." At it the British troops accordingly went—the 10th and 53d Queen's Regiments, nobly supported by the 43d and 69th Native infantry—forcing their way, through a murderous fire, over the entrenchments; and the gallant 8d Dragoons riding in single file through the apertures which the artillery had made, and forming again that they might cut down the Sikhs at their guns. But why go on with the description? At every point the entrenchments were carried. The horse artillery galloped through, and both they and the batteries opened such a fire upon the broken enemy as swept them away by ranks. "The fire of the Sikhs," says the commander-in-chief, "first slackened, and then nearly ceased; and the victors then pressing them on every side, precipitated them over the bridge into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise of seven inches had rendered hardly fordable." What a plight for a defeated army to be in! No wonder that the gallant old chief speaks well-nigh with reluctance of the carnage which it was both his duty and that of his followers to inflict. "The awful slaughter, confusion, and dismay, were such as would have excited compassion in the hearts of their conquerors, if the Khalsa troops had not, in the early part of the action, sullied their gallantry by slaughtering and barbarously mangleing every wounded soldier whom, in the vicissitudes of attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy."

Thus ended the battle of Sobraon, and with it—for the present at least—the Sikh war. The same evening the British troops began to pass the Sutlej, and on the morrow they were in full march towards Lahore; when ambassadors from the defeated generals presented themselves in camp, but were not admitted into the governor-general's presence. The officers who saw them informed them, with little ceremony, that only with the Maha Rajah would Sir Henry Hardinge communicate; and in due time, the youthful sovereign, attended by Rajah Geolab Singh, came as a suppliant for mercy within the British lines. It was not refused him. The blame of the war was thrown, as it ought to have been, on the turbulent chiefs,—though, to mark the governor-general's sense of the national offence, the sovereign was, at the outset, refused the honours that are given in the East to crowned heads; but peace was granted to him and to the Punjab on terms which indicate as much of true wisdom as of moderation in him who assigned them.

The Sikhs have been punished by the privation of all that fertile district which lies between the Sutlej and the Hyphasis or Beas. The whole of the protected states, as they

used to be called, are absorbed and become an integral portion of the British empire. One million and a half sterling is demanded as compensation for the expenses of the war, and military occupation of the whole of the Punjab is to be held till the full amount shall be paid. And a re-arrangement of the Sikh army is to take place, on such a plan as the governor-general shall judge best for the preservation of peace both at home and abroad. Finally, Sir Henry Hardinge has been created Viscount Hardinge; Sir Hugh Gough, Baron Gough; Sir Harry Smith has been rewarded with a baronetcy, which he has nobly earned; and on all the other officers and men engaged honours have been heaped, which may gratify the country which bestows them, but can add nothing to the high fame of the recipients. They have been thanked by both Houses of Parliament; they are thanked by every man, woman, and child throughout the empire; and even they who mourn over the fall of their nearest of kin find comfort in the thought that they died nobly and in a righteous cause.

"Thanks be to Almighty God for the great triumph which He has granted to our arms!"

ON A LATE FRENCH TRIAL.

ARRAS going through a course of French novels (as too many idlers nowadays have done), and recreating one's self with a series of histories illustrating every possible infraction of every order of the decalogue, the amazed reader is often tempted to ask, Are these tales supposed to represent the real state of French manners at the present day?—Are these varieties of rascality, these pictures of crime, lust, knavery, murder, which Balzac, Sue, Dumas, and Soulie, are in the habit of exhibiting in the feuilletons of every daily journal, really copied from nature, or only the monstrous productions of those famous writers' diseased imagination? Since crime was punished and history began, such a state of horrible social debauchery as that described by every one of these writers has scarcely been

known in any country:—such a general perversion of morals, such a total irreligion, such a determined abrogation of the law which ordains that chastity is a virtue, and marriage a sacred obligation. And with all this flagrant activity in the commission of crime, there seems to be an entire blindness on the part of the criminal. He does not appear to be in the least aware that his life is disgraceful,—that there is any thing wrong in his career of brutal heathen pleasure; he flaunts his mistress in the face of the world without an idea of shame, and would talk to his sister about her if need were. And all the while he assumes that he is morally the superior of the inhabitant of every other country in the world. How many times has one read that France is the centre of civilisation!—that for manners at

morals all the world is looking to Paris for example,—that the mission of France is so and so, &c. You can't take up a French newspaper but a paragraph to that effect stares you in the face; and the sentiment is repeated by poets, politicians, and novelists, from Thiers, and Victor Hugo, and down to honest Paul de Kock.

One might be disposed to fancy the orgies narrated in the *Peau de Chagrin* or the *Mémoires du Diable* as fabulous; or poor Paul's descriptions of Parisian life as mere imaginations; but that every now and then a newspaper, or a police-court, issues a real authentic document, which is infinitely more startling than any of the novelists' fictions. The trial of Beauvallon for shooting Dujarrier (which occurred, and is reported at length in the Parisian newspapers at the end of last month) is one of these instances. Persons of M. Beauvallon's stamp may be found in plenty, no doubt, with us; and tipsy, gambling rows and disreputable parties, such as that which occasioned the unlucky Dujarrier's death, may take place at Greenwich or Richmond, as well as at the *Trois Frères*; but our rakes have at least the decency of hypocrisy, and go to the deuce in private. If such a case as that of Beauvallon-Dujarrier murder were to occur in England, the principal could never again hold up his head here, the male witnesses would be dismissed out of all decent society, the females (actresses for the most part) would run a strong risk of being assailed at their next appearance on the stage with something more substantially uncomplimentary than even hisses,—not a person concerned but would be irretrievably ruined by the exposure.

Fancy such a case as this occurring in England. Half-a-dozen literary men and editors of the first rank, accompanied by half-a-dozen young dandies of the high fashion, and a dozen celebrated actresses, each mistress of one or other of the male guests, dine, dance, and gamble together at a tavern. A dispute occurs at play between one literary gentleman, who has lost five hundred pounds, another very dashing man of well known for having appropriated and pawned a friend's watch.

Nothing will satisfy the latter's nice sense of honour but demanding an apology for the former's dubious expression. "As I have said nothing wrong, and as my challenger cannot say what I have said wrong," replies the challenged party, "of course I cannot apologise." "My honour demands blood," then says the gentleman who pawned his friend's watch, and seconds are appointed, two on each side: and these gentlemen, men of fashion, men of prudence, and men of the world, can find no better way out of this dilemma than to bring their men on to the field, and to let MURDER pass between them. All these virtuous men and women (with the exception of the poor slaughtered wretch who lies in Père-la-Chaise, with a pistol-ball through his jaw) come before a court of justice, and give their testimony as to the transaction. There is not the least shame in confessing a share in the business. Each witness gives his or her testimony in a good-humoured off-hand way; most joke about it; some brag and are pompous. Every man and woman leaves the court, and returns to his or her occupations, to the modest private life of which they are ornaments, without a single stain on his or her honour, including the immaculate principal,—the gentleman who appropriated the watch. Every one of the literary characters has, no doubt, written a score of times since, that France is the centre of civilisation, the arbiter of manners, the great social reformer, and exemplar of the world.

Let us follow the case, as it is exhibited in the French papers, beginning of course with the "Act of Accusation," a romantic narrative of proceedings which the crown prosecutor always makes, and in which it appears to be his duty or custom always to bear as hard as possible upon the prisoner whom he brings before the tribunals.

"On the 7th of March, 1845, a dinner at the *Trois Frères Provençaux* at Paris brought together sixteen or eighteen persons. Among these were the *Sieur Dujarrier*, at that time manager of the *Presse* newspaper; the *Sieur Rosemond de Beauvallon*, one of the editors of the *Globe*; the *Sieur Roger de Beauvoir*, the Count de Fiers, the

Sieur Arthur Bertrand, and several women attached to different theatres, especially the Demoiselle Lievenne, an actress of the Vaudeville Theatre. A *soirée* given by this lady a short time before was the cause of the present dinner.

"A doubtful point having occurred in a game of cards at Mademoiselle Lievenne's house; it was proposed that the fifteen or sixteen louis which none of the players claimed should contribute towards the payment of a dinner to be shared by all persons present. Should there be any further expense, it was agreed to defray it by a general subscription. More guests were invited. Roger de Beauvoir, for instance, by the Count de Flera, and his brother, and Dujarrier by Mademoiselle Lievenne, who was anxious to repay some hospitalities which she had lately received from him. Dujarrier, however, was little disposed to come: the day, or the day before the dinner, he told two of his friends that he had called that morning upon Mademoiselle Lievenne in order to excuse himself, but that she was absent, and he only saw her *femme de chambre*, who told him how much her mistress would regret his absence. Dujarrier even pressed one of his friends, Véron, to accompany him to this dinner. Unluckily he did not obey the secret presentiment which warned him to keep away, and on the 7th of March sat down at the same table with Beauvallon.

"Before detailing the circumstances which led to the deplorable meeting of the 11th of March, it will be as well to give some brief account of Dujarrier himself. Pains have been taken to represent him as a man of haughty and offensive manners—with the insolence, in a word, of the *parvenu*. Nothing can be more untrue: those who knew him best have testified that he was not the least quarrelsome; that he was hard and stiff in manner certainly; but it was the high position he had won for himself in journalism which was his chief cause of offence in some people's eyes, and the elegant luxury in which he lived. A most active and intelligent man of business, never allowing pleasure to interfere with his duties, Dujarrier, although very young, had still realised a considerable fortune. For the rest, if he gained money easily,

he spent it as quickly, and had a general reputation as a bold and generous player.

"At the same time it must be confessed that from frequenting a society in which the most perfect *abandon* reigns, and the company of women, who have no right to exact from other persons the reserve which they do not themselves practise, Dujarrier had accustomed himself to certain jokes, and freedoms of language and behaviour, in which no person of good society ever indulges. In the course of the dinner of the 7th of March, for instance, he made several personal allusions to M. Roger de Beauvoir; and drank toasts to the latter's cravat, his waistcoat, &c., to which Roger replied in a similar strain. Some time afterwards, it appears, by the testimony of the last-named individual, Dujarrier got up and said he would *tutoyer* all the women present; and addressing Mademoiselle Lievenne by her Christian name, boasted offensively that he would have her favours before six months were over. It must be observed, however, that the conversation was general at the time, and nobody seems to have heard the above remarks except the persons already named.

"After dinner, Dujarrier and Roger de Beauvoir seem to have had a dispute regarding some affair of business,—a feuilleton in the *Presse* newspaper,—which conversation terminated by Dujarrier asking the other whether he wanted an affair with him, Dujarrier? Roger replied, "I don't look out for quarrels, I find them sometimes;" and so quitted the company. Dujarrier now was led up by Arthur Bertrand to Mademoiselle Lievenne, and apologised to her for his conduct towards her. The apology was accepted, and she readily gave him her hand.

"The table was now removed from the dining-room, when dancing began; while in an adjoining apartment a party sat down to the game of *lansquenét*. No particular incident occurred in the game until the deal arrived to the turn of Agnan, who, not being stake so large a sum as admitted Dujarrier a (at their request) as bank. Dujarrier suit

louis, Beauvallon for 5½, the bank won in three deals, so that 75 louis became due to Dujarrier, and 17½ to the other partner Beauvallon. When St. Agnan came to make up the accounts of the bank, he found that there was some error, and that some louis were wanting to pay his partners in full. Beauvallon proposed to let the matter pass. Dujarrier, however, claimed his seventy-five louis in full; and later in the evening, on some further conversation with Beauvallon, Dujarrier is reported to have said to the latter, in a high tone, that "he owed him nothing, and would pay him nothing."

"However, Dujarrier acknowledged that he owed Beauvallon eighty-four louis on another account, and just as he was about to quit the party remembered the debt and discharged it. He had, however, only seventy-five louis left, and having applied in vain to some person in the company for the remaining nine, he sent for the keeper of the restaurant, M. Collet, from whom he borrowed ten louis, and so discharged his debt to Beauvallon. So they parted, Dujarrier losing, on the whole, 125 louis, Beauvallon gaining twelve or thirteen thousand francs. In the course of all that had passed between them no rude or irritating expression had been used by one party or the other; the behaviour on both sides was that of cold and measured politeness,—a fact attested by many witnesses of the scene.

"Dujarrier was, therefore, greatly surprised when next day he was waited upon by the Count de Flers and the Sieur d'Equevilley, who came to ask him for a double reparation on the part of Roger de Beauvoir and Beauvallon. Although he did not look upon the affair in a serious light, Dujarrier nevertheless thought he would refer them to a couple of his friends, who would act for him. Arthur Bertrand and Charles de Boignes were the gentlemen who agreed to act as Dujarrier's seconds, and a rendezvous was fixed upon for Monday the 10th of March.

"At this meeting Bertrand and De Flers remonstrated with Mon. d'Equevilley, pointed out that the gentlemen were acting in an unusual manner in being

bearers of a double challenge, and established the right of their principal only to deal with one adversary. They were about to select Roger de Beauvoir, when they learned his mother had died the previous night; whereupon all explanations with De Beauvoir were adjourned for a month. Dujarrier's challenge—the only one with which they now had to deal—appeared to Dujarrier's seconds not to be very serious. They attempted with the utmost zeal to effect an arrangement, but tried in vain. Flers and Equevilley, Beauvallon's friends, said that Beauvallon had declared that if Dujarrier would not accept this provocation he would force him to come out on another. Seeing which, and determined to give positive proof of Beauvallon's determination to bring his adversary to the ground, De Boignes and Bertrand obtained from Flers and Equevilley their approval to the following document:—

"We, the undersigned, declare that, after a discussion between them, M. Beauvallon has provoked M. Dujarrier in such terms as to render it impossible for the latter to refuse a meeting. We have done our utmost to conciliate these two gentlemen; and it is only because Beauvallon has insisted upon the meeting that we have consented to act as seconds."

"The choice of arms now became the question, and was accorded, after some parley, to Dujarrier. A last meeting was arranged for the next morning at the house of De Boignes, who now went to Dujarrier to inform him of the result of the conference. In their conversation Dujarrier said that, although the duel did not seem to him at all necessary, he was nevertheless determined to fight. He was young, the manager of a journal which had many enemies; his position at the head of it called upon him to refuse no challenge, and if he declined this he was sure it would be followed by twenty more.

"Knowing Beauvallon's great skill with the sword, Dujarrier selected the pistol as his weapon. During the day, Arthur Bertrand, having met Beauvallon's seconds, heard from them that their principal was still more adroit with the pistol than with the sword, of which fact Bertrand informs Dujarrier. The lat-

ter persisted in his choice, however. He passed a part of the evening at cards at the house of the *Sieur* Alexander Dumas, whom he did not leave till midnight. At one he received a note from Bertrand to state that the meeting was arranged for that morning (Tuesday).

"That morning the four seconds arranged by writing the conditions of the meeting. The combatants were to be at thirty paces' distance; each was free to advance five paces. When either fired the other was to stand still, and immediately to return his adversary's fire. They tossed up who should furnish the weapons. Beauvallon's party won the toss. Dujarrier now arrived in his chariot, and, with his seconds and Doctor de Guise, drove to Madrid in the Bois de Boulogne, where the rencontre was to take place.

"Here they waited for an hour and a half in the cold, and with the snow falling, until Beauvallon's party arrived. De Boignes once more went up to them, declared that the duel was impossible, and spoke in the same terms and most strongly to Beauvallon himself. The latter however, replied, coldly, that if there had been an insult there was cause for a duel, and that such matters could never be arranged on the ground. However, he drew back and had a few moments' consultation with his seconds, after which he announced that nothing could be done.

"De Boignes and Flers now selected the ground. The former measured forty paces, which he carried on to forty-four, leaving a glove and a handkerchief at either extremity. The seconds likewise marked out and diminished the space which each combatant was allowed to advance. Meanwhile, Equevilley produced a brace of pistols from his pocket, made by the gunsmith Devisme; these were blue-barrelled pistols. Bertrand, who was about to load one of them, observed with surprise that his finger, which he had thrust into the barrel, was all black when he withdrew it. "Had these pistols not been fired lately?" he asked. But D'Equevilley declared, on his honour, that Beauvallon did not know the weapons, and that the blackness of the barrel arose simply from a cap having been snapped. The two adversaries were now placed, and

De Boignes gave the signal. Dujarrier fired immediately, but the ball passed above Beauvallon at a considerable distance to the right. Having fired, Dujarrier instantly stopped, dropped his pistol instead of guarding his head with it, and instead of covering himself, presented a full face to his adversary.

"His fire, however, had not been returned. The interval was so long that De Boignes could not help crying out to Beauvallon, "Fire, sir, fire!" which at length he did. For a moment Dujarrier did not move, but the next he fell backwards to the ground: he was wounded in the face. The anxiety with which he looked at the doctor shewed he was perfectly conscious. Doctor de Guise endeavoured to tranquillise him, and gave all the aid in his power. De Boignes asked him whether he was in pain; he replied by a nod of the head: his face became livid, and he expired. The ball had passed a little above the right nostril, penetrated through the upper maxillary bone deep into the head, breaking the occipital bone in such a manner as to produce a violent commotion of the spinal marrow.

"Was the combat a fair one? In the first place, the chances were most unequal. Dujarrier was such a novice, that actually while talking to De Boignes on the ground, and receiving the latter's last instructions, he pulled the trigger of his pistol, which, had it not missed fire, would have endangered De Boignes' life. Beauvallon, on the contrary, well known for his skill in fencing, was still more skilful with the pistol, as his acquaintances can be brought to shew, and as he himself owned to some of them. Besides, it is to be feared that the weapons were not unfamiliar to him.

"In all likelihood they belong to the *Sieur* Granier de Cassagnac; though the latter certainly declares that he did not lend them to his brother-in-law, Beauvallon, and that his pistols, on the 11th of March, were at the gunsmith's, Devisme's, being cleaned. Devisme says he had no pistols of Cassagnac on the 11th of March; that he fetched away Cassagnac's pistols afterwards, at his order. Flers and Arthurtrand believe that Cassagnac's were those used in the combat;

were by the same maker, Devisme; had the same coloured barrel, blue; the balls used in the duel fitted Cas-sagnac's barrels.

"On the other hand, with regard to Equevilley's statement that the blackened pistol-barrel remarked by Bertrand was so blackened by simply firing a cap, experiments have been tried, and it has been proved, 1. That the firing of a cap will leave no black deposit at the extremity of the barrel of a pistol; 2. That a finger introduced into the barrel of a pistol so tried will not be blackened; 3. That it will not be blackened even though a great number of caps are tried instead of one; 4. That a complete charge, or a charge of powder, fired from the barrel, leaves a deposit within which blackens the finger when inserted in the tube; 5. And that if the pistol is many times discharged the result, of course, is the same, but the deposit does not increase in proportion to the quantity of powder burned. The pistols then had been used—by whom?

"This point can't be quite cleared up, but, perhaps, it becomes less doubtful when we consider how Beauvallon passed his time on the morning of the 11th of March. The night before he gave orders to be called at half-past five; the porter's daughter only called him at half-past six. At seven, his friend Arnoux, who had passed the night in his lodgings, told him to get up. Beauvallon was already up; he went out directly afterwards without saying whither he was going: the porter saw him go away in a hack cab, which was waiting at the door. When he returned it was past ten, and his seconds were waiting: at a quarter or half-past nine he had called upon the Sieur Bérard. But what had he been doing from seven until that hour, or, if you please, until nine, when Equevilley called upon De Boignes, bringing the pistols for the duel with him? Admit Bertrand's supposition, and it is easy to imagine how Beauvallon employed the two hours, the secret of which has been kept so well.

"In fine, did not Beauvallon break the law imposed upon the combatants by the seconds? Instead of returning Dufarrier's fire immediately, as had been expressly agreed, was he not for a long time taking cool aim at

him? It was only when the second, De Boignes, called upon him, that he made up his mind to fire. Two witnesses who were near the place, have declared there was time to count four between the two shots. Doctor de Guise also thought the interval long between the shots; and De Boignes and Bertrand declare that it was forty or fifty seconds.

"There is a circumstance in Beauvallon's life which ought to be mentioned here, although at the period when it occurred it was not the occasion of any legal proceeding against him. In the beginning of the year 1840, he used to frequent the house of Madame de Bovis, a native of Guadeloupe like himself,—his relation too, according to Beauvallon's statement. Madame de Bovis missed a watch belonging to a member of her family, and search having been made, it was discovered that the watch had been pawned at the Mont de Piété by Beauvallon. A M. Cambier waited on Beauvallon on the part of Madame de Bovis, and at length, and after much difficulty, obtained a sum from Beauvallon sufficient to redeem the property.

"The Cour Royale of Paris, which took cognisance of the duel, declared there was no ground for prosecuting the seconds or the surviving principal. On the appeal of the crown prosecutor, however, to the Court of Cassation, that tribunal confirmed the judgment of the inferior court respecting the seconds, but reversed the judgment with respect to Beauvallon, and ordered the Cour Royale of Rouen to take cognisance of the affair. That court assigned the cause to the Assize Court of the Seine Inférieure, before which, finally, 'Rosemond de Beauvallon was accused of having, on the 11th of March, 1845, committed voluntary and premeditated homicide on the person of Dufarrier.'"

The above is the edifying narrative of the Procureur du Roi Salveton. It is given at length in the *Journal des Débats*; but garbled with a noble audacity in the *Epoque*, of which journal Granier de Cassagnac is the chief, the brother-in-law of the amiable Rosemond de Beauvallon. On one part or the other, six-and-forty witnesses were called, the four seconds, the famous Alexandre

Dumas, the elegant Roger de Beauvoir, and near a dozen of pretty young actresses, who had participated in the orgy, and with whom some of the frequenters of the St. James's theatre are familiar. Berryer was the chief advocate on the side of Beauvallon, with him was Maître Dam, a friend and fellow-countryman of the interesting Rosemond. MM. Léon Duval et Romiguières of Paris appeared on behalf of François, brother-in-law of Dujarrier, the prosecutor. The newspapers describe with their usual splendid accuracy the appearance of the court, the toilette of the ladies, and the arrival of their distinguished visitors at Rouen. Some came by railroad: Dumas, that most modest of men and writers, having to give testimony in an affair in which gambling, prostitution, and murder, were involved, preferred coming to the scene of action with post-horses and an open carriage. Indeed, one of the most curious parts of the trial is the admirable coolness of behaviour exhibited by all concerned. No principal or accessory seems to be in the least ashamed of himself or his company, or of his share in the transaction; and here they shew a great advantage over us in England, for we venture to think that no set of gentlemen could have been engaged in such a series of transactions without having a hearty shame and remorse, if not for the act, at least for the exposure.

The first person examined was the prisoner, Beauvallon, who, according to the French custom, was taken in hand by the president of the court. It appears to be this magistrate's duty to make the prisoner commit himself as much as possible. Beauvallon's version of his own case differs very little from the procureur-général, except that he (Beauvallon) professes very plausible intentions, and declares, that he commenced the negotiations for reparation in the mildest manner. When the prisoner asked Dujarrier to pay him the sum about which there was a dispute, the latter said,—

"I don't owe any thing, and won't pay any thing."

"On my return home," Beauvallon says, "*I own I felt hurt*. From Dujarrier's saying, he neither owed nor would pay me any thing, I thought it would appear as if I

had made a claim to which I had no right. Wounded, then, as I was, I consulted two of my friends as to the course I ought to pursue, and as their opinion was similar to my own. I despatched these gentlemen to M. Dujarrier, with a message which I clearly conveyed to them beforehand. They were to say to him, 'M. Beauvallon says that you were unpolite to him, and asks if you had any intention to wound him.' I gave them no other mission. They waited upon M. Dujarrier, who, it appears from their account, received them in an insulting way. He pretended not to know me. 'M. Bufalon,' said he, 'M. Beattallon, M. Beauvallon, who the dence is he? I have no explanation to give,' and referred them to two of his friends." This impertinence cost young Dujarrier his life. It could not be borne by the chivalrous Rosemond de Beauvallon. "My demands," says he, "were those of a man wounded in his honour. As Dujarrier refused a reparation by words, I demanded one by arms."

At the conclusion of his examination, the president asked Beauvallon some questions relative to the watch transaction.

President.—Did not Madame Bovis send a person to you to reclaim a watch of hers which you had pawned?

Prisoner.—I gave it back immediately.

President.—But far from giving back the pawn-ticket immediately, it appears you threatened to kick the person who asked for it down stairs; on which he said, 'Do not try it; I have a cabriolet at the door, with a commissary of police waiting.'

Prisoner.—It is false. Besides, this person said, after the duel, 'I will kill M. de Beauvallon by defamation as he killed Dujarrier by the pistol-bullet.' I committed a *faul* of youth, but I expiate it cruelly.

President.—It is a pity that, in the late instance, you were so susceptible on the point of honour, when you shewed yourself (*I use a moderate expression*) so weak upon THE LAWS OF DELICACY!

"The laws of delicacy" is capit—

"The fault of youth" is still be! Ought not a poor, simple, y gentleman to be pardoned who a watch in a moment of *égaren* Isn't there every excuse for!

Should we not pity and admire the cruel expiation of his fault? Consider, his honour is now so delicate that he murders a man for saying that he doesn't owe him money. The first day's trial ended with this admirable exposition of the laws of delicacy; on the next, the examination of the witnesses began.

The weapon which had taken the poor wretch's life—the coat he wore—the ball which killed him—the doctor who extracted it—gave each their testimony. The tavern-keeper testified as to the nature of the amiable orgy and the *taquineries de ces messieurs avec ces dames*; at which expression there was much laughter in court. Mademoiselle Athenais Lievenne, "artist" of the Vaudeville Theatre, aged twenty-one years, gave evidence of Dujarrier's rude and rather familiar conduct, as before reported. After dinner, Dujarrier made an apology, which the good-natured Athenais accepted, and gave him her hand. Then Eugène Roger de Beauvoir explained, how he had intended to have a shot at Dujarrier, too, for his gross behaviour, but that the death of his (the witness's) mother prevented his executing his project. Grisière, the famous fencing-master, came forward to shew that Beauvallon, who supposed the duel would take place with the sword, had come to him, in order to learn and practise a *coup* by which an adversary could be disarmed, proving then the exceedingly pacific intentions of De Beauvallon, who, being a perfect master of the sword, did not intend to kill Dujarrier outright. But the great witness on this day was the great Alexandre Dumas: "At the announcement of whose name," says the *Débats*, "all eyes were directed towards the door at which was about to enter the popular author of *The Count of Monte-Cristo*." Those who know, from the author's own writings, his history, and that his father was a mulatto general famous in the revolutionary wars, will be surprised to hear that the son is a *marquis*; for though we have heard of the Marquis of Marinalade and the Duke of Alicompaine in Hayti, we did not know, until now, that the French had recognised a negro aristocracy.

President.—Witness, what is your name and pre-names?

Witness.—ALEXANDRE DUMAS DAVY, MARQUIS DE LA PAILLETERIE.

President.—Your age?

Witness.—Forty-one.

President.—Your profession?

Witness.—If I were not in the country of Corneille, I should say I was a dramatic author.

President.—Dramatic authors vary as centuries change. Make your deposition.

Now, the fact is, the Marquis Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie had scarcely any thing to say, but he amplified this little stock of information with a skill and emphasis of rhodomontade which the marquis possesses beyond any marquis or dramatic author in Europe. You would have fancied that he was the centre of the whole action; the great arbiter of chivalry and adjudicator of honour. "As it was Dujarrier's first affair," said Marquis Davy, "we were obliged to be particularly chary of his reputation." "*Il faut que je subisse mon baptême*," was the expression that the miserable, poor heathen used himself; as if murder was the baptism which a young neophyte of the world was compelled to undergo!

As an authority for duelling, the marquis quoted a document called "*Le Code du Duel*," which was drawn up by several of the most reputable persons in France, and instanced a case which had come under his knowledge where a sovereign prince (the King of Wirtemberg or the Duke of Baden?) had permitted a prince, his nephew (one of the Bonaparte family), to come upon his territory in order to fight a duel.

"Who were the princes?" some one in court asked.

The author of *Antony* replied that "THEY WERE TWO OF HIS INTIMATE FRIENDS," and asked leave to go back to Paris that night, as he believed a new piece of his was about to be produced at one of the theatres.

Next it was the turn of Mademoiselle Lola Montes to be examined. That charming person has appeared on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, if we mistake not. *Fame adds* of her that she whipped a royal aide-de-camp at Berlin, and even challenged another military man to meet her with the pistol. She inhabited the same house with Dujarrier at the

time of his death, and inherits a part of his fortune. Dujarrier wished to take her to the house of the Marquis Alexandre Dumas on the last night which he passed in this world.

At seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, as she had seen nothing of Dujarrier, she sent her maid to his apartments. He was eating a basin of soup before going out, and, instead of going to visit her, sent her a note. "Le témoin," says the newspaper report, "prend une lettre placée sur sa poitrine!"

"Ma chère Lola,—Je sors pour me battre au pistolet. Ceci explique pourquoi je ne vais pas te voir ce matin; j'ai besoin de tout mon calme. A deux heures tout sera fini, et je courrai t'embrasser... ou..."

"Mademoiselle Lola Montes," continues the report, "whilst this letter is read, holds down her head, and abundant tears furrow her countenance." What a noble fund of sentiment they have, these French writers!—what a rich and genuine language to express it! A few minutes afterward, it appears from the same report, the versatile Montes had left off furrowing her countenance with tears, and was grinning and bragging about her own particular skill with the pistol.

So for five long days the debates continued. More men of letters gave their testimony; more female "artists" theirs. The seconds of Dujarrier confirmed in the main the statements of the Acte d'Accusation. The onus of the duel lay with Beauvallon and his friends; the cause of it was never explained, nor the cause of the blackening of the pistol-barrels, which, according to Beauvallon and his seconds, had never been used. Dujarrier's friends made one last attempt on the field, addressing themselves to Beauvallon's friends, and finally to him himself. The only point on which they acquitted him was the charge that he had waited for forty seconds before he fired, taking aim all that time. He did not require near so much time; but his adversary having fired and missed, M. Rosemond de Beauvallon, whose life was now quite free from danger, and who could not explain what was the cause of his quarrel with his opponent, took perfectly good aim at him and blew his brains out. This is the upshot of all the depositions.

The advocate of the *partie civile*, Dujarrier's mother and nephew injured by his death, now made a speech upon the evidence, and, as it seems to us, upon a great deal more. He represented Dujarrier and all his friends in the most favourable light. The unlucky young man was, according to M. Léon Duval, the most amiable of creatures: his love of pleasure you would fancy quite virtuous and becoming; his fondness for play, sheer generosity; if he insulted Mademoiselle Lievenne by a point-blank statement that his money would win her, what did he do but repeat what all poets and all *moralists* had said before? They call them "moralists" in France who say that every woman has her price!

But as for Beauvallon and his chief second, there were no words too strong for their abuse: if he could not crush them by proofs, he charged them with a fury of hints quite as eloquent, and dragged Beauvallon's friends, his relations, and his father, in for a share of the abuse. M. Duval's speech is quite a curiosity of invective, his pursuit of Beauvallon exceedingly adroit and savage. "He murders Dujarrier (says he), for what?—for wishing to avoid his society. On my word, Monsieur Rosemond de Beauvallon will have to kill a great number of people, if he fires at all those who decline the honour of his acquaintance." Beauvallon smiled at this, the report says—smiled and blushed slightly. It was a great unkindness to such a meritorious gentleman; presently Beauvallon cried;—"he has every delicacy of sentiment, this young enthusiast, who pawns the watches and blows out the brains of his fellow-men. Berryer took up his defence with his usual *fougue* and enthusiasm; and the eloquence of the "illustrious advocate," as the French papers call him, appears to have met with prodigious applause.

He begins with a claptrap. What he was most afraid of, the illustrious orator said, was, lest Dujarrier's mother should have appeared, and, with a voice of austere majesty, called for vengeance for her son. The illustrious orator could not have borne that sight: luckily it was spared him. And he begins so foul of the *partie civile*, and accuses him (most justly) of having inju-

exaggerated, and falsified a good deal. The illustrious orator proceeds to do as much in behalf of his client. The fault was all with Dujarrier, not with the peaceful Rosemond. The duel comes: *le coup part*; Berryer has not a word about the waiting or the taking aim. You would image Dujarrier was shot in spite of Beauvallon, and by some fate which guided that guiltless creature's ball. The advocate having exonerated the duellist, stands up and apologies for duelling itself; and declares that it is vain, absurd, wicked, flying in the face of God to prevent it! It costs the illustrious orator nothing to use the Almighty name; he drags it into court perpetually, and brags and swaggers about the purity of his belief. The morning of the duel Beauvallon was seen coming out of church. "Oh, no!" cries his advocate, "this is no murderer, this is no assassin, the man who at this solemn moment flings himself at the feet of God, of whom we do not always think enough in the midst of our affairs and our passions!" That he was going to fight a duel, is nothing. Noble and honest orator! an hour afterwards this man took aim and murdered a fellow-creature. But then it was a duel, and that is justifiable—absolutely necessary.

"Listen!" cries Berryer, "to the opinion of a man profoundly religious,—the opinion of M. Guizot on duelling,—"French manners are chivalrous," Guizot says: '*they are elegant*. They have substituted duelling for assassination. When the honour of a man or woman has been attacked, a reparation is necessary. The barbarian employs stratagem, the *Français* has the duel."

This quotation is very likely not in Guizot (for Berryer's statements have about as much authority for accuracy, as those of another illustrious orator whose name begins with O). But that is not the point; nor is it the state of the law of duelling in France, nor the practice of the courts there (that, no doubt, will occasion comment from competent professional persons), which have led to the writing down of this story. It is the moral condition of the country illustrated in the story, is the most marvellous part

of it—the most marvellous and the most painful.

Guizot lays it down that the Frenchman is chivalrous and elegant, and — has invented the duel.

Berryer declares that though a man blows another's brains out with the utmost care and premeditation, he can't be an assassin — because he goes to church.

Léon Duval says that all French moralists and philosophers have declared that every woman is to be bought.

Rosemond de Beauvallon says his honour requires him to take aim at and murder a man, because the latter refuses to say that some unimportant words were really unimportant.

Marquis Davy de la Pailletterie backs up his friend to fight, because it is necessary that a young man *should* have a chance of murdering, or being murdered, by somebody.

All parties admit a state of concubinage to be so perfectly natural as to call for no question; the venality of the female being a point perfectly established by "moralists," &c.

And a man having killed another, candidly acknowledging his intention to do so, and the fulfilment of his intention, is pronounced by a jury, "on their honour and conscience," not guilty.

What do Honour and Conscience mean? Are they lies and fables? Is honour the property of men alone, and do all women sell theirs? And has Conscience made itself easy in France, and determined that debauchery is justifiable in all cases, and Murder is requisite in some? All which points appear to be established by this astonishing French trial. As for the actors in it, only Dujarrier is under the sod, with an old mother probably still deploring him. Lola and Lievenne are consoled by this time, and ogling and grinning as before: the chivalrous Beauvallon is free to return to the world and adorn it: the Marquis Davy is rhodomontading away as usual, at the rate of forty volumes a-year: the "illustrious orator" will spout blasphemies and bellow claptraps to the admiration of all France in his next speech. She, meanwhile, retains her position as Centre of Civilisation; and we—how much better are we?

FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. CXCVIII.

JUNE, 1846.

VOL. XXXIII.

MANNERS, TRADITIONS, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SHETLANDERS.

If REGINA will permit an Ultima-Thulian, a dweller in the solitary isles of the Caledonian archipelago, to offer an occasional mite to her great metropolitan treasury of knowledge, I flatter myself I could "submit to public inspection" (as a fashionable *modiste* newly returned from the spring markets would say) some facts new to our modern periodical literature. Vigilant and far-searching as the spirit of literary enterprise now is, it has scarcely turned a thought to the fields of curious and interesting information that bound the northern extremity of our own empire. An adventure in Tahiti or New Zealand, a ramble in the Marquesas, a tiger-hunt in India, "a dinner in ancient Egypt," a legend of the twelfth century, is devoured with avidity, and admired, however trivial in itself, because it is associated in the reader's mind with the idea of rarity or distance. Like the fruits of warm climates, the knowledge that is dug from antiquity or transported across the Pacific is often more prized than the observations which we could gather from the study of society around us, and at the small cost of a few days' sail from the metropolis of the kingdom.

It is for this reason, probably, and because it does not require the writer to encounter savages or circumnavigate the globe, that our cluster of islands, lying between the parallels

of the fifty-ninth and sixty-second degrees of north latitude, are a sort of *terra incognita* in the current literature of the day. An Englishman knows more of Australia or China, of the Oregon or the Punjaub, than he does about any one of the Shetland Isles, though they are above ninety in number, and cover a space of seventy miles from south to north, and more than fifty from east to west. If he has read Sir Walter Scott's *Pirate* he may, perhaps, remember the name of "Sumburgh Head," the southmost promontory of the group; or of the "Fitful Head," rendered classical by the same pen as the residence of Norna. If he has chanced to be at Windsor, or Brighton, or Buckingham Palace, he may have seen a little hirsute quadruped called a *shelty*, or Shetland pony, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and imported expressly for the equestrian amusement of the royal children. But with this animal, and the two extreme points I have mentioned, the probability is that his knowledge of the country and its inhabitants—historical, geographical, zoological, and statistical—terminates.

Ask him about Foula, or Burray, or Bressay, or Papastour, or Whalsey, or Yell, or Fetlar, or Unst, the Out Skerries, the Noup, the Sneug, or any other locality between Lamb Ness and Quendal Bay, and

perhaps, have no great confidence in the prayers of Bessie Millie, who sells favourable winds to mariners for the small consideration of sixpence; and he may regard with still greater suspicion the humanity of our consuetudinary laws, which attach a sort of retributive punishment to every native who shall rescue a drowning stranger or assist a shipwrecked crew. But if such chimeras haunt his imagination, I fearlessly bid him dismiss them. The tourist is in no danger of casting anchor on a kraaken, or being dragged by the multifarious claws of some gigantic polypus to the bottom of the ocean. These legendary monsters exist only in our popular creed, and disturb the repose of none but the superstitious fishermen.

It is true if the visitor expects the accommodation of railways, or post-chaises, or turnpike-roads, he will be disappointed; but he will find our rude climate, and our barren soil, tempered by the warmth of a friendly greeting, and lighted up with a glorious luminary that for three months scarcely quits the horizon. During that period darkness is unknown, the short absence of the sun being supplied by a bright twilight. To use the words of a native historian, "Nothing can surpass the calm serenity of a fine summer night in the Shetland Isles, the atmosphere is clear and unclouded, and the eye has an uncontrolled and extreme range; the hills and the headlands look more majestic, and they have a solemnity superadded to their grandeur; the water in the bays appears dark, and as smooth as glass; no living object interrupts the tranquillity of the scene, unless a solitary gull skimming the surface of the sea; and there is nothing to be heard but the distant murmuring of the waves among the rocks." Surely such a picture of tranquil grandeur as this, is enough to put heart into the most timid, to scare away all the traditionary perils and monstrosities with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded our northern archipelago.

Another drawback to tourists has now been removed by the facilities which steam has supplied; the passage from Leith to Lerwick, a distance of ninety-six leagues, can be

made as regularly as her majesty's mail, and in as short space as Roderick Random's post-wagon took to travel from York to London. No doubt the case was very different before this great revolution in smack and packet navigation was introduced. Then our means of communication with the rest of the world were difficult and few. A letter from Shetland to Orkney had to go round *via* Edinburgh; or if any of our enterprising merchants wished for early intelligence, he had to despatch a vessel of his own for the purpose, and after all might find the post-office authorities refuse for his convenience to interrupt the ordinary means of correspondence. We were often half-a-year behind in our information, which led us into the commission of ridiculous anachronisms and irregularities. Our clergymen prayed for kings and queens, months after they were dead and buried. A young prince, or princess, might be weaned, or walking, before we were apprised of its birth. The greatest national occurrences, the wars of the Commonwealth, the persecutions of the Stuarts, the change of one dynasty for another, were events known at the extremities of Europe before they reached us. And if we were unwittingly guilty of high treason, in praying for one monarch when, by a fiction of the law, we were understood to have sworn fealty to another, the fault was not ours, but in the want of steam-boats.

Tradition says, that the Revolution of 1688 was not known in Shetland for six months after it happened. Brand, the missionary, states, that "it was the month of May thereafter before they heard any thing of the late revolution, and that first, they say, from a fisherman, whom some would have arraigned before them, and impeached of high treason, because of his news." Martin, in his *History of the Isles*, repeats the story with some improvement. He says, "The Shetlanders had no account of the Prince of Orange's late landing in England, coronation, &c., until a fisherman happened to land there in May following, and he was not believed, but indicted for high treason for spreading such news."

This is the common report, which, however, is exaggerated, and not quite correct. The news of the landing of the Prince of Orange in England had reached the island of Unst within little more than a month after it took place—the 5th of November, 1688. The intelligence was evidently accidental, but the fact is stated in a letter written by one of the ancestors of Mr. Mowat, of Garth, and dated 15th December, 1688, which thus concludes, "I can give no account of news, save only that the skipper of the wreckt ship confirms the former report of the Prince of Orange his landing in England with an considerable number of men, bot upon what pretence I cannot condishend." Though the fact of the prince's landing was known, it may be true that months elapsed before the Shetlanders learned the event of the Revolution. Now all this has passed away. We are no longer reckoned out of the circle of Christendom, or to be on visiting terms with any thing more civilised than *shuas* and bottle-nose whales. Every week we hold communication with the Scottish metropolis, the three winter months excepted; and I see no reason why this interruption should be, for if steamers ply all the year round between New York and Liverpool, why not between Lerwick and Leith?

Suppose, then, one of your *literati*, smitten with the curiosity to penetrate this extreme verge of her majesty's dominions, let him put himself under my tutelage, and accompany me on the imaginary voyage. Like good Mrs. Glass, who presumes her hare to be caught before it is skinned, I stipulate that my friend be in Edinburgh before starting. He must be at the North Bridge Duty-house by half-past five o'clock in the morning of any given Friday in the spring, summer, or autumn months. There he will find cab, hackney, minibus, omnibus, or railway at his service, to set him down at the nether extremity of Granton pier, where he has to pay twopence for his *piérage*, and where he will observe the Sovereign steamer, of two-hundred horse power, rocking and roaring, casting forth volumes of black smoke, with

various other symptoms of a determination to be off. The last bell rings at six precisely, the luggage is stowed on deck, the driver and the porter are paid. You muffle yourself up in cloak or Codrington, look out for a conversable visage among the crowd, make up your mind to be desperately sea-sick, cast a parting gaze on the friends left behind, and away you go full boil.

The broad Firth, studded with islands, the shore on either hand planted with towns, and verdant with forests and green fields, diverts your attention from certain disagreeable inward emotions that begin to turn your countenance yellow, and threaten a premature separation between your stomach and your breakfast. Sternwards lie the small isles of Cramond and Inchcolm, and ten miles in the distance the Firth is land-locked by the strait at Queensferry, with its projecting rock and promontory. The bay presented to the eye in this direction is picturesque and beautiful. On the right is seen Edinburgh, with its castle, steeples, monuments, hills, blue-slated roofs, and long terraces of streets. The opposite coast of Fife is sprinkled with dwellings, and lined with fishing villages, the nearest of which are Burntisland, Kinghorn, Kirkcaldy, and Dysart.

Half-an-hour's sailing brings you under the lee of Inchkeith, where there are an elegant lighthouse, a rabbit warren, and a few agricultural donkeys. Beyond this island the Firth expands. Bounding the view southwards are Musselburgh and Prestonpans, the hills above Haddington, the high-cone of North Berwick Law, and the stupendous Bass-rock, the *solangoosifera Bassa* of old Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend and host of Shakespeare. To the north the range of fishing-towns (most of them dubbed burghs by King James VI.) continues—Wemyss, Buckhaven, Leven, Largo, Elie, St. Monance, Pittenweem, the two Anstruthers, and Crail. At several of these places, if weather permit, the Sovereign takes on board, and lands passengers, which gives you an opportunity for extracting from your now loquacious companion a little of his historical, topographical, and antiquarian knowledge.

At Wemyss Castle he will point you out the window of the room where Queen Mary had her first interview with Darnley. Buckhaven, he will tell you, is a colony of Dutchmen, the most pure and undiluted in Scotland, descended from the crew of a vessel which was stranded on the spot in the reign of James VI. Leven is a manufacturing as well as a fishing town; it grinds bone-dust, and gives title to an earl. Largo is renowned as the birth-place of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. The house still remains, being a cottage of one story and a garret, in which the father of the imaginary hermit of Juan Fernandez carried on his humble craft of a shoemaker. Pittenweem was the head-quarters of the witches of Fife; and on the beach, below the town, you will be shewn the place where the last *suttee* of them was performed for the benefit of his infernal majesty, and to the great relief of the pious, witch-fearing, tobacco-hating King James. Anstruther (Wester) derives *éclat* from two celebrated personages, natives of the burgh, Maggie Lauder and Dr. Chalmers. The small house in which the latter was born stands close upon the harbour, and the field where the ancient "fair" was held, memorable in song for the scandalous gallivanting between Maggie and Rob the Ranter, lies immediately northward of the town. It was here, also, that the two heroes of the *Heart of Midlothian*, Robertson and Wilson, were apprehended for robbing the collector at Pittenweem, in 1736, the extraordinary circumstances of which, connected with the escape of the former, and the execution of the latter, caused the famous Porteous mob in Edinburgh, so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott. Crail is an ancient, out-of-the-way place, but has some repute in history. Here the Danes first landed in Scotland, and killed King Constantine in battle. Here John Knox inflamed the fish-wives, with one of his "rousing" sermons, to march with him to St. Andrew's, and demolish the splendid cathedral; here Archbishop Sharp was minister, and rebuked the Duke of Lauderdale, and sundry others of the Malignant nobles, on the "stool

of Repentance," in order to qualify them for being admitted into the communion of the true Covenanters.

Passing Crail a few miles you turn the point of Fife Ness, the "East Neuk," where the spacious bay of St. Andrew's opens before you, its dangerous entrance being signalled by the beacon on the Carr Rock. To the right you see the Isle of May—*Maia Sheepfeda*,—and, farther on, the Bell lighthouse, which will remind you of Sir Walter Scott's beautiful lines, "Pharos loquitur," and Southey's legendary ballad, "The Abbot of Aberbrothock." In the distance on the left, the ruined towers of St. Andrew's, and the conical *dun* which gives its name to Dundee, are visible; and before you, on the opposite side of the bay, stretch the flat coast and the dim hills of Forfarshire. As you near Arbroath, probably your eye may catch something skimming rapidly along the beach, like an exploded Congreve rocket on a journey, or a megatherium smoking a cigar. It is a train on the Dundee and Arbroath railway. This latter town is a place of very considerable manufactures, especially spinning flax; and here you will have a close view of the ruins of the magnificent abbey and its circular window, which serves as a landmark, and is commonly called *Big O* by sailors.

Beyond Arbroath stretch for miles the lofty precipitous cliffs of freestone called the Red Head, 250 feet in height, and eaten by the waves into detached colonnades and innumerable caverns, in one of which resides the famous White Lady, who is only visible in a clear day, when the eye can catch a hasty glimpse of her, in a direct line as the steamer passes the mouth of the grotto. This phenomenon is caused by the rays of light penetrating a hole near the inner extremity, and communicating with the surface above. The locality here is the classic ground of the *Antiquary*; the fishermen of Auchmithy being the prototypes of the Muckle-lockets, and the Red Head cliffs the scene of the perilous escape of Miss Wardour.

Farther on is Lunan Bay, and, on rounding the point of Usan, Montrose, with its lofty steeple, its smoking factory chimneys, and its magni-

ficient suspension-bridge, bursts upon the sight. The landscape here is rich, and the scenery picturesque; but the steamer stands often too far out to sea to enjoy it in perfection. From Montrose to Stonehaven the coast is bluff and rocky; behind it, some dozen miles off, towers the great chain of the Grampians, and between lies the fertile valley or *strath* called the *Howe o' the Mearns*.

From this point to Aberdeen there is little to attract the attention, except Bervie and Dunnottar Castle, near Stonehaven. The coast is the classic region of smoked haddocks. The celebrated *finnan* is prepared with *peat-reek* at the small fishing-village of Findon; and the *bervies*, greatly in request with the Edinburgh and Glasgow gourmands, derive their name from the town so called, where the first spinning-mill built in Scotland for yarn and thread was erected.

The ruin of Dunnottar Castle is one of the most majestic in Scotland. It was built in the times of Bruce and Baliol, and continued long the seat of the noble family of Keith. When sailing past it the appearance is strangely fantastic, as it consists of a mass of roofless edifices, so numerous as to resemble a desolate town. It is perched on a lofty perpendicular rock, like a huge inverted tub projecting into the sea, and almost divided from the land by a deep chasm; the summit is level, and contains about three and a half acres. Various historical associations are connected with this ruin. It was besieged by General Lambert, when Cromwell was in Scotland in 1652, and was eventually surrendered by Colonel Ogilvie of Barra, the governor. The crown and other regalia of Scotland were deposited there, and must have fallen into the hands of the besiegers had they not been secretly conveyed away by Mrs. Grainger, wife of the minister of Kineff parish, who buried them under the floor of the church, where they remained in safety till the Restoration. The concealment of these valuable memorials of Scottish royalty forms the subject of an interesting painting by Houston, which was among the pictures of the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition of this year at Edinburgh. During the persecution under Charles II. Dunnottar,

like the Bass Rock, was converted into a state-prison for the confinement of the refractory Covenanters. Here numbers of them were incarcerated in 1685; it is said about 167 men and women, apprehended for field-preachings, and treated with great barbarity, being shut up in a small subterranean vault in the warmest season of the year, until many of them perished from foul air, like the wretched inmates of the Black Hole at Calcutta. A gravestone in the churchyard of Dunnottar records the place of their burial, and the dismal vault is still called *The Whigs' Vault*. The seaport of Stonehaven, a little farther on, has a handsome appearance; the new part of the town being regularly built with broad, well-paved streets.

Leaving all these ancient relics and topographical curiosities behind, the tourist will find himself, about the tenth hour since quitting Granton pier, entering the harbour of Aberdeen. The average detention of the steamer here is four hours, but the time depends much on the state of the tide. While lying at anchor here you will have leisure to survey the granite buildings of that northern capital, and also to form a more intimate acquaintance with the Sovereign, by discussing a substantial Scotch dinner, washed down with first-rate Glenlivet, made into hot toddy, which, if well primed and mixed, will impress you at the end of the fourth hour, if your memory keep steady, with rather a favourable opinion of the Highland alcoholic districts. The Sovereign you will find a trim, elegant, spacious vessel, quite able for her latitudes, and ready to oblige every daring son of Adam who burns with desire to get a sight of the North Pole.

But the time is up, the steam is on, the plunging wheels are in motion, and in ten minutes you are off, the churned waves receding and leaving a foaming track behind, like a highway on the ocean. The Bùllers of Buchan and Peterhead lie far to the left; but the Sovereign heeds them not, paddling her weary watery way direct to Wick, which generally occupies ten hours. Here another detention occurs, and frequently, from the quantity of passengers to land, cattl

There are few attractions at this place, unless it be the odour of fish, which are here so abundant that the fields in Caithness are sometimes manured with herrings. Had you time for a trip into the interior, you might regale your eye with a sight of the cacophonious ruins of Girnigo Castle or the verdant plantations of Stirkoke. But the Fates and Captain Snowie forbid, and northward away! is the word.

The voyage across the stormy Pentland Frith is usually made in five hours, the island of South Ronaldshay being the first of the Orkneys that appears to the left. Advancing onwards you pass Copinshay, with its "horse," a precipitous rock said to be nearly 1000 feet high. The view of this island amuses and amazes travellers. "It presents," says Miss Sinclair, "a gigantic barricade of rocks inhabited by millions of birds, which we saw, though I had not time to count them, sitting in rows like charity children with black hoods and white tippets, ranged along every crevice in the cliffs. Several guns were fired, when an uproarious noise ensued, which can be compared to nothing but the hurraing of a whole army. Above, below, and around, the sea, air, and rocks, seemed all one living mass of birds, screaming at the full pitch of their voices, rushing through the air, careering to the very clouds, flickering in circles overhead, zigzagging all around us, and then dropping like a shower into the ocean!"

If the sea is smooth, the steamer takes a narrow channel which lies between Copinshay and Deerness, the most easterly parish in the mainland; and after rounding a bold headland called the *Mool*, she stands through the *String*, a rather intricate passage which divides the Mainland from the island of Shapinsay. Leaving *Thieves Holm* to the left, she brings up in Kirkwall Roads generally between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. Her detention here is short, rarely exceeding an hour; and retracing her course down the *String*, she proceeds northward, passing Stronsay, Sanday, and North Ronaldshay, arriving at Lerwick about four o'clock in the morning, the voyage been generally made in about twelve hours.

This is a dreary, solitary passage, the only human habitation to be met with being Fair Isle, about half way between the two northern archipelagoes. It rises "like an emerald in the wide ocean, quite a little world in itself, covered with grass of a most vivid and luxuriant verdure." On nearing this Arctic *oasis*, you will hear from some of your topographical fellow-tourists the *Traditional Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Duke de Medina Sidonia, Commander of the Spanish Armada in the year 1588*. According to this narrative, the ducal commander of the Invincible Armada, after being chased by the English admiral, was driven on Fair Isle, where his anchorless ship struck and went to pieces, himself and 200 of his men effecting a landing in their boats with the greatest difficulty. This was a perilous addition to the population of so small a territory, which could scarcely yield enough to support the few families that occupied it. The Spaniards soon consumed all the victuals in the island, devouring fish, fowl, sheep, horned cattle, and even horses. Famine was the consequence, and the love of self-preservation taught the natives to withhold further contributions to the strangers, and to secrete, in the darkness of the night, among the recesses of the rocks, the provisions that were indispensable for their own existence. Many of the Spaniards perished of hunger, others were thrown by the famishing islanders over the cliffs into the sea.

Their destitute situation was, at length, made known to a gentleman in Shetland, Mr. Andrew Umphrey, who farmed the Fair Isle; and, with the assistance of his boats, they were conveyed to Quendal Bay, where the duke became the guest of Malcolm Sinclair, "a worthy Scottish gentleman," until a vessel should be equipped to convey him and the survivors of his crew to the Continent. Tradition says that the duke, having a mind to produce an imposing effect on his hospitable entertainer, dressed himself up in the splendid costume of a Spanish grandee, and asked him if he had ever before seen a person of his rank and mien? Sinclair being a true Presbyterian, and knowing his guest to be a foreign Papist, bluntly replied in broad Scotch,

"Farcié in that face, I have seen many prettier men hanging in the Burrow Muir!" the said locality being then the common place of execution at Edinburgh. The duke and his party, however, did effect their return, having been safely landed at Dunkirk in a vessel equipped for the purpose.

When the rocks of Fair Isle have receded from the view, the two promontories of Sumburgh Head and Fittiel Head (the White Mountain) salute the eye; and by degrees the shores of Dunrossness and the outline of the Mainland are developed in perspective.

"The country," says Dr. Hibbert, "seems to be characterised rather by the number than by the height of its hills; but the nakedness of the surface, which not a tree or shrub interposes to conceal, recalls every chilling idea that may have been preconceived in the mind of hyperborean desolation. The stranger can scarcely avoid contrasting the sterility that appears before his eyes with the richness of the valleys he may have so lately quitted on the banks of the Forth. Shetland truly appears to be what was long ago said of it by a Stirlingshire visitor, 'the skeleton of a departed country.'"

Having landed the tourist in Lerwick, without being wrecked against the north pole, or lodged, like another Jonah, in the stomach of an ichthyosaurus, I shall leave him to select his own amusement, to examine Fort Charlotte, or gaze on the numerous boats that stud Brassay Sound, or take his ease in his inn, or go fishing for *podleys* or *silloks*, or any other occupation that may chance to hit his humour. He will not find our metropolis quite so large as London or Pekin, nor so regularly built as Edinburgh or St. Petersburg. It has *one* street of considerable length, in the form of an amphitheatre, along the shore, with numbers of lanes, or *closses*, leading backwards to a road on an eminence above the town. The houses are built of grey and white sandstone: some of them are handsome, fitted up with every accommodation in modern style. But in viewing the position of the place, it will be seen at a glance that no architect had been consulted in plan-

ning the streets. The oddest angularities prevail, no order being observed. Backs are turned to fronts, gable ends to the street, projecting at angles of every degree. With the exception of those newly erected, the tenements appear as if they had dropped from the clouds, and as if every proprietor had made it his original study to be as unlike his neighbour as possible. Gas and stone pavement have been introduced. We have a court and town-house, a news-room, a bank, a prison, a masonic lodge, and a manufactory for straw plait. The utmost quiet reigns in the town, whose echoes are never awakened by steam-whistles, or mail horns, or even the wheels of carriage, cart, or gig. The clattering of a sheltie's feet is the only noise—except when we have drunken sailors—pedestrian, equestrian, or vehicular, that greet the ear.

Whilst you are enjoying yourself after your own fashion, allow me to revert to the descriptive sketch with which I set out, and which has suffered a little interruption by my account of the voyage. The absence of general vegetation is one of the first things that arrests the stranger's notice. Every thing looks brown, parched, and barren. Our indigenous trees are few, scarcely deserving the name, and never requiring a visit from the commissioners of woods and forests. Indeed, thousands of the natives have no other idea of a tree than a log of fir, which they may have seen in a Norwegian clipper or a drifted shipwreck. They cannot understand how it is rooted in the earth and shoots out foliage. A phenomenon of this kind would be as new and marvellous to them as the icy ocean would be to the scorched negro of Central Africa. Dr. Niell mentions that a native Shetlander, who had spent his days in his own island, having occasion to visit Edinburgh, when trees were first pointed out to him on the coast of Fife, observed, that "they were very pretty;" but, added he, with great simplicity, "What kind of grass is that on the top of them?" the term *grass*, or *girse*, being applied in Shetland all herbs having green leaves. Trunks and branches are found in peat mosses, shewing that trees must have existed at one time. But they have

vanished. Our groves are merely a few dwarf bushes of birch, willow, and mountain-ash, stunted and scattered over the bleak soil, and scarcely of height sufficient to hang a dog. If there be any other more commanding specimens of the genus *arbor*, they are, perhaps, some old plum or sycamore in one or two gardens, which, at the age of 100 years, may have attained the stature of forty or fifty feet. Except in these cases, we have nothing in the timber line suited for higher purposes than making a barber's pole, or the rafters of a cottar's shieling. We have no native coal, but abundance of peat; no cholera, but often rheumatism, catarrh, and dyspepsia; no Roman Catholics, but a few Methodists, Independents, and Anabaptists. Until the passing of the Reform Act in 1832, we were unknown in the parliamentary representation of the British empire; but since that time we have had the honour to return half-a-member. Our only musical instrument is the fiddle, for, like all northern nations, the Shetlanders are fond of dancing; but the Presbyterian discipline, true to its puritanical character, discourages these amusements, lest they should tend to foster idleness and vice. This I think is a mistaken rigour, for the effect of such prohibitions is to check innocent and healthful enjoyment, to induce a morose habit, and clap an extinguisher on some of the happiest associations of life. It is said to be a characteristic of the colder regions that the people are addicted to stimulating beverages, but I cannot accuse my countrymen of that. On the contrary, they are remarkable for sobriety; and though Father Matthew has not yet paid us a visit, temperance societies have been established, the effect of which has been to diminish the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to cause some of our conscientious spirit-dealers to shut shop, and abandon the traffic altogether, from an honest conviction of its impropriety. We have benefit societies, but their advantages do not seem to be highly appreciated,—owing, perhaps, to the desultory habits and precarious occupation of the people, who would rather trust to the lottery of the sea and the fishing-boat with its immediate gains, than

to a distant and doubtful reimbursement from a society. The only branch of this benevolent scheme that succeeds is the Fishermen's Fund, for the relief of widows, orphans, and invalids or aged persons. It was established nearly forty years ago, and is understood to have a capital of nearly 3000*l*. Though we scarcely require the services of the Irish apostle, we have much need of Macadam. Our roads are miserable. We have no regular highways or turnpikes, and, fortunately, no highwaymen. In many parishes there is not even a foot-path, nor a sheep-track. The traveller must take the sun or the nearest shrub for his compass, and pilot his way over the dreary waste by *meaths* from hill to hill, and from *toon* to *toon*. There are no public conveyances, no carriages, no carts, no railroads, no bridges, no canals, no harbours, but only some open roadsteads, or winding creeks, called *voes*, which deeply indent all the larger islands, and afford great facilities for internal communication were the inhabitants provided with the means. It has been suggested that small steamboats, using peat for fuel, might be employed as a substitute for land conveyance both for passengers and the produce of the country; but I much fear there is neither capital nor enterprise for such an undertaking. In the absence of regular roads, wheeled carts are of little use; but, in their stead, ponies with pack-saddles are employed. There are a few parishes—Tingwall, for example—where tolerable roads for *summer* are made; but you may judge of their quality for mail or stage-coach purposes, when you learn that during winter they are so broken up, people cannot go to church on foot without wading knee-deep in mud. In like manner, some of the *voes*, as that of Hillswick, afford safe anchorage for vessels, being sheltered from every wind, and of sufficient capacity to contain the whole navy of Britain. The spade is almost the only implement used in husbandry, for with us agriculture is nearly as much in its infancy as when Noah stepped from the ark, or, to go a little farther back with Dryden, “when Adam delved and Eve span.” A plough is a rarer sight here than the constellation of

that name. The laird and the minister may have one or two, drawn sometimes by a pair of oxen, sometimes by a quartett of ponies. The harrow is even more primitive in its structure and operation than the plough. It is guiltless of iron in any form, and so rude that, like Solomon's Temple, you might suppose no edge-tool had ever been lifted upon it in the making. It consists merely of two parallel bits of wood, about three feet long, with from eight to ten circular teeth in each piece, the whole framework being connected at the ends by a cross-bar.

In using them, the employment of animal labour is dispensed with, for they are drawn by a man, often by a woman, harnessed to them by a rope tied to each end of the parallel bars. Sometimes the land is too rough for a wooden harrow; instead of which, after the ground is delved and sown, a person takes a besom of heather, and sweeps mould, seed, and manure over head. This substitution of the human being for the brute is degrading enough, but it is not so looked upon by us. In former times, it was not uncommon to make women perform the work of horses even in more civilised parts of Scotland than our remote islands. When the foundation of Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh was dug, not longer ago than 1632, the "softer sex" were compelled to do the severest part of the drudgery—carting away the rubbish! Among the disbursements in the treasurer's book for that year, belonging to the hospital, are mentioned the prices paid for "shakells to the wemeine's hands," also "loks and cheines for thair waistes," "*item, ane quhip (whip) to the gentlewomen in the cairt, 12s.*," and "to the man that keipis them, 3*l.* 12*s.*" The money is Scottish, so that the price of iron, and leather, and the amount of wages in those days, must have been very small. Perhaps for the credit of Scotland, I ought to add the explanation given of these extraordinary facts, to shew that in the seventeenth century females generally were not put to such servile and shocking work. The "gentlewomen in the cairt," and the "sax women that drew the red," were doubtless hardened offenders of a particular class, upon whom every

kind of church censure, such as the *jougs*, *sackcloth*, and the *catty-stool*, had been fruitlessly expended.

As Edinburgh had then no bridewells or houses of correction, it seems probable that the magistrates, whose jurisdiction extended even to hanging and drowning in the North Loch, had tried the effect of public exposure in the manner stated above, by employing these incorrigible culprits in "redding (clearing) the found" of the hospital. But in Shetland, as I have said, for a man or woman to do the work of a horse, is nothing more than a part of our agricultural system. Corn, peats, or other articles, are transported on the human back, in *casies* or *cubbies*—a sort of rude basket made of straw. Occasionally the pony is employed in carrying, and then the *creels* or heather baskets are used, which are balanced one on each side, by means of the *clibber* and *mazy*.

While our husbandry is in so primitive a condition, it may readily be supposed that the march of improvement has made but indifferent progress with us. But to compensate for this drawback, we have advantages which our richer neighbours in the more genial climes of the south do not possess. We have cheap land, cheap rents, cheap beef, cheap mutton, cheap bread, cheap poultry, cheap fish, cheap every thing. What would an English or a Lothian farmer say to getting a whole island to himself at the rate of eight shillings the statute acre, with plenty of women to labour it, at wages of sixpence a-day! Nay, in some of the islands this rent would be deemed extravagantly high, 1200 per cent too dear! In Yell, for instance, an estate of 73,000 acres, nearly one-half in pasture, the rest arable and inclosed grass land, only produces an average rent of scarcely *eightpence* per acre! Surely here is scope for Lord Brougham's agricultural schoolmaster to look abroad, and instruct our landowners and husbandmen in the virtues of *suano*. True it is, our soil is no best, partaking more or less of the quality of moss, mixed with particles of the decayed rock it rests on. The atmosphere, especially in winter, is uniformly but temperate beyond what

credited by those accustomed to the cold prevalent at that season in the interior of the three kingdoms. Snow rarely lies above a day or two at a time; although we have occasionally snow-storms of two, or nearly three months' duration. A few years ago the clergyman of Yell noted the following in his memorandum-book on the 24th of December:—"This day the turnips are as green as they were at Michaelmas; the rye-grass among bear-stubble measures from eight to ten inches of green blade; and among the last year's rye-grass the daisy is every where seen in bloom." Let the Carse of Gowrie, or the sheltered fields of Hampshire and Devonshire, match this if they can. Last Christmas, such was the mildness of the temperature we could boast of our young gooseberries, and winter blossoms, as well as our more southerly neighbours. And then there are certain troublesome vermin, abundant enough in more favoured climates, from which we are exempt. There are some of our islands to which neither the mouse nor the rat have yet found their way. The grouse or moorfowl is also a stranger to us, though common in Orkney and the Highlands of Scotland; and the reason perhaps is, that the heather with us is too stunted to afford them the shelter they require. It is not many years since justices of the peace were as rare as mice or moorfowl, for except the sheriff-substitute, there was not a magistrate of any kind in Shetland. Nay, it would appear we must have had a visit of St. Patrick to scare away certain loathsome reptiles, for as an eminent living naturalist observes in his tour, "The untravelled natives of Unst had never seen either frogs or toads, and indeed had no idea of the appearance or nature of these animals!" Our domestic cattle are abundant, but their diminutive size and price would astonish the dealers in Smithfield market. A good fatted cow ready for slaughter weighs from one-and-a-half to two-and-a-half hundred-weight; so that a fletcher could tuck her under his arm; and an alderman at one of your civic feasts would not feel alarmed were one of them served entire in an ashet before him. ^a is reckoned extravagantly high—ceed three-halfpence or two-

pence the pound. A whole calf may be purchased for eighteenpence; and if the skin is re-sold it brings a shilling, leaving only sixpence as the price of the carcase. A ewe fit for the butcher will sell for four or five shillings, and a male lamb for about a third part of the sum. The native race of sheep are small sized, and scarcely weigh more than twenty or twenty-four pounds of mutton, carrying a fleece of from one to one and a half pounds of wool. They have small tails; and it is rare to see a ewe with horns. The practice is now getting in, where it can be safely adopted, of crossing the native breeds with black and white-faced rams, and where the pasture is sound, either of the crosses answer very well, as both mutton and wool are improved in quantity. But wherever the pasture is deep and wet, they are invariably found not to be so hardy, or to thrive so well, as the original breed. In some parishes their number is very great, and they form a sort of common property, or at least, the proprietor cannot always distinguish his own; for as all the tenants in these cases exercise an unlimited right of pasturage on the hills, or "scathold," as the tenure is called, except the few who drive their sheep into the same *cruipe* or *pound*, no other person can possibly know the exact number belonging to each individual. My friend, the minister of Sandsting and Aithsting, whose parish, spiritually as well as pastorally, contains one of the best flocks in our islands, is very learned in his description of the character and habits of this animal, although the terms which it is necessary to employ may, perhaps, sound oddly to those whose knowledge of the English tongue is drawn exclusively from Johnson's *Dictionary*. In his account of his parish, he tells us, the sheep are of various colours, white, black, grey, as Shakspeare's goblins; *catmugged*, brown, or *moorù*, black and white in equal proportions, or *shilah* and piebald. Every neighbourhood has a particular pasture, or *scathold*, on which his sheep are fed; and every person knows his own by their *lug-mark*, that is, one has a hole in the ear, another a slit or *rift*, another a *crook* or piece cut out of the ear behind or before, &c.;

and it is a rule in the parish that no two persons are allowed to "lug-mark" their sheep in the same way. Each neighbourhood has also a *cruive* into which they drive their sheep, for the purpose of smearing them, taking off the wool, marking the lambs, and keeping them tame. The mode of sheep-shearing here is rude and cruel, for the wool is not clipped off as in other places, but is torn from the animal's back by an operation called *roving*. For the most part two, and sometimes more persons, tear the wool from the poor tortured beast at one time; and though it may not sometimes occasion much pain, in general it is a troublesome and savage process. The customs regarding the feeding and ownership of this animal are curious. When a stray sheep is found, the individual who finds it takes care of it for a year and a day. Proclamation is then made at different churches in order to discover the right proprietor; and if after that no one appears to claim it, it is sold, one-half of the price being allotted to the person who took charge of it, the other half to the poor of the parish in which it was found. The neighbours whose sheep pasture together are called *scat-brither*; and those who have a few pasturing in any place at a distance from their residence, or perhaps not in the parish, are called *out-scatholders*. A lamb may be grazed at the rate of one shilling and sixpence per annum; and a cow or ox for eight or ten shillings during summer: in winter the sum demanded for fodder is about the same. Pigs and ponies compose a material part of our domestic animal stock. Almost every family keeps one pig, many have two; and several keep large herds of swine, which are sent off to the hill or common pasture in summer, where they contrive to shift for themselves, their principal food being earth-worms and roots of plants; but occasionally they fall in with a more savoury morsel in the shape of a young lamb or a sickly ewe, or birds' nests, of which they are as fond as a Chinese, or any other Oriental gourmand. The native breed is very small, with short, upright ears, and a long cartilaginous nose, with which he commits sad havoc when he steals a *raid* into the

potato-field or the farm-yard, digging, and ploughing, and committing every species of destruction. When he puts on his winter clothing, an uglier animal cannot be conceived to exist. Next his body is a close coating of coarse wool, above which rises a profusion of long stiff bristles, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and presenting a most formidable, *noli-me-tangere* appearance to every assailing, human or canine. Of the bristles and wool elastic ropes of great strength are made for *tethering* horses and cows. But, in spite of his revolting appearance, a Shetland pig, when well fed, would not discredit the board of an epicure. His pork is delicate, his ham delicious, and might contend for the premium of the old glutton monarch who proclaimed a reward for the discovery of a new pleasure. A considerable improvement both in appearance and size has been made on the native race in consequence of the introduction of a better species, brought to our islands in some of the Greenland ships. A pig, in its different stages of existence, has almost as many distinctive names with us as a lion or a camel among the Arabs. When sucking, or in a state of infancy, he is known by the name of a *runny* or *grice*; one fed about the fire-side is a *putty*; one with young a *silik*; a boar is called a *gaat*. The most prevalent distemper to which they are liable is the *gricifer*, which deprives them of the use of their hind legs, and is seldom curable. Of the pony little need be said. He is well known, for he is almost the only live inhabitant, except the fisherman, that visits foreign parts. He is of every colour, white, black, brown, grey, dun, cream, chestnut, piebald, and of every size on a limited scale, between twenty-eight and forty-four inches. He is hardy, docile, and capable of sheving high mettle. Like the hog, he undergoes a marked transition in the annual aspect of his "outer man," for when the shelty (as Dr. Hibbert remarks) "is in his winter or spring garb it is difficult to suppose that his progenitors were the same animals which travellers have described as prancing over the arid tracks of Arabia." long shaggy hair with which he clothed has more the appearance

a polar dress, or of some arctic livery specially dispensed to the quadruped retainers of the genius of Hialtland." Instead of the sleek skin and handsome appearance which he displays with so much spirit in the summer months, in winter his exterior is uncouth, his symmetry disappears, all his motions are dull and languid. The general torpor of nature seems to freeze up his energies and paralyse his whole frame. His food is coarse and scanty; but, notwithstanding the privations he endures, he frequently lives to a good old age. I have known them live thirty years and more, and even at that age able to travel a pretty long journey in carrying *feals* from the hill to mix with manure for composts. No attention is paid to the breed, which consequently is degenerating; and this is to be regretted, for the best proportioned is always the one first sold, and fetches the best price. They might easily be improved, and were due care employed, I am convinced there would nowhere be found a finer race of animals. Their value is from twenty or thirty shillings to six pounds sterling; and their yearly export to England and Scotland forms a considerable traffic. At one time the Orkney traders were in the habit of coming over and bartering linen for ponies; but this practice ceased when a regular packet communication was established between Lerwick and Leith. At that time, and until the introduction of steam-navigation connected us with the rest of the world, we had less intercourse with our neighbours the Orcadians than with any other part of Great Britain. A letter or parcel to the nearest of these islands had generally to be sent to Edinburgh, and thence was returned to its destination by a voyage across the Pentland Firth. Now, thanks to James Watt and the gallant Sovereign, *tout cela est changé*. We are, at least nine months in the year, within reach of civilisation, and fashion once a-week.

Having said a few words about cows, it would be an unpardonable omission to pass over the dairy and its management, which are always important matters in a Shetlander's household economy, and have even been sung in poetry and regulated by ancient laws. In the article of

milk we have nothing to complain of: it is good in quality and yielded in greater quantity than could be expected from the size of the cow, which, when put on good feeding, will give thirteen or fourteen quarts per day being more than Burns's "dawtet twal-pint hawkie" gave in the rich pastures of Ayrshire. It is in the proper management of the milk that we fail; and here our want of cleanliness, especially in the olden time, not only compelled the interference of the magistrate, but afforded a theme for the sarcastic wit of the traveller and the poet. In the parish of Sandsting the excellent and respected minister states that those farmers who keep four or more cows churn once every day in summer; but the quantity of butter is not in proportion to the frequent churning, for the cream is never properly gathered. An old but abominable fashion prevails, greatly injurious to the reputations of our housewives, for when the operation of churning is advanced to a certain stage a *headed stone* is dipped into the churn, and by this means the labour is shortened and an addition is made to the quantity, though not to the quality of the butter. Part of the curd thus becomes incorporated with the butter, which presents a white and yellow spotted appearance, resembling mottled soap or the grease-butter of Sir Robert Peel's tariff, with which the House of Commons was made so merry by the premier during the great corn-law debate. It must be confessed that by very few is attention paid to the dairy, so that one of the ancient local acts would still require to be enforced, which ordains, "That no butter be rendered for payment of land-rent, or for sale, but such as is clear from *hairs, and claud and other dirt*." It is the custom for landlords to have part of their rents made payable in butter; and probably this regulation, added to the want of proper milk-houses and due attention to the milk-vessels, may help to account for the sad neglect of cleanliness in this department. Very little butter is sold; and no wonder, seeing our peculiar style of manufacture is no recommendation to the foreign market. The butter-milk is called *bleddick*, and into this is poured a quantity of boil-

ing water, by which means the curd is separated from the *whey* or serum. The former is named *kirn*, and eaten with sweet milk; the latter is called *bland*, and used as drink instead of small-beer. It will keep for several months, when it acquires a strong acidity. The stigma of untidiness in regard to the dairy attached in former times to the Orcadians as well as to us, although our neighbours have now completely wiped it off (and why should not we?), for their butter is the finest that can be eaten, and commands a high price wherever it is known. The case, however, was not always so; and I have in my possession a curious poem entitled *The Character of Orkney*, printed in 1842 from a volume of miscellaneous verses in manuscript, preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, wherein the author indulges his humour with more severity than justice I am inclined to think, on the slovenly habits of the people in their persons, as well as in their food. On the articles of butter and cheese his coarse ribald wit is not surpassed by that of Butler, whose quaint style he seems to imitate, although he wrote in 1652, when Cromwell was in the north of Scotland. I shall give a short quotation slightly modifying the antiquated spelling:—

“A man may venture
In riding booties, and well pull’d up, to enter
Their very dayries; which being now my theme,
Sitt downe and supp a whin soure milk and creame
While I discourse itt. Have you ever been
Downe in a tanner’s yard? and have you seen
His lime-pits when the filthy muck and haire
Of twenty hides is washt and scrapt off there?
’Tis Orkney milk, in colour, thickness, smell,
Every ingredient—and it eats as well.
Take from the bottome upp an handfull on’t,
And that’s good Orkney butter—fie upon’t!
This grease (for soe they trully call it) pleasees
The eye, the taste, the smelling, &c.
They use a charme, too, with three heated stones,
Nine *Ase Maryes*, and seaven ill-far’d groans.

To fetch their nasty butter upp, which when
They’re done the witches conjure downe againe
Through their owne whems. Their punishment in this
Is well proportion’d to their wickednesse.
Then of the aforesaid butter take and squeeze
A parcell ’twixt two rotten boards—that’s cheese.
Judge, then, my friends, how much our lime-pits vary
In smell, taste, colour, from an Orknay dary.”

The edge of this rough satire was, doubtless, whetted by the strong national English prejudices of the time. But whatever proximity to truth there might have been in it at the middle of the seventeenth century, the description is totally inapplicable now, and nothing, even in Shetland, comes near the overcharged picture of loathsome filth which this morose critic has drawn.

Before quitting the subject of our “hearths and homesteads,” there are one or two other customs which ought not to pass unnoticed. Our principal articles of food are oats, bear (or *big*), and potatoes. Wheat has been attempted, but does not succeed; turnips, carrots, cabbages, and other esculents, are not cultivated to any extent in the open fields, although they thrive well enough in the gardens. Some families will plant as many as three thousand cabbages, which they use as food both for man and beast.

In raising the potato-crop, a different mode of culture is adopted here from that which prevails in other parts of the kingdom; and, as we wholly escaped the mysterious rot of last year, probably we may owe this fortunate exemption to our peculiar manner of husbandry. When preparing the field for the seed, the manure is not laid in the furrow and the cut seedling stuck into it. It is spread on the surface of the ground, and delled in with the spade. Sometimes the potato is planted in the furrow thus prepared, and covered up; and sometimes the earth is first delled and the seed dibbled in afterwards. ^{the plan of} spreading the manur instead of burying i recommended, I observe the thousand and or

or agricultural theorists, as they are called, as an antidote to prevent the recurrence of the disease; and certainly the experiment is worth trying, and may plead our example in its favour.

The oats in general use here are the old Scotch or grey-bearded kind, which is pleasant enough to the taste, but dark-coloured, and, from the very imperfect way of dressing it, the meal is never entirely freed from the chaff and dust. The way in which corn is here prepared for meal is accurately described by my reverend friend last mentioned. Every family has a small oblong kiln built in their barn, called a *cimny*, which will dry about a half barrel of oats at a time. This kiln, instead of an iron-plate floor, is furnished with ribs of wood; and these are covered with layers of oat-straw, called *gloy*, upon which the grain is laid. In an opening about a foot square in the end of the kiln, like an oven or boiler, a gentle fire is kept up till the grain is sufficiently dried. It is then taken off the ribs, put into a straw basket made for the purpose, called a *skeb*, and while warm, well rubbed under the feet, an operation which is intended to separate the beard and dust from the grain. It is next winnowed betwixt two doors, or in the open air, if there be a slight current, put into another straw basket called a *buddy*, and carried to the mill to be ground. When brought home from the mill, two sieves are made use of, a coarse and a finer, to separate the seeds from the meal; and it is twice sifted carefully before it is fit to be eaten. The larger seeds taken out with the coarse sieve in the first sifting are given to the cows; and the finer seeds taken out with the smaller sieve are reserved for *sovens*, a sort of pottage made from the sediment of the meal that rests at the bottom of the vessel in which the seeds are steeped or soaked in water. This is or was a kind of national food in Scotland, when foreign luxuries were not introduced in such abundance; and it is still prescribed to invalids, from its lightness of digestion. Sometimes corn is dried very hard in a pot; the meal prepared from this is called *barstane*, and is generally ground in the *quern* or hand-mill, a simple, primitive

instrument, but now rarely found except in Shetland and the museums of antiquarian societies. It consists of two hard flat stones, hewn into a circular shape, the one laid above the other, and perforated with a large hole in the centre, through which the grain slowly filters, and is ground by the rapid motion of the upper stone, into which a wooden peg, sometimes a long shaft, is fixed and turned by the hand.

Our houses and cottages, it must be confessed, are poor and mean, without the neatness and accommodation to be found in the dwellings of the same class in the other districts of the kingdom. In general they are mere huts. The landlords shew an aversion to building farm-steadings, or if they have erected them once, tenant after tenant must be content to occupy them as they are, and when they become ruinous, he must either repair or build anew for himself.

Dr. Maculloch, when he visited the Western Isles, declared that he often could not distinguish the cottages in the remoter Hebrides from heaps of rubbish. He mentions that when conversing with one of the natives, he had supposed the interview took place on a dunghill, and was not a little surprised to learn that they were standing on the top of the house. Cottages in Shetland are not much in advance of those in the Hebrides, and have something of the Irish economy about them, contrived, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "a double debt to pay," by harbouring the quadrupeds as well as the bipeds of the family. They are in general of a rude, comfortless description, being usually built of stone and turf, or with dry mortar. The rafters, joists, couples, &c. are nearly in their natural state, being chopped and moulded to fit by a hatchet. The luxuries of slating and ceiling are unknown. Over the bare rafters is laid a covering of *pones* or *divots* (sods), and sometimes *flaws*; and above these is a coating of straw, which is secured by ropes of the same material, or of heather, called *simmins*. The floor is the hardened earth, without carpets, boards, or any other artificial manufacture; and if the weather be wet, which it frequently is, the access is somewhat

difficult, especially to those who have any regard for keeping their feet dry and clean. This becomes a difficult matter even in the interior, from the moistened compounds that strew the floor. The dunghill occupies a place as near the door as possible, that it may be enriched by the accumulations of every fertilising substance; and frequently before the door of the mansion can be reached, a passage must be made through the *hyre* (cow-house), and, perhaps, other impediments unnecessary to specify. The furniture is homely, and contains nothing superfluous. It is generally so arranged as to supply the want of partitions, or divisions into rooms, the only apartments being a *but* and a *ben*, that is, a kitchen and parlour. In the kitchen end of the house, in addition to the family, there are generally assembled the household dogs and cats, a calf, a *patty* swine, and, perhaps, some half-dozen *caddy* lambs; the term being applied to winter lambs fed in the house, or to those which have lost their dams, and are reared on cow's milk. Glass windows are nearly as rare with us as they must have been with the Jews in the wilderness. When an opening has been left for a window, it is sometimes filled up with a bladder or untanned lamb-skin, stretched on a frame, an invention rather superior to the Irish plan of substituting rags and old hats. The cottages have scarcely yet got into the fashion of wearing chimneys, or even the humbler imitations called *lums*. Instead of these, the frugal inmates have from two to six holes in the roof, to admit light and allow the smoke to escape; and for the better promoting the latter evacuation, a piece of *feal* or *divot*, or two pieces of board joined at right angles, called a *skyle*, is placed on the weather side of the hole, and performs the office of a can or an *old wife* on your city chimneys. No doubt the skyle has the disadvantage of being immovable, and to shift or open and shut it might appear a task of some difficulty. But here necessity, it may be indolence, sharpens invention; for instead of mounting on the roof every time the wind changes, some have a long pole reaching down inside, by which this operation is performed; and the order for having this done is,

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXCXIII.

"*Skyle the lum.*" These descriptions might be further extended, but I prefer giving a few more lines from the curious old poem already quoted, which I greatly fear are, in this respect, more applicable to us than to our Orcadian neighbours:—

"Wee have but little iron beere, or none,
But they can make a lock and key of bone
Will serve to keepe the flesh i' th' ambry,
till
It creeps out or informs us by the smell.
'T is eatable then, when neither ratt nor mouse,
Nor dog nor cat will touch 't, it serves the house.

The proverbes say no carrion kills a crow,
That heaven sends meat, the devill cookes
— 't is so.

Would you behold a true representation
Of the world's method ere it had creation?
Looke, then, into an Orkney ambry, see
How all the elements confounded bee
In that rude chaos; here a mess of cream
That's spilt with casting shoes in 't,
makes a streame

Of fair meanders, winding in and out,
Bearing before itt every dirty clout
The nurse has throwne there. Are they
not to blame

That say wee never have got *clouted*
cream?

There, att another end, runs a whole sea
Of kailie, and in't a stocking cast away.
Here broken eggs (it is no matter whether
Rotten or sound, or both) have glued together

The bread and candles, and have made o'
the sudden,

By falling in amongst the meal, a pudding;
And in the deluge it would make one

s wound
To see how many creatures there lie
drown'd:—

As fleas and lice, and rats and mice, and worms,
Of all sorts, colours, ages, sexes, formes.
Then in another corner you shall see,
If you are quarter'd in the house with mee,

A cog of sowings laid along, half gott
Out o' the ambry into the nearest pott
To meete the milke that's running to-wards itt

From a crookt bowle, wherein the good-
wife spit
Butt yesterday; and into that there drops
A bannock, whilst the wean greetes for the soppes.

Their handes are ladles, and the
take out

The flesh, and serve to stir t'
about.

U U

Those hands, that were not washt since
that they spread
Muck, when the barley-field was ma-
nured;
Butt the tongs from the pott return again
Into the ash-heaps, but indifferent clean.
My spruce, clean landlady, the other
day
Did call her maydens dirty sluts, they
say,
Because they were a putting in the
creame
To th' churne, before the dog had lick't
the same.
Butt here's enough of this, you may con-
clude
With me, the people here are somewhat
rude."

As regards Orkney this picture of accumulated abominations is a libel, nor is its severity to be justified by any thing to be found among the lowest of our population. Forty years ago there certainly was greater want of tidiness and comfort than at present. Dr. Patrick Niell, an eminent naturalist, who visited the islands in 1804, says,—

"The greater part of the Shetland tenants appeared to me to be sunk into a state of the most abject poverty and misery. I found them even without bread — without any kind of food, in short, but fish and cabbage; living in many cases under the same roof with their cattle, and scarcely in cleaner apartments; their little agricultural concerns entirely neglected, owing to the men being obliged to be absent during the summer at the ling and tusk fishing."

The latter part of this representation is still true. Fishing and farming continue to be joint occupations, to the great detriment of the latter;

but in other respects, improvement has taken place, chiefly through the liberal and enterprising spirit of some of our principal landowners. Farm-cottages are being built on a better plan, and a spirit of emulation is beginning to be excited. Among the landed proprietors who have given encouragement to this spirit, are Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart.; Messrs. Mouat, of Garth; Hay, of Lexfirth; Scott, of Melby; Edmondston, of Bunes; Bruce, of Simlister, whose mansion-house in Whaley, built of granite, cost 20,000*l.*; Gifford, of Busta; Ogilvy, of Quarff; Bruce, of Bunavoe, and various others, whose fame may not have reached your great metropolis, but who are well known here for their public spirit and their hospitality. We have had improvers, too, in a smaller way, who have cultivated Scots barley and reared green peas. An old soldier, Mr. Jerome Johnson, who had been with General Abercromby in Egypt, and at Gibraltar and Minorca, on returning home at the close of the war, set himself to carry into effect the knowledge he had acquired in foreign parts. Commencing with the *kul-yard*, he gradually converted it into a neat, small garden, bearing shrubs, flowers, currants, onions, carrots, tobacco, &c.; and, as he owned a few acres of land, he became a zealous agriculturist, and had the honour of being the first that introduced the culture of the field turnip into Fetlar. It must be confessed, however, that the patriotism of our landlords has yet a wide sphere of action for its agricultural enterprise.

PRINCIPAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE RISE OF NAPOLEON.

No. VI.

THE CAMPAIGN OF AUSTERLITZ.

CHAPTER IX.

Commencement of the War, and Surrender of General Mack.

WE regret extremely that the valuable authorities on which we were enabled to sketch the campaigns already published in this series of papers, fail us entirely for the early period of the campaign of 1805. The circumstances which caused the catastrophe of Ulm are still, to a great extent, hid in the darkness; writers have only had French rhapsodies and a few very prosaic and uninteresting German works to guide them; and as the latter are as feeble and destitute of force and authority as the former are inflated, exaggerated, and extravagant, nothing like a clear case can yet be extracted from them. We must therefore pass briefly over the first part of the campaign, interesting as it would be to trace the exact detail of events which caused a powerful army to be utterly destroyed without striking a single blow for victory and honour.

The battle of Marengo had confirmed Napoleon's absolutism in France, and the peace of Luneville and the treaty of Amiens following soon afterwards, placed him in the highest and most enviable position ever filled by an individual. The temple of Janus was closed, and the nations of Europe, exhausted by years of sanguinary warfare, wished only for continued repose. None, indeed, were in condition to desire a contest with France, naturally the mightiest of the Continental states, and now augmented by Savoy, Belgium, and the left bank of the Rhine: the vast and valuable conquest of the revolution. Ruling such an empire at such a time, it was in the Consul's power to become the greatest of mortals; but little of mind and mean of character, he saw not the

noble path which lay open before him, and no sooner found himself on the pinnacle of power, than, inflated by vanity, he immediately commenced that course of violence, rapacity, and aggression, which led to a deeper fall than any recorded on the previous page of history.

In profound peace, Piedmont was annexed to France, Switzerland invaded, and military possession retained of Holland; and extending his power at every step, Napoleon caused himself to be elected president of the Italian, and mediator of the Swiss republics. Such gigantic strides towards universal dominion had never been known since the days of ancient Rome, and were rapidly destroying every vestige of the balance of power—of that balance which prevents any one member of the general community of European states from exercising absolute control over the others, and for which so many sacrifices had been made. The English government remonstrated against these acts of unexampled aggression, and refused to surrender Malta till satisfaction should be obtained. The Consul replied by threats and taunts, and, irritated by the attacks of the English press, resorted to vulgar railing, and demanded the suppression of its freedom.* French officers called upon the British commanders at Alexandria and Malta, demanding the evacuation of these posts, Napoleon believing that the time had come when the nations of Europe were to bend as implicitly to the mandates of the French ambassadors as the trembling kings of Asia once bent before the heralds that announced the mandates of the

* It is worthy of remark that the absolute consul of France actually sent an agent Fievé, to England, to negotiate a treaty of peace, of alliance, perhaps, with the English press; and it is to be regretted that the details of the curious mission have not transpired.

Roman people. But in nothing was the captive of St. Helena destined to act "the Roman's part."

War with England was the first consequence of these overbearing aggressions; and as the Consul had no means of assailing his insular foes, he turned his arms against the feeble and defenceless more within his reach. In the north, the neutrality of Germany was violated, and Hanover occupied; in the south a French army took possession of Naples: both countries, strangers to the war between France and England, were heavily taxed.

Nor did the march of violence cease here. The neutrality of Germany was again violated by the seizure of the Duke of Enghien, and whenever it suited the convenience of the French, who also levied contributions on the Hanse towns and the Duchy of Mecklenburg. In Italy, Parma, Placentia, Lucca, and Piombino, were added to the grand empire, the crown of which Napoleon had now placed upon his head. Genoa and its dependencies soon followed, and by causing himself to be crowned king of Italy, the French emperor assumed, in fact, the absolute sovereignty of the peninsula. The balance of power was thus completely destroyed, and it was only by force of arms and a combination of the independent states of Europe that it could be restored, and security against continued aggression firmly established.

To effect this purpose a treaty of alliance was entered into by England, Sweden, Russia, and Austria. There was still, indeed, a strong party at Vienna inclined for peace; and the Archduke Charles, who was at the head of it, actually resigned the presidency of the war-department in consequence of the prevalence of adverse sentiments. It is probable, nevertheless, that this opposition was rather to the time for entering on the contest than to the war itself, for we now know, contrary to former assertions, that the Austrian army was in a very inefficient state, the cavalry deplorably so, and the finances in the worst possible condition. The English subsidies were no doubt expected to remedy part of the evil; but no sums furnished by a foreign country can ever cover even a mo-

derate portion of the expense rendered necessary for carrying on a war against a power like France. And it shews the falsehood and folly of which the French writers are guilty—and Bignon among the rest—when they tell us that foreign states were lured into the war, not by the ambition of France, but by the gold of England, and that monarchs sold the blood of their subjects for foreign pay, instead of shedding it in defence of national honour and independence.

If the Austrian armies were feeble, those of France were in the highest state of efficiency ever attained by Continental troops. For nearly two years they had been assembled in camps along the coast of the Channel, constantly kept together, and trained and exercised under the most distinguished of their officers. Proud of former victories, tired of their inactive life, and anxious for change, spoil, war, and excitement, they were better prepared for deeds of daring than any host that ever left the soil of France. At this time, also, their departure would bring relief to the national treasury, for Napoleon's boasted finances were at their lowest ebb, and the bonds of the bank of France had fallen to ten per cent of their actual value. The oppression of foreign states was to remedy this evil, and the moment the troops passed the frontier their support was to be defrayed at the expense of strangers. Nothing could come more conveniently for Napoleon than this new war, as foreign contributions filled his exchequer, and the march into Germany freed him from the pledge of invading England, an enterprise the prospect of which had so long been held out to France and Europe.

Two Russian armies of 50,000 men each, and commanded in chief by General Kutusoff, were in full march to join the Austrians, who, on their part, took the field with three armies, amounting in all to about 170,000 men. Of these the Grand Army in Germany counted 80,000 men, and was nominally under the orders of the Archduke Ferdinand, but commanded in reality by General Mack, an officer whose melancholy fate has rendered his very name a term of reproach. Mack

had raised himself from the rank of a private horseman by distinguished bravery and by talents as a staff-officer, and understood most perfectly every thing connected with detail, drill, and organisation of troops, but was well known to be totally destitute of the qualities requisite for command. He had, shortly before the commencement of hostilities, been placed at the head of the war-department; and Gentz and Müller, then in correspondence, speak with great satisfaction of his appointment to a situation in which he was calculated to render important services; and both foretell, with a too prophetic spirit, the certain ruin of the cause, should evil fortune give him the command of armies. 'Never was a prophecy so truly fulfilled, and never was a clearer proof furnished to shew the facility with which men of real talents can estimate character and the fitness of individuals for the duties of professions to which they do not themselves belong.

Sixty thousand men formed the army of Italy, and were placed under the orders of the Archduke Charles, who not being very popular with the Russians, in consequence of the battle of Zurich and his difference with Savaroff, was thus removed to a secondary position: 30,000 men, led by the Archduke John, were destined to act in the Tyrol. An army composed of Russians and Swedes, amounting to 30,000 men, were to assemble in Pomerania, and advance through Mecklenburg into Hanover, where it was to be joined by 25,000 British troops, destined to land on the banks of the Weser, while an Anglo-Russian army was, at the same time, to effect a descent on the coast of Naples and operate in Italy.

This was, no doubt, an admirable plan on paper, and one on which cabinet and ministerial strategists greatly prided themselves. Three hundred thousand men were to be hurled against France: from north, east, and south, mighty armies were to rush on to battle, and avenge, by their strength and justness of combination, so many years of defeat, resulting from feebleness and want of concert. The hopes of the allied sovereigns were high, but they rested on a slender foundation; no-

thing had been done to improve the training or condition of troops so often vanquished, nothing to restore the *morale* of the officers and soldiers shaken by ten disastrous campaigns; and as to the skilful combinations so loudly vaunted, it entirely escaped the strategists, that their forces were broken into different bodies, separated from each other by the whole breadth of Europe, and could hardly, when the difficulty of combining the operations of armies acting in the same province, or even battle-field, is considered, be expected to strike in together, unless by mere miracle. And so, indeed, the result proved, for the powers who put this vast force in motion fought their main battle with less than 80,000 men.

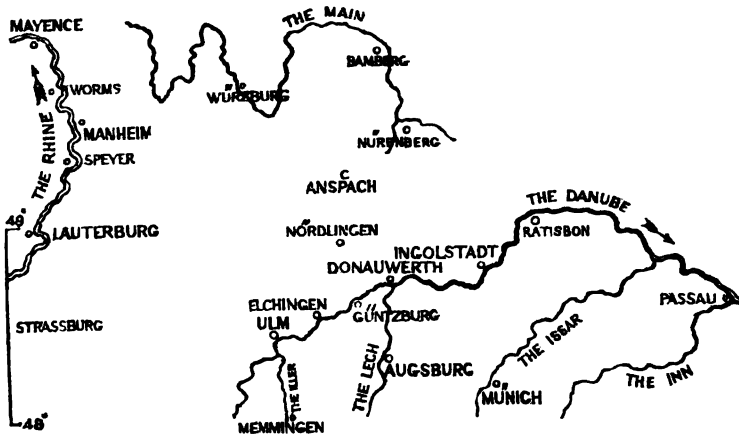
Austria had invited Bavaria to join the alliance, and the Elector had actually consented to do so, and only requested that his declaration might be delayed till the return of his son, who was travelling in France. The messenger who carried this *written* promise to Vienna could hardly have crossed the frontier, before the faithless sovereign left Munich, and set out for Würzburg, where all his troops were ordered to follow him, and, as now appears, according to arrangements already entered into with France. This unprincipled breach of word, the desertion in the hour of bitter need from the cause of honour and of true German feeling and patriotism, casts a dark stain on the reputation of the Bavarian ruler, and has only escaped deep and deserved reprobation by having been perpetrated at a period of general dereliction from all the principles of action which men had hitherto looked upon as great, just, and noble.

But the sword is drawn, and on the 8th September the Austrians cross the Inn and occupy Bavaria, and advance as far as the Iller, behind which General Mack takes up his position, his right wing resting on Ulm, the left on Memmingen, and his light troops extending as far as Stockach, on the Lake of Constance, thus throwing open his right flank to the very roads by which the French were advancing.

Before the 20th of August, Napoleon, then at Boulogne, had al-

ready dictated to Count Darn the plan of his German campaign. The minister himself was to work out the details and prepare the necessary instructions; not a single office clerk was to be employed on the duty. As this was at least eighteen days before the Austrians crossed the Inn,

it is not easy to see how the Emperor could already have formed the "great conceptions," as historians tell us, of turning their right flank, while they were still more than a hundred miles distant from the scene of future disaster: for Darn assures us, *that the original plan did not undergo the*



slightest alteration! Had they remained behind the Inn, as was first intended, and where they were when Napoleon's plan was drawn up and projected, his march would have placed him and his army exactly in their front; and this was, no doubt, so meant; but by advancing to the Iller, by crossing the French proposed line of march, they left that line in their rear, caused themselves to be turned by an enemy who came to seek a front battle; and enabled a vaunting adversary to boast of great and skilful strategical plans, which, as dates and distances prove, had never for one moment entered into contemplation.

Early in September, all the French troops stationed from Brest to the banks of the Elbe had been put in motion. Five corps, under Murat, Lannes, Ney, Soult, and Marmont, crossed the Rhine at different points between Strassburg and Mayenne, while Bernadotte, with the army of Hanover, reached Würzburg, where he joined the Bavarians. The army counted nearly 190,000 men, and at the head of such vast forces, Napoleon heeded the laws of nations as little as his princely ally had before heeded

the laws of honour. The sovereigns of Baden and Würtemberg were not only obliged to give a free passage to the French armies through their territories, they were forced to join their troops with those of France, under pain of having their dominions treated as conquered countries. In the north the Elector of Hesse was forced to throw open the very gates of his capital, to facilitate the advance of Marshal Bernadotte, who, at the head of his combined corps of French and Bavarians, immediately afterwards infringed, without even the courtesies of a request, the territory of Anspach, belonging to Prussia, an act of arrogance which excited the indignation of the whole country, and, as we shall see, threatened the most serious consequences.

On the 25th of September, the first French columns passed the Rhine, and the whole army, extending in a vast semicircle from Strassburg, by Mayence and Würzburg, to Bamberg, a distance of nearly 300 miles, advanced towards the central points of Nördlingen and Donauwerth.

General Mack, seeing the storm gathering in the north, drew in some

of the corps of his left wing towards Ulm, but took no other measures for checking the progress of the enemy, who, from various points of the vast semicircle they covered, were gradually drawing together in rear of his right flank.

On the 6th of October, the French seized Donawerth, which was defended only by a single regiment, and the capture of which hardly cost the victor a loss of sixty men. Thus masters of the passage of the Danube, division after division was poured across the stream; troops were sent forward to occupy Augsburg and Munich, while the main army, ascending the right bank of the river, took the position of Ulm, where Mack still stood motionless, completely in reverse. On the 8th, a corps of twelve Austrian battalions and four squadrons were encountered at Watingen, and defeated, by Murat, with a loss of 4000 men; on the following day another division was beaten at Günzburg by Marshal Ney; here 2000 men were lost. On the 11th, General Dupont, the same who was afterwards taken at Baylen, repulsed, as he says, with his single division of 6000 men, a body of 24,000 Austrians, who attempted to sally from Ulm on the left bank of the river. Disaster followed disaster in rapid succession. On the 13th, Memmingen, with a garrison of 5000 men, surrendered to Marshal Soult, after a single day's resistance. The victor next advanced to Biberach, and thus cut off all communication between Ulm and Switzerland. General Werneck, separated with his corps from the main body of the Austrians, was forced to lay down his arms. On the 14th, Marshal Ney carried the bridge of Elchingen, and, after a sharp combat, established himself on the left bank of the river. Post after post was taken, detachment after detachment defeated, while Mack still remained motionless behind the walls of Ulm.

In no army are the just principles of subordination better understood and more perfectly acted upon than in the Austrian; but on this occasion the incomprehensible behaviour of the commander-in-chief, who would neither fall upon the separate French corps that advanced

against him from so many different points, nor yet attempt to break through the iron circle which had been allowed to gather around him, gave rise to loud and open dissatisfaction. Prince Schwartzberg, who afterwards acted so important a part in the events which we shall have to relate, was at the head of this military opposition. Remonstrance was vain; at a council of war General Mack produced an order from the emperor by which absolute authority was conferred upon him. The Archduke Ferdinand, indignant at the fate certain to await the army of which he found himself but the nominal commander, left the fortress during the night, at the head of twelve squadrons of cavalry, determined to cut his way through the enemy or to perish in the attempt.

The gallant prince broke the barrier of surrounding foes; fifteen squadrons of Werneck's corps, who had refused to submit on the surrender of the general, joined him in his progress, and he bore down all confronting opposition. Murat and Kellerman, with the best of their cavalry, followed fast and close upon the retiring Austrians, and charged the flanks as well as the rear of their column; still the daring band of horsemen moved onward in gallant course. Their front had to be cleared; on right, on left, blows had to be dealt against constantly augmenting numbers; but their courage was high, and equal to the task. On every occasion Schwartzberg set them a noble example, and, after a trying and toilsome march, the prince reached Egra in Bohemia with a reduced, but still unbroken and unvanquished band. Ten squadrons belonging to Jellachich's corps performed a still longer, more daring, and equally successful march, all proving how much courage and resolution can achieve even in the most perilous situations.

Before daybreak, on the 15th October, the French attacked the hill of St. Michael, which commands the town of Ulm, and on which the Austrians had erected a few ill-constructed and half-finished redoubts. The works were as badly defended as constructed, and were carried at the first onset and with hardy any loss to the assailants. In p

session of these heights, Napoleon summoned the town; but Mack refused to listen to the proposal, and issued the following order, containing as many "brave words" as Pistol himself ever uttered: "The commander-in-chief," said this strange document, "holds generals and officers responsible, on their honour and duty, never to mention the word *surrender*; for the advanced troops of two mighty armies, the one Austrian, the other Russian, are within a few days' march of Ulm, ready to relieve us. We have 3000 horses that will serve us for food, and I will be the first to eat horse-flesh."

On the following morning some batteries of field-artillery, for the French had no heavy ordnance with them, opened upon the town, and, at the end of two hours' firing, all appetite for horse-flesh had already vanished, and Prince Lichtenstein was sent out to treat with the emperor! After some delay, it was agreed that the garrison were to surrender on the 26th, if not relieved by midnight on the 25th; but General Mack, having on the 19th had an interview with Napoleon, was persuaded to give up the place on the very next day, and that without obtaining by this sacrifice any better terms for the troops, who were still to be prisoners of war. At a moment when the fate of centuries might depend upon minutes, six days were thus gratuitously cast away for no object but to hasten on the hour of shame. Though advised to put an end to himself, Mack lived to perfect the act of dishonour, and, at the time fixed, marched out at the head of 23,800 men, who, after passing Napoleon with bands playing and colours flying, laid down their arms and surrendered prisoners of war. Sixty pieces of artillery and forty stand of colours were delivered up to the victors. The emperor spoke in friendly terms, as well he might, to the Austrian officers, who by the articles of the treaty were allowed to return home. "This is the moment," he said, "for the emperor, your master, to think of making peace. The idea that all empires have a term must alarm him; I want nothing on the Continent, I only want ships, colonies, and commerce."

These memorable words were uttered on the 20th of October, and on the 21st, on the very next day, Fortune, as if to shew how weak was the conqueror, even in the midst of his triumphs, whelmed all these aspiring hopes and wishes beneath the waves of Trafalgar.

The reader need not be told that we could fill entire volumes with the praise lavished on the great military skill displayed by Napoleon on this occasion; but unless we suppose that a direct and straightforward advance upon an enemy, by the nearest and best-beaten road, be in itself a proof of great skill, which it certainly may be, we cannot find the slightest evidence that any particular generalship was displayed here. We are told, indeed, that Mack was deceived by Napoleon himself into the false measures which he adopted—that he was led to believe the French would advance against him through the defiles of the Black Forest, would make a long—a circuitous route, to advance through a different country, instead of advancing by a short road through an easy and open one. If Mack did believe these things, there could be no great honour in defeating him.

We are further told that the march of the French columns was so rapid and skilfully calculated, that the Austrian commander could not change his position in time to meet them. Those who know how slowly the unwieldy masses of a large army must necessarily advance, will know what to think of this boasted rapidity. Any messenger, even on foot, marching through the friendly countries of Germany, could soon, with the greatest ease, have left the best of these columns far behind. Besides, had the Austrians no emissaries even on the right bank of the Rhine, and what became of the patrols of an army that counted thousands of light cavalry in its ranks? The great strategical skill displayed in calculating the march of the different columns from the shores of the Channel to the banks of the Danube, has of course furnished another theme for declamation; but when all care for the supply of the troops is set aside, when they are left to eat their way through as best they may, and when the enemy re-

remains perfectly passive, it is then as easy to trace out the march of armies on a map as to trace out an ordinary postchaise journey. Nor was the skill displayed very remarkable, even with these advantages; for the columns of Marshals Ney and Lannes crossed each other, and much confusion took place, and the latter, as well as Murat, remained in the Vis-Thal, exposed, without support, to the attacks of the whole Austrian army, had any forward movement been made against them. Dupont was assailed by vastly superior forces, and only escaped utter destruction by the bravery of his own troops and the timid and vacillating conduct of the imperial commander.

It seems that Mack was about to avail himself of the unconnected position of the French troops, and was actually engaged with Dupont, preparatory to striking a decisive blow at the detached and unsupported corps, when Baron Steinhilber, a nobleman holding a high official situation, brought tidings that the English had landed at Boulogne, and that Prussia had declared war against France. The Austrian commander, believing from other communications he had received, that the information was really correct, arrested the movement in progress, certain that victory would then be his without further loss or danger. Whether General Mack possessed the energy requisite for carrying the first intended project into effect is a question which need not be discussed here, as we only mention the proposed plan to shew that the French arrangements were not so perfect as those who judge only from results would have us believe.

That the Austrian army was cut off by Napoleon's march is perfectly true, but so was the French army also; and had Mack, instead of remaining planet-struck in Ulm, wheeled to the right-about, and taken post at Würzburg, he would have thrown himself in the rear of Napoleon, imitated the vaunted manoeuvre, and left the chances of battle exactly where they were before. A strategical movement is only deserving of praise where it augments the fair prospects of victory, or heightens, without a proportionate

risk, the results likely to be gained by success; as already stated, the doubling of the stakes alone is no proof whatever of skill. That Napoleon himself only contemplated a battle is certain from the proclamation issued to his soldiers, for he tells them, that they are to "encounter the troops who deprived them of the conquest of England, and prevented them from avenging in London six centuries of insult." The compliment paid to the "Great nation" in so long submitting to insult is not indeed a very brilliant one.

Of itself, the surrender of Mack cannot of course settle the question in favour of his adversary, for generals may surrender at the mere shadows of danger, and we shall unfortunately have to record instances of commanders sending out patrols to seek for enemies before whom to lay down their arms and prostrate their honour. It will be for the reader to decide whether the catastrophe of Ulm was produced by the genius of Napoleon or the inability of his adversary. If we look upon the surrender, without fighting, of a whole army, as sufficient proof of the feebleness and incapacity of its leader, then we have, for that point at least, ample evidence before us; but the proof of the genius displayed by the conquering party is not so easily obtained, and unless we consider mere success, and that constant risking of all for all, which afterwards led to so many disasters, as proofs of genius or great military skill, we shall be totally unable to find them in the countless panegyrics written to celebrate the victory of Ulm.

It was long the fashion to assert and believe that Mack had been bribed and that French gold, and not arms, had effected his overthrow. The accusation is totally destitute of foundation. Having been cashiered by the sentence of a court-martial, the unfortunate general was reduced to great penury, and only supported his latter days on a small pension allowed him by the Emperor Francis. His fate was altogether very singular one. He was of noble birth and had risen from rank of a private trooper to command of an army, thought

then a thing almost unheard of in the Austrian service for a private to rise even to the rank of a sub-lieutenant. He had been distinguished for personal bravery and for high talents, and he yet ended by being thought destitute alike of courage and ability! His reputation stood at one time so high that he was offered the command not only of the Neapolitan army, which he accepted, but of the Portuguese army also. This last offer was made at the recommendation of England, as he was an especial favourite with the Duke of York and the government of the period. He had served with the duke in Flanders and negotiated some treaty with the ministry in London. He died in 1828 at the age of seventy-six.

The great advantage gained by the French had cost them only a loss of 2000 men in killed and wounded; 60,000 prisoners, of whom twenty-eight were generals and 2000 officers of inferior grades had fallen into their hands, and they had captured upwards of 100 pieces of artillery and sixty stand of colours. The trophies were sent to France, and the people, rendered wild with joy by so rich a harvest of victory, "forgot," as one of their writers says, "all their former fanaticism of liberty in the new fanaticism of military glory."

The first barrier of opposition thus overthrown, the storm of war rolled rapidly on towards the centre of the Austrian dominions. The van of the Russian army, aided by some Austrian divisions, amounting in all to about 45,000 men, had already, by forced marches, reached the right bank of the Inn on their advance towards Ulm; hearing what had happened, they immediately fell back, fiercely pursued by the exulting victor, who was unable, however, to impede their retreat or to make any impression upon them.

On the 7th November Napoleon reached Lintz, and here gave audience to Count Giulai, despatched by the Emperor of Austria to propose armistice and negotiation for peace. The conqueror demanded the immediate surrender of the Tyrol and the Italian States, and the ambassador having no power to accede to such a demand, this first attempt at pacification

led to nothing. In a proclamation issued a few days afterwards the Emperor of Austria made known what the demand had been, and declared that he would "rely on the love of his people and the aid of his magnanimous allies the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia;" for the latter, justly irritated by the flagrant violation of the neutrality of his dominions, had, in fact, joined the league and had already, on the 3d of November, signed a treaty with Austria and Russia. Every hour now became of additional value to the French, and every step in advance was attended with increased danger.

But, nothing daunted, Napoleon still pressed forward, and here Fortune crowned his bold resolve. We shall see, however, that the fickle goddess was not always to be depended upon, and that, deprived of her aid, the once mighty victor was as powerless as those over whom he now triumphed in his pride.

Sharp actions, in which both parties claimed the victory, were fought at Lampach, Amstetten, and Diernstein, between the leading divisions of the French and the rear-guard of the allies; and on the 13th Napoleon entered Vienna, the proud capital of the Hapsburgs, and which had not seen a hostile banner within sight of its walls since the haughty Othmans, more justly haughty in their time than Napoleon in his, had come to fatten the surrounding soil with the bones of the bravest of their warriors. The first business of the victor was to seize all military stores in the arsenals and impose a contribution of a hundred millions of francs on the conquered provinces. The state of his boasted finances rendered this necessary at a moment when the obligations of the bank of France had fallen to ten per cent of their real value.

The bridge over the Danube, which was ready to be destroyed as soon as the last of the Austrian troops should have withdrawn, was, by the strange fatality which attended all the events of this campaign, allowed to fall into the hands of the French. Murat deceived Prince Auersberg, who was intrusted with its destruction, by pretending that an armistice had been concluded,

and that negotiations for peace were already in progress. Marshal Lannes and General Rapp avouched the truth of the statement, and an old superannuated Austrian general, who, in full uniform, had followed the party, lent a sort of confirmation to the statement. While the conversation was in progress, a body of French infantry rushed forward in double-quick time, and though the Austrians sprung to their guns, they were, partly by threats, partly by persuasion, prevented from firing them. One gunner only lifted a match, and Lannes had the resolution and presence of mind to strike it out of his hand before the priming lighted. The loss of the bridge of Vienna was a severe blow to the allies, who were not yet assembled, and totally unprepared for battle. That this stratagem, if so it can be called, was boldly executed is certain; but then how feeble must have been the enemies against whom such devices could succeed!

The allies fell back rapidly and concentrated their troops as they retired exactly in proportion as the French forces were extended by their continued advance. Marshal Ney

was despatched into the Tyrol, whence the Archduke John was obliged to retire; Davoust and Marmont were sent into Hungary, and the divisions of Wrede and Hillaire directed towards Iglau in Bohemia to watch the Archduke Ferdinand, who had assembled about 20,000 men, composed of new levies and wrecks of Mack's army.

In Italy some severe fighting had taken place. Marshal Massena had attacked the Archduke's army at Caldiero on the 28th October; the action was renewed, without decisive results, on the 29th, and only ended on the 30th with the complete repulse of the French. The Archduke, already informed of the reverses sustained in Germany, determined to fall back and aid in the defence of the hereditary states. He kept Massena in check, effected his junction with the Archduke John, and hurried forward to the banks of the Danube, where the real fate of the contest was to be decided. He came only, as we shall see, to augment the deep regret which the hasty adoption of ill-judged measures had already occasioned.

CHAPTER X.

Battle of Austerlitz, and Termination of the War.

At sea, also, great events had taken place: the battle of Trafalgar had been fought, and the tricolor had ceased to wave upon the ocean. Napoleon was at Vienna when tidings of these reverses reached him; and as it was impossible to conceal the disasters and silence the voice of fame, every effort was made to efface in the fields of Germany the dark blot the French arms had sustained in naval warfare.

Murat and Lannes had followed the retiring Russians into Moravia; at Hollabrunn and Guntersdorf sharp actions were fought; and the allies, anxious only to gain time, here deceived Murat by a pretended armistice, even as he had deceived Prince Auersberg at Vienna. French writers, and Bignon in particular, overlooking altogether the false assertion by which their countrymen had gained possession of the bridge over the Danube, are loud in their denunciations of what they term the

treachery practised upon them on this occasion.

On the 18th November the second Russian army, under Count Buxhoden, joined General Kutusoff at Wischau, and was soon followed by 10,000 men of the Russian guards commanded by the Grand-Duke Constantine. Another corps of similar strength, under the orders of General Essen, also arrived, and was stationed at Kremsier on the March, where it took no share in the subsequent operations. On the 20th Napoleon reached Brün, a fortress of some strength which the allies had abandoned, by what Bülow terms "an act of gigantic cowardice." The armies were thus almost in presence.

The allies, now commanded in chief by the Russian general Kutusoff, amounted to 83,000 men, not including General Essen's corps; and it was the opinion of many officers head-quarters that they should immediately resume the offensive,

the French were weakened by their rapid advance and by the many troops they had detached. The entire corps of Ney, Marmont, Bernadotte, and Davoust, were absent at this time. This counsel, whether good or bad, was overruled; and as the troops had been greatly exhausted by their long marches, it was resolved to give them some rest. They, therefore, took up a strong and almost unassailable position in front of Olmütz, where the French could certainly not attack them, but whence a more formidable enemy was soon to dislodge them.

Events had followed each other so rapidly during this short campaign, that no proper arrangements had been made for supplying the armies with provisions, so that want, followed by great irregularities, was experienced before the troops had been three days in their new position. The inability to remedy this evil in time is put forward by those who defend the conduct of the allies for rushing into a battle when delay, without the risk of a single blow, was alone certain to turn the scale in their favour. On one side the Archduke Charles was marching on Vienna with the unbroken army of Italy; on the other, the Prussians had engaged to cross the frontier on the 15th of December. A Russian and Swedish army had already entered Hanover, an English division had landed at Stadt, another, under Lord Cathcart, was immediately expected, and an Anglo-Russian army had arrived at Naples. A fearful web was closing round Napoleon; nothing but a decisive victory seemed capable of saving him, and his adversaries hastened to offer him battle with all the fair chances of combat in his favour. Never had fortune done so much for one individual. At Ulm his enemies surrendered without fighting when great success was within their reach; in Moravia they rush into battle with almost certain defeat before them, at the very time when perfect inaction would have ensured victory.

Some courtesies, or attempts at a reconciliation, took place before the parties came to blows. When the Emperor Alexander joined the army, Napoleon sent Savary to compliment him; and historians assert that the

messenger found the Russian staff full of presumptuous hopes, confident of success, and easily, therefore, led into some act of rashness—a hint on which French writers assert that Napoleon acted with much skill, supporting their statements by puerilities not even deserving to be repeated. To return the compliment paid him, the Czar sent Prince Dolgoruskie on a similar visit to the French emperor. Count Haugovitz also arrived with the Prussian ultimatum, but as the armies were already in presence, the minister thought he was acting a good diplomatic part in allowing the battle to be fought, and then trimming his sail according to circumstances—a fatal and ignoble line of conduct, for which his unhappy country had soon to pay a terrible penalty.

After some days lost in waiting for a supply of provisions, the allied army broke up from the position of Olmütz on the 27th November, and advanced by slow and cautious marches towards the enemy, of whose strength and position, though in a friendly country, they knew very little. The French outposts having been pressed back, the allies, on the 1st December, took up their ground on a range of hills in advance of Austerlitz, where they might easily have arrived three days sooner,—that is, before the corps of Davoust and Bernadotte had joined Napoleon. The French army amounted to 72,000 men, and was thus numerically inferior to the allied one; in every other respect it was vastly superior. The troops were all of one nation, many were old soldiers, and the whole army had been long together; they were commanded by experienced officers, and placed the most unbounded reliance on themselves and their leaders.

The reverse of this was the case on the opposite side. The Austrian troops in the allied army, amounting to about 20,000 men, were new levies, the reserve battalions of the regiments lost at Ulm, and who had heard only of the defeats sustained by their countrymen. The Russians, though bold and resolute soldiers, were unacquainted with European warfare, unless the few who might, perhaps, have served in Italy under Suvoroff. They were no doubt commanded by

their own officers, but the chief of the staff was an Austrian, and the whole of the head-quarter staff was composed of Austrian officers, who served under a Russian commander-in-chief, totally unknown to his new allies—ample causes for jealousies and want of confidence.

As if every stage of this unfortunate campaign were to be distinguished by misfortune, General Smith, the quartermaster-general of the army, and an officer of great skill, courage, and firmness, was killed in the action of Krems. He was succeeded by General Weyrotter, a brave and able man, but greatly inferior to his predecessor, and wanting that calmness and composure so necessary in his situation, for it appears that, at this period of the war at least, the quartermaster-general in the Austrian and allied armies was always the projector of the movements, which the generals commanding seem only to have approved of and carried into effect; and here we see some of the consequences of so strange a system. It was at eight o'clock in the evening of the 1st December that General Weyrotter dictated to two staff-officers the disposition for the next day's battle, at the very time when the adjoining room was already filled with officers and orderlies waiting for their instructions. Between nine and ten o'clock he carried the plan to General Kutusoff, the commander-in-chief, who, before he even read it, observed "that it would be better to defer the battle, as they were but indifferently informed of the strength and position of the enemy, had received no late intelligence of the Archduke Charles's movements, were uncertain as to the ground on which the French stood, though it seemed to offer considerable difficulties."

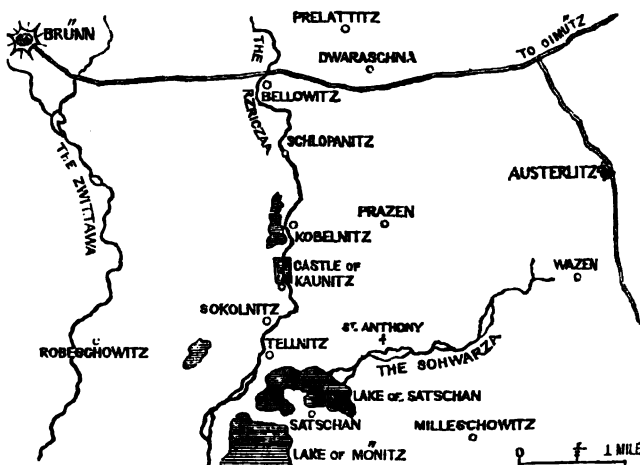
General Weyrotter met these apparently very judicious objections by stating that the emperors thought a battle necessary; adding, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the ground, some manœuvres having been executed there the year before under his own direction. On going over the disposition itself, Kutusoff expressed a wish that a more compact order of battle and less complicated operation might be adopted, as the strength of the Russian troops

lay more in their fighting than manœuvring. "They did not mind," he said, "being turned or taken in flank, as this often happened to them when contending against the Turks, but it might be dangerous to attempt complicated operations with them, as they had not yet acquired the facility of moving possessed by the soldiers of many other armies." Wisdom spoke in vain, for time was flying, all were waiting for orders; and the disposition had to be translated into Russian. This occasioned further delay, so that many of the generals only received their orders at seven o'clock in the morning, others not till nine, when the action had already commenced, while most of the commanders of brigades and divisions never received theirs at all. Prince Bagration augured ill of the result the moment he read his instructions. "I do not like these separate attacks," he said to the Austrian staff-officer who brought them; "and if we fight in this unconnected manner, I fear that we shall be defeated." We have given these details not merely to shew how affairs on which the fate of nations may depend are sometimes managed, but also to expose the mass of fables advanced by so many historians in the face of the works of Stutterheim and Schönhals, the excellence and authenticity of which can never be questioned.

The 2d of December was the anniversary of Napoleon's coronation, and the "sun of Austerlitz," which so long figured in his history, already shone brightly in the morning sky, while the lower ground was still covered with a dense wintry mist, that cleared and closed again on different parts of the field as the day advanced. The French army were collected in ready masses between the village of Tellnitz, where their extreme right was posted, to the heights of Dwarashna, a little to the north of the road leading from Brünn to Olmütz; they had fortified this post and armed it with twenty pieces of artillery. Another strong battery was stationed on some elevated ground behind the village of Kobelnitz. Their right wing was covered by the villages of Tellnitz, Sokolnitz, and Kobelnitz, and the Rizeckerback, or rivulet, which from north to south traversed

whole plain as well as the hamlets mentioned. The reserve also stood behind the rivulet on the heights of

Schlappanitz, but the centre and left wing were in its front. The extent of position from Tellnitz to the



Dwarushna or Santon, as the French termed the point, was about three miles.

Of the allied army, the left wing, composed of three columns of 10,000 men each, were intended to carry the villages of Tellnitz and Sokolnitz, to form on the plain beyond the rivulet, wheel to the right, and fall upon the centre and left of the enemy. Prince Bagration, with the right wing, was to advance along the Brunn road and attack their left wing, and Prince John of Lichtenstein, with sixty squadrons of cavalry, was to connect this movement with the advance of the fourth or centre column from the heights of Pratzen. The Russian guard, under the Grand-Duke Constantine, formed the reserve, and was ordered to move upon Blasewitz. By this arrangement the right centre of the allies was composed exclusively of cavalry, and the whole army had only a reserve of 9000 men, which, as the movement to the right was a diverging one, soon found itself in front line, so that on the first turn of fortune a host, counting 80,000 men present in the field, had not a single battalion in reserve.

At seven o'clock in the morning, General Kienmeyer, commanding the advanced guard of the first column, began the battle, by attacking Tellnitz, strong

by position, as well as by the style of building, usual in the country. The French resisted bravely, and, though driven from some surrounding heights, held the main post; the mist thickened, and Kienmeyer, seeing nothing of the supporting column, delayed the onset. At the expiration of an hour they arrived, when the attack was renewed, and the village carried after a severe struggle. The troops having passed the defile, formed, according to order, on the opposite plain, and waited there, as the disposition prescribed, till the second and third columns should force Sokolnitz, and arrive on the same alignment. But these troops started still later than the first column, and, finding the village bravely defended, opened a fire of artillery upon it, which the French answered fiercely from their heavy battery on the opposite bank of the rivulet. The mist hung heavily in the low ground, and the smoke of a hundred guns and thousands of muskets, unable to rise in the thick and frosty air, fell back upon the combatants, and augmented the darkness and confusion of the scene: death flew promiscuously from band to band, and struck almost at random. The time for the forward movement was lost, but the troops, disregarding what was now passing on their right, rushed at last into the ruined village. The

mist was thick and heavy in the ravine, and the columns, in passing the defile, crossed each other and got into utter and inextricable disorder, and only reached the opposite bank to be overthrown with loss and shame by a comparative small number of foes.

In the centre more decisive events were in progress. The fourth column of the allies had delayed its march to give the third, which had bivouacked in its front, time to take ground to the left. No sooner had its advanced guard reached the high ground near Pratzen, than General Kutusoff, who accompanied the column, discovered a large body of the enemy moving slowly and steadily towards the village; another and another followed; the foe, not waiting for the onset, was advancing, and an attack had now to be met instead of being made: it was an hour of peril, and quick resolve was necessary. The heights of Pratzen had at once become the keystone of the allied position; they were commanding, and formed the point of union between the right and left wing of the army: the fate of the day depended on their possession. A battalion was instantly thrown into the village, and the advanced guard was ordered to occupy the heights; the rear brigade of the third column was recalled, the main body of the fourth hurried on, and four regiments of cavalry called in to aid. The French, however, carried the village; the troops pushed on, the heights made little resistance, and the enemy ascended the hill in firm and compact order. But they were not to remain in undisputed possession of the prize; brave efforts were made to retake it by the Austrian and Russian brigades as they came successively into action. The combat was long and stern; both parties repeatedly lost and gained ground. On this point the French were greatly superior, and their numbers were augmenting fast; the allies had no aid to look for, all their disposable troops had been drawn into action, and the battle raged fiercely along the whole line, and it became evident that a prompt home-charge of bayonets could alone drive the foe from the long-disputed hill. The order was given, the

troops levelled their arms, the Russians raised their war-cry, and all rushed on with loud shouts towards the enemy. But here the influence of modern tactics was quickly made apparent; the soldiers no sooner came within telling reach of the French fire, than they halted to return it, never dreaming that rickety, zig-zag bayonets were to be used in close combat. The wild fire of musketry was continued, the French, by superior numbers and discipline, constantly gaining ground, till, after a two hours' severe struggle, the broken battalions of the allies were forced to leave the fatal hill. Protected by the cavalry, they fell back unpursued towards Austerlitz.

On the right fortune was not more favourable. The Grand-Duke Constantine, on reaching the heights of Blasowitz, found himself in front of Bernadotte's corps, which was advancing towards the same point. The parties met on open ground, on which all arms could act, and here, too, the battle was sternly contested. Grape and canister swept the plain with unresisted fury. Infantry met infantry in line, and hostile thousands brought the whole power of musketry fire to bear upon each other, while on both sides the cavalry struck bravely in for victory. A corps of Russian lancers charged and threw the light horsemen of General Kellermann, but carried away by the ardour of success, they became exposed to the fire of infantry masses, and attacked in their turn by Murat's cuirassiers, were completely routed. The cavalry of the French guard broke and trampled under hoof the left battalions of the Grand-Duke Constantine's division; the fugitives were taken up by the cavalry of the Russian guard, who again drove back the assailants, and, in following up their success, charged and dispersed the fourth French infantry, taking their eagle, the only trophy that crowned the Russian efforts in this sanguinary field. Bravely as the French were met on this point, they were successful nevertheless; for the Russian guard gave way, but retired unpursued to the heights in front of Austerlitz. Prince J. Lichtenstein's cavalry protest movement, kept the French completely in check, and made

brilliant and successful charges, though none of a nature capable of changing the fate of the day: the most important was executed against General Schinner's brigade of infantry, which was entirely dispersed.

On the extreme right, Bagration had fared no better than the rest of his countrymen. He had advanced by Hollubitz and Kruh towards the heights of Dwarashna, but, attacked by Marshal Lannes, he was, after long holding the ground near Passaritz, obliged to fall back to the heights of Raushnitz, at the same time that the Grand-Duke Constantine withdrew from Blasowitz. The centre and right wing of the allies were thus defeated; the troops had fought bravely though unsuccessfully, and had effected at least an orderly retreat; but on the left, shame and disaster were at their height.

It has been shewn that the first column of the allies had captured Tellnitz, and formed on the plain beyond the rivulet; and that the heads of the second and third columns had forced their way through Sokolnitz, and also reached the right bank of the streamlet, though in utter confusion. The ground was here defended only by the French divisions of Friant and Le Grand, supported by a brigade of cavalry; but they were prompt and resolute, gave the Russians no time to reform their order, attacked them in front, while a division of Soult's corps, which had passed beyond the rivulet, fell upon their right flank. The Russians, unable to make a counter-movement, were soon, from front to rear of the column, in such utter confusion that their chief, General Przybyschewsky, of unpronounceable name, surrendered himself prisoner with 6000 men. The second column, mixed up with the fragments of the third, attempted to fall back upon Augetz, and in doing so threw itself upon the first column, the only corps that still retained its formation.

When the Emperor Alexander, who was with the fourth column, saw the unfavourable turn the combat was taking on the heights of Pratzen, he despatched an order to Count Buxhoden, commanding the left wing, directing him to send the first column to the aid of the fourth. The troops no sooner began their

march for this purpose, than the French resumed the offensive, retook the village of Tellnitz, and harassed the rear of their retreating adversaries. Marshal Soult's division had already extended themselves from the heights of Pratzen to those of St. Anthony, but were not yet in force or in firm position; and it seemed possible that a bold attack executed by the whole of the collected division might have regained the hills and re-established the communication between the left and the centre. But instead of wheeling to the left and making this onset while the fragments of the second and third columns formed behind the first, the whole mass, broken and unbroken, poured along the low ground towards the village of Augetz, trusting thus to regain the rest of the army before renewing the combat. The French were gathering strength on the heights, and rushing down from the hills where stands the Chapel St. Anthony, from whence the Russians had descended in the morning, they attacked and carried the village, taking about 4000 more prisoners. Count Buxhoden, with a few of the leading battalions, passed through and reached the main army; the remnants of the three columns were placed on the very brink of ruin. Before them, the hills, covered with victorious foes and bristling with cannon; behind, the lakes of Satschan and Moenitz, with only a narrow causeway between, on which not more than four men could pass abreast, and even those liable to be turned by the enemy from Augetz: never were troops in a more perilous situation.

But here, at least, there was courage and presence of mind on the side of the allies, and some want of energy on the part of the French, though Napoleon himself brought the artillery of the Imperial Guard to the spot. Giving way before the iron hail that poured upon them from the heights, the confused and broken mass of Austrian and Russian infantry rolled back towards the lakes; the soldiers attempted to pass upon the ice, but it broke beneath them, and some were drowned,—a circumstance that gave rise to the idle tale published in the bulletin, describing whole divisions as having found a watery grave. The Austrian cavalry alone preserved their order: one regi-

ment passed the defile and formed in front of the outlet of Augetz, so as to prevent the French from turning it; the other regiments, aided by a single remaining brigade of artillery, interposed between the mass of helpless infantry and the French horsemen who strove to break in upon them; and though exposed during this trying service to the plunging fire of the French artillery, they bravely maintained their ground till the perilous retreat was completely effected. It was owing to the courage and energy of General Stutterheim that the remnants of the left wing were thus preserved; reduced to 10,000 men, to one-third of their original number, they joined the rest of the army in the position of Hodijetz, and with their passage of the defile ended what the French soldiers long termed "the battle of the three emperors." The cavalry under Prince John of Lichtenstein continued to occupy the position in front of Austerlitz. From three o'clock in the afternoon both armies remained tranquilly within half cannon-shot of each other, and separated only by a narrow valley. After nightfall the allies began their retreat towards Göring, unpursued by the enemy.

The disaster of Austerlitz, the most fatal ever before experienced by a modern army, cost the allies 30,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; eighty pieces of artillery were left on the field, and forty stand of colours fell into the hands of the conquerors: the vanquished were not merely defeated, they were completely routed, and rendered for the moment totally unfit for further operations. "The sun of Austerlitz" had shone upon a scene of ruin which the annals of ages could not equal; but "events were on the gale" destined to reduce even this giant combat to an action of secondary importance.

The loss of the French, if we believe their official bulletins, did not exceed 2500 men; but as the battle was severely contested along the whole line, from the heights of Pratzen to those of Dwarashna, they must evidently have suffered a great deal more, and it is known that, soon after the armistice, the hospitals of Brünn contained no less than 14,000 sick and wounded French soldiers.

When we consider that the army had marched from the camp of Boulogne into the heart of Moravia, and been there engaged in military operations during the depth of winter, we can easily understand that the number of sick must have been considerable; but making every allowance for them, the state of the hospitals still shews how little reliance is to be placed on Napoleon's official reports.

General Stutterheim tells us that the Austrian soldiers fought during this ill-fated day with a degree of gallantry which amply acquitted them from all charge of having occasioned the disaster of the campaign: the Russians, he says, also fought with great bravery at the commencement of the action, but slackened in their efforts and energy as the difficulties of the contest augmented: the French, he allows, displayed the most admirable soldiership from first to last. And it is, in fact, to this superior soldiership and to nothing else that the whole of this splendid victory must be ascribed; for it is due as little to any want of skill displayed by the allies, as to the great skill supposed to have been evinced by Napoleon. The attempt to turn the right of the French was in itself deserving of no great praise or blame. If executed with promptness and energy it might, when the French advanced to Pratzen, have led to the most brilliant results, because it would have taken in reverse the troops engaged with the right and centre of the allies; had the latter held their ground long enough to admit of the movement being duly executed. The French reserve would, no doubt, have interposed; but 12,000 or 15,000 men—twenty battalions—could not have arrested the mass of 30,000 opponents, well provided with cavalry and artillery, unless we ascribe to the French soldiers so great a superiority over their adversaries as to render totally needless all further proofs of our present proposition.

The sudden advance of the centre and left of the French army has been described as a movement that evinced the highest military genius, and decided the fate of the day. But as on all occasions on which an excess of praise so lavishly be

on the skill of the French emperor, the proofs in support of the declarations are totally wanting; for if we are to receive mere results as evidence of genius, we shall soon come to times when those results tell exactly the other way. The advance of the French rather endangered than secured the victory, for the line of the rivulet was extremely strong, and by crossing it they placed themselves on equal ground with their adversaries, and offered their right flank to the left wing of the allies then moving upon Solkonitz, had the latter been able to make a corresponding movement. As General Kutusoff told the quartermaster-general, the Russian troops were not quick at manœuvring, and here they not only neglected to fall upon the flank of the advancing French, but seem to have offered little resistance when assailed themselves. Against other enemies, an attack on the right flank of a column moving by its left led to a very different result. At the battle of Toulouse, Marshal Beresford's division, moving in column, left in front, was attacked by the division of General Taupin, and the French, recollecting Austerlitz, perhaps, thought that the onset was of itself to prove decisive of the fate of the day; but the British wheeled simply to the right, received and defeated the assailants, pursued them up the hill, and gained the victory. Though the battle-ground on which these actions were fought was very different, the principle was exactly the same; and had the Russians been able to form up and meet the French front to front, the boasted advance of the latter would have been to their profit, whatever the ultimate result might have proved, for they would still have fought with more chances of success on level ground, than after forcing their way through the ravine and defile of Solkonitz. It may, perhaps, be said that Napoleon knew his adversaries and acted accordingly: any thing may be said; but what proof have we that he knew them here, when we shall find that he knew them not at a later period and after greater experience?

The allied army had experienced so much difficulty in finding provisions on their advance, that it was resolved to relinquish the road to Olmütz, and retire by Göding into

Hungary. They consequently left the position of Hodjegist after midnight, and reached Czeitch early in the morning; and on the following day the main body crossed the March at Göding, and arrived at Holitech in a very weak and reduced state, and with few men in the ranks. A mere look at the map, and a comparison of distances, will shew how little foundation there is for Napoleon's assertion, that their retreat was already cut off,—unless we suppose, indeed, that the French could march much faster by deep and miry cross-roads than the allies—already many hours in advance of them—could do by a direct highroad. Count Bagerath having been withdrawn from Raunitz in the evening after the battle, necessarily left the Olmütz road open to the French, who, sending some light cavalry to scour it, captured a great quantity of baggage, which had followed the allies in their advance.

On the morning of the 3d of December, Prince John of Lichtenstein—a brave soldier in the field, but from first to last the advocate of France in the Austrian council—already arrived at Napoleon's headquarters, with a message from the Emperor of Austria, proposing an armistice, as well as an interview, preparatory to a negotiation for peace. The gratified victor gladly acceded to the overture. The armistice was to commence on the morning of the 4th, and the interview to take place immediately afterwards.

The two emperors met in the open air at a mill near the village of Niskowitch, and Napoleon, if we believe his assertion, told the Austrian, in conducting him to the fire, "I receive you in the only palace I have inhabited these two months." The other, in reply, said, "You have turned your residence to such good account that you ought to be satisfied with it." If Napoleon made this speech, he forgot the palace of Schönbrün and the noblest palaces of which southern Germany can boast, which had been his habitations since he crossed the Rhine. The commander of an army need rarely bivouac, and his duty rather calls upon him to avoid needless personal hardship, as the mental hardships he has to undergo are amply sufficient for him. The speech was, no doubt,

devised afterwards for effect, and repeated for the same purpose by his credulous biographers. At the interview, Napoleon makes the Emperor Francis say of the English, "They are a nation of merchants who would set the Continent on fire to secure for themselves the commerce of the world." Bignon himself has evidently some misgivings on the subject of these words, and asks why they should not have been uttered. The reason seems a plain one; the Emperor Francis was a gentleman in the best acceptation of the word, at no time likely to make a vulgar speech, and least of all to assert of his late allies what he knew to be a falsehood. The pretended speech bears, besides, the full impress of the Napoleon manufactory.

The interview of the two emperors lasted a considerable time, and at its termination, Generals Savary and Stutterheim were sent to acquaint the Emperor of Russia with the arrangement, and were ordered, in the event of obtaining his accession to the armistice, to arrest all further movements of the troops, particularly of Davoust's corps, which was moving in the direction of Göding, where General Meerfeld's Austrian division was stationed. The two generals found the Czar at the castle of Hollitz in the night between the 4th and 5th, and obtained his ready assent to the armistice. The time and place of this interview shew the falsehood of Napoleon's statement, when he says that the Emperor Alexander asked General Savary whether he could retire in safety, and was told by the French general that he could do so, on pledging his word to retire immediately with his army into Russia. General Stutterheim, a man of high honour and veracity, does not say a single word of such a conversation having taken

place; besides which, the emperor and his army had already crossed the March on the morning of the 4th, had all Hungary open to them, and were already far in advance of the French. From Hollitz the military emissaries went in search of Davoust, who was only at Josephsdorf, a march from Göding, where he could only arrive on the 5th, after fighting General Meerfeld, who occupied the strong pass of Lidschutz. It is a painful task for a writer thus to dedicate page after page to the exposure of gross and glaring falsehoods, insulting to ordinary judgments, and which the world, in deference to some new-fangled doctrines of liberality, deem themselves bound to receive with the most implicit faith and without the slightest examination.

On the very day on which the armistice of Austerlitz was signed, the Archduke Ferdinand defeated the Bavarians under General Wrede at Iglau in Bohemia, and was already on the French line of communication on one side, while the Archduke Charles, having defeated and distanced Massena, was rapidly advancing on the other with an unbroken army of 85,000 men, eager to avenge the disasters which had befallen their country. At Göding and Kremsir were 15,000 men under Essen and Meerfeld, who had taken no share in the battle; but, by this hasty submission, all the advantages that might have been derived from time and the resources of a great empire, and the dangerous position in which Napoleon had placed himself, were wholly sacrificed; and the baseness of Prussian diplomacy soon completed the full measure of calamity, which the inability of Austrian and Russian commanders had brought upon Germany.

"Beggars all, beggars all, Sir John."

THIS planet of ours, which is a beggar of light from the sun and moon, is peopled with beggars of love from one another. "Give, give, give!" is still the cry, from the wealthiest who cannot count their worth, to the "puling petitioner of Hallowmass," who is equally unable to do so, for he has no worth to count.

"All the world's a poor-house,
And all the men and women merely
beggars,"

from the sovereign who

"Craves fit disposition for himself,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with his breeding,"

to the condemned culprit, who, in precisely the same words (having first taken his exception to capital punishment), may beg for the more convenient arrangements of transportation.

Beggars are of three kinds: those who beg for themselves only, those who beg for themselves and others, and those who beg for others alone.

Beggars for themselves only are either stationary, locomotive, or epistolary. The most obtrusive of stationary beggars are those supplicating impertinences on the walls—those mural disfigurements of the bill-sticker, which "he who runs may read," and many of which he who regards may rue. Ere now walls have really spoken, as all may remember who were wont to traverse old Fleet Market some years back, when a voice used to accost them with, "Pray remember the poor debtors!" That voice is silenced now, though the debtor still lives in the memory of his grateful creditors, and is daily becoming a more interesting claimant on the sympathies of those who have lost nothing by him. The particular locality to which we have referred is also associated with another beggar of the stationary class. We allude to the celebrated holder of that lucrative "crossing" which connects the extremities of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, the sweeping argument

of whose broom rendered the way clear to the apprehensions of the most delicate shoe-leather, and, by a peculiar process of alchemy, converted the soil, which was obnoxious to the foot-passenger, into gold-dust, most productive to himself. With his hat in one hand and his broom in the other, he aptly proclaimed his "suit and service," his submission to the "voluntary principle," and his determination to deserve its produce. At all events, he manifested his worthiness as a philanthropic labourer "in the way of common tread," and his right, after having brushed through the jostling day, to retire to the

"Broom grove, whose shadow the dismissed *sweeper* loves,"

there to change his hat for a jug, his besom for a pipe, and certain of his coppers for brown ale and a savoury supper. The crossing-sweeper is the best of beggars, for he is of all the least a swindler. There can be no deception in the cleanliness of his crossing or the wear and tear of his broom. He only begs you to appreciate the value of dry feet, and is therein but an honourable rival of the *apothecary*, who may be called in to cure the cold which *he* prevents. There is something touching in seeing him often absorbed in the self-imposed duties of his calling—if, indeed, that can be called a calling which is more distinguished by a ready will than slavish obedience. He who does the work of a slave without a slave's compulsion is the worthiest (because the most practical) advocate of the slave's emancipation. We say, then, there is something touching in the devotional, untiring, and confiding perseverance with which he follows up his adopted labour, sweeping away right and left, and backwards and forwards, while "herds" of "fat and greasy citizens sweep on" in their selfish pursuits as heedless of his industry as he of their neglect. Dandyism, with its patent shining boot, and Beauty, with her thin-soled

sandal shoe, bid him, unrewarded, get out of the way which he has, as it were, carpeted for their comfort. Hob-nailed Rusticity, independent of any care for picking its way, only stamps from its feet the dirt it has collected from other quarters; and the equipage of Fashion rattles over it, contemptuously flinging the off-cast mud into the eyes of the sweeper, who is only left to recover his sight and sweep away again.

Contrasted with him is the still more stationary beggar, who is as fixed by the road-side as a milestone. He is of two kinds—the loquacious and the silent. The loquacious, more especially if he be blind, ceases not from morn till night, from day to day, to cry down one's rising pity with most monotonous unpersuasiveness. There be of these who have often preserved to our pockets the penny which we have really wanted to get rid of; fellows who cannot see even with their mental vision, and who therefore cannot apprehend the repulsiveness of their complainings in the ears, at least, of the *romantic* pitiful, who are ever most touched by the “silent sorrows.” The venting of loud and continuous plaints, like murky smoke issuing from a chimney, only shews the working of an artificial woe-manufactory, whose gloomy wares are produced by the habitual movements of mechanical utterance: whereas your silent beggar, like a chimney smokeless, indicates the desolate hearth and “the keen grate unconscious of a fire.” The one only suffocates the nicer sense of compassion, while the other, flattering the imagination by the respect which allows its independent exercise, leaves us to throw in a pennyworth of the sympathy which may or may not have been rightly excited. The knowing beggar will, therefore, not be “taxed for speech.” As “silence is the perfectest herald of joy,” so is it of grief. Silence, as Shakspeare says, is “gracious.” “My gracious Silence, hail!” “With silence (beggars) be thou politic.” “Your silence and your patience speak to the people and they pity thee.”

But there is a variety of this class of beggar, which, though not loquacious, is not *literally* silent, since he shews his accomplished penmanship

upon the pavement in chalks black, white, red, and blue, telling us in flourishes which make writing-masters despair how stones may be made to speak,—

“The ocean I’ve cross’d,
My limb I have lost.”

Not unfrequently a portrait of his ship wins a copper from a passing brother tar, who would fain engage him as an amanuensis. Or he fascinates the fishmonger with the profile of a salmon, so true to nature that suggestion can add nothing further than a garnish of fennel. Authority is unusually lenient in respect to this fashion of stopping up the queen’s highway. In no other example is the public respect for genius so indulgently shewn. The perishability of the work is perhaps its safeguard during the passing hour. Its assured destruction even by the hand which has effected it, gives interest to its temporary existence. We believe this to be a thriving branch of beggary. “The very stones prate of its whereabouts.”

Another sample of the silent beggar is afforded in the case of him who displays a neatly-written record of his history in detail. But brevity is the soul of woe as of wit, and *he* does best who hangs to his chest a simple ticket of pasteboard whereon are inscribed the stirring words,—

“I AM HUNGRY.”

And not only is he “hungry,” but withal most patient under its unrelieved endurance; for, pass him again and again, and drop in a copper each time; go famished to your luncheon, and return in your walk to revive an appetite for dinner; there he and hunger still sit, throned on the self-same stone, or reclining against the same road-side bank, bidding the passengers do homage. “I am hungry,” says his ticket; “all but starved,” says his famished aspect; yet he rushes not with the given twopence to the bakehouse! He is no Otway; but, perhaps, he has heard of him. He dreads the chance of choking, and feeds upon thought till supper-time, when the appetite being sobered by reflection, and the digestive faculties braced by the open air, he sits down to a steaming dish of tripe and onions with a

joy that your luncheoners know nothing of. If the reader have any doubts as to the justice of our insinuations let him, when he next sees a knave of this kind, try the experiment of throwing a loaf into his lap instead of a penny, so that he may observe the method by which the act of allaying the appetite can be reconciled with the continued announcement of "hunger." We only know that when our pet spaniel begs at the dinner-table he is ever "hungry" for a *mutton-bone*, while the offer of BREAD—that all-important and only necessary, which is mounted like the cap of Liberty on the pole of associated Indigence, makes him skulk off, with a combined feeling of shame and disgust, to his basket. Let not, then, the pitying passenger so deceive himself or insult a beggar as to suppose that the brief intimation, "I am hungry," means any thing so low as indiscriminating appetite. If you are to be so immediate in your supply of relief in an eatable form, pray consult the usage of good society, and ask your friend "what he'd like to take!" You need not trouble yourself about the sauce; he has, doubtless, plenty of his own.

Our next example of the stationary beggar is interesting, in spite of all that suspicion of imposture which a confirmed knowledge of the world's deceit may have awakened. The system of wayside nursing has its advantages to certain young mothers, who display their "bluest veins," that the child may imbibe the nutriment of life while the parent feeds fat upon compassion. There is a dramatic interest, a pictorial beauty, a statuesque repose, a scriptural effect, a sacredness of sentiment, in the group to which we now refer, which especially touch the beholder, more particularly if he be *artistical*. Associations connecting the mind with the paintings of the old masters and with the works of certain modern sculptors, give to the begging "mother and child" a holy influence upon the heart; and the imagination of the charitable and sensitive passenger pictures the process of man's heartlessness or fate's cruelty, from the home of maiden innocence or former happiness to the state of houseless sorrow and aban-

donment which now presents itself. Gallantry, subdued by pity, prompts the rise of feelings which obliterate for the moment all remembrance that there is a legal provision for the poor, and that beggary is the consequence of imprudence—if not of guilt. It *may* be that the poor-house is the well-deserved end of a mother's folly; but it *may* be that tender compassion is the more fitting appliance to a mother's destitution. At all events, *one* of the beggars in this group is undeniably interesting. The *child* is yet incompetent to excite a wrongly-placed pity, and may hereafter prove the corrector of guilty penury—the founder of a hospital for distressed innocence, the protector of woman's lovely weakness, the scourger of man's hateful selfishness. Throw, then, thy silver fourpence into her lap. Shouldst thou be wrong in doing so, God will forgive thee—doubt it not. The unconscious encouragement of imposture is *amiable* guilt.

If the last be the *most* interesting of the class of wayside fixtures, your begging shopkeepers are the *least* so. We refer to the Jew tribes, who in certain old clothes' alleys of London are constant to their door-step, where they stand, like anglers by the streaming "flux of company," trying to "hook" you as you pass with lines of importunity and baits of deceit. He who begs you to buy has most likely obtained the goods he would sell neither by begging nor by purchase. The forfeits of the pawn-shop constitute his stock in hand, and the purchaser who puts on a suit of apparel from his watertoom may regard himself as clothed from top to toe in materials obtained from the workings of gin and beer upon the yielding abandonment of vice and misery.

Let us quit this uninviting variety of the stationary beggar for one of the silent order—the humblest, the most constant, yet the most unassuming, and we fear the most untended to—the Poor-Box. It matters little where it is, by the church-door or on the private mantelshelf,—we wish it mattered more; but it is generally a "poor box," and a *very* poor box, in more senses than one. It is "poor even in thanks," and that is perhaps the

reason why it enricheth not itself in receipts. Whether a golden sovereign or a brass farthing are dropped through its ever open but inexpressive mouth, its acceptance of the gift is unmarked by any thing more than seems to say, "So much for *that*. What next?" If even some inarticulate sound of acknowledgment could be yielded, which might seem to imply its sense of benefit conferred, the giver's fancy would at least be tickled into a vague idea of instinctive life in the receiver; and, therefore of grateful susceptibility. We think a little bell might be so hung upon a spring within its body, as to give a smart utterance of tinkling joy, falling on the ear of the almsgiver like responsive echo on that of the soliloquiser. It would act like the spirit of charity gladdened by a deed of benevolence. "Thank 'e, thank 'e, thank 'e!" would the little almoner say; and the donor would retire, to come again, be it only for the purpose of listening to the sweet chime of gratefulness, not to be awakened without an active deed of goodness on his own part. It is impossible to leave this subject without allusion to Hogarth's satire on the Charity which, if it "vaunteth not itself," doth not shew itself. Never was there a more masterly stroke of ready genius, and of acute, bitter-biting sarcasm, than his throwing a cobweb over the aperture of the church poor-box. It is not less declaratory than suggestive. There is comic power in the exhibition, but deep tragic reflection is the result. Our imagination sees the pale figure of desponding Charity, wearied into abstraction by long watching, shrunk at length into heart-sickness by hope deferred, while the spider has woven the web of his filmy mansion in the permanent fixedness of her "open hand."

Let us try the fortune of another beggar of the inanimate, and of the road-side stationary class. We mean that imposing fellow of mass and substance, who rears his front amid the "proud ones of the city," and with his many eyes, seen of as many thousands, looks far and near, humbly asking nothing, but announcing his readiness to receive any thing,—a noble beggar of the first order, who solicits money as Coriolanus did votes,

saying, "If you *will*, so; if *not*, pass on!" His smoking ensigns "flout the sky;" his corniced bonnet shades his expanded brow; porticoed pomp sentinels his presence; mighty wings extend on either side his portly body; he sits enthroned on the eminence of many steps; a broad and simple beauty gives grace to his solid majesty: his name is ASYLUM, and he bears upon his forehead the emphatic words, "SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS." No cobweb stoppeth his mouth, for he speaketh in golden words the ever-increasing list of volunteers. Upon black boards do flaming letters, like stars on the clear depth of night, announce the donors of "twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats-a-piece." Here Charity holdeth levee. She is "at home." Committees of gentlemen and committees of ladies are busy in their consultations, and issues, and canvassings; and even rivalry and jealousy, yea, enmity itself worketh for the aid of the sick and the maimed, the widow and the orphan. There is evil, and there is good; but good cometh to the needy, who receive that which might not have been theirs, had Charity been too ascetic in her purity to receive any but the gifts of the nameless.

We now come to the consideration of the beggar locomotive.

One would suppose that the best reason for a beggar being stationary would be the loss of both legs; but it may be asserted, that a beggar with one leg is always more locomotive than a beggar with two; and that a beggar with no legs, is more locomotive than all. Take we, then, as our first specimen, the beggar legless. Every Londoner must have seen that little imp of ubiquity, who was wont to shuffle along the pavement in a box on four small wheels, to the no small peril of the shins of those hasty people who, in their headlong impetuosity, are apt to overlook all such obstacles as lie below the level of their horizon. In the most crowded hours of morning and afternoon might this little impediment be seen, moving in a counter-direction to the thronging currents of Fleet Street and Cheap-side, oaring himself along with a couple of hand-clogs, and arresting the attention of all who seemed likely to step into his lap, with a touch which startled them as it had

been the electric shock of a torpedo. Many are the shufflers in this shifting world of ours; but this little devil upon four wheels was assuredly the most remarkable of shufflers. He certainly put out his misfortunes to the best advantage, and gained, by the loss of his legs, full employment for his hands, plenty of air and exercise, the enjoyment of emolument without service, and the privilege of keeping his carriage without the cost of horses. He had as much right to the income derived from the destitution to which he was condemned, as my Lord So-and-so to those hereditary rents to which he was born. The arrogant demands for tribute which Beggary makes on the ground of its deprivations, are just as defensible as the homage which Rank desires on the strength of its superfluities.

The one-legged beggar either adopts a wooden substitute for his lost leg, or, if he be prone to rapid movement, hangs himself, as it were, on the pivot centre of two crutches under his shoulders, and swings forward in vast segments to the wonder of the pavement beneath him. His body, from the chest downwards, is a pendulum between two stalking standards (if, indeed, we may so call what does not always stand still). He presents, in fact, a most lively instance of a moving tripod of two-to-one-progressive-power; and of an activity only matched by those surprising monkeys which make a fifth limb of their tail; or that celebrated hero, the Devil upon two Sticks, who made wings of his crutches, and carried Don Cleofos from the sill of a garret-window to the weathercock on St. Saviour's steeple. He is not, like the legless beggar, continuous in his progression, and we have admitted he is not altogether so locomotive. He rests for long periods at the corners of streets, for the time, as fixed as a tripod of the antique. It is the occasional rapidity with which he transfers himself from one street-corner to another that moves one's wonder. Like the ghost of old Hamlet, "'tis here, 'tis there, 'tis gone!" The legless beggar, in his little carriage, runs a steady course from east to west, like the sun; but the subject of our present remarks is uncertain as a meteor,

and you are never sure that you have gotten rid of him.

But who comes here? Two legs entire, and yet a wooden one. He has a stick in each hand. One leg does full duty; the other only half duty, for it kneels on a wooden shin, and sticks out its lazy moiety as though it were withered and useless. We presume it may not be cut off. He charitably retains it like a "poor relation," and gives it comfort in bandage of soft linen. He receives twopence from the twelve outside passengers on top of the stage-coach, "which," says a 'cute old fellow among them, "is twopence too much."

Who goes there? Actively, but "with stealthy pace," he is seen hastening across the field, close under the hedge, from one branch high-road to another. Good use makes he of as sound a pair of legs as ever bore a healthy body. But what carries he under his arm? He hugs it as it were some precious but stolen treasure. In truth, the 'cute old gentleman was right. It is the wooden shin aforesaid, and the bearer the very rogue who wore it! Would he were the only vagabond who walks on a false footing; the only hypocrite who kneels to practise a lie; the only rascal who bandages his powers of industry, and makes indolence productive. He should be sent to the treadmill, and compelled to work it with his wooden shin.

Your armless beggar is truly in a deplorable condition, and has a right to such benefit as he may obtain by the use of his legs and the wagging of his tongue. He should be the very pink of verbal messengers; the ticketed porter of social compliment, privileged to kick at passage-doors, and to kiss as many pretty housemaids as he can catch; a pedestrian carrier-pigeon; a human ostrich flapping the air with his stumpy wings; harmless as armless; eloquent in appeals on behalf of his waistcoat-pocket, and having a trained pet spoonbill to feed him. Perhaps the beggar with one arm is more highly favoured, since he has a limb too many for helplessness, and a limb too few for employment. He may pick a pocket or even cut a throat, yet no one shall say he comes into court with "foul hands."

Your beggar epistolary is a living commentary on the evil of education. It enables the vagabond, when personal admission were sure of opposition, to get his petition into your house edgeways through a crack in your door. Coming in the guise of some messenger, of interest at least, if not of good to yourself, it is opened only to prove to you that the advocacy of Sunday-schools has been short-sighted. At the same time, the epistolary mode of begging has its convenience, since we can give directions that, "when Mr. James Montague calls, he be informed there is no answer." It will, however, sometimes happen that the beggar is bearer of his own epistle—a composition in which the personal pronouns dance a very intricate kind of polka, intermingling the graces of a certificate with the movements of a petition; confounding the world in general with *yourself* in particular, and with *himself* as the epitome of all. Thus, an exceedingly greasy paper, signed by certain names which have no persons belonging to them, is put into our hands, under the impression that "seeing is believing," and that he who will but put his spectacles on his nose is sure afterwards to put his hands into his pockets. The following is a sample:—

"This is to certify, that the bearer is in great distress, having occupied for many years a highly respectable station in society, where the leading merchants of New York gave me much employment and dismissed your unfortunate petitioner on account of illness, which the doctors advised me to return to England, and sold the last shirt for the passage, which he has relations in Newcastle to pay, if the lady or gentleman of the house will be so good as to give some charity and a pair of old shoes to go home, and I will ever remain your grateful debtor,

"MONTAGUE JAMES."

We must, however, anticipate the reader in the recollection of the beggar sentimental, whose epistle smacks of the boarding-school, and at once seeks to dazzle the brain and take the heart prisoner:—

"HONOURED SIR,—Nothing but circumstances the most cruel, and distress the most poignant, could reduce me to the humiliating necessity of making this appeal to your feelings of compassion,

and to your means of benevolence; nor would any thing but a full confidence in those feelings have induced me to address you. Born to comparative wealth, and nursed in the lap of luxury, I have been reduced by the improvidence of one (in whom I trusted) to a state of destitution, which leaves me to solicit as a boon the crumbs which fall from the table of the more fortunate—the threadbare garment which is discarded from his person. Pardon me if, from motives of Christian forbearance, I abstain from mentioning the names of those relatives who have discarded—of those *friends* who have disowned me. The accompanying trifles are sold at a shilling a-piece; but any price your willing ability may afford will be thankfully received by one who prays that the losses of the unfortunate may be the gain of the good.

"I have the honour to be,
" &c. &c."

We received such a letter. We returned the "trifles" with a ticket for delivery to the Mendicity Society. The Mendicity Society saw nothing of him, and we saw no more.

And now as to beggars for themselves and others. Of this class the most troublesome are the travelling suitors for subscribers to books (which are to be published in numbers), and whose qualification for their task seems to be a glib tongue backed by imperturbable impudence, a free and easy manner which utterly imposes on the servant who lets them in, and a courteous perseverance which prevents the master from kicking them out, holding as it were a feather-bed on impatience, till upheaving wrath subsides into a very civil condition of calm despair. It is the same with your paper, pen, and pencil venders; spectacle ditto; travelling missionaries, who advocate the virtue of old articles reconstructed on "new principles," and which "no gentleman should be without;" myrmidons of the wholesale manufacturer, who, fearing the scrutiny of "the trade," sends forth his agents at once to the unprepared customer, and makes his income by the payments which poor worried souls afford to get rid of teasing importunity. The art of one of these beggars is to get fairly into your presence by the familiar mention of your name, uttered in a tone which rather seems to imply a favour to be granted than a favour asked. The door is shut.

"Mr. Hopkins, I believe?"

"The same," says poor Hopkins.

"I have been induced, Mr.—a—Hopkins, to call upon you from the circumstance of your name having been mentioned by several—by several—parties, who, knowing your pursuits as a man of literary tastes, have—(beautiful little dog! this is a pet of yours, I suppose, sir?)—have anticipated your approbation of this work on the statistics of——"

"My good sir, I can assure you those 'parties' have much mistaken the nature of my pursuits; and——"

"The arrangement is perfectly novel, and so clear, that——"

"But, sir, I know nothing of the old arrangements, and therefore——"

"Beg pardon, sir, but you may at once inform yourself of the number of any class of occupants of any class of dwelling in any class of town, a facility which—but allow me to shew you a copy of the book, with the chart which accompanies it!"

"Pray, sir, do not trouble yourself."

"Oh, no trouble, sir! I do not ask you to purchase; I only ask you to look at it. Your name, sir, as an approver, will be of—of consequence to me. By the way, I see your walls covered with beautiful drawings, sir. One of them represents the Coliseum, I see,—the amphitheatre of Flavius, which, curiously enough—and here we come to statistics—held precisely the population of your town,—curious coincidence, that! Here is the book."

"Doubtless, sir, it is valuable to those who are interested in numerical capacity, but——"

"Excuse me, sir; and this is the chart, full of information at a glance, and beautifully mounted on cloth with leather edgings."

"Yes, the binding is neat."

"And the contents, I assure you, worthy of the binding. I see, sir, by your books, and that bust (the Stratford bust, I think?—Ah, I thought so!), that you are a Shakspearian; and you will agree with me in not applying the great poet's words to the object of my recommendation,—

'Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound!'

No, sir, here we have the outer gar-

ment and the inner substance alike in quality. You'll allow me to put down your name? Only seven and sixpence!"

To shorten the matter, he got our seven and sixpence. His quotation from *Romeo and Juliet* hit us on a weak point, and for Shakspeare's sake we hope to stand forgiven.

The most unwelcome of this class of beggar, but the most qualified to present themselves, are they who collect the amounts of their masters' outstanding bills. No matter how the debt was incurred, whether by undue persuasiveness on the part of the seller, or imprudent concession on that of the purchaser; the debt-collector is a legally authorised agent, however he may be an unquestionable nuisance. But still he does not "bore" you, as the former man did. It is not *his* wish to lose time, any more than it is yours. He begs you to settle a "little account;" and if you can't do it at once, you must humble yourself to become a beggar in turn. To seduce a man *into* debt may be "beautiful," but to make him *pay* his debt is "sublime." There is a strange mixture of respect and dislike in the reception of an agencied dun. The respect attaches to his poverty, as the necessitated beggar for another; the dislike refers to his pride, as authorised to ask for "payment on demand."

Missionaries are beggars, who may produce an *awkwardness* in the feelings of the party applied to; but there is a kind of reverence for their object, and one must be *civil*, at least. Of course they only beg "for Heaven's sake," although somehow they have suggested themselves as belonging to this section of our classification.

Players, with equal certainty (at least, so the devout would have it), only beg for the devil's sake; though here again we obey an impulse which places them in the same class with the former. Whether men should "serve Heaven if the devil bid them," is an open question to be argued by higher authorities than ourselves. If the player who begs you to take a box at his benefit means any thing better than dissipation, he is doubtless as much a hypocrite as the missionary who means any thing more than devotion.

Rich men beg for poor men, as one man begs another to help him in bearing the burden which Christian duty imposes. Poor men beg for rich men, as faint arguers "beg the question." When poor men beg rich men to accept a little gift, they aim at a great benefit to their own—conscience. When Poverty begs us to give, we give, and obtain "beggarly thanks." When Poverty begs us to receive, we are taught, as Juliet would say, "to lose a winning match."

Lawyers who solicit the taking of shares in railroads are beggars for the "common good of the public;" of which public they, of course, form a part—and that is, doubtless, all they mean. Selfish and over-cunning men say, that these said lawyers play in a lottery which, to them, is all prizes and no blanks. We say—nothing. The man who only begs hire is worthy of it. Who says the lawyer looks for more? "Who says not truly, lies." We mean nothing personal. Beggars of votes for election candidates are fearful intruders on the time of simple-minded men. Do they beg *for* the candidate only? Are they not begging something *from* the candidate, *i.e.* prospectively? Or, at the best, are they not begging for the mere political triumph of the party identified with their own personal ambition? They are awkward customers to any but the most independent. When the beggar has nothing to gain from *you* personally, though you gain nothing by giving, you may lose by refusing to give. When Power, Pride, or Beauty, come begging into your house, Oppression, Contempt, and Scorn, wait behind them in the porch; and the reluctant giver, be it of his vote, his money, or his refusal, has acted with not more reference to the object professed than to the satisfaction, approval, or offence of the solicitor. We have not yet been forgiven by a very pretty young lady, who once planted her dainty foot in our vestibule, and with "most petitionary vehemence" begged half-a-crown towards a Bible for a pet parson. We certainly thought it the most gratuitous piece of benevolence we ever heard of. We offered the money as a tribute to her beauty; but this offended her

pride. It was for her to patronise clerical sufficiency by giving it more, but *not* for us to increase the abundance of her good gifts even by so much as thirty pence.

Beggars for others only. Where are they? We fear a very brief paragraph will include them all. There kneels one: a poor victim of love, begging Heaven's forgiveness for the villain who has abandoned her! There another: a culprit, in the hangman's hands, begging Heaven's blessing on the jury who found him guilty! Thirdly, a dying widow begging for her child! Lastly, a drunken man begging his hearers to "love one another."

We conclude by the brief enumeration of a class of beggars to whom no reference has yet been made, we mean beggars *verbal*, whose petitions seek nothing, and are, therefore, rarely disappointed. Your beggars of "pardon" are multitudinous as Heaven's mercy. They swarm and overspread the earth "as thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa." We find in Shakespeare the thriving nature of pardon,—

"An if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech."

The school seems to have flourished since his day, "for we have pardons, being asked, as free as words to little purpose." How they are valued appears in another pertinent quotation from the same treasure-house of knowledge: "Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased not to be pardoned, am content." A man begs your pardon when he contradicts your facts. He again begs your pardon when you contradict his. Oftentimes *begging* "pardon" is equivalent to *giving* the "lie." "I beg your pardon!" says A., in a pet; "and, d— me, I beg *yours*!" says B., in a passion. "I beg your pardon!" says C.; meaning, if you don't get out of the way he'll knock you down. "I beg your pardon!" says the gallant Mr. D., as he takes the point of Mrs. E.'s umbrella out of his eye; and Mrs. E. kindly allows of the removal, which is tantamount to pardon granted. "Pardon me!" says F., when having been stripped by the bandit of all his garments save

one, he "must decline being stripped of *that* also." The French thief, in justification of theft, said, "I must live." "Pardon me!" said the judge, "I don't see the necessity for that." But unquestionably the best instance of gratuitous importunity is afforded in the well-known anecdote of another judge, who having received the verdict of "Guilty!" in the middle of a long story he was whispering into the ear of a lady close by, still proceeded, until long after the clerk of arraigns had called on the prisoner to hear sentence, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he "begged" of the unhappy culprit "a thousand pardons," and dismissed him without further delay to the condemned cell.

Your beggars "to say" are almost equally plentiful, for they are alike beggars, whether they have to communicate pleasant or disagreeable intelligence. Whether they have to say that you are utterly abandoned by hope, or triumphantly crowned with success, they "*beg* to say" it. In the same class are the beggars

"to inform," "to communicate," "to apprise," "to acknowledge," "to forward," "to enclose," "to state," "to refer," "to assure," &c. Men "*take* the liberty" "to deny," "to correct," "to doubt," "to repel," and to practise many other such terms offensive, when the tone of supplication might be graceful at least; but when they have to promote your happiness by information which rather leaves you their debtor, they follow in the perverseness of fashion, and humbly "beg" to afford it. That a poor scrivener should "beg" to apprise his client that the latter is richer by 10,000*l.* is as paradoxical as that a wrathful foe, who threatens to blow your brains out, should "beg" to subscribe himself your humble and obedient servant." With true earnestness, however, we beg to make to our reader such a subscription, and most imploringly beg from him that charitable indulgence of which this beggarly paper stands so greatly in need.

Locke, B. f.

A LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE
ON FRENCH NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER WRITERS,
FRENCH FARCEURS AND FEUILLETONISTS, FRENCH DUELLISTS,
FRENCH ACTRESSES, ETC.

BY BENJAMIN BLUNT,
FORMERLY A BENCHERMAN AND TRENCHERMAN IN THE INNER TEMPLE,
NOW A BENTIER OF THE RUE RIVOLI IN PARIS.

MY DEAR OLIVER,—I have not forgotten the promise made to you at the close of the autumn in the past year, when we had that pleasant dinner together at *Verdier Olive's* in the *Rue de la Poterie*, in the *Quartier des Halles aux Draps*. *Verdier Olive*, as you well know, calls himself a *gargotier* only; yet how much better did we dine, my excellent friend, on that merry Tuesday for fifteen francs, wine included, than for the eight-and-thirty it individually cost us on the following Thursday at the *Maison Dorée*, in the *Boulevard des Italiens*! The thousands of readers in whom you delight, sweet Oliver, and who still more delight in you, will ask touching the nature of the promise to which I advert. Be it known to them, therefore, that I then pledged

myself, in all the sincerity of wine, to give you some sketches of French newspapers and French newspaper writers, the which promise to the present writing I have not been able to redeem. Observing, however, that our common friend, who has in the last month addressed you on a late French trial, has broken this fresh ground, perhaps I cannot do better than follow in his wake. In a great many of his observations I do most fully and unreservedly concur; but I wish, nevertheless, he had so extended his paper as to discriminate between the riff-raff and *rouerie* of newspapers and the very superior men—superior not merely intellectually, but morally and socially superior—who are wont to write in the French newspapers. The scan-

dalous habits and manners disclosed on the trial of *Beauvallon* are as little chargeable on the learned and respectable men of the French press as the practices of the *Satirist* and *Age* are chargeable on the editors of the *Chronicle* and the *Times*. I will not go the length of saying that the press of France is as respectable and well-conducted as it was eighteen or twenty years ago, when you were better acquainted with its details personal, literary, and political, than you are now; but I will say, without fear of contradiction, that the men who appear at once so shameless and ridiculous at the late trial at Rouen, as little represent the newspaper literature of Paris as they represent French science or French commercial or manufacturing industry.

In your own early days at Paris, dear Oliver, you remember the *Moniteur*, enriched by the contributions of *Maret*, Duke of Bassano, *Berquin*, *La Harpe*, *Guinguéné*, and *Garat*, and in later times by the labours of *Tourlet*, *Jomard*, *Champollion*, *Keraty*, *Petit Radel*, *David Aubert de Vitry*, and *Champagnac*. The most democratic or Napoleonic of these writers in the worst days of the Constituent, or the most slavish season of the Consulate, the Empire, or the Restoration, would never in the most unbridled season of festive gaiety so far have forgotten the sentiment of what the French call *convenance*, as in familiar and outspoken phrase, in a company of twenty persons, to address an actress of the *Vaudeville*, who was sitting opposite to him, and *tutouing* her blurt out that he would enjoy the last favour conferred by woman within six months, and for money too,—than he would have cut off his hand at a dinner-table, or unbandaged a green wound, and tearing off the diachylon plaster, place it on the cloth, and proceed to dress his festering sore afresh in the presence of the prandial public around and about him.

As to the *Journal de Débats* it has always been, as you are aware, conducted by gentlemen and men of letters in the best sense of both words. In your early days in Paris the two brothers, François and Louis Bertin, one the father and the other the uncle of the present proprietor, elevated journalism into a great political, so-

cial, and moral instrument. François, the elder, was a gentleman by education, by birth, and, what is better than all, by nature, and, till the period of his death, continued editor of the *Débats*. His brother Louis, after having been for fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, was in 1830 sent ambassador to Holland and elevated to the Chamber of Peers. The greater number of the earlier contributors to this journal, as you well know, were men not only of the ripest scholarship but overflowing with learning. *Geaffroy* had been professor of rhetoric at the College of Mazarin, where for three years he successively obtained the prize for Latin prose; *Dussault* was a man of immense erudition, as critically learned as Porson or Parr; *De Feletz* was a fine gentleman and a man of the world; and *Hofmann*, a person of as varied attainments and as profound learning as was to be found in the realm of France. This, it is true, was a quarter of a century ago, since which men and manners have somewhat changed. But even down to the instant moment at which I write, I deny—most emphatically deny—that any writer in the *Débats* would countenance, tolerate, or permit in his presence such insufferable blackguardism—much less practise it—as appears to have been tolerated and practised at the *Trois Frères Provençaux* by the *feuilletonist* writers and managers of the *Presse*, the *Globe*, and the *Epoque*. *Duvicquet*, the exquisite and rigid classic, the diner-out of the first magnitude, the man courted by the great and cultivated by the polished, with his fine sense, exquisite tact, and innate good-breeding and calm good-nature, is retired to his native Clameci; *Charles Nodier*, the gay, the gentle, the sportive, yet solid-headed, is no more; *Chateaubriand*, the chivalrous and bizarre statesman and man of genius, is fallen into the “sere and yellow leaf.” But these great newspaper writers—for they were all such—would, even in their maddest and wildest days of youth, as soon have thought of picking a pocket, or breaking into the curtilage of a dwelling-house and stealing therefrom, as conducting themselves after the fashion of Rosemond de Beauvallon, the *Sieur Dujarrier*, and the *Sieur Ro-*

ger de Beauvoir. Some of your readers, dear Oliver, may say that I am a *laudator temporis acti*—that I can see no virtue but in the past. But that is not so. The living and actual writers in the *Débats* would as little countenance such monstrosities. *Armand Bertin*, the editor and proprietor of the paper, is a scholar, and a gentleman moving in the very first circles of the Parisian metropolis; *M. Salvandy*, a very recent writer in the paper, is Minister of Public Instruction; *M. St. Marc Girardin*, one of its ablest contributors, is one of the most learned professors of the *Sorbonne*, and one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber of Deputies; and *M. de Sacy*, perhaps its most celebrated political writer, was bred an advocate, now holds a high situation at the Institute of France, and is one of the personal friends of *Louis Philippe*. As to *Philarete Chasles* and *Michel Chevalier*, the one has too much taste and learning, and the other too much common sense, to demean himself after the fashion of the detestable *clique* of the *Trois Frères*. Nay, even the *feuilletonists* of the *Débats* would loathe such company. *Théophile Gautier* has written some good articles in *La France Littéraire*, and an excellent book on Spain; and as to *Jules Janin*, though an insufferable coxcomb, and a species of French Malvolio, walking cross-gartered and wearing motley, he is incontestably a man of talent, and has greatly raised himself in the estimation of all independent men by the publication of his letter to *Madame Girardin*, on her comedy entitled *L'Ecole des Journalistes*.

As to the ancient *Constitutionnel*—that is to say, the *Constitutionnel* from 1818 to 1835—it would have shewn no quarter to such despicable and disreputable *vauriens* as congregated at our friend *Colloz's* in the *Palais Royal*. *Charles William Etienne*, the late editor, was a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of wit, and author of some of the best comedies in the French language. For forty years of his life, during fifteen or sixteen of which he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he lived in the very best French society; and though a political writer lively and piquant, full of strength and spirit, he

was, as *Count Molé* well and truly remarks in that scourging speech which he recently made to *Alfred de Vigny* on his reception at the Academy, above all, a gentleman and a man of the world, full of tact and good breeding, civil and polite to men, and deferential even to homage to women. What else could you expect from the author of the *Deux Gendres*? As to the lively little dwarf *Thiers*, formerly a writer in the *Constitutionnel*, though a man of very indifferent breeding, and *brusque* and unpolished manners, he always had too much shrewdness, sagacity, and sense, to mix himself up with gamblers, demireps, and commercial managers of literary speculations. True, you may quote against me the *orgy* at the country-house of the "Knight of the Bath"—*Count (!) Vigier* (bless the mark!) in 1833 or 1834; but this was a party of men only, invited to a house-warming by a vulgar *nouveau riche* and *parvenu*, to whom a *château* life was new, and no *esclandre* was the result. *De Remusat*, an ex-minister and very recent writer in the *Constitutionnel*, was always a quiet, well-behaved man, and no one knows better than yourself that *Duvergier d'Hauranne* was no roysterer loving to hear the chimes at midnight. As to *M. Merriam*, the present editor of the *Constitutionnel* there breathes not a more quiet and retiring gentleman within the *enceinte continuée*; so much so, indeed, that he goes by the name of *Le Socristain* among his brethren of the broad sheet.

In your day *Constant*, *Villemain*, *Cauchois*, *Lemaire*, and *Mignet*, figured away at the *Courier Français*, and your friend *Leon Faucher* has not very long ago indited in it; but all these were grave, respectable men, unlike the individuals who flaunted at the *Beauvallon* trial, who were merely gamblers, bullies, and adventurers, speculators in a low style of literature, commercial managers of new literary firms and enterprises, striving before all things to gain money, for the maxim of these loose livers is, "*Qui a de l'argent a des pirouettes*." It were a great mistake, however, I repeat, for your readers to suppose that these men represent any considerable section of the press, for men of all shades and

complexions of political opinion repudiate and disown them. You well know that I am no admirer of that secular-minded priest, *M. l'Abbé de Génoude*, who, though the son of a poor *limonadier* of *Grenoble*, apes the airs of a *Grand Seigneur*, and aspires to the cardinalate; but though this sly and sanctimonious priest works with untiring energy and perseverance to push the sale of his translation of the Bible in twenty-two volumes, and as earnestly and zealously to force the sale of the *Gazette de France* and the *Coraire Satan*, of both of which he is the sole proprietor, yet though the holy man would go great lengths to bring together the royalists and republicans, I do not believe he would so far commit himself, even for this purpose, as to be hail, fellow, well-met! with every *Frippe-lippe* of a minor theatre, every *fille au vilain* (*car qui eu donnera le plus l'aura*) of the *pavé* of Paris, every fire-eater of the *Champs Elysées*, and every cogger of dice of the *Rue Louis le Grand*. Such an assembly is only fit for the refuse of the *Roman Feuilletton*, or *La Cour du Roi Pétard*.

"Chacun y contredit; chacun y parle haut;
Et c'est tout justement la Cour du Roi Pétard."*

As to *Colnet*, the glory and the pride of the *Gazette de France*, he was a noble by birth though a bookseller by trade; and even though he were inclined to social and convivial meetings, which he was not, would have chosen his society amongst the distinguished and the learned rather than among the rake-helly riff-raff so often named. As to *Michaud*† of the *Quotidienne*, he loved "Crusaders" of a holier war than a war of drabs and doubloons. Nay, even the writers in the *Republican National* have tastes and habits more aristocratic than to be seen in such society. The chivalrous though mistaken *Armand Carrel* would not have marched through Coventry in such company; and *Marrast* and *La Roche*, as well as *Bastide* and *Thomas*, have always, to their honour be it said, expressed the greatest con-

tempt for those dabblers in the funds and railways belonging to the subordinate ranks of the press, who are enabled to live like *financiers* and *agents de change*, having a dancer or a singer for a mistress, and an opera-box for an evening lounge.

The *Siècle* is, as you are aware, a paper established within the last eleven years, yet it has a greater circulation than any journal in Paris. It counts 42,000 subscribers, and the shares are now worth nearly ten times their original cost. This journal represents the grocers, chandlers, shoemakers, and tailors of the metropolis, and its *banlieue*; and as it is necessary to be somewhat dull and very decorous to please this majority, neither *Chambolle* nor *Gustave Beaumont* would run the risk of keeping ill company. *Leon Faucher*, of his own mere motion, would shun such men as the *Beauvillons*, thinking them neither men of probity nor men of letters; and the pompous and solemn *Barrot* would think them too fast-livers, and far too lavish in their expenditure, to suit his temper or his taste. The men of the *Démocratie Pacifique*, the Communists and Fourierists, would hold nothing in common with gluttons, gamblers, and debauchees. *Hugh Doherty* the writing-master, *Victor Daly* the architect, *Brisbane* the North American, *Considérant* the ex-officer of engineers, *Meill* the German Jew, and *Jourmet* the working man, with his long beard and *paletot à capuchon*, the indispensable costume of all good Fourierists, would have been out of place in such gay company, with a *puré de gibier* for a soup, and *filets de lapereaux à la Voppatière* for a *pièce de résistance*. Only think of *Doherty* and *Daly* swallowing hermitage and *château du pape*, and the Jew *Meill* eating *oreilles de cochon en menu du roi*, without being aware of the forbidden food he had just swallowed. Little *Lesseps*, of the *Esprit Public*, comes of a consular family, and holds his head too high to stoop so low. And as to the writers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, they look to be administrators and functionaries; and it would not do for such men to consort with the coggling and

* Molière.

† Michaud was author of a *History of the Crusades*.

the cozening among the loose fish of Paris, or successful vagabonds who begin by pawning watches and end by shooting their man, to undergo the indispensable baptism of blood, to use their own vile jargon.

You cannot fail to have remarked, dear Oliver, that I have omitted two journals from my list: one is the *Presse*, founded in 1836; the other is the *Epoque*, engrafted on the *Globe* at the latter end of the past year, when the *Globe* itself had been already four years in existence.

These two journals have done more, in my mind, to bring about such a social state as we have been deploring, and to degrade and demoralise the press of France, than all the ministries which have existed since the period of the first Revolution. But let us hear, in the first place, a little of their history. The founder of the *Presse* is *Emile de Girardin*, a natural son of Count Stanislas. He commenced life as an inspector of the fine arts, and was successively editor of four journals, which died in quick succession. He then published a book called *Emile*, which had no success. After five successive failures he seems to have thought himself desperate enough for any enterprise, and, as a natural sequence, he married. The wife of his selection was the pretty Delphine Gay, a woman of wit and beauty, with her poetical talents for a dowry. But poetry, dear Oliver, will not make the pot boil, and it was necessary that *Emile de Girardin* should dine as nearly seven times a-week as possible. He promised himself a fortune in the invention of the *Paracrotte*, or mud-defender, but the Paris public was blind to its merit, and *Emile* only fell deeper into the mire. The *Phisotype* was next tried, which promised *monts et merveilles*; but at the end of the year the happy pair found that they had "*plus de beurre que du pain*." The *Presse* was the next speculation, and as it was a joint-stock company, and in a year when joint-stock speculations are not so discredited as they are now—promising a journal larger and cheaper than all other French journals—the shares went off briskly. The journal, therefore, was well launched; but from the time it has started into an example was given of a ve-

hemence, a personality, and a shameless unprincipledness, theretofore unknown to the press of France, and only discredibly known in certain Sunday journals in England.

Before the institution of the *Presse* journals were divided into different party sections, as, for instance, Carlist, Republican, Dynastic, Napoleonic, *Tiers Parti*, &c. But from the period *Emile de Girardin* entered the lists he manifested a complete indifference on the subject of political principle. As to convictions, belief, or political party or banner, he had none, his only object being to get as many readers and subscribers as possible. Opinions, therefore, and principles were sold; the cause of Russia was upheld, while England was abused, vilipended, and calumniated. The corruption commenced in the political part of the paper, descended through all the minor departments, and *Garnier de Cassagnac* (afterwards proprietor of the *Globe* and now of the *Epoque*), who, in 1839, conducted the literary department or *Feuilleton*, was charged at the close of the last year by one Hilbey, a tailor by trade, and author by preference, with having received 160 francs for the insertion of a piece of poetry commencing "*A la Mère de celle que j'aime*." The tailor further goes on to reveal to the public that, at the request of *Cassagnac*, who first wished for a silver teapot value 200 francs, he sent that person four *coverts d'argent* and six small spoons. In this very season of 1839, when these scenes were enacting, the man who but a couple of years before was *sans six sous*, was *sans souci* as to worldly wealth. It is known to all the world, and recorded by Jules Janin, that he kept as fine a house as an "*agent de change*," with livery servants, carriages, horses, &c. And though some portion of these luxuries were due to his own efforts and talents, and unscrupulous industry and perseverance, and some portion to the lively *Causeries Parisiennes* of his wife, which appeared in the *Presse*, and were signed *Vicomte Delauney*, still they were in a greater degree attributable to the efforts and management of Dujarrier, who was a keen and successful, or, perhaps, I should rather say a lucky, man of business. It was Dujarrier who, in

suggested to Girardin the publication of a supplement entitled *des Tribunaux*, which francs additional. This for the *Presse* an in-subscribers; and it at the period of the journal was 500*l.* a-year, net, is reported to nearly no less a sum francs, or 2000*l.* of our francs, be it observed, he possessed eight out of twenty-five shares. This, no doubt, appeared a mine of gold to a man who had not 1200 francs a-year five years previously, but it in no degree justified the lavish expenditure, or the course of life and of play, which the unfortunate man was leading. The indictment, or *acte d'accusation*, read at the trial, announces the elegant luxury in which he lived, and goes on to state that "if he gained money easily he spent it as quickly, and had a general reputation as a bold and generous player."

But these words "elegant luxury" and "bold and generous player," write down in burning, branding letters the man's condemnation.

"Il faut opter des deux être dupe ou fripon,
Tous ces jeux de hasard n'attirent rien de bon."

There is nothing harder, my dear Oliver, than the heart — nothing, in general, viler or more fitful than the temper of a professed gambler. Open out the cards or the dice before a table of gamblers, and the passions of cupidity, envy, avarice, and fury, are brought at once into play. Feel the pulse of the gambler, and you will find it quick, unequal, feverish. His tongue is parched, his lips and cheeks livid; his temper, however originally good, becomes demoniacal; his health, however robust, at length gives way. The smallest trifle irritates and provokes him; words which would pass unheeded by another are seized on by him.

Beauvallon and Dujarrier were both gamblers, and for idle words or still idler gesture, incident to a gambling and vinous orgy, the one lost his life, and the other all of character that remained to him, which, to say the truth, was little enough.

VOL. XXXIII. NO. CXCVIII.

Mercantile avarice and mercantile cupidity were, however, at the bottom of this discreditable quarrel. Dujarrier played pretty much the same part at the *Presse* that Beauvallon played at the *Globe*, and the quarrel took its rise (though its proximate cause was a loss at cards) in the most mercenary motives that can sway the mind of man. At the *Presse* Dujarrier was manager, controller, and *caissier*. He it was who engaged and paid the *Feuilletonists*, and arranged who was to write the *Roman Feuilleton* for weeks and months in succession, and how much the writers were to receive. In this catering for the paper he had his favourites, as such manner of men generally have, and this, of course, led to envy and jealousies; but notwithstanding his vanity, his ignorance, his coarse and over-familiar manners, and deficiency on the score of early education, he probably was in moral character just as respectable as any of the Romance-writers whom he employed, and nearly as well, if not quite as well, educated; for he it known to readers in England that neither education nor acquired knowledge are deemed in any degree requisite to those persons.

At the rival paper, the *Globe*, Beauvallon played pretty much the same part that Dujarrier played at the *Presse*. Independently of the old adage that two of a trade can never agree, there were other causes, not merely of disrelish but of loathing. Beauvallon was the brother-in-law of *Granier de Cassagnac*, who had originally been the principal coadjutor of *Emile de Girardin* at the *Presse*. Cassagnac having quarrelled with his principal, set up for himself a rival paper, the *Globe*; out of which the *Epoque* has since risen. In the *Globe* he had called *Girardin* by every infamous and every opprobrious name, and proclaimed that all the good articles were the productions of his own pen; in fact, that the astonishing success of the *Presse* was wholly due to his talent. This was indignantly denied by *Girardin*, who stated that Cassagnac was an impudent, lying Gascon, who, when editor of the *Journal Politique* of Toulouse, was flogged in the public street, and obliged to take refuge in the interior of a diligence

X Y

to save himself from further stripes. "Ah!" says Cassagnac, "what of that? You, Emile Girardin, sitting by your pretty wife at the Opera, were flogged before 3000 persons!"

"But that's not so bad as you," says Emile. "Didn't you, by scampish messengers, send round the prospectus of your paper to the subscribers to other journals?—ay, send them round in cart-loads?"

"Oh, *jarnie ne vous y frottez pas!*" says Cassagnac. "What a respectable fellow are you, forsooth! to sicken at such trifles,—you, the rejected of the electors of Bourgneuf, whose electors preferred Vidocq, the police spy, as an honest man!"

"Au moins," rejoins Emile, "I am not capable of ordering gaiters of a particular cut for my newspaper porters by way of an advertisement, and then refusing to pay for them because they are not exactly made to pattern!"

"Quelle mouche vous pique," says Granier. "Gaiters, quotha! Did I ever puff up the shares of a coal-mine which never existed, or in which there were no coals, and sell my actions at a premium? Did I ever play the *blagueur* at St. Berain?"

"*Ventre Saint-Gris!*" exclaims Emile. "Here's a pretty fellow to talk of *blague*, indeed! A *geux* who comes into my bed-room on a hot July day, and taking off his shirt, and clothing himself in one of my six best clean chemises, walks away! Gentleman, indeed! *C'est un gentilhomme de Beauce, il est au lit quand on refait ses chaussures.*"

"Impostor and quack!" says Granier. "You proclaim that the success of the *Presse* is owing to your pen; but all the good articles that ever appeared in it were written by me, or certain persons who shall be nameless."

"*Galopin de Gascogne!*" says Emile. "How dares the fellow, who ordered a steam printing-press and then refused to pay for it on one pretext or another, presume to call any honest man to account?"

Such are the fellows—abusing each other, *verbatim et literatim*, in this fashion of fishfags—who give and have given not merely life and
to the *Presse*, *Globe*, and
(the *Globe* has now merged

in the latter paper), but who guide, govern, and control their every tone and movement. "Tel maître, tel valet." When the directing spirits thus ribaldly demean themselves, what is to be expected from the *Feuilletonists*, poor-devil authors and French penny-a-liners, under them? A total lack of manners and principle—an entire absence of truth and taste.

To Girardin, Cassagnac, Dujarrier, and Beauvallon, is altogether owing the furtive introduction of the *Roman Feuilleton* into French literature. This creation—the offspring of the political indifference supervening upon a state of constant change and revolution—has now assumed gigantic proportions, and at the present moment threatens not merely to overshadow political discussion, but to destroy all literature. The newspaper romance, my dear OLIVER, or *Roman Feuilleton*, is an unnatural, artificial work, the disgrace of even a low style of literature. It is a novel or tale, written in the most exaggerated fashion, which is published daily in the small volumes of what, ten or twelve years ago, was called the *Feuilleton*. The ancient *Feuilleton*, as you well know, was the peculiar boast and pride of the French press. It was unique in journalism. It consisted of the small, short columns, separated from the political articles, debates, and advertisements, and was devoted to pure literature, or literary or theatrical criticism. It was in these *feuilletons* that again and again appeared articles that will live as long as the most classic productions of the French language,—models of clear, correct, candid, and learned criticism. The men who then supplied the *Feuilleton* with matter, such as Feletz, Dussault, and Hofmann, were exact, and scrupulous, and conscientious, and long meditated on the works which they criticised. And the proprietors reaped the reward of their labours, for the series of articles in the *Débats* by Hofmann, on mesmerism and somnambulism, on Chateaubriand, De Pradt, Madame de Genlis, and the Jesuits, raised the paper to 18,000 or 20,000 *abonnés*. But these earlier writers were first-rate scholars—men regularly educated in the universities of their country—where they had obtained

distinguished honours and the highest renown. Hence the earlier *Feuilleton* was distinguished by learning, judgment, and all the higher qualities of mind. It instructed as well as amused; and if it had a fault at all, it was that it was too learned and erudite. But from 1830 to 1835, the old *Feuilleton* degenerated in the hands of Janin; and from 1836-7 the *Roman Feuilleton* began to appear. Now the *Roman Feuilleton* has become *un besoin irrésistible, une exigence impérieuse*, to use the phrase of its admirers. Thousands, and hundreds of thousands, hang upon the words, "*la suite au prochain numéro*." Yet, what after all is this *Roman Feuilleton*? It is an exaggerated novel or tale, written with a view to effect—with a view to the greatest number of readers and advertisements. The *Presse* was the first to invent this system—this rank food for vulgar appetites; and the greatest producer in the trade is a man of colour, Alexandre Dumas Davy, who has recently assumed the title of Marquis de la Pailleterie.

Dumas is said to have fifteen clerks in his manufactory. It is the business of these fifteen men to heap together in the shortest possible space, the greatest number of startling incidents, thrilling emotions, and sudden contrasts. On and on they toil, *a solis ortu usque ad occasum*, while the happy marquis touches and re-touches, corrects and embellishes, throwing in here and there a little bit more pathos, anon, a little more gloominess, or now and again a deeper die and hue of guilt, for a monstrous and unnatural spice of crime is, above all, necessary. When the whole is corrected and shaped to the most taking pattern, then Alexandre Dumas Davy, Marquis de la Pailleterie, causes one of his two sons, or both, perhaps, to copy the whole out in a fair hand, the parcel is labelled, and ticketed, and transferred to the marquis' *commissionnaire*, to deliver as per order, and who takes it either to the Dujarrier or Beauvalon of the hour, and the next day, at all events within the next week, it is in print. The traders in newspapers are satisfied if these productions procure either readers or advertisements for the paper, and delighted if they procure both, while

the Marquis de la Pailleterie is contented if he receive from his 30,000 to 60,000 francs a-year, as the case may be. This system has been the ruin of journalism and literature. Nothing is demanded but to produce the article quickly to suit the pressing wants of the day. No style is necessary, no consistence or coherency, no study of the human head or human heart. All that is required is melodramatic situation, bustle, incident, &c. There is much noise and no work, which was exactly the effect produced by Addison's *Trunkmaker*. The pen of the writer is subservient to the greedy spirit of speculation. The tale or the novel is constructed, not after life or nature, but made to sell.

As a consequence the public taste becomes daily more and more vitiated. The relish for the serious, the matured, the natural, is lost. There must be horror heaped on horror; and no novel or tale will now be popular that does not contain a due infusion of adultery, incest, poisoning, or parricide. The *Presse*, by the hands of Dujarrier, used to pay, and by the hands of his successor still pays, nearly 300 francs a-day for *feuilletons* fabricated after this fashion, to Alexandre Dumas Davy, Marquis de la Pailleterie, George Sand, Frédéric Soulié, and Honoré Prosper Balzac. Mountains of trash are in consequence produced. To the authors, in so far as money is concerned, it is profitable trash. The men sack bushelsfull of money, but they make a shipwreck of name and fame. A career is given to the wildest and most rambling fancies; and the most exact and idiomatic of languages ceases to be either exact, idiomatic, or grammatical in the hands of these literary tradesmen.

Yet, with all their gains, the newspaper romancers of the *Presse* and the *Epoque* are for the most part penniless. Though some of them make their 60,000 francs a-year, yet their expenditure is always nearly double, and often quadruple their income. They live, like the *roués* of the Regent Orleans, like the Broglies, the Brancas, the Birones, the Canillacs, the Nocés, the Richelieus, the Duclos, &c. Each of them has his Mesdames Parabère, de Phalaris, Emélie de l'Opéra, his Liever

or his Lola Montes. To see the horses, and carriages, and livery servants of these men, to enter their houses filled with costly furniture, pictures, &c., one would think they were descended from the Montmorencys and Mortemarts.

Your friend in the last *Régina*, however, has done the father of Alexandre Dumas an injustice. The father, though a general, was not a mulatto general, but a man of pure French blood, descended of the Davys de la Pailletterie of the Pays de Caux in Normandy. There was no more distinguished officer in the French army. His bravery and gallant bearing were remarkable at St. Bernard, Mont Cenis, Mantua, Neumark, and Brixen. But his son Alexandre is a mulatto, his mother being a native of Guadaloupe (or St. Domingo), and a romancer in more senses than one; for though born on the 24th July, 1802, he solemnly declared before the Cour d'Assizes of Rouen he was only forty-one years of age, though he was at the moment he made the declaration in his forty-fourth year. But Monte-Cristo Dumas, with all his follies and faults—and their name is Legion,—is a modest and an humble man, though he drives his coach-and-four, compared with Honoré Balzac. This man, who is now in his forty-seventh year, came to Paris six-and-twenty years ago, where he obtained the brevet of a printer. He had not been in business above a year, before he failed in trade. From 1827 to 1829 he produced various anonymous romances, deservedly forgotten. But in 1830 his Flemish finishing was relished by the *bourgeoisie*, who had triumphed in the three days. *Eugénie Grandet le Médecin de Campagne*, *Les Scènes de la Vie Privée de la Vie Parisienne*, and *De la Vie de Province*, obtained immense success, and procured for the author considerable sums of money. Behold the unknown Tourangeau of 1820, the broken-down printer of the Rue St. André des Arcs in 1831 and 1832 transformed into an *élégant*, with the airs of a grand seigneur, driving his cabriolet, sporting his cane, worth 2000 francs, nourishing a formidable pair of moustachios, maintaining a *tigre*, a *valet de chambre*, and a *maître d'hôtel*; keeping an English mistress,

and expending at least 100,000 francs, or 4000*l.* a-year. For ten years Honoré was at every thing in the ring; but at length, having written himself out, he is now entirely supplanted by Sue, and has fled to Italy, overwhelmed with debts and liabilities, the tenth part of which he will never be enabled to pay. But without the *Feuilleton* of Girardin and Cassagnac, Balzac could never have run this mad and foolish career; without the abuse of the *Feuilleton*, he never could have indulged the whims and fancies of a diseased and morbid vanity, or lived the life of a prince and a financier. Who have lowered and perverted the *Feuilleton*? The *Presse* and the *Epoque*, Girardin and Cassagnac. Who have contributed to produce the scenes which our common friend in *Régina* deplores, and properly castigates? Cassagnac and Girardin. Duels there are—always have been—in Paris, and duels there always will be in Paris so long as France is France. But duels *à propos de rien*; duels, taking their origin in base cupidity or mercantile rivalry, are a creation of the *Presse* and *Epoque*, and the *Roman Feuilleton*.

As to French actresses, my dear OLIVER, there is much to be said in extenuation of their lightness and follies, and I am not the man to break these butterflies on a wheel. In the midst of society, French actresses live like *parias*. By common consent their profession is depreciated and discredited. When they bear an honest or respected name, they are obliged to change it into *val*, *ville*, or *saint*, not to dishonour or disgrace their families. But who that has ever been behind the scenes of a French provincial theatre, or that in Easter week has seen French provincial actresses come up in dozens from all corners of France to the coffee-house in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec to seek metropolitan engagements, declaiming, singing, dancing, *pour se vendre à l'enchère ou au rabais*, can wonder at the scene at the Trois Frères? Till the bad eminence, however, of Girardin, Cassagnac, and Co., the press of Paris did not go behind the scenes in search of mistresses; and even during their predominance, it is only the scum and dregs of the press that aspire to the

ancient privileges of the *gentilhommes
la chambre de roi*.

No, my dear OLIVER, you must not judge of the press or the literature of France by these deplorable examples. The Bertins, the De Sacys, the Chasles, the St. Marc Girardins, the Fleuryrs, the Fauchers, the Saint Beuves, are men as learned and as respectable as are to be found in any country; and you may rest assured the better portion of the French press,—the *Débats*, the *Constitutionnel*, the *Siècle*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, &c.,—are all anxious to rescue themselves from the opprobrium of being considered as persons of the stamp of the Girardins and Cassagnacs, of the Dujarriers and Beauvillons.

Forgive me for trespassing on you at such length, but it is right the case of respectable and learned men should be distinguished, as the lawyers in my day used to say, from the case of the scamps, of the scum of literature and politics. Beware in England of the *Roman Feuilleton*. If you ever allow romancers, jesters, or novelists to usurp the place held in your *Times* and *Chronicle* by serious and solid political writers, adieu to the respectability—adieu also to the liberty of the English press.

I remain, my dear OLIVER,
Your faithful and sincere friend,

BENJAMIN BLUNT,

Bencherman and Trencherman of the
Inner Temple.

ERNEST WALKINWORM'S OPINION OF SEVILLE,

IN A LETTER TO MR. GRUBLEY.

WHEN we separated, my dear Grubley, at the Southampton Pier, you, to study the resources of the Channel Islands, I, for Seville, I was far more satisfied with my choice than I am at present. Unlike most of those whose midnight lamps glimmer with the same perseverance, I must frankly own that my reading has misled me. I forget which romantic bard first inveigled me into the dreamy admiration which I have ever since encouraged towards this land. But whoever it was, he is responsible for the course of reading I thenceforth pursued, and for my present disappointment.

I have accompanied tourist after tourist, poet after poet, through this southern paradise, and never met with the shadow of a disappointment to mar the delights of a residence at Seville as long as I remained at Putney. How different the descriptions in books are from the places they profess to paint, I have now begun to discover. I have here Byron, and one or two others of my deceivers; and am learning to smoke in order to use their leaves in lighting my pipe,

as I think that such atrocious exaggerations should end in smoke.

My first outbreak against the poet I have just named was occasioned by the journey from the coast to this place. I was all eagerness to arrive at the romantic land he talks of, and discovered by the end of the day that he could never have looked forward to any of his readers coming to see it. Why, the Thames between Hammersmith and Battersea is far more romantic than this Guadalquivir, along the whole fifty miles of which there is not sufficient foliage to deck the parterre of an alderman's villa! This disappointment was, however, trifling to that of my whole existence in this so vaunted city, which is as different as can be imagined from what they would make you believe.

Any one coming here after having been told, as I have fifty times, that Seville was a superb city—a city of palaces—would suppose the diligence had set him down at the wrong town. You know, my dear Grubley, that I always say what I mean; well then, I assure you that the narrowest part

of Fetter Lane is about the width of the principal streets of Seville; and as for the palaces, I have worn out two pairs of boots, and have not yet discovered the remotest symptoms of anything of the kind. You know how we abuse Buckingham Palace; there is nothing here that would stand the comparison with one of its wings. It is true they say that there is one built by the Moors, who are said to have done every thing with a sort of Oriental magnificence. I requested to have it shewn to me; but when we came to it I could not believe it was a palace. It is nothing to a row of houses in Portland Place. I was so disgusted that I would not go in; and I saw clearly by the smile on the countenance of my guide, an intelligent Spaniard, who understands English, that he appreciated my feelings on coming from such a country as England: and I am convinced he has since spoken well to his friends of my spirit in not allowing myself to be, as it were, taken in, by entering the doors of such a place.

A circumstance which renders these disappointments the more provoking, is the great advantage a stranger possesses in this country, owing to the facility of the language. Having a tolerably quick ear, the peculiarity immediately struck me that all the words terminated in *o*. It is well known that much of the English language is of Latin derivation, as is also the case with the entire Spanish tongue; so that it immediately occurred to me that by adding an *o* to the English words, I could not fail of becoming intelligible; and that without the trouble of studying a new language. For, with a little practice, I expected to run on fluently enough with my native tongue thus modified; and I resolved to exercise myself aloud in my room during half an hour each morning, and also occasionally during a solitary walk in the country.

I tried my system for half a day, but I can't say it altogether succeeded.

I was, however, as well understood as when I tried the Spanish

I believe the individuals with whom I happened to fall in that way were not fair specimens of average Spanish intelligence.

to whom I applied for a

little oddo fisho and oystero mao, ran away as though I had threatened to knock him down. Besides, I found the principle did not invariably admit of a successful application, from a practice this nation possesses of distorting the signification of terms; as in the instance of *dinero*, which by an unaccountable perversion is made to signify money. From such obstacles as these I feared my system would require some previous study, with a view to drawing up a list of exceptions and modifications; I therefore laid it aside for the moment, and took to the old routine of learning Spanish as a distinct language. My intention is not, however, given up; and I shall devote my first leisure time to the mature consideration of the subject, in order that, at least, future travellers may profit by the discovery.

The most curious monument here seems to be the great tower called the Giralda, which I admire much. It is all square up to an immense height, and then tapers up to the top like a Chinese pagoda, with quantities of great bells all round in full view, turning head-over-heels when they ring a peal. I ascended this tower the day after my arrival, and never did I see so strange a place. I was let in through a door which looked like a rat-hole, at the bottom of the enormous building, and to pass through which I had to stoop. There was first a small room, and out of it another door leading to a passage, which went up-hill for about a dozen paces. A dead wall stopped me at the end; but the passage then turned at a right angle to the left, and I went up-hill another dozen steps to another wall, and again to the left; and this was uniformly repeated until I had walked about half-a-mile, turning always to the left. It then opened into a sort of platform, and there I was on the top, with a balustrade round the sides of the tower, and all the bells overhead, hanging out in the air.

The town was as ugly from that eminence as from below; but the cathedral, which is close to the tower, was most singular, and looked like the monuments of a whole city jumbled together as if they had been tossed out of a dice-box. On coming down I met a procession composed of

I capable of
Wason, whom
had been all
he said so—
to dedicate and
wards the sea
favourable in-
the stranger
contrasted with
dred to get rid
idity, and the
I threw my
round her neck
lost the effect
my impure
started from
on my cheek
a swollen eye

received of the
when I pre-
vidence, which
sally in disco-
er Don with
I had procured
er of introduc-
favourable. On
from within
a considerable
Queen who?"
indication of the
a strong nasal
ow what to re-
know my name;
with myself—
loudly repeated,
eticus augment-
I then men-
my invisible in-
replied to with a
a civil way of
to go about their
like standing
fate of an iron
pitch
three
low
and

cult to discover. Wherever you go you cannot avoid seeing its enormous bulk out-topping every thing else, and filling a whole quarter of a town. Having heard and read of its wonders, I entered, expecting to have arrived at last at a compensation for all my other disappointments. I found myself in an immense grey, brown, dingy vault, of a prodigious elevation, and almost dark with mysterious-looking people of different sorts; some moving slowly from one part of the edifice to another; others making bows to the air, or to the walls; and some forming with their thumbs and fingers cabalistic signs. I had not, however, long to meditate, or to endeavour to account for what I saw, for a sort of familiar in a black gown and loose white spenser, wearing on his head a cap with angular projections upwards, as if intended for the reception of bells, and in his hand a long white stick, approached me and pointed to my shoulders, on which I had thrown my cloak à l'Espagnol. I ventured to inquire whether he wished anything, but could get no reply but noddings of the head and cap, and rapid signs of the hand, accompanied by half-articulate expressions, similar to bozo, or vozo, and quitar; now as *quitar* signifies do away, take away, or take off, and I would not take off my cloak for a fellow who had the impudence to wear his fools'-cap while he gave me the order, I took myself off, and shall not certainly enter that building again.

No doubt you are aware that such a thing as a decent, quiet, respectable Protestant place of worship, is totally unknown here; such as, for instance, our Barnabas Chapel at Wandsworth. We must take things as we find them. The only way, in my opinion, of observing the Sabbath here, is to avoid setting foot in any of these flaunty Catholic churches on that day; for on other days one is constantly drawn into them to see their flummery shows and processions.

Last Sunday I was directed to the Christina promenade, as the rendezvous of the Seville fashionables. There, in fact, I should have been repaid for once by finding my expectations of enjoyment realised, had I been allowed to remain. On a magnificent marble terrace, larger

than by twenty times the lord mayor's ball-room, surrounded with marble seats, and outside these a splendid garden, wafting all the perfumes of Paradise, were assembled a blaze of beauty and an ocean of animation. I had not been ten minutes absorbed in the study of this enchanting vision, when, a wide space opening by universal consent, a procession of a most novel description passed through the assembly, whose formal ranks and undivided attention were arrested by the event. A dozen British officers from Gibraltar had disembarked, and taken the Sunday promenade on their way to their hotel, each carrying his portmanteau on his shoulder, and cracking jokes in a loud voice as they underwent the ordeal of this universal criticism. "Well," thought I, as I observed the unequivocal signs of disgust and ridicule thus drawn on my compatriots, and which I felt would dog my steps as long as I remained on the ground, "it is time for me to be off!" and I filed off accordingly.

I mentioned having fallen in with some acquaintances; it is a lady with her son, who came in their yacht,—a Mrs. Smuggins, of Whitechapel. Young Smuggins went to sea five years ago, and made two voyages to Bombay,—on which occasions, as his widowed mother had been liberal, and given him a pacotille, he scraped together a capital sufficient to enable him to dabble in scrip; so that, being lucky, he soon realised a (for him) dazzling fortune. Having acquired a taste for the sea, he immediately purchased and fitted up a yacht, in which he stowed away biscuits and tea for ballast, these being the comestibles he prefers. He started with the intention of taking his beloved parent to Gibraltar, but meeting with contrary winds, and being, at length—owing, possibly, to his farinaceous ballast—seriously maltreated by a gale off the Algarbe, he ran into Cadiz for shelter. He tells me he should never have dreamed of coming to these parts, but the damages of his ship requiring time to repair, he had been persuaded to come to visit Seville, after being thoroughly tired of Cadiz. He quite agrees with me about this place, and says that Cadiz is just as bad. "I never expected," he adds, "to find there so much as

an ounce of tobacco for my sailors; and when I went into a café and asked for a devilled gizzard and a pint of porter, they replied that they had nothing but old charters to chew [no doubt he means *orchala de chufas*—almond orgeat], and something about hell and a dose" [*helados*—frozen lemonade, &c.] He therefore came here, and is no better satisfied, but anxious to get out to sea again, or, at least, to touch at Gibraltar, where he expects to find himself more at home. He had founded great expectations on a bull-fight, which he expected was similar, though, of course, not equal, to a bull-bait with English dogs. He had taken tickets for himself and Mrs. Smuggins for the next corridor [*corrida*], as he termed it; and, as I had never witnessed the sight, I agreed to meet them at the Circus. It was yesterday.

I found the place very crowded when I arrived, and, being shewn the way in, came into a passage with a row of boxes on one side, filled with ladies and gentlemen, whose view I interrupted as I stood, and on the other, a descent of some half-dozen stone gradines down to the arena. These, also, seemed to be as full as they could hold. The people at the hotel had procured me, as the best sort of ticket, one that admitted to the barrera. On shewing it to a gentleman in the front seat of a box, he directed me to the lowest of the gradines, where, in fact, I should have been in front, and as near as possible to the action, like the orchestra places at a theatre. But how was I to arrive? Each gradine is at once the seat of its occupants and the footstool of those belonging to the next above; and what with coat-skirts, elbows, knees, and feet, the passage did not appear practicable. Seeing my hesitation, the gentleman again asked to see my ticket, and pointed to the number on it to shew that my place must be reserved. I therefore ventured on the attempt, and, begging as many pardons as I could, put forward one foot, then the other; but although the uppermost row, having no knees nor feet on their seats, let me through, the next were rebellious, and cried out openly that the *forastero* should have come in time, that the *funcion*

had commenced; and, on a shout of applause greeting some exploit of a great black bull, all further attention was refused me. "Now, therefore," thought I, "it seems I must renounce this dissipation also;" and I was about to withdraw from before the boxes, the view from which I interrupted, when two good-natured natives opened me a small space on their stone-seat, and I slipped in, making one of a row of 700 or 800 spectators seated on that step.

Well, this was a novel scene! and the only thing worth coming to Seville for. Around a circus of such dimensions as would admit of Astley's being set upright and played at hoop with round and round it, was a sloping wall of human beings up to and above where I sat—at a rough guess I should say 20,000—all in a fever of enthusiasm. In the intervals of the bursts of applause, or disapprobation, or laughter, or groans, single voices were occasionally audible, uttering homely witticisms, usually responded to either by some brilliant repartee or by a general laugh. But the principal attention was bestowed on the performers, and deservedly.

The first thing I saw was the termination of the career of the big black bull. A troop of most elegant gentlemen, in white silk stockings and embroidered silk jackets and breeches, either scarlet, or yellow, or blue, &c., each carrying a scarf on his arm, were lounging about on all sides of the animal; while in front of him, ready for attack, stood one of the most slim and graceful, in an entiretight dress of black embroidered satin, except the little, light, open jacket. This was the only performer who bore an offensive arm, for the cavalry had retired. He held in his right hand a straight sword in a horizontal position, concealed from view by a scarlet mantle which hung upon the blade. He was motionless, and looked the monster in the face. The whole arena had suddenly become silent, and all eyes were intent on the two principal actors. The bull was also standing still, but soon commenced a slight movement of the head, which he turned first on one side and then on the other; his eyes were, however, again immediately fixed on his enemy, and at length

lowered his head almost to the ground, and scraped the sand two or three times with his hoof. The matador now slipped the red scarf from the blade of the sword. A toss of the head announced the animal's final resolve, and he made a rush. The sword-hand of the matador rose to a level with his shoulder, and without any movement of his body, more than an almost imperceptible resting on the left foot, he appeared to hold the sword motionless. However this was managed, certain it is that I heard a hissing sound, not unlike the passing of a saw through a plank at a distance, and perceived the hilt resting on the upper part of the neck of the bull, the blade being out of sight until drawn leisurely from the carcass, which had fallen on its knees, and immediately afterwards rolled on to its side a lifeless mass.

The matador wiped his blade in the scarlet mantle, while his neat performance received the universal plaudits of the spectators. While this was going on, in an instant a noose had been slung round the head of the carcass, and a team of tinkling mules, four a-breast, had galloped it out of the circus. The next bull was what I should think they would call a poser,—but you have doubtless read of fifty bull-fights, and no description is like the thing itself. Besides, my pleasures were wofully interrupted during the performances of this bull. Before we come to that, however, I must record one of his exploits. The animal was small, but symmetry itself. Its barrel tight and shining; its tail projecting; its step brisk though measured; the head rather large, and armed with horns which projected almost horizontally in front, and were so fine and slightly curved as to look almost like daggers. A picador had encountered him at the extreme limit of the circus, and heedless of the point of the lance, only formed to penetrate about the depth of an inch, the bull gored the horse under the left shoulder, lifting him up until the suffering animal, rearing to escape the deepening wound and the pressure from the side attacked, placed his forelegs over the barrera, or wooden enclosure, nearly six feet high. The bull was no longer able to reach this his victim, pressed on, and,

taking him under the haunch, kept lifting him up repeatedly, so that the hind legs of the poor horse, descending to the ground in regular cadence, produced the appearance of dancing. Soon his forehoofs, disengaging themselves from the barrier, and at the same instant his hinder quarters being high in air, he fell with his rider on to the bull's back, where they struggled for half-a-minute, as the horns would not let go their hold; and in this posture of things the little bull actually advanced a step or two without dropping his burden, which ultimately rolled over, placing the picador, whose padded leggings rendered him very helpless, in much peril. A chubo was, however, at hand, and soon drew the attention of the bull, which quitted his prostrate enemy to seek fresh encounters.

No sooner had the rapturous applause drawn forth by this performance given way to a temporary silence, than my attention was attracted to a movement among the spectators at about a dozen yards' distance on my left, and below me. Something unusual had evidently occurred, and the people were standing up. The fact was this, the bull had gored another horse, which, nevertheless, galloped about with his rider in the *mêlée*, dragging his bowels along the ground. My acquaintances, the Smugginses, whose presence I had forgotten, were at the spot in question, and at this sight the nerves of Mrs. Smuggins had totally failed her. She had placed herself in the men's seats, and must have created no inconsiderable sensation by her rather bulky attractions and foreign manners and costume, in the portion of the building never frequented by the reputable of her sex. Her exclamations now reached me. "I cannot—I cannot—Obadiah! Take me away! Ah—he—I am fainting—I am faint—I!" and after a minute a sort of scream. Mr. Smuggins was audible likewise, declaring he would not go, although all the ladies present should faint; the fun was capital, and he should not, perhaps, have an opportunity of seeing another. Meanwhile the bustle spread, and the curiosity became general. The police would shortly have inter-

ferred. My chivalrous feelings were excited, and I resolved to go to the rescue of this distressed princess, and no small difficulty I had. She was four gradines down; it was bad enough to arrive alone: imagine, then, the ascent, with a fainting and hysterical form of corpulent dimensions resting on my arm! Imagine, moreover, the endurance of laughter, which at last greeted us unrestrained!

If I resolved, as I administered consolation and soothing accents to this suffering and virtuous compatriot on our way to her inn, never to go to another bull-fight, my resolution was confirmed on hearing her heart-rending exclamations. You know, my dear Grubley, that I am incapable of exaggeration or deception of any sort; well, I assure you that the poor ripped-up horse occasioned the thoughts of Mrs. Smuggins to revert to her deceased husband. I cannot account for this circumstance; if I could I certainly would tell you the reason of it, but so it was. She constantly appealed to him, using the vocative article; and once she uttered the following address to him, interrupted by sobs:—"Poor, dear Smuggins! What would you have said to my witnessing such things? And our own child to take me there!" And after having said this, she wiped her eyes with a blue duster. For my part, I always feel compassion for the reverses which befall my fellow-creatures; but, nevertheless, on her making the last-mentioned exclamation, I could not help asking myself, What could the Seville bull-fanciers have said when they saw Mrs. Smuggins?

In fact, if there is one thing more remarkable than another in this renowned city, it is the rigid and retiring simplicity—nay, severity, of female costume and deportment among the upper classes; and you know, Grubley, I, of course, look upon those of our sort, and every one we know, as being of the upper classes. Imagine, then, the sensation produced by the appearance, in a conspicuous, public, and male situation, of a tall and magnificent Hot-tentot Venus, like this Smuggins of Whitechapel, flaunting in a rainbow of gay colours, and exhibiting a freedom of look and gesture, which, at

least in these regions, is as yet unprecedented and exotic!

It appears that others have far less reason to complain of their adverse fates than I have. Do you recollect P——, the brewer at Battersea, who finding his vats no longer filled and emptied as in former times, sold his establishment to a bone-dust manufacturer, and embarked for Hobart Town? He was shipwrecked off Madeira, and conveyed by a French government brig to Gibraltar at his own request. What further befell him and his family I know not, but his man-servant—a youth who used to drink more porter than he assisted in manufacturing—took employment in a carpenter's shop at Gibraltar. This youth it was whom, after conducting my rescued fair one to her residence, I saw issuing from one of the least dingy and disreputable-looking houses in Seville. I knew him in an instant by his pock-marked skin and hook-nose, and stopped, all amazement, for he was dressed better than myself. A new silk hat on one of his ears, a blue coat and chiselled buttons, japanned boots, and a cane sawing the balmy atmosphere.

"Well," I exclaimed, "Thomas, it is long since we met at Battersea."

"Yes, a long time, sir."

"I heard you were a carpenter, but you seem to have left that calling for something better?" And I expected that he would blush, and stammer forth a bashful story of romance; how that a black-eyed señora had deigned to remark him, and that he was now a don in a large house. But, to my surprise, he replied, without hesitation, and as quietly as if he were announcing a fine day,—

"I gives lessons in Hinglish now, sir."

At this innocent announcement I did not restrain my mirth; but he took no offence, supposing, probably, that it was my mode of congratulation, and added, that he was quitting at that moment a house in which he had two pupils. I wished him joy without inquiring respecting their proficiency.

My disappointments are manifestly destined to have no other end than my departure from Seville. Having exhausted all which could possibly befall me within the town walls, and of which I have not told you half.

the Fates had kept in reserve other mishaps, pursuant to a perseverance in their system of persecution, which I should not have credited had any other than myself been their victim.

Every one who comes here is driven to Italica, an ancient city buried underground. It was explained to me that under the ground, that is, to the city itself, no one can penetrate; but although I demurred to the trouble of making this excursion for nothing, my objection was overruled by young Smuggins, who was to accompany me; and who cleverly remarked, that we should be able to see the ground beneath which the ancient city is buried; or rather beneath which those who let out the horses and carriages desire it should be believed it is buried. We were obliged to hire a calèche-and-four, for what reason I could not guess, since the distance is only one Spanish mile (four English); and the horses of this province had always been described to me as the best in Europe. The coachman we bargained with insisted for the four quadrupeds, and as the price was as moderate as I should have expected it to be had there been only two, we gave in to his wishes. I therefore looked forward to no ancient city, not intending to dig for one, but to a superb trot in the sunshine, behind four of the snorting, caracoling nags, which I had so often admired during my lounges about Seville.

When, however, the fatal morning arrived, and the turn-out drew up in the inn-court, oh, what a falling off! The calèche looked more like a few dusty planks attached to an old dried bull's-hide; and the horses — could they, indeed, be horses, and of the same species as the quadrupeds to which I had always heard that name applied? Impossible! they must belong to a race kept concealed among the ruins of the antique Italica, and only brought to light on these special occasions. These Rosinantes appeared to be able to stand, but nothing more, and I consulted with my companion as to the necessity of making them hook on four more. We, however, determined to leave every arrangement to our charioteer; and having lumped ourselves into the seat with force, in

order to try its solidity, we made sign to be off.

There was much cracking of the whip as we passed through the streets; and, to my surprise, we got up a pretty respectable jog-trot, which was maintained until we reached the bridge of boats which communicates with the suburb Triana. Here an unstable ground being added to so rickety a framework as that which moved over it, the perils were doubled; and we moved — since that was quite perceptible — but so ineffectually, as far as regarded progress, that the hundred yards of bridge lasted us a good ten minutes. Up the opposite bank, too, at a walk, and the same pace through a quarter of a mile of the aforesaid suburb. Then came the road, and the explanation of the whole. It was immediately clear that for such a road no one would think of putting together any other species of carriage. The reason ours did not immediately break to pieces, was because nothing fitted or was joined about it; all its parts being hooked together at optional distances, and capable of any useful variation of their relative positions, no commotion could consequently damage the mechanism.

We, therefore, moved along in a clatter of endless activity; and had we, instead of being seated, placed ourselves on our feet, we could have headed successfully a Bacchanalian procession in the quality of dancers. As we, under these trying circumstances, began to wish for the end of our excursion, an oversight of the charioteer put a temporary extinguisher on our saltatory exhibition, by dropping us on our side into a positive pit, for such was the vacuum which called itself a rut in this place. Our vehicle preserved its equilibrium at an inclination of about 30°; but the quadrupeds, with the best possible intentions, could not advance. The Jehu descended from the seat to render his arguments more persuasive, but nothing would do; and we began to meditate putting our shoulders to the wheel, when, looking up, I beheld an apparition, which suddenly arrested my resolutions and froze the contents of my arteries.

Jogging my companion with my elbow to make him follow the direction of my eyes, I pulled him at the

same time forcibly back to his place. At the opposite side of a half-bank, half-hedge, I had perceived, between two gigantic leaves of some southern plant, two human heads in juxtaposition, about as far onward as to be on a line with our leaders' noses. At the sight of these faces and their unmistakable expression, all the histories of Spanish banditti, with all their terrific details, flashed across my prostrate brain, which they seized upon with the greater violence from my having always affected in conversation to hold lightly these perils, which I really conceived much to be exaggerated. Such a chance had especially never entered into my calculations for this excursion.

"What shall we do?" I whispered. "Run for it?" Smuggins seemed to hesitate, as if in doubt as to the efficacy of any precaution within our power. I stood up, pretending to take a view of the country, and gradually turned in the direction of the brigands to reconnoitre. I only found the confirmation of my terrors at the sight of two guns, one resting its butt-end on the ground, and supporting with its muzzle the arm of a robber; and the other laid by the side of a cloak, near some agricultural implements. The features of the men were ferocious. Pointed thread-bare hats rested on their eyebrows. Piercing eyes; sallow olive, or rather brown mahogany cheeks, cut into deep furrows; and ragged beards and moustachios. These characteristics belonged to the two with but slight shades of difference, which, in my hurried glance, quite escaped me; and what completely appalled me was the cool, unconcerned manner, in which they awaited the moment for advancing upon us, quietly gazing at the coachman and his labours, while they leaned against the bank over which they were looking.

We held rapid council and determined to pretend not to notice them; and after having pulled our vehicle out of the rut, to order the coachman to turn back and get away as fast as possible. The provoking quietness of my companion puzzled me in no small degree, and added to my panic, for he evidently did not believe the fellows were robbers.

"For God's sake," I said, in an

earnest whisper, and turning my back in their direction, "don't keep looking at them: our safety depends on our not appearing to notice them. They may otherwise suspect us of endeavouring to escape, and being unarmed we are entirely at their mercy!"

Smuggins said nothing, but did all I wished, and we speedily lifted the machine out of the rut. Jehu either did not see the robbers, or, like ourselves, pretended not; or, perhaps—and the thought came over me like thunder—might be playing into their hands, and had taken advantage of the rut to deliver us up to his friends. However this might be, he looked much surprised on receiving the order to face about, and assumed the resigned expression usual with these Continentals when they simply exclaim, "Oh, Ingleses!" by way of accounting for every eccentricity.

During our occupation of lifting out, Smuggins had remarked that a rood or two of this road might, if cut out in squares and removed with care, be laid down in Oxford Street in continuation of some of the wood-pavement experiments. He would be glad to see the omnibi, as he termed them, floundering about in it, or the lord-mayor in his state-carriage. All my anxiety was trifling compared to the astonishment which now followed it, on finding that we were fairly off without any movement being made by the malefactors, nor a single report assailing our ears, nor ball whizzing between us; nor, for all I knew or know, for I took care not to look back, any change in the lazy attitude the brigands had preserved during the whole transaction.

"Well, this is fortunate! I suppose we did not look worth rifling," was my companion's observation, and I told the coachman the cause of our change of arrangements.

"Hombre!" was his exclamation; "kaa—ladrones!" and he added that they were no more robbers than he was himself (which might possibly not alter the case). He had seen them all the time, and knew them for labourers, who were then only preparing to leave the field for the mid-day siesta. He partly succeeded in removing the prejudice I had formed against these certain

picious-looking rustics, to whom, at all events, I was sincerely grateful for expediting our return to Seville and *terra firma*.

Nevertheless, that afternoon something was wanting to my satisfaction with our proceedings. In fact, rebellious feelings began at length to assail me; and I determined to resist the influence of this star of disappointments, by which I had been persecuted ever since my arrival. I almost despised myself for not having seen anything at Seville. I had been repulsed from the house to which I had brought a letter of recommendation. I had turned my back on the alcazar in disgust. I had been worried out of the cathedral, shamed off the Christina promenade, and Smugginsd away from the bullfight. An insufferable suspicion began to haunt me that my own ignorance, folly, over-sensitiveness, — in short, my own fault in some way, had occasioned these failures. I cannot describe to you how this idea stung and aroused me. I grew headstrong. There was nothing whatever at Italica but mud. Thither it was, nevertheless, that I had last intended to go. I resolved, therefore, now to go to Italica. There was no necessity for rehiring our coach-and-four; the river passes within half a mile of the place, and we could boat it.

No sooner had I, after stamping for a short time up and down my room after dinner, arrived at this resolve, than I hastened to the café frequented by the recent companion of my misfortunes to re-enlist him. He was much pleased with the idea. Every thing on the water would do; and we appointed a meeting at the bridge for the following morning, there to embark.

That morning I sallied forth, firmly resolved to conquer my destiny or die in the effort; but who can foresee from what quarter will proceed his discomfiture? What did I behold on arriving at our rendezvous? Mrs. Smuggins on the arm of her son! This omen I could not mistake. I foresaw in the instant that somehow, I could not guess how, our fortunes would be marred. I, therefore, saluted my friends with much sadness, and proceeded to engage a boat.

"S. had, like myself, the habit

of picking up information at her inn; the more easily, as she was lodged at a French house, where an English lady's maid, who accompanied a family of travellers, had fallen in love with the landlord, and remained in quality of landlady, no one inquired how legitimately. This personage had strongly recommended her guest from Whitechapel to visit a large Jerominite convent, situated a little way up the river; and hearing the son announce his boating expedition, had advised her to take advantage of so favourable an opportunity, since they must pass within sight of the convent.

This subject was, therefore, the first to be broached on our taking our seats in the boat. I was indifferent, as I foresaw that something must upset my plan; nor, in fact, could I decently oppose the lady's wish. We, therefore, ordered the helmsman to steer for the convent, which was situated at about half the distance to Italica, and on the right-hand side.

We did our best to beguile the time by agreeable conversation. Mrs. Smuggins expressed curiosity to know why I so persisted in wishing to see Italica. I told her that it was because it had been built by the Romans, and that we used to learn about that nation at school, for I was ashamed to tell the real reason. She then made much inquiry about convents and nuns, which I found it difficult to answer. She wished to know why the nuns did not marry, and why they could only be seen through a grating like people afflicted with the plague. I answered these questions to the best of my ability, as I had never studied the subject; stating, that I presumed the first custom was the result of their bad taste; and the second, its well-merited punishment. She next expressed a desire to be informed why they were called nuns. This question I did my best to evade, from a sincere feeling that I could not satisfy her curiosity; but such was the pertinacity with which she insisted on having some explanation of this, for which she shrewdly enough remarked that there must exist some reason, that at length I found it necessary to say that they were probably called nuns because none of them knew the reason. At

this juncture the boat gave a grind, and we were aground in the middle of the Guadalquivir.

Mrs. S. turned very pale, and her alarm was not diminished on hearing her son rap out various energetic English expressions directed to the boatmen. I, however, told her there was no danger of our being drowned in so shallow a stream; a consolation which I felt not myself, having read that it was formerly navigable for large ships 200 miles higher up.

In a short time, by dint of pushing and pulling, and one of the men getting out of the boat, we were shoved off and continued our voyage.

It was not difficult to arrive in sight of the convent, but a landing-place could not be found. The banks were every where abrupt; not high enough to be picturesque, but just too high for a lady to reach *terra firma* by a jump. At length the sailors made choice of a part where they asserted there were stepping-places, although I could discover no difference between one portion of the shore and another. Mrs. Smuggins, whose natural protector had instantaneously reached the top of the bank by two bounds, and was reconnoitring the country, seemed to rely upon me with all that irresistible dependence peculiar to her feeble sex.

I had placed my right foot on a break of the earth in the bank, which was perpendicular, or nearly so. Finding myself thus in a firm posture, with the other foot on the edge of the water, I offered one hand to the lady, while, with the other, I grasped the root of a stunted shrub. Mrs. S. stood on the side of the boat, which had been pushed as much as possible against the ground, otherwise it must have yielded to her weight; and, taking my hand, she made an effort to ascend, putting one foot near to mine on the ground, and the other on a projecting clod which I pointed out. I then mounted another step, and placed a foot on the top of the bank, urging Mrs. S. to make an

effort to follow, and pulling her hand with my whole force.

Thinking us safe, the boatmen had ceased to pull the boat shoreward; and it had, consequently, left its place and was veering round, when, at so unpropitious a moment, the clod gave way under Mrs. Smuggins's upper foot, and she operated a descent which, although gradual—as she had to pull me after her part of the way—ended in her reaching the surface of the water. I had slipped and slipped, until I was at the extreme edge, and still held her hand; and her garments being buoyed up by the wave, and forming an extensive circle around her, she appeared by no means uncomfortably poised on the cool element. She exhibited the panting effect usually observed on entering cold water; but I thought her seat must be the more refreshing and agreeable, since such had been her state of alarm during the half minute of her suspension beneath the sole support of my hand, that the perspiration now stood on her cheeks, and rendered her gloveless hand scarcely tenable.

Mrs. Smuggins did not, however, view her position in the same light, but exclaimed at length, in much agitation, that she felt something.

"Never mind that," I replied, to tranquillise her; "it can but be a fish!"

"Oh, horrors!" she screamed. "What! food for the fishes?"

But this degrading fate was averted, as also the glut it would have occasioned in the Seville fish-market, by the aid of the men who had taken to the water, seeing the lady's danger, and come to her rescue. I then called to the youth to return, that we might make the best of our way home.

I cannot express to you, my dear Grubley, how tired I have been of this place ever since that excursion, and it is probable that I shall be hundreds of miles from it when next you hear of me.

RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.*

It is now not much more than a twelvemonth since the attention of men in this country was first called to the present religious movement within the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. Since that time the movement has advanced with great rapidity, and has assumed such an aspect and revealed such a condition of men's minds, as must fix the anxious regard alike of spiritual and of civil rulers, and command the notice of every Christian heart and of every intelligent mind. Its first originators, indeed, have been allowed to fall into comparative obscurity. Some have prudently confined themselves to the care of the particular flocks which have chosen and installed them as pastors, while others, such as Ronge and Dowiat, have been permitted to amuse themselves with an idle and unproductive crusade. These two men have entirely let themselves down from the dignity of the priestly character, and, assuming that of the demagogue or agitator, have worshipped and burned incense to the people. As the constituted authorities were naturally unfavourable to them, or, at the most, neutral, they have seldom been permitted to hold their assemblies in churches or halls, and, in consequence, the so-called Second Reformation has become in their hands a business of dinners and noisy toasts, of crowds and *vivats*. Indeed one of the most remarkable features of the movement is, that no leaders have appeared; no man of wisdom, energy, character, or commanding talent, who could offer himself as a centre round which the zealous multitudes might gather and organise themselves.

The Lutheran reformation unavoidably favoured the development of individual self-sufficiency. It did so in two ways. 1st. By its possessing within itself no regularly transmitted priesthood. 2ndly. By the principle which it recognised, that faith and religious knowledge ought to be the result of individual investigation and research, and not of teaching as a transmitted or an inherited faith. Its only band was the subscription of a formula, the inefficiency of which became very early apparent; and hence, in process of time, the ill-constructed fabric fell to pieces, overwhelming in its ruins more than the outward constitution and influence of a church.

Few of our readers are ignorant of the antichristian and haughty character that prevails in the literature and science of Germany. The German people are characterised not so much by the pride of birth, or of wealth, or of arms, as by the pride of thought. Science and philosophy have an invincible charm for them, and these instruments they apply with equal freedom to Livy and the Pentateuch, to the Gospels and to Justin Martyr. There is no check of reverence, no trembling at the Word of God. Accordingly philosophy for a time reigned alone. Bare reason possessed the chair and the pulpit. The times of the Porch and the Academy seemed to have returned, only with the materials of the Gospel and with the instrumentality of the Church. Wherever the Bible and the hymn-book carried the knowledge of letters, and in Germany that is alike with the Popish

* Mission der Deutsch-Katholiken, von G. G. Gervinus. Heidelberg, 1845.

The Mission of the German Catholics, by G. G. Gervinus.

Dr. Theiner's Beitritt zur Deutsch-Katholischen Reform. Weimar, 1845.

Dr. Theiner's Adhesion to the German Catholics.

Ob Schrift? Ob Geist? Verantwortung gegen Meine Ankläger, von G. A. Pfarrer in Halle. Leipzig, 1845.

Spirit? Reply to my Accusers, by G. A. Wislicenus, Pastor in Halle. on Uhlich. Leipzig, 1845.

f Uhlich.

h alte Feinde, von Johannes Ronge. Dessau, 1845.

ances the same as the First, by John Ronge.

and the Protestant population, there a proud philosophy entered and sat down. It lifted up its voice at every street-corner, and glided like a serpent into every bosom. And what has it done? There is no sacred thing which it has not profaned, there is no veil which it has not rent in twain, there is no shrine which it has not polluted, there is no honourable thing which it has not made vile. "Goethe and Schiller," says Gervinus with triumph, "Voss and Jean Paul, Winkelman and Wieland, Forster and Lichtenberg, have cleared all the barriers of dogmatical Christianity, and the educated portion of the people have followed their example, every man according to his best ability."

With a limitless faith in the future history of man, and in the inherent power of self-developement that pervades the species, it is not to be wondered at that mere progress should with them be the grand idea. Whither that progress at any given moment may be tending is less clear, and, in the estimation of its worshippers, of no great consequence; for history, read with the eye of science, shews that the species has advanced through all changes and circumstances, toward and untoward. The individual or the nation may have gone down, but the great human family has been carried steadily forward to its maturity. They feel, and the business of the day is to declare it, that they have already attained (in Germany) a point of developement to which the Reformation, nay, all history, nay, Christianity itself, was only an introduction.

The new reformation has been the great subject of the year that is past, and a year in the present state of the world is worth a quarter of any former century. Where we at this moment write, in one of the busiest of the free imperial cities, it is the universal subject. By priest and peasant, by scholar and merchant, in the clubs and cafés, the German Catholic Church is the constant topic of discussion. An entire new literature has sprung up; and Buonaparte and the Kaisers, Goethe and Schiller, have yielded their place in the print-shops to Ronge and Kerbler. Scarcely have the anxieties of a rather troubled monetary period, and

those of a deficient, or at least a doubtful harvest, been able to command their share in the labours of the periodical press. Since the synod of Leipzig, which rather rashly and prematurely announced a creed, conferences have been held in Stuttgart and in Berlin, in which all northern Germany has shared, and all southern Germany sympathised. In these the chief idea has been to widen the popular basis; even the state-and-school question has been broached—for the church-and-state question was virtually answered long ago, and is now passed by as frivolous—and a so-called emancipation or enfranchisement of the female sex has been gravely propounded. In the meantime a certain sort of worship has been carried on. The pulpit and the altar have not ceased, but the pulpit has become a stage for the orator who is thrust into it, who bows his head to the audience, because they are the representative of that universal humanity which is his god; while the altar is but the convenient place where Christian worship may be parodied, and the holy sacraments profaned. They who know the heart of a Roman Catholic priest, must be aware what an entire overthrow all his faith and sentiments must have sustained ere he can look upon the altar with any eye but that of worship, or proclaim from his place that the holy sacrament is no longer a mystery. Yet so thoroughly are men loosed from their former anchorages, that it is affirmed of Dr. Theiner, the best man whom the New Reformation can boast of, that he has consented even to the principle that the holy Eucharist shall not be celebrated on other than holy days, except at the request of some individual who desires to partake of the communion.

While such things were going forward, Rome has been silent, contenting herself with excommunications. With these her children have grown too familiar, and they have learned to despise them. They whose faith and allegiance have not been shaken, shrink from the rude blusterings of a popular gale, and are withdrawing themselves from public places and from mixed society. Such Protestants as have any faith or of God remaining in them,

professionally orthodox and correct clergy, and especially that small body of earnest men who have sprung up in later years, and in whom one may see that the spark of Christianity has been preserved amid the ashes of a forsaken altar, sympathise with the Roman Catholic clergy, and stand aloof from men who would gladly reach to them the hand, and persuade them that they are embarked together in a common cause. At first, indeed, the well-meaning and charitable, and the more meditative among them, indulged the hope that this reformed body, springing up within the bosom of the Romish Church, might, by a moderate and patient course, have subsisted in the midst of the corrupt mass till it should have gradually purified the whole and absorbed it. Germany offered advantages for such an attempt, such as could be found in no other country. Daily intercourse, frequent intermarriages, had created innumerable shades of transition between the Catholic and the Reformed. Jealousy of a foreign central authority was strong even among the higher clergy. The questions resulting from mixed marriages, and those secret uneasinesses which priestly influence and priestly arts occasion, had made Popery seem the great troubler of domestic happiness. Men saw their wives, their sisters, and their mothers, defrauded of their right to the sacraments, if they allowed their husbands to exercise a natural power over their children's education. The abuses and wickedness, not of the confessors, but of the prescribed confessional, had driven thousands away from the holy communion. A quiet and orderly change would have been, by the mass of the population, hailed as a deliverance. Would the civil governments, therefore, it was thought, only have energy and unity enough to hinder the reformers from being meddled with; would the reformers themselves only proceed with quietness, with tolerance, and conciliation, what blessed results would be looked for! Ay, and

been a creature of
not been from the
entirely popular;
ment been its own
its own time for
for itself, a *deus ex*

machinâ from the midst of its own ebullitions; had there been any one to hold the balance, or any balance to hold; had it not been early laid down as a principle, resulting from the philosophy of history, that the good must be attained only through a series of blunders: had these things not been so, the much-desired quiet and orderly change might possibly have been brought about. But thus things were, and well-meaning and meditative men were deceived, because they knew not the time nor understood the signs of it. Events overtook their slow steps of meditation, and hurried past them like the wind.

Our readers may suppose that the orthodox Protestant clergy might have been able to exercise a salutary influence in the midst of this social change. We scarcely believe that they could; for, leaving out of sight the fact of their being an almost invisible minority, they do not know how to place themselves in a position whence they can do any good. Of ecclesiastical organisation they are entirely ignorant. They deny it on principle. The clergyman is regarded as no more than the organ of the people. His priesthood is but the representation of their priesthood. Whatever power or sacredness he has, they have conferred, and they can revoke. He presides at their public worship and dispenses the sacraments, not because he has more right to do so than any other man who is present, but because for order and decorum's sake they have appointed him to exercise that function. In no respect does he represent to them any thing but themselves. This much, indeed, we have met with, that when a clergyman has been outvoted by his lay congregational council, and compelled to permit his church to be used for the occasional services of the German Catholics, he sighs and smites his breast, and says, "My church has been desecrated." But of standing in the name and place of the Lord Jesus Christ, of speaking with authority as the messenger of God, of doing God's work, and believing that God does his work by their hands, of addressing men's conscience more than their reason, speaking from faith to faith, and calling not for philoso-

phical persuasion but for childlike obedience, of all this the orthodox Protestant clergymen know nothing. Nay, the truth which they do know is but sparingly brought to the pulpit; for, 1st, the consistory would not long permit it; and, 2dly, the clergyman is unwilling to diminish his congregation—his publicum, as he calls it—and so to curtail his opportunities of doing good. The consequence is that the chief excellency of their sermons is rhetorical. The clergy preach, and the people, where an able man happens to be, crowd to hear; but especially when the middle classes assemble, it is as at our modern tournaments, to see the beautiful armour, the glittering of the swords, the handling of the spear, and the helm striking fire-sparks under the blow of the champions. And to satisfy this empty craving, the earnest spirits of the few are disappointed; for the many are attracted by rhetorical flourishes merely, amid which the most that can be done is to insinuate from time to time a gentle plea for what they consider an antiquated and expiring religion.

The rest of the clergy offer a still more sorry hinderance to the corruption of the popular mind; for not only do they hold the same principle of which we have above spoken, but they go still further. According to them, whosoever possesses faith must attain to it through his own investigation and inquiry. He begins as an unbeliever. Inherited or derived faith, or the faith of a son or a disciple who believes because his father or his master has taught him, is looked upon as superstition. The end of education is, therefore, in their hands, individual perfection and development to such a degree as to make every man a microcosm sufficient to himself.

Gervinus speaks of this class of persons somewhat in the following strain. "Our clergy have long occupied a defensive post, they are no longer a school of prophets, not even a propaganda, nor workers out of a reformation. And they know well enough that their modern dogmatic system is separated by a mighty chasm, that can never again be filled up, from that which Luther taught, and which must even yet be taught to that lowest class of

the people in whom the times of Luther are still lingering. Speculation and philosophy, researches in history and mythology, have taught them to discover in the Christian dogmas, yea, even in those which at first sight may seem to mock an intelligent man's reason, certain profound truths, unfolding to the freest thinker wonderful depths of that human spirit which has been present and operative alike in all religious and in all historical myths. But these are facts which our clergy, however much they may use them for satisfying their own inquiring minds, will on no account offer to the common man, in place of those mysteries which they have been accustomed to preach in order to answer his rude thoughts about the marvel of his being. They, therefore, in the terms which they employ, imitate, as far as may be, their predecessors of the sixteenth century, though their philosophical orthodoxy can no more become one with that of Luther, than times present can blend and become united with times gone by."

To guide the New Reformation, as it has been called, no commanding leaders have appeared. In defect, therefore, of any individual person, the history of whose proceedings might be the history of the movement, and to whose writings one might look for an exposition of the principles on which it is to perfect itself, we must hearken to the voice of those who for the time have taken up the task of giving utterance to the popular mind, who have laid hold of the banners of the gathering host, and point to the object towards which the spirit that is in the masses is urging them. The present temporary leaders are men of the philosophical and literary class, accustomed to view all things as mere subjects of study, and far removed from the business of the world and the experience of human life. With such as these the wings of speculative thought are not clipped by suggestions of a mechanical or matter-of-fact nature. To them war or revolution is but a subject of abstract interest. It is not a thing of worldly loss, of suffering, blood, and death. They see a picture, and nothing more. It brings to them personal terrors; at the war

inflicts no other wounds than those which happen in a painful dream. Whether remembered as past, or imagined as possible in the course of future events, the woes of the generations through which any great change in the condition of human society works itself out, are to them like a pageant on the stage. They can think of them as necessary, unavoidable, transient, the fair price of a thing that must be purchased. Such are the best men for the present stage of the work. They can tell the people what the people have in their minds; they can read to them their own thoughts and smooth the way for that which shall be thought next.

To this class Gervinus belongs; and we may take him as the representative and spokesman of a large number of the same. The principles which he unfolds and the measures and methods which he suggests to his countrymen, are set forth with a characteristic display of candour; for he never speaks, except respectfully, either of creeds or of their professors.

Yet all this is an unreal homage. It is the graciousness and condescension of a proud man. Rather it is the traitor's kiss. All these honoured and revered things are things that were. They must now be overleaped, and flung back into the region of mere history. With the poetry and fable of the past they serve only to shew us the times and conditions which humanity has outlived, and to stimulate us to further self-emancipation and development; for the day of man's majority has, at least, in Germany, been attained, and tutors and governors are needed no more. Lest our readers should suppose that we are colouring this picture, let them read what follows. Our author is speaking of the absence of any need for a leader in the present movement:—

"In the past century there arose in France certain genial spirits, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, who sapped the foundations of the then existing intellectual world, and of the old conceptions; but in Germany, Legion is the name for those men who, though individually scarce being mediocrity of genius, shall, by union, prepare the very same over-throw before long political hinderances

be not thrown in their way. . . . In such a time as the 16th century Luther, that hero of faith, could arise, who lived, as it were, back in the patriarchal conditions of the people of Israel, who could see God and Satan in conflict for the lordship of the world; who bade from his presence the Human Understanding, when she pretended to penetrate the mysteries of revelation and to master that word of the Bible which he willed blindly to follow. Could any one in our day deceive himself, or think of deceiving others, into the idea that this faith of Luther's might once more revive among the multitude, or that any other religious faith of similar narrowness could ever meet again with such intensity of persuasion? The one and the other are alike for ever vanished with Luther's century, and if they ever do return, it must happen in a time wherein all the men and all the relations of our day shall have disappeared, wherein God shall have broken this cultivated German world into pieces like a potter's vessel, or molten it in the furnace of centuries, with the mass of an again commingling humanity. But as the times are presently constituted, between which and the era of Luther's religion a whole century is stretched—a century that has seen Latitudinarianism enthroned, that has given birth to Science, and made science the sap of every twig of the social life of man—a century that has read in the book of nature a new, an eternal, an irrefutable revelation, in so many ways extinguishing the letter of the written Revelation—a century in which the human spirit has attained to a bold self-regard,—yea, self-deification—and both the burthen-bearing common man stirs up the best strength of his being, and the educated man of leisure devotes his mental resources, to force their way through philosophical channels into every secret of creation and of Godhead; has there not been fixed an impassable gulf, such as utterly to preclude the possibility of a return to that condition in which Religion sat alone as mistress amid the demands of human nature and the opinions and projects of men? It is of no use to wish to cheat one's self into the persuasion that things are not so, however displeasing it may be to many to think that they are. Things are so, and it is not mere human acts that have produced them. I know, indeed, how to respect and honour that faith of Luther, and every other form of faith in every man, if it have flowed from true inward impulse; and yet I see in every such man, and all the more the more upright and single-hearted he is, an entire stranger and foreigner, and a wanderer strayed from another time; and since we have seen the Zinzendorfs and the Lavaters stand forth as reformers,

what man of any judgment, what man who is not blind to facts, and history, and the position of affairs, can believe that a religious system will ever again be propagated by any single person who is not himself a caricature and an oddity? or that any new orthodox church can arise without finding itself obliged to content itself with the degraded platform of a miserable sectarianism?" — *GERV.* pp. 26-28.

It is worthy of remark that these are the sentiments of a popular historian, a distinguished professor of a distinguished university, whose audience is at this moment so large that he has to occupy the hall instead of his own class-room, and who thus from the calm reflective region of the schools speaks boldly out to his countrymen, and tells them uncontradicted, unrefuted, what those thoughts are which their own hearts are giving birth to. Nor does Gervinus alone speak and print such things. I turn over the first pages of any other oracle of the day, chosen at random from the pile on my bookseller's table, and find it breathing the same spirit, springing from the same principles, or at least not apprehending how monstrous they ought to seem to a Christian ear. Take up the writings of two clergymen,—Wislicenus, pastor at Halle, a university famous for the revival of religion; and Uhlich, another pastor, and you will see how the pastor, in the face of all the spiritual guides of Germany, as well as the professor, in the face of all her literary instructors, affirm the utter abolition of orthodox notions, and the universal departure of men from the basis of a positive revelation.

"No man can deny," says Wislicenus, "that the idea of the Bible being an authoritative revelation, such as that idea stands in our symbolic books, such as in the so-called orthodox days it actually was held by men, such as even in our day it is affirmed, as to the letter, though certainly not as to the fact, is at present in every way broken through and worn out—a mere shadow from a past day, since which it goes for nothing, although remaining among the ecclesiastical traditions."

Uhlich in like manner, who affirms that he is speaking no new thing, but that which has long been in the hearts

of thousands, declares the Old Testament to be a very wonderful book, yet full of error, popular mistakes, misrepresentations, cloaking the customary ambition and intolerance of priests, under the figment of a theocracy, &c.; and the New, while it contains, indeed, the most beautiful expositions and exemplifications of those virtues which the human conscience at once recognises, to be full of the obscurities and misconceptions into which men, uneducated in comparison with us, might be expected to fall. In short, he tells his fellow-pastors that in spirit the credibility of the facts of the Old Testament and of the inspiration of a great deal in the New, is, except by a miserable minority, no longer contended for,—and that they know it! And when lately called to account, because his openness had overstepped the limits even of German liberality, his reply was,—“I have preached and taught to my people those things which I myself was taught at the University whither you yourselves sent me, by the men whom you yourselves have set, or at least recognised, as the theological teachers of your intending candidates for ordination.”

The grand idea of that popular school, of which we have taken Gervinus to be the representative, is this: a union or fusion of Christian confessions, as existing within the German family, and recovering, through means of this reconstituted German Church, unity for all Christendom. The idea is beautiful and true, though deformed by the egotism in which nations, as well as individuals, naturally live; the means only are not at hand for its accomplishment. Our author, however, sees no difficulty. It shall be accomplished by the instrumentality of the middle classes, among whom it is that modern education has most successfully operated. He considers indifferentism the sure and only guarantee for absolute impartiality. All whose minds are so immature as to be wedded to any definite faith, are not in a condition to be helpful in the development of that enlarged thing to which Christianity has been only an introduction. The people are, therefore, to take the matter of religion into their own hands. It is upon them that the spirit of th

has come down, and they are now big with the divine dispensation. For the termination of the period of man's spiritual pupilage has arrived, and in this century he has reached his long looked-for majority. Wherefore an ecclesiastical constitution shall be provided, presenting only the minutest amount of objective positive faith, yet not excluding the largest amount of the same which the most credulous may desire to indulge in. There shall be no disputation, for the century repudiates all creeds and articles of positive religion except those which admit of no dispute; it abhors and condemns strife, and especially the *ira theologica*. The Gospel shall be alone that of St. John, "Little children, love one another;" and the truth of our Saviour's words shall be manifested, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Thus in the absence of all ground of quarrel, time and opportunity shall be given to the younger branches of the great human family, and this will surely in the course of nature reach the same majority to which their seniors have already attained.

These axioms our author does not propose as any thing new, but as expressive of the existing mind of his countrymen. Nothing needs to be done to bring about such a state of things. Already in spirit, if not in form, it exists. Already absolute freedom of thought and of faith is denied to no one. It enters into no man's mind to suppose that he is bound to knit his faith to worn-out formulas. And so Christianity and the Church, —for their names are still to be retained—are, as it were, to come again into being; —not as a revelation from without man, or as a gift and organisation presented to him for his obedience, submission, and faith; but as a result of the progress of the species —coming up by self-development from the middle ranks of the people. Out of the wine-fat of humanity, left alone and undisturbed to accomplish its natural fermentation, having cast off its scum and thrown its dregs to the bottom, shall come forth the precious wine, the perfected self-formation out of existing things. Or, at the least, an approach to this is to be made, for scarcely shall one century, though it be the nineteenth, suffice for so great an accomplishment.

The organs to which our author looks for working out these results are the so-called synods—so called, for man is, after all, a creature on whom traditional things and names have an invincible hold. Each synod is to consist, first, of lay representatives of the flock, the pastor being declared ineligible on account of the consenting testimony of all history, sacred and profane, to the innate and irresistible ambition of all priesthoods; secondly, ten flocks shall choose one theologian, who shall be valued, not for any supposed spiritual character or ordination thus appertaining to him, but for his scientific qualifications. How this synod shall set about its work is a more difficult matter. On what points agreement should be considered essential, on what diversity of opinions may be harmless, what authority shall be conceded to the decisions of the synod,—in short, the whole subject of constitutional development is a very grave and perplexing one. The great secret is, to let alone. Especially let the civil government nowhere mingle itself further than to shelter the ecclesiastical machine from external molestation or interference, and secure for it the freest play of all its wheels and springs. It would be a fatal mistake to present to it any scheme or plan. A hundred proposals might be offered, the whole of which it would be impossible to discuss, while no one of them could alone be effectual. Let the matter be left, says he, to the popular instinct; it will find its way to its own end, blindly, by the unconscious working of nature, and probably by a road different from all of the hundred schemes that might be proposed. Yet while governments are to avoid meddling and interference, they must beware of assuming an attitude of indifference. Not only will discouragement and opposition on their part, most certainly in the present temper of men's minds, produce a still farther separation from existing state churches—nay, a still more decided estrangement of spirit from all religion whatsoever; but if the civil powers do not feel a sympathy with this birth-struggle of the people, and do not shew that they are interested and attentive, and ready both to encourage the well-meaning

and to moderate the extravagancies of the ignorant, the same effect will be produced. Of any more active and positive relationship on the part of the civil authority the policy is questionable; at all events, the time for it has not arrived; for, seeing that as yet a large portion of Germany has not prepared itself to take part in the movement, the rulers might fail of carrying with them the hearts of a united people, and, at all events, too narrow and schismatical a basis would most certainly, by such means, be imposed. None should accept, still more should none ask, for state acknowledgment on any principle special to themselves. Orthodox flocks should firmly decline it unless heterodox flocks are to be admitted to the same. At present, when the most absolutely neutral form of creed has not yet been attained, and the heart of two-thirds of Germany has still to be won, and a powerful Popish Church *must*, for invincible political reasons, be still, in some parts of it, upheld, any arrangement of the sort could only prove entangling to the State and to the Church, and excite such prejudice and envy as would extinguish the influence and check the inward development of the new religion.

By thus permitting every dogmatist to choose and maintain his own dogma, by tolerating all, and forbidding nothing but mutual condemnation, it is hoped that ultimately, through the combined operation of federative zeal and religious indifferentism, all parties may be fused into a real unity.

"We should in this way, perhaps, prevent the formation of sects. They spring up only under a system of persecution and exclusion; and their sorrowful fruits, as we see every where in England and America, are these—a disposition mutually to anathematise, isolation and estrangement from all progress, stagnation of the popular mind, torpidity and obstinacy in doctrine. One may disapprove of this freedom as something too vague, and merely convenient, by which every pastor, every layman, and every flock should move under the wide protection of the state according to his own judgment; but we are not to say that such an arrangement is likely to forbid or extinguish all depth and earnestness on the part of our theologians. For if these men really have a confi-

dence in their own doctrine and faith, and have a mind to bring them forward in strength and practical operation, would they not now have a large and inviting arena, full of honour, in which to contend for their doctrine, and win for it as wide an acceptance as they could? Then only, when this acceptance is won on an open arena, without the chance aid of civil power, through the free spirit and real worth of their doctrine, can it be genuine and well-grounded; and then only have they themselves a sphere of operation that is free from restraints and interferences."

These, and the like loose plans and axioms, Gervinus insinuates and slips into the minds of his readers with much subtlety, as the highest forms of charity and Godlike virtue. "Is not this one of the peculiar excellencies of Christianity that it accommodates itself to all the necessities and customs of men, and to all ages and nations, without causing or sustaining injury, loss, or disturbance? Did not the Apostle Paul teach, recommend, and exemplify the practice of becoming "all things to all men?" and did not St. Augustine advise, especially in regard to articles of faith, that the Church should so speak as to make it easy for every individual to find a place for his own private opinions? Would not the Papacy have found out a way of tolerating even Lutheranism, if Luther had not followed in the old road of cursing his brethren, and lifted up those weapons against herself which she had taught him to use? Is it not her decisions and fixed points that surround the Papacy, as such, with those reefs on which every attempt at re-uniting with her has been shipwrecked? How gladly would she wish that her laws and constitutions had been what our author proposes to limit the German Catholics to, provisional and mutable! And is it not, after all, the fact, that the Papacy is held together by maintaining within herself a system of indulgence for all opinions? If she could throw aside her hypocrisy, and seem that which she is, would not she be a perfect pattern after which modern indifferentism might form itself? And what could more convincingly shew that the proposed system of genuine, open, declared tolerance, the one, candid, liberal

ought to embrace the New Church, nay, that it is *the* Christian bond, because only under such a bond can the Church on earth become a true type of that paternal "house in which are many mansions?"

We give this as the true gist of numberless passages of our author, and mostly in his own words; The passages themselves would be too tedious to transfer to our pages; but we have said enough to put our readers in possession of the general manner in which the subject is disposed of by him. A word or two now as to his mode of meeting objections, and then we must allow Ronge to come forward and speak for himself.

Gervinus foresees, or has encountered, three objections. 1st. That the New Church has in it no principle of continuance. 2d. Its principles will satisfy only certain conditions of human life. 3d. Mere reasoning and morality are efficacious only in the higher classes of society. See how he deals with these matters—with what a complacent tone he sets them all aside:—

"Our clergy would have us to consider that so unmysterious and cheerful a religion may suit very well for the every-day experience, and for the cheerful days of human life, but that it will be insufficient for the more serious hours, when fate lays hold of us with hostile hand, and comes home upon us with such inward and outward pressure, as to put us at our wit's end. And have not thousands of men on our German soil already, in bygone times, been able to bear themselves up patiently in such tragic situations? These fiery men, who had truly gone farther in denial and renunciation of the popular faith than in our New Church people choose to go. We need not any provision against the anxieties about original sin, we have made our escape from all such anxieties, which, like the fear of ghosts, were but a fruit of superstitious systems of doctrine. For the simple character and views of an unspoiled man, it is enough merely to point to that great God, who reveals Himself in the wide creation to the dullest mind, as clearly as to the more finely organised and more highly cultivated. He reveals Himself in the intricacies of the inward life. This, we say, is enough, and can effect as much, nay, a great deal more of what is substantial, than any faith in original sin and atonement."

And now, in turning to the original leader and the present popular agitator in this movement, we shall remark two things; first, that he is a much more untaught, unenlightened man than our Professor; that his views are looser and less formed, his style confused and puerile to weariness; that he places himself as an echo for the people; and that all he says or writes has but the truth of an echo, combined with its indistinctness. Secondly, that from being professionally familiarised with the words of Holy Scripture, his worst principles assume to themselves a Scriptural character and clothing; and his language is disfigured by a profane use, or rather abuse of Scripture. Rome is the synonyme of stagnation or retrogradation, the anti-national intruder, the despiser and trampler under foot of German character and capacities, the dealer in forms, laws, hinderances, and ex-communications.

"We, on the other hand, have made for ourselves a Church, a new ecclesiastical constitution, through which, by the free development of the Spirit, virtue shall be advanced, and a new life awakened. Our disciples shall spread themselves, and spring up in all lands, bearing with them the true Gospel, proclaiming a heaven without any damnation, creating a new earth in which, under all diversities of opinion, every man shall acknowledge every man for his brother; and instead of a priestly class among men, mankind shall be elevated into a 'royal priesthood.' Now, shall Religion become that which she ought to be,—the loving mother, who will bless all her children, and damn none? . . . This is our work, our mission. For the Reformation of the nineteenth century is essentially different from that of the sixteenth. Its strength and victory lie in this, that it knows what it would be at. This, fortunately, our opposers do not perceive, and indeed cannot; for they despise and know not the people from whom the reform goes forth. They know not the Father, and know not Him whom He hath sent."

According to Ronge, the Scriptures are to be regarded as the Word of God only in such a sense that their contents are to be believed in detail, according as they appear to human reason credible, or as man may think them worthy of God. There is in them much

to explain as hyperbolic, or as didactic myths; much that can now be rejected entirely as the fabrication of priests. The "Judgment to come," is history. History judges all things, even Religion itself. Past generations live again only in subsequent generations. The species alone is immortal. The resurrection of the body can only signify the perpetuity of the species. The Holy Ghost and the spirit of the day are the same; and the Holy Ghost is the representative or substitute of Christ. Therefore, it is the duty of every one to obey the spirit of the day, with that obedience which the Church has hitherto demanded as due to the Lord Jesus Christ. After a paragraph in which he declares the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, and of the Trinity, to be human inventions, and that the proper idea of the Lord is that of Saviour or Liberator, he explains in the following terms his idea of Christ's work as liberator:—

"Moses, Aaron, David, and the rest, call themselves 'Servants' of God. This debasing relationship Christ broke up, and took to himself the name of God's Son, at the same time calling us brethren. From that time we were no longer servants but children, and God no longer our tyrant, but our Father. For this reason mankind ought now to fulfil the law of God, not from slavish fear, but out of free love. Thus did Christ give us moral freedom, and made all men to be heirs of the kingdom of heaven. Through him was mankind freed from spiritual slavery, and lifted up into a consciousness of its own proper divine dignity. This consciousness of free moral dignity, and the godly doctrines of Christ, should lead to spontaneous virtue; and the nations of mankind with this Christian consciousness, or Christian spirit, should become morally free people. For Christ calls Himself the Son of God, and us the children of God, for the very purpose of bringing mankind to the consciousness of their high worth and divine dignity. He calls Himself the Born of God, for the purpose of representing the condition of us his brethren, as born of God. This is the proper way of understanding the divinity of Christ, and so to understand it must be freely permitted to us all."

It is no pleasure to us to weary our readers with these shallow and vile morsels of criticism, or to distress them with such pictures and

quotations. Were these books merely to be regarded as the production of the foolish or wicked men who have penned them, of course we should have spared ourselves the pain of noticing them. But let it be remembered, that they, and such as they, are the daily meat and drink of the major part of the intelligent reading middle class of Germany; that they are echoed and zealously responded to by a powerful multitude; that they express the mind, not of their authors but of a matured, practical, resolute set of men; and that in them lies much of the future, nay, of the immediate future history of Germany, where already both the lovers of change and the lovers of order are making up their minds to an overthrow, from the midst of which some new order of things shall be reconstituted, for whose consecration the blood, not of one victim but of a thousand hecatombs, shall be required.

And can we not derive from this glimpse of the position of things in Germany some useful warnings, some preparation for a struggle, into which that branch of the Church which has hitherto so wholesomely influenced our own nation shall before long be plunged? Germany holds up to us a picture of that which is at our own door. We can study there the working and the results of some principles which have as yet, in England, been only broached; and of some others which are the current axioms of a considerable body of highly religious men. Even with us the religious platform, if not the pulpit, has uttered the idea of a religious union, in which so-called minor differences and non-essentials shall be kept in the background, or held in the private and individual sanctuary as tolerated opinions, not however to be broached on any public, combined, or really church occasions; while some common ground of indefinite doctrine shall be a standing place, where all may meet and mutually give the hand, and suffer a spurious love to melt, and fuse together all hearts and all parties. In the meantime, what that common ground really is, what are the essentials of Christianity, must be left in vague and cloudy uncertainty. They have broached the idea, know right

that they dare not proceed to define it — that such an attempt would in one hour reveal the falseness of their pretended brotherhood. The sound-hearted and those who love truth are fearful of being reproached with uncharitableness if they should make known the line beyond which they cannot retire, while the indifferent and ignorant, the half-instructed and the secret enemies of truth, are undermining by that loose and popular talk the most sacred principles of the faith and of ecclesiastical polity.

Akin to this is the existing disposition to condemn tests and articles, or to explain them away, as though it were a matter of indifference to a commonwealth whether a man be a Christian or not, or, being a Christian, whether he be a willing and conscientious confessor of his faith. Scotland, from whence, during the last fifty years, so many of our abstract views on all subjects have been wafted to us, has, with her Presbyterian habits of thought, travelled on this road extensively. We may expect to have an example set to us there which we shall be invited to follow, whereby our seats of learning shall be swept of their orthodox, or rather of their Christian, defences. Uncharitable men will argue, that because a formula may be and occasionally has been, therefore it must be and always is a cloak of hypocrisy; that because chemistry and mathematics can be taught just as well by an Atheist as by a Christian, therefore all education should at once be cleared of artificial fetters and hinderances, and an open field of competition left, in which the man of ablest natural parts shall carry the day, though he should declare himself (as was lately done by the professor of æsthetics at Tübingen) an enemy of the Lord. Under the cloak of Conscience, Reason has slipped herself in, and with the plausible *words* of a just plea against men's interferences with one another, Reason has been pleaded for as independent of God, and as having a right equal or superior to that of acknowledged divine revelation. Her sublimest effort, instead of being to perceive the necessity of a revelation, and to bow herself as a learner before Him who is the Truth, is made to

consist in mastering the connexion between the works and the word of God, and concussing the latter to mould itself into some harmony with a fragmentary knowledge of the former.

There is also among our more zealous clergy an unfortunate habit of looking at the Church as a mere assemblage, or conglomeration in space and time, of independent individuals. There is the visible assemblage, and there is the abstract, invisible assemblage. In the former, every one, instead of being and finding himself in the grace and under the obligations of a Christian, has yet to choose for himself whether he shall be a Christian or not. Each individual must, by some process of independent examination, more or less extensive and profound according to his advantages, and leisure, and natural parts, arrive at a judgment for himself upon the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ to be his Lord and Saviour. Men are taught to become unbelievers as the first step to a reasonable faith. The salutary, divine doctrine of relationship to God in Jesus Christ, contracted through the hands of the Church by all her children, and of inherited obligations, is supplanted by the cold, abstract, moral obligation of reason to seek for and embrace truth, and by the offer of that relationship to God as a desirable, future, possible attainment. Baptised men are made to look upon themselves and suffer themselves to be regarded as heathens, that they may begin and seek their own anxious way into faith and peace. Hence books of evidences and arguments for Christianity—which are all very well as charitable efforts to restore such as Satan has prevailed over and brought into a sceptical condition—are unwisely thrust into the hands of our expanding youth, who, but for these books, would most probably never have been troubled with a doubt.

There is yet another way in which we have begun in England too much to approach to the sentiments of Continental Protestantism. We teach and are taught that the object of Christianity is the salvation of the individual, and not the service of God, — the perfection of the individual, instead of the perfection of a body which

shall become the instrument of Christ. Religion is so much regarded as *for* man, that we are at the door of the doctrine that it is also *of* man, wherever it is not a mere superstition. Worship, which is the divine end of the Church as such, is becoming secondary to the exercise of intellect in preaching and hearing. Where we write, here in Germany, the pulpit is enthroned, the altar placed beneath it as a footstool, and there is a strong tendency in England to bring them to stand to one another in the same relation. Besides, individual completeness and sufficientness of every one for himself is supposed to be Christian perfection. A state in which every one shall attain as much as possible of every thing, and be within himself a Microchrist,—that is to say, mere congregationalism or independency, in the fullest sense of the word, is greatly sought after. Our good old Church doctrine, that faith, hope, and love alone are the universal qualities of all Christians, and such as ought to be in every individual in the greatest possible degree, and that other things exist only in distribution,—that every one is a member of every other, necessary to and also dependent upon every other, is lost sight of; and each is left to fight his separate, solitary way to heaven as he can. The parent leads not the child: that would be interfering with conscience. The husband does not use his authority for sustaining his wife in the faith and obedience of Christ. The master, as such, does not command his house after him in the faith and holy observance of the Christian religion. The king is scarce permitted, as such, to ask whether his subjects are Christians or not. The family, the nation, become mere congeries of self-dependent, self-seeking individuals.

Our clergy have to consider that they do not at all stand in the circumstances in which their forefathers stood. We do not speak of the increase of the population; that might be met by building and endowing new churches. We speak of the altered forms of human relationship and habits of society. Formerly, the higher and the humbler were connected by ties not of temporary interest, but almost of relationship. There was, on the one side, the

patron, the godfather, the name-father; on the other, the client, the godchild, &c. The higher classes were, in a measure, the guides, the counsellors, the superintendents of the humbler. No less honourable were the offices by which the latter acknowledged the wholesome influence of the former. This advantage, of which one must at once see the importance to the clergy, is now very much lost. The large mass of our population is made up of the wealthy on one side, and the indigent on the other; of the capitalist and the labourer. The relation is one of interest only. It exists only from day to day. There is scarcely any thing personal in it. The faces of the employer and of the employed do not meet. A noun of multitude expresses to the one the firm, to the other the operatives. Ignorance on one side, a rage for accumulating capital on the other, produce habits of opposition, grudging, and suspicion. Fluctuations in employment, and uncertainty in amount of income, produce wasteful and reckless habits. By the wealthy employer, the people, only arithmetically known, are seen but occasionally in the gross in his factory. He knows not in what obscure abode "the poor hide themselves together." There take place between them no kindly interchanges; no wholesome influences pass from the one to the other. The clergyman cannot now reach the humbler class of his flock through their superiors, and scarcely their children through themselves. Even baptism is often neglected; and marriages, contracted without the Church's blessing, easily knit and easily dissolved, loosening the elementary bond of human society, cut off the channels by which godliness can be kept alive and exercised. There remains, indeed, the inextinguishable instinct of religion, and it seeks for a Christian outlet. But the clergyman is classed with those at whom the masses look with an evil eye. There is about him the tone of genteel society, the uncondescending language of the university. He is utterly ignorant of the people's modes of thought,—his sympathy, at best, reaches not the details of their situation. His ministrations, cold and formal, however excellent, suited to another atmos-

theirs, but are not real enough to help men who are in such hand-to-hand conflict with the realities of the fallen and miserable life that is in them. Hence the acceptableness of the well-meaning Independent, and after him of the Separatist, of the Seducer, the Mormonite, the Socialist.

Another class of society is totally devoted to pleasure. To them the clergyman is acceptable only in so far as the undertaker is. He is unavoidably necessary in hopeless circumstances, in days of mourning and desolation, which must by all contrivances be shortened. All their ideas of him are coloured by this unwelcome association. His presence puts them in mind of sorrow, real or feigned. As a minister of religious truth and benediction, he is unknown to them. While all whose ideas are polarised by money and money's worth, physical men and practical materialists, are weary of the economic anomaly of the Establishment, and greedily encourage the speculations of Independency and Voluntarism.

One cannot but see, that in these ways, and in many more, we are in danger of falling into that condition which Germany exhibits; the only apparent probable result or solution of which is, the rising up of that personal anti-Christ of whom the New Testament forewarns us. We stand, however, as yet on a remnant of solid land. We possess many advantages. Our liturgy has preserved, for the worship of God, for positive religion, and for sound doctrine, its place in the habits and thoughts of men. The forms of ministry and of discipline remain to us. Our universities are still of a known and positive confession. Faith in a divine revelation is with us still an element of respectability. Irreligious works are undertaken by no publisher of character. We may, therefore, look without panic at those things which are approaching, and so prepare ourselves to meet, or it may be to hinder them.

Our clergy come too little into contact of mind and feeling with the present middle and lower classes of society; yet the dismembered, disjointed condition of society makes it very necessary that they should.

There is a certain fineness, punctiliousness, and almost prudery of bearing, which distinguish them from the members of the priesthood in any other country, which is annoying, or at least *génant*, to men of rough mould, and hinders intimacy, openness, and that self-surrender which are necessary for any one who would receive benefit from pastoral care. The peculiar character of our Church was impressed upon it during its passage through the sifting and winnowing time of the sixteenth century. The royal and aristocratical element was then immensely the predominating one in the English social system; and our Church having received, still retains, in every part, office, and ministry, the stamp of a monarchical and aristocratic period too distinctly.

The taste for sermon-hearing exists and increases. It must be met and taken advantage of. But the taste of a large mass of the community cannot be met by the formal, discreet, polished production of the scholar. As little will mere professional orthodoxy serve, or the systematic points and arguments, of which most men are in our day weary. The mere religious craftsman does not suit for a time in which the daily thoughts and employments of men are so real and earnest. Men must come to the pulpit with a real thing. They must be earnest, and mean what they say. Doctrines about God, instead of actual ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the living substance of all doctrines, can only cultivate intellectual pride and boldness. Ordination is not intended to confer intellectual superiority, but spiritual grace and the power of conveying the blessing of God to men. The clergy deliver up God into the hands of men when they treat religion merely as a science and art, and when they make spiritual the synonyme of intellectual. Intellect soon finds out that it can plausibly cope with revelation, when revelation is brought down from its spiritual platform. Revelation broken into dogmas or points decided by men, still more those outworks of revelation, biblical criticism, which we sometimes hear so unwisely and pedantically brought to the pulpit, and that theology which men, having the grace of baptism—

nay, perhaps that of ordination also, have excogitated and called "*natural*;" all these do but drag the Gospel into the arena of philosophers. Our matter-of-fact men, whom this day of facts has generated, have no patience for such things. Their books at home can give them quite as much of this, and probably a great deal better, than their clergyman can. Either he has something more real to give and ought to give it, or else he, and his religion, and his order, are superfluous. This is not a day for abstract existences. The Church as an abstraction is an object of no interest to our present race of men. It must either stand and bless men with divine light, and dispense forgiveness from Christ, and speak with authority as of God's counsel and in His secret, or else take its place as a thing that has been and has passed away. Men are weary of being argued with. What are arguments after all? Can no stronger intellect be found, or be supposed,

to redargue them? Men know that they ought not to be called upon to sit as judges of God's truth. A revelation that does not teach with authority is no revelation. The philosopher is as good as the scribe. Men want to be helped to serve God; the clergy are ordained that they may help them. If they are not helped, if their children, their neighbours, their dependents, be not helped to do that which is right, they will, of course, say, "All this expensive machinery is in vain: we can do as well without it." Baptised men must be addressed as baptised men, themselves parts of the Church, essential to it, prospering with it, decaying with it, alive with its life, dying when it dies. The Church must no longer seem to them an object external to them, a city into which they may enter or not as they choose, but as an existence of which they are irrevocably a part—a city of which they are, and can by no act of their own cease to be, citizens.

PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY.

PART II. AND CONCLUSION.

Hogg has told an amusing anecdote of Wordsworth at Mount Rydal. It chanced one night while the bard of Kilmeny was at the Lakes with Wordsworth, Wilson, and De Quincey, that a resplendent arch, something like the aurora borealis, was observed across the zenith, from the one horizon to the other. The splendid meteor became the subject of conversation, and the table was left for an eminence outside where its effect could be seen to greater advantage. Miss Wordsworth, the poet's sister, who accompanied them, expressed a fear lest the brilliant stranger might prove ominous, when Hogg, thinking he was saying a good thing, hazarded the remark that it was neither more nor less "than joost a treeumphant airsch raised in honour of the meeting of the poets." Miss Wordsworth smiled, and Wilson laughed and declared the idea not amiss. But when it was told to Wordsworth he took De Quincey aside, and said loud enough to be heard by more than the person he was addressing, "Poets! poets! what does the fellow mean? Where are they?" Hogg was a little offended at the time, but he enjoyed it afterwards; and we have heard him tell the story in his own "slee" and inimitable manner, and laugh immoderately as he told it. Poor James Hogg! REGINA has reason to remember James; nor was the poet of "Kilmeny" forgotten when dead, by the great poet of the *Excursion*. There is nothing more touching in poetry since the time of Collins than Wordsworth's extempore verses on the shepherd's death. He knew his claims to be called a poet, and time will confirm his judgment and make the Rydal aurora a story merely to amuse.

Poets, where are they? Is poetry extinct among us, or is it only dormant? Is the crop exhausted, and must the field lie fallow for a time? Is it that, in this commercial nation of ours, where every thing is valued in Rothschild's scales of money excellence, that we have no poetry because we have no

demand for it? We falter while we think it is so. Poets we still have, and poetry at times of a rich and novel, but not a cultivated flavour. Hardly a week elapses that does not give birth to as many different volumes of verses as there are days in the week. But then there is little that is good; much that *was* imagination, and much that might have passed for poetry when verse was in its infancy among us. Much of that clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme—that cuckoo kind of verse which palls upon the mind and really disgusts you with verse of a higher character. But now we look, and justly too, for something more. Whilst we invite others we can no more excel than he that sails by others' maps can make a new discovery. All the old dishes of the ancients have been new heated and new set forth *usque ad* — But we forbear. People look for something more than schoolboy commonplaces and thoughts at second-hand, and novelties and nothing more, without a single grain of salt to savour the tun of unmeaningness which they carry with them. It is no easy matter to become a poet,—

"Consules sunt quotannis, et novi proconsules,
Sclus aut rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur;"

or, as the old Water-poet phrased it,—

"When Heaven intends to do some mighty thing
He makes a poet, or at least—a king."

South was of opinion that the composition of an epigram was the next great difficulty to an epic poem.

"And South beheld that master-piece of man."

Coxcombs who consider the composition of a song an easy matter should set themselves down, as Burns says, and try. Ask Tommy Moore how many days and nights he has given to a single stanza in an Irish melody? Ask Sam Rogers how long he has spent over the composition of a couplet in *An Epistle to a*

Friend; or Wordsworth how long he has laboured with a sonnet; or Bowles—yes, ask the Vicar of Bremhill, if he does not owe the bright finish of his verse as much to pains as happiness? Dryden toiled for a fortnight over his *Alexander's Feast*, and yet he wrote with ease—not the ease of the mob of gentlemen ridiculed by Pope, but with great fluency of idea and great mastery of expression. Good things are not knocked off at a heat—for a long jump there must be a very long run, and a long preparatory training too. There is no saying, "I will be a poet." Only consider not the long apprenticeship alone, but the long servitude which the muse requires from those who would invoke her rightly.

"In a poet no kind of knowledge is to be overlooked; to a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful and whatever is dreadful must be familiar to his imagination; he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, the meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety, for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of religious truth, and he who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction."*

Every one remembers (poets themselves perhaps excepted) the long course of study and preparation which Milton laid down for himself before he stripped for the *Paradise Lost*. And yet one would hardly think, on first reflection, that any course of preparation was necessary for the poet of *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, and the *Hymn on the Nativity of Christ*. But Milton fully understood the height of his great argument, and how unequalled with every lengthened preparation he must be to record it rightly. But people (not poets) start epics nowadays without any kind of consideration. No subject is too great for them. *Satan*, *Chaos*, *The Messiah*, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, *the Fall of Nineveh*, *The World before the Flood*. One shudders at the very idea of subjects so sublime taken up as holiday recreations by would-be

poets, without the vision and the faculty divine, or any other merit (if merit it may be called) than the mere impudence of daring:—

"When will men learn but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference 'twixt the jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heaven's gates with her bright hoofs?"—BEN JONSON.

Benjamin West, the painter, trafficked with subjects of the same sublime description. And in what way? "Without expression, fancy, or design;" without genius and without art. People forget, or choose to forget, that *subject* alone is not sufficient for a poem. Look at Burns's "Mouse" or Wordsworth's "Peter Bell," or Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," or Gainsborough's "Cottager" with a dish of cream. It is the treatment which ennobles. But there is no driving this into some people's ears. Big with the swollen ambition of securing a footing on the sun-bright summits of Parnassus, they plume themselves on borrowed wings and bladders of their own, and after a world of ink, a world of big *ideas*, and a copied invocation, they struggle to ascend, and pant and toil to the end of an epic in as many books as the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. Would that your Robert Montgomerys, your Edwin Atherstones, and sundry such who understand the art of sinking in the low profound—would that they would reflect for five minutes on what an epic poem really is! And what it is, and ought to be, glorious John Dryden tells us in a very few words. "A heroic poem," he says, "truly such, is undoubtedly the greatest work which the soul of man is capable to perform." And so it is.

"A work," says Milton, "not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the fire of whom he pleases."

* Rasselas.

And yet Murray and Moxon are troubled once a-week, at the least, with the offer of a new epic, for a certain sum—so run the terms—or, in case of declining that, for half profits. As if epics were blackberries, and men sought fame as Smith O'Brien seeks reputation—by an impertinent folly of their own! But "Fools rush in," and there will still be poetasters—Blackmore and his brethren—in spite of critics, hard words, and something harder still—contemptuous neglect.

Few live to see their fame established on a firm and unalterable foundation. The kind criticisms of friends conspire at times to give a false position to a poem, or the malice of enemies unite to obtain for it one equally undeserved. Who now reads Hayley? How many are there in the position of Gascoigne and Churchyard as described by old Michael Drayton?—

"Accounted were great meterers many
a day,
But not inspired with bravefire; had they
Lived but a little longer they had seen
Their works before them to have buried
been."

That "lived but a little longer!" It is well they didn't. How will it be with the poets of the past generation two hundred years from this? They cannot possibly go down "complete." There must be a weeding. Fancy Sir Walter Scott in twelve volumes, Byron in ten, Southey in ten, Moore in ten, Wordsworth in six—to say nothing of Campbell in two volumes, Rogers in two, and Shelley in four. The poets of the last generation form a library of themselves. And if poetry is multiplied hereafter at the same rate, we shall want fresh shelves, fresh patience, and a new lease of life, for three-score and ten of scriptural existence is far too short to get acquainted with the past and keep up our intimacy with the present. The literature of the last fifty years is a study of itself—Scott's novels, Scott's poetry, Scott's Miscellanies, and Scott's Life! Then of the present, there are the daily papers, the weekly journals, the monthly magazines, the daily reviews, all of which we

are expected to have a fair passing acquaintance with. There is Mr. Dickens's last book on the table, which I have not as yet had time to read, and old Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* by its side, coaxing me to renew a youthful acquaintance with its pages; and there are *Tristram Shandy*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, and dear delightful *Amelia*, which I fain would read again, but cannot, I fear, for want of time. Only observe the dust on that fine Froissart on my shelves, and that noble old copy of Ben Jonson's works in folio, with a mark, I could swear, in the third act of the *Alchemist* or the *Silent Woman*. There is no keeping pace with the present while we pay any thing like due attention to the past. I pity that man who reads Albert Smith who never read *Parthenissa*; but perhaps he pities me because I am indifferently up in the writer he admires. How people are cut off from the full literary enjoyments of this life who never read "Munro his Expedition," or the Duchess of Newcastle's *Life of the Duke her husband*, or Tom Brown, or Ned Ward, or Roger L'Estrange, or Tom Coryat, or "the works sixty-three in number" of old John Taylor, the sculler on the Thames!

We wish for poets who will write when Nature and their full thoughts bid them, and are not exacting when we look for more than one sprig of laurel to grace a garland. We have already enough of would-be poets—Augustus Cæsar, King James I., Cardinal Richelieu, the great Lord Clarendon, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke, the famous Lord Chatham; but poetry is what old George Chapman calls it,—a flower of the sun, which disdains to open to the eye of a candle.

"No power the muses favour can command.
What Richelieu wanted Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, and wish'd in vain."

Your "rich ill poets are without excuse."* "Your verses, good sir, are no poems, they'll not hinder your rising in the state."† "Tis ridiculous for a lord to print verses; 'tis

* Lord Roscommon.

† Ben Jonson.

well enough to make them to please himself, but to make them public is foolish."* People affect to think that the same talents and application which raised Lord Mansfield to the highest honour of the gown, would, had they been turned to the study of poetry, have raised him to as high a position in the catalogue of our poets. 'Tis pretty enough when told in verse—

"How many an Ovid was in Murray
lost;"

yet we are inclined to think that there is very little in it, and that Wordsworth is nearer the mark, who says of self-communing and unrecorded men,—

"Oh, many are the poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest
gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,
Yet wanting the accomplishment of
verse."

But this one word "accomplishment" implies a good deal more than mere dexterity and ease—culture and the inspiring aid of books,

"Pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd
words,
And all the graces a good ear affords."

For words are in poetry what colours are in painting, and the music of numbers is not to be matched or done without. Look at Donne. Would not Donne's Satires, which abound with so much wit, appear more charming if he had taken care of his words and of his numbers? Whereas his verse is now—if verse it may be called—

"A kind of hobbling prose,
Which limps along and tinkles in
the close."

There goes much more to the composition of even a third-rate poet than rhymesters at first are willing to allow, for to nature, exercise, imitation, study, art must be added to make all these perfect,—*οὐκ ἔστι φύσις ἁπλοῦς ἀρτιότης, οὐκ ἔστι τῆς φύσεως ἀρτιότης*—Without art nature can never be perfect, and without nature art can claim no being.

One of Boswell's recorded conversations with the great hero of his

admiration was on the subject of a collection being made of all the poems of all the English poets who had published a volume of poems.

"Johnson told me," he says, "that a Mr. Coxeter, whom he knew, had gone the greatest length towards this, having collected about 500 volumes of poets whose works were little known; but that upon his death Tom Osborne bought them, and they were dispersed, which he thought a pity, as it was curious to see any series complete, and in every volume of poems something good may be found."

This was a kindly criticism, uttered in the good nature of an easy moment, hardly applicable to the volumes of verse we see published now. Surely there are many put forth without a redeeming stanza or passage to atone for the dry desert of a thousand lines through which the critic is doomed to wander in quest of beauties which he fain would find. Surely Coxeter's collection contained a very large number of one-idea'd volumes! We could have helped him from our own shelves to a very fair collection of verse printed before 1747, when this "curious" collector died, full of the most trivial nothingnesses. For a little volume of verse of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, said to be unique, or nearly so, Mr. Miller has been known to give twenty guineas or more, and think himself lucky that he has been let off thus easily. Some of these twenty-guinea volumes we have had the curiosity to look into. Poetry there is none; nothing more, indeed, than the mere similitude of verse. Songs, differing from sonnets because the lines are shorter, and sonnets, only to be recognised as such from the fourteen lines which the writer, in compliance with custom, has prudently confined them to.

"Authors, like coins, grow dear as they
grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold."

It is curious, however, to see any collection complete; and Mr. Miller is to be praised for his unceasing endeavours to make his collection of English poetry (literally so called) as complete as possible.

The poet of the *Irish Melodies* made an observation when at Abbot'sford, too curious to be passed over in a paper of this description, when we consider the merit of the remark itself, the rank of the poet who made it, and the reputation of the poet who responded to its truth:—

"Hardly a magazine is now published," said Moore, "that does not contain verses which, some thirty years ago, would have made a reputation."

Scott turned with a look of shrewd humour on his friend, as if chuckling over his own success, and said,—

"Ecce, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows!" and added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, "we have, like Boabdil, taught them to beat us at our own weapons."

There cannot be a doubt but that the poetry of the present day is of that mediocre level of description which neither pleases nor offends; and that much of it, if published sixty years ago, or even thirty years ago, would have secured for more than one writer a high reputation at the time, and possibly a place in Chalmers' collected edition of our *British Poets*. Such a reputation as Miss Seward achieved, or Hayley, or Oram, or Headley, or Hurdis:—

"Fame then was cheap, and the first comers sped;
And they have kept it since by being dead."—DRYDEN.

There was a time when a single poem, nay, a decent epigram, procured a niche for its writer in the temple of our poetry; but these times are gone by, inundated as we now are with verses of one particular level of merit, as flat as the waste of Cumberland, and equally unprofitable; so that the poet, ambitious of a high reputation in our letters, must make it upon something that is completely novel; and there, as Scott remarked, will rest the only chance of an extended reputation.

Poetry has become an easy art, and people have been taught to pump poetry without a Gildon or a Shakespeare to aid their labours. Wakley laughed in the House of Commons at the Poetry of Wordsworth, and the senators who surround him at the happy imitation of the great

poet of his time. Verse has become an extempore kind of art, a thing to be assumed when wanted; and O'Connell can throw off at a heat a clever parody upon Dryden's famous epigram; as if, like Theodore Hook, he had served an apprenticeship to the art of happy imitation. That the bulk of the so-called poetry of the present day—"nonsense, well tuned and sweet stupidity"—is injurious to a proper estimation of the true-born poets who still exist, there cannot be a doubt; that it is injurious, moreover, to the advancement of poetry among us, is, I think, equally the case. Poetry, in the highest sense of the word, was never better understood, though never, perhaps, less cultivated than it is now. Criticism has taken a high stand; and when the rage for rhyme has fairly exhausted itself, nature will revive among us, and we shall have a new race of poets to uphold, if not to eclipse, the glories of the old. There are many still among us to repeat without any kind of braggart in their blood:—

"O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wilde yrie twine,
How could I reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage."
SPENSER.

When poetry was all but extinct among us, Cowper and Burns came forward to revive the drooping Muse, and shew us, unmistakeably enough, that men and studies may decay, but Nature never dies.

There is little reason to suppose that the great poet of the *Excursion* is likely to remain more than a few years among us; for though, thank God, in health and vigour, and as fond of poetry as ever, he has outlived by the period of an apprenticeship, the threescore years and ten, the Scriptural limitation of the life of man. When Wordsworth dies, there will be a new Session of the poets for the office of poet-laureate. To whom will the lord-chamberlain assign the laurel, honoured and disgraced by a variety of wearers? To whom will the unshorn deity assign it? There may be a difference of opinion between the poet's God and

the court lord-chamberlain; there have been differences heretofore, or else Shadwell and Tate, Eusden and Cibber, Whitehead and Pye, had never succeeded to the laurels of famous Ben Jonson and glorious John Dryden. Who are your young and our rising poets likely to become claimants, and to have their case considered by Phœbus Apollo in the new session he must summon before very long?—

"A session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say;
The laurel that had been so long reserved,
Was now to be given to him best deserved."

And,

Therefore, the wits of the town came
thither,
'T was strange to see how they flock'd
together;
Each strongly confident of his own way,
Thought to carry the laurel away that
day."

How Suckling would put them forward, we must leave to the fancy of the reader. We can do very little more than enumerate the names of candidates likely to be present on the occasion. We can conceive their entry somewhat after the following manner. A herald, followed by an attendant with a tray of epics from *Nineveh* at twelve shillings to *Orion* at a farthing, and the authors arranged pretty nearly as follows:—Atherstone first (as the favourite poet of Lord Jeffrey's later lucubrations); Robert Montgomery, 2; Heraud, 3; Read, 4; Horne, 5; and Ben Disraeli, 6. To the epic portion of the candidates the dramatists will succeed, fresh from Sadler's Wells and the Surrey, and led by Talfourd and Bulwer, and followed by Mr. Marston, Mr. Trowton, Mr. Henry Taylor, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Spicer; Jerrold representing comedy, without a fellow to rival or support him. Then will follow the ballad-writers; Macaulay by himself, and Smythe and Lord John Manners walking like the Babes in the Wood together. To the trio will succeed Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning, Monckton Milnes, Charles Mackay, and Coventry Patmore, followed by a galaxy of ladies for the gallery, led by Mrs. Norton and Miss Barrett;

with Camilla Toulmin, with a bunch of flowers; Frances Brown, with a number of the *Athenæum*; Eliza Cook, with Mr. Cayley's commendation; Miss Costello, with a Persian rose; and Mrs. Ogilvy, with her quarto volume of minstrelsy from the North. We can fancy Apollo's confusion at the number; and should in some measure be inclined to abide by his opinion, should he give the laurel at the end, as Suckling has made him, to an alderman of London:

"He openly declared that 't was the best
sign
Of good store of wit to have good store
of coin;
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put the laurel on the alderman's
head."

At this all the wits were in such a maze,
That for a good while they did nothin';
but gaze
One upon another, not a man in the place
But had discontent writ in great in his
face."

"Only," and how admirable the wit
is:—

"Only the small poets clear'd up again,
Out of hope, as 't was thought, of borrow-
ing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits
his crown,
When he lends any poet about the town."

"O rare Sir John Suckling!"

Is Alfred Tennyson a poet? His merits divide the critics. With some people he is every thing, with others he is little or nothing. Betwixt the extremes of admiration and malice, it is hard to judge uprightly of the living. The zeal of his friends is too excessive to be prudent, the indifference of his enemies too studied to be sincere. He is unquestionably a poet, in thought, language, and in numbers. But the *New Timon* tells us he is not a poet; Peel tells us that he is, and gives him a pension of 200*l.* a-year to raise him above the exigencies of the world. But the satirist has dropped his condemnation from the third edition of his poem, and the pension still continues to be paid. Is it, therefore, deserved? We think it is, not from what Mr. Tennyson has as yet performed, but what he has shewn himself capable of

forming. His poems are, in some respects, an accession to our literature. He has the right stuff in him, and he may yet do more; but unless it is better than what he has already done, he had better withhold it. His admirers—and he will never be without “the few”—will always augur well of after-performances (though never realised) from what has gone before, and attribute to indolence and a pension what from fear and inability he was unable to accomplish. His detractors, on the other hand, will have little to lay hold of; they may flatter themselves with having frightened him into silence, but their liking for his verses will warm as they grow older. He has nothing, however, to fear, if he writes nobly from himself, and the Muse is willing and consenting. Great works—

‘A work t’ outwear Seth’s pillars, brick
and stone,
And (Holy Writ excepted) made to yield
to none.’—DR. DOWNE.

appear too rarely to raise expectation that this or that person is likely to produce one. It is near 200 years since Milton began to prune his wings for the great epic of his age and nation; and what has our poetry produced since then in any way approaching what Milton accomplished? Much that is admirable, and much that will live as long as Milton himself, but nothing of the same stamp, for though Scott may affect to speak of *Manfred* as a poem wherein Byron “matched Milton upon his own ground,” yet we all of us pretty well know otherwise; and that the Muse of Byron is as inferior to *Paradise Lost*, as the *Farmer’s Boy* to *The Seasons*; or any of the great dramatists of the age of Shakspeare to Shakspeare himself.

Before Mr. Tennyson tries the temper of the public for a third time (which we hope he will do, and before very many years go by), it behoves him to consider the structure of his verse and the pauses of his ‘bers a little more maturely than hitherto done. It behoves moreover, to rub off a few afons of style, the besetting sin

of too many of his verses, and too often mistaken, by the young especially, for one of the marks of originality, and not for what it is—one of its peculiarities; and, what is more, a very bad peculiarity both in matter and in manner. Coleridge understood the deficiencies of Mr. Tennyson’s Muse when he uttered the following capital criticism upon him:—

“I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson’s poems, which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in that I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses; but to deal in new metres without considering what metre means and requires, is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes of success, prescribe to Tennyson—indeed without it he can never be a poet in art—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres; such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octosyllabic measure of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. He would probably thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan some of his verses.”

This is something more than a clever criticism on the Muse of Mr. Tennyson; it is a most admirable piece of advice, and deserves to be remembered. Tennyson, and Browning, and Miss Barrett, should act upon it forthwith; they would improve their numbers very materially by such an exercise of their ears. Coleridge’s own poetry is a lasting exemplification of the rhythmical charms of English verse. He never offends you—he always pleases:—

“His musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,”
that every verse he wrote will satisfy the ear and satisfy the fingers.

A second critic of distinction who has passed judgement on Mr. Tennyson is Mr. Leigh Hunt, always an agreeable and not unfrequently a safe critic to abide by:—

"Alfred Tennyson," writes Mr. Hunt, "is of the school of Keats; that is to say, it is difficult not to see that Keats has been a great deal in his thoughts; and that he delights in the same brooding over his sensations, and the same melodious enjoyment of their expression. In his desire to communicate this music he goes so far as to accent the final syllables in his participles passive; as *pleachéd, crownéd, purple-spikéd, &c.*; with visible printer's marks, which subjects him but erroneously to a charge of pedantry; though it is a nicety not complimentary to the reader, and of which he may as well get rid. Much, however, as he reminds us of Keats, his genius is his own. He would have written poetry, had his precursor written none; and he has also a vein of metaphysical subtlety, in which the other did not indulge, as may be seen by his verses entitled 'A Character,' those 'On the Confessions of a Sensitive Mind,' and numerous others. He is also a great lover of a certain home kind of landscape, which he delights to paint with a minuteness that in 'The Moated Grange' becomes affecting; and, in 'The Miller's Daughter,' would remind us of the Dutch school, if it were not mixed up with the same deep feeling, varied with a pleasant joviality. Mr. Tennyson has yet given no such evidence of sustained and broad power as that of 'Hyperion,' nor even of such gentler narrative as the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and the poem of 'Lamia' and 'Isabella,' but the materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him."

This is criticism in full accordance with the kindlier sympathies of our own nature; but much of the weight and value of it must depend on the rank the reader is willing to assign to Mr. Keats. It is, however, intended as a very high encomium; Mr. Hunt appropriating a place in our poetry to Keats which I am afraid he will find very few willing to concede to him.

Our poetry is in a very sorry kind of plight if it has to depend upon Tennyson and Browning for the hereditary honours of its existence. The *Examiner* will tell us "No!" The *Athenæum* will do the same; papers remarkable for the vigour of their articles, the excellence of their occasional criticism, and the general asperity of their manner. A page out of every ten in Her-

rick's "Hesperides" is more certain of an hereafter than any one dramatic romance or lyric in all the "Bells and Pomegranates" of Mr. Browning. Not but what Mr. Browning is a poet. He is unquestionably a poet; but his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally from it, and his numbers at times are overlaid with affectation, the common conceit of men who affect to tell common things in an uncommon manner. He clogs his verses, moreover, with too many consonants and too many monosyllables, and carries the sense too frequently in a very ungraceful manner from one line to the other. Here is a passage from the seventh number of his "Bells and Pomegranates," which it really is a torture to read:—

"But to-day not a boat reached Salerno,
So back to a man
Came our friends, with whose help in the
vineyards
Grape harvest began:
In the vat half-way up in our house-side,
Like blood the juice spins,
While your brother all bare-legged is
dancing
Till breathless he grins,
Dead-beaten, in effort on effort
To keep the grapes under;
For still when he seems all but master,
In pours the fresh plunder
From girls who keep coming and going
With basket on shoulder,
And eyes shut against the rain's driving,
Your girls that are older,—
For under the hedges of aloe,
And where, on its bed
Of the orchard's black mould, the love-
apple
Lies pulpy and red,
All the young ones are kneeling and
filling
Their laps with the snails
Tempted out by the first rainy weather,—
Your best of regales,
As to-night will be proved to my sorrow,
When, supping in state,
We shall feast our grape-gleaners—two
dozen,
Three over one plate,—
Macaroni so tempting to swallow
In slippery strings,
And gourds fried in great purple slices,
That colour of kings,—
Meantime, see the grape-bunch they've
brought you!

The rain-water slips
O'er the heavy blue bloom on each globe
Which the wasp to your lips
Still follows with fretful persistence—

Nay, taste while awake,
This half of a curd-white smooth cheese-
ball,

That peels, flake by flake,
Like an onion's each smoother and whiter !

Next sip this weak wine
From the thin green glass flask, with its
stopper,

A leaf of the vine,—
And end with the prickly-pear's red flesh,
That leaves through its juice

The stony black seeds on your pearl-teeth
. . . Scirocco is loose !

Hark ! the quick pelt of the olives

Which, thick in one's track,
Tempt the stranger to pick up and bite
them,

Though not yet half black !
And how their old twisted trunks shud-
der !

The medlars let fall
Their hard fruit ; the brittle great fig-
trees

Snap off, figs and all ;
For here comes the whole of the tempest !

No refuge but creep
Back again to my side or my shoulder,
And listen or asleep."

This may be poetry, but it is
poetry in the raw material ; for the
numbers are those of a scranell pipe,
and such as Cadmus alone could
pronounce when in the state of a
serpent. This which follows is the
mere twaddle of a Cockney at Calais
or Cologne :—

" Home-Thoughts from Abroad.

" Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there,
And who wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-
wood sheaf

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard
bough

In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the
swallows—

Hark ! where my blossom'd pear-tree in
the hedge

Leans to the field and scatters on the
clover

And dewdrops, at the bent
hay's edge.

The wise thrush ; he sings each
wing twice over,

Howd think he never could re-
figure

Such careless rapture !

And though the fields are rough with
hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes
anew

The buttercups, the little children's dower,
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-
flower !"

This is very inferior to Ambrose
Philips, who acquired the distinction
of Namby Pamby for similar verse,
e.g. his "*Lines to Cuzzoni*," which
Charles Lamb had got by heart.
Here is something infinitely better,
and by a living poet, one of the
props our poetry depends on, and a
member of parliament withal—Mr.
Richard Monckton Milnes :—

" The Violet Girl.

" When fancy will continually rehearse
Some painful scene once present to the
eye,

'Tis well to mould it into gentle verse,
That it may lighter on the spirit lie.

Home yestern eve I wearily returned,
Though bright my morning mood and
short my way,

But sad experience in one moment earned,
Can crush the heap'd enjoyments of
the day.

Passing the corner of a populous street,
I mark'd a girl whose wont it was to
stand,

With pallid cheek, torn gown, and naked
feet,

And bunches of fresh violets in each
hand.

There her small commerce in the chill
March weather

She plied with accents miserably mild ;
It was a frightful thought to set together
Those blooming blossoms and that
fading child.

Those luxuries and largesse of the earth,
Beauty and pleasure to the sense of
man,

And this poor sorry weed cast loosely
forth

On Life's wild waste to struggle as it
can !

To me that odorous purple ministers
Hope-bearing memories and inspiring
glee,

While meanest images alone are here,
The sordid wants of base humanity.

Think after all this lapse of hungry hours,
In the disfurnish'd chamber of dim
cold,

How she must loathe the very smiling
flowers

That on the squalid table lie unsold !

Rest on your woodland banks and wither
there,
Sweet preluders of spring ! far better so,
Than live misused to fill the grasp of care,
And serve the piteous purposes of woe.

Ye are no longer Nature's gracious gift,
Yourselves so much and harbingers of
more,
But a most bitter irony to lift
The veil that hides our vilest mortal
sore."

Si sic omnia dirisset ! This is
poetry in all languages ; it is like
mercury, never to be lost or killed.

There is a passage in one of Lady
Mary Wortley Montague's letters to
her daughter which still continues to
excite a smile on the lips of every
reader,—

"The study of English poetry is a
more important part of a woman's edu-
cation than it is generally supposed.
Many a young damsel has been ruined by
a fine copy of verses, which she would
have laughed at if she had known it had
been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remem-
ber, when I was a girl, I saved one of
my companions from destruction, who
communicated to me an epistle she was
quite charmed with. As she had natu-
rally a good taste, she observed the lines
were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's,
but had more thought and spirit than any
of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted
with such a demonstration of her lover's
sense and passion, and not a little pleased
with her own charms that had force
enough to inspire such elegancies. In
this triumph I shewed her that they
were taken from Randolph's poems, and
the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed
with the scorn he deserved."*

The reason assigned for the study
of English poetry by English ladies,
is truly characteristic of Lady Mary
and of the female mind. A lady is
to read through every volume of
verse, and remember what she reads,
to see that her lover writes his own
valentine. Ye gods, should one
swear to the truth of a song ! If a
woman will marry a poet, she had
better go through the course of study
Lady Mary recommends. Not that
she is safe to secure a poet to herself
after a very long life of study. How
few read Randolph, and yet he is a
very fine poet. Lady Mary might
have taken a copy of verses from

Randolph to every female writer of
the day, and passed them off for the
production of a young, a handsome,
and a rising writer, and no one would
have set her right, or detected the
imposition that was passed upon her.
We are afraid we must recommend
the study of our early English poets
to English ladies on some other
ground than the chance detection of
a lover pleading his passion in the
poetry of another under pretence of
its being his own. Not that we have
any particular predilection for "ro-
manical ladies," as the dear old
Duchess of Newcastle calls them,
or girls with their heads stuffed full
of passionate passages ; but we should
like to see a more prevalent taste for
what is good, for poetry that is really
excellent ; and this we feel assured is
only to be effected by a careful con-
sideration of our elder poets, who
have always abundance of meaning
in them. It is no use telling young
ladies that Mr. Bunn's poetry is not
poetry, but only something that looks
very like it and reads very unlike it :
The words run sweetly to the piano ;
there is a kind of pretty meaning in
what they convey, and the music is
pleasing. What more would you
want ? Why every thing. But
then, as we once heard a young lady
remark with great good sense and
candour (and her beauty gave an
additional relish to what she said),
these unmeaning songs are so much
easier to sing. Your fine old songs,
so full of poetry and feeling, require
a similar feeling in the singer, and
young ladies are too frequently only
sentimental, and not equal to the
task of doing justice to passionate
poetry conveyed in music equally
passionate, and where they can do
justice to it they refuse because it
is not fashionable to be passionate,
and it really disturbs and disorders
one to be so, and in mixed society,
"above all."

It cannot be concealed that we
have never been so well off for lady-
poets as we are at present. Only
run the eye over Mr. Dyce's octavo
volume of *Specimens of British Poet-
esses*, and compare the numerical
excellencies of the past with the nu-
merous productions of the present

* Letters by Lord Wharncliffe, 2d edit. iii. 44.

day! A few specimens of the elder poetesses—such as the “Nocturnal Reverie,” and “The Atheist and the Acorn,” both by the Countess of Winchelsea, it would be very difficult to surpass, or even, perhaps, to equal; but in the general qualifications for poetry, both natural and acquired, the ladies, since Charlotte Smith, far surpass their female predecessors. Mrs. Norton is said to be the Byron of our modern poetesses. “She has very much of that intense personal passion,” says the *Quarterly Reviewer*, “by which Byron’s poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and Nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron’s beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong, practical thought, and his forceful expression.” This is high praise. “Let us suggest, however,” says the *Athenæum*, “that, in the present state of critical opinion, the compliment is somewhat equivocal, it being hard to decide whether it implies a merit or a defect.” If Mrs. Norton is an eminently thoughtful writer, Miss Barrett is still more so. She is the most learned of our lady-writers, reads Æschylus and Euripides in the originals with the ease of Porson or of Parr, yet relies upon her own mother-wit and feelings when she writes,—

“Nor with Ben Jonson will make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.”

If Mrs. Norton is the Byron, Mrs. Southey is said to be the Cowper of our modern poetesses. But it would be idle to prolong comparisons. Whatever we may think of our living poets, we have every reason to be proud of our living poetesses.

We will conclude with an anecdote. A charming article appeared about six years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled “Modern English Poetesses.” It was written, we believe, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and is full of cautious but kindly criticism. The conclusion is worth quotation:—

“Meleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneless line?”

1. Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love Lies a Bleeding*.

2. Miss Barrett must be *Greek Vallerian* or *Ladder to Heaven*, or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*.

3. Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-Flower* confessed.

4. Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.

5. Lady Emmeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.

6. Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Tassel*.

7. The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Belle*.

8. V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.

9. And the authoress of ‘*Phantasmion*’ is *Heart’s-Ease*.”

The complimentary nature of the criticism drew a world of trouble upon John Murray, the well-known publisher of the *Quarterly*. He was inundated with verse. Each of the nine in less than a week offered him a volume,—some on easy terms, some at an advanced price. He received letters, he received calls, and, worse still, volumes of MS. verse. But the friendly character of the criticism was not confined in its influence to the nine reviewed; parcels of verse from all parts of the country were sent to receive an *imprimatur* at Albemarle Street. Some were tied with white tape, some were sewn with violet riband, and a few, in a younger hand, with Berlin wool. “I wished,” Mr. Murray has been heard to relate, “ten thousand times over that the article had never been written. I had a great deal of trouble with the ladies who never appeared before; and, while I declined to publish for the *Nine*, succeeded in flattering their vanity by assuring them that they had already done enough for fame, having written as much or more than Collins, Gray, or Goldsmith, whose reputations rested on a foundation too secure to be disturbed.” This deserves to be remembered.

IN common with all right-minded persons, we are glad to perceive that the attention of the public and of the government, seems at length to be directed in earnest towards the introduction into the army of an improved system of moral and intellectual discipline. That the army well deserves this care for its best interests, nobody who is conversant with the events of the last half century can doubt. Not to speak of the important service performed by our troops during the perilous season when England was at war with the most powerful nations in the world; not to revert to their sufferings in the Netherlands under the late Duke of York; their endurance in Holland; their valour in Egypt; their patience amid the pestilential swamps of St. Domingo, and under the burning suns of the far East; not to dwell too much upon their triumphs in the Peninsula, their losses in America, and the crowning glories of Waterloo, whereby peace was purchased for Europe, which has continued unbroken more than thirty years,—we have only to consider the amount and nature of the duties which at this moment the country imposes upon its army, and we shall be convinced at once that, let us deal with our soldiers as generously as we may, we cannot come up to their deservings, far less go beyond them.

In the history of the world there has never been heard of an armed force out of which the nation that kept it together took so much. We really seem to believe—as Nelson professed to believe before us—that one Englishman is worth three men of any other nation, not in the battlefield exclusively, as was his view of the case, but in the still more harassing struggle which all soldiers, more or less sustain against exposure to climate, watching, and strong temptation. So far from assenting to the opinions of the Continentals concerning us, that “we are not a military nation” we seem to be of opinion, that there is a spirit so essentially military inherent in every man from within the compass of the three kingdoms, that whatever you

set him to in the order of a soldier's calling and duties, he will accomplish it,—ay, and accomplish well, without any previous training. Consider how our battalions are dissipated and scattered at home, and harassed by severe colonial duty. It is the rarest thing in the world to find, except at one or two points, as much as a whole regiment of infantry together, either in Great Britain or Ireland; and taking into account their progresses from colony to colony, perhaps there is not a soldier in the British army that does not spend a full tenth part of the period of his service on board of ship. And as to service in the colonies, very many, indeed almost all of which, try the constitutions of Englishmen severely—it absorbs on the most moderate computation something more than three-fourths of the soldier's time under arms; if he be sent to India or New South Wales early in his career, it probably absorbs the whole. For the empire of the Queen of England is at once the most extensive and the most populous that ever existed among men; and she holds it against foreign enemies, and preserves peace among its heterogeneous inhabitants by means of an army scarcely more numerous than Austria employs to secure the allegiance of her Italian and Hungarian provinces.

There is no boon which this country has to bestow, but that the army by the extent and importance of its services has earned it. For the sake of the soldiers themselves, therefore, we heartily rejoice that there appears to be some prospect of getting a solid education introduced into the regiments generally, and the barracks in which the men are stationed rendered fit for rational beings to occupy. These, things, when they are accomplished, will indeed contribute to the soldier's respectability as well as to his comforts. They will cause him to respect himself. They will create in him tastes for higher pleasures than those which spring out of mere animal gratifications. They will save him from many an act of folly, and its necessary result of suffering; and, above all, they will provide for him

day! A few specimens of the elder poetesses—such as the “Nocturnal Reverie,” and “The Atheist and the Acorn,” both by the Countess of Winchelsea, it would be very difficult to surpass, or even, perhaps, to equal; but in the general qualifications for poetry, both natural and acquired, the ladies, since Charlotte Smith, far surpass their female predecessors. Mrs. Norton is said to be the Byron of our modern poetesses. “She has very much of that intense personal passion,” says the Quarterly Reviewer, “by which Byron’s poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and Nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron’s beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong, practical thought, and his forceful expression.” This is high praise. “Let us suggest, however,” says the *Athenæum*, “that, in the present state of critical opinion, the compliment is somewhat equivocal, it being hard to decide whether it implies a merit or a defect.” If Mrs. Norton is an eminently thoughtful writer, Miss Barrett is still more so. She is the most learned of our lady-writers, reads Æschylus and Euripides in the originals with the ease of Porson or of Parr, yet relies upon her own mother-wit and feelings when she writes,—

“Nor with Ben Jonson will make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.”

If Mrs. Norton is the Byron, Mrs. Southey is said to be the Cowper of our modern poetesses. But it would be idle to prolong comparisons. Whatever we may think of our living poets, we have every reason to be proud of our living poetesses.

We will conclude with an anecdote. A charming article appeared about six years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled “Modern English Poetesses.” It was written, we believe, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and is full of cautious but kindly criticism. The conclusion is worth quotation:—

“Meleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneless line?”

1. Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love Lies a Bleeding*.

2. Miss Barrett must be *Greek Valerian* or *Ladder to Heaven*, or, if she please, *Wild Angelica*.

3. Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-Flower* confessed.

4. Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.

5. Lady Emmeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.

6. Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Teasel*.

7. The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Belle*.

8. V. is a *Violet*, with her leaves heart-shaped.

9. And the authoress of ‘Phantasmion’ is *Heart’s-Ease*.”

The complimentary nature of the criticism drew a world of trouble upon John Murray, the well-known publisher of the *Quarterly*. He was inundated with verse. Each of the nine in less than a week offered him a volume,—some on easy terms, some at an advanced price. He received letters, he received calls, and, worse still, volumes of MS. verse. But the friendly character of the criticism was not confined in its influence to the nine reviewed; parcels of verse from all parts of the country were sent to receive an *imprimatur* at Albemarle Street. Some were tied with white tape, some were sewn with violet riband, and a few, in a younger hand, with Berlin wool. “I wished,” Mr. Murray has been heard to relate, “ten thousand times over that the article had never been written. I had a great deal of trouble with the ladies who never appeared before; and, while I declined to publish for the Nine, succeeded in flattering their vanity by assuring them that they had already done enough for fame, having written as much or more than Collins, Gray, or Goldsmith, whose reputations rested on a foundation too secure to be disturbed.” This deserves to be remembered.

EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.

IN common with all right-minded persons, we are glad to perceive that the attention of the public and of the government, seems at length to be directed in earnest towards the introduction into the army of an improved system of moral and intellectual discipline. That the army well deserves this care for its best interests, nobody who is conversant with the events of the last half century can doubt. Not to speak of the important service performed by our troops during the perilous season when England was at war with the most powerful nations in the world; not to revert to their sufferings in the Netherlands under the late Duke of York; their endurance in Holland; their valour in Egypt; their patience amid the pestilential swamps of St. Domingo, and under the burning suns of the far East; not to dwell too much upon their triumphs in the Peninsula, their losses in America, and the crowning glories of Waterloo, whereby peace was purchased for Europe, which has continued unbroken more than thirty years,—we have only to consider the amount and nature of the duties which at this moment the country imposes upon its army, and we shall be convinced at once that, let us deal with our soldiers as generously as we may, we cannot come up to their deservings, far less go beyond them.

In the history of the world there has never been heard of an armed force out of which the nation that kept it together took so much. We really seem to believe—as Nelson professed to believe before us—that one Englishman is worth three men of any other nation, not in the battlefield exclusively, as was his view of the case, but in the still more harassing struggle which all soldiers, more or less sustain against exposure to climate, watching, and strong temptation. So far from assenting to the opinions of the Continentals concerning us, that “we are not a military nation” we seem to be of opinion, that there is a spirit so essentially military inherent in every man from within the compass of the three kingdoms, that whatever you

set him to in the order of a soldier's calling and duties, he will accomplish it,—ay, and accomplish well, without any previous training. Consider how our battalions are dissipated and scattered at home, and harassed by severe colonial duty. It is the rarest thing in the world to find, except at one or two points, as much as a whole regiment of infantry together, either in Great Britain or Ireland; and taking into account their progresses from colony to colony, perhaps there is not a soldier in the British army that does not spend a full tenth part of the period of his service on board of ship. And as to service in the colonies, very many, indeed almost all of which, try the constitutions of Englishmen severely—it absorbs on the most moderate computation something more than three-fourths of the soldier's time under arms; if he be sent to India or New South Wales early in his career, it probably absorbs the whole. For the empire of the Queen of England is at once the most extensive and the most populous that ever existed among men; and she holds it against foreign enemies, and preserves peace among its heterogeneous inhabitants by means of an army scarcely more numerous than Austria employs to secure the allegiance of her Italian and Hungarian provinces.

There is no boon which this country has to bestow, but that the army by the extent and importance of its services has earned it. For the sake of the soldiers themselves, therefore, we heartily rejoice that there appears to be some prospect of getting a solid education introduced into the regiments generally, and the barracks in which the men are stationed rendered fit for rational beings to occupy. These, things, when they are accomplished, will indeed contribute to the soldier's respectability as well as to his comforts. They will cause him to respect himself. They will create in him tastes for higher pleasures than those which spring out of mere animal gratifications. They will save him from many an act of folly, and its necessary result of suffering; and above all, they will provide for

resources against the time when his country shall have dispensed with his services, and restored him, an old, and perhaps, a broken-down man, to the town or village whence he was taken. They will fit him, likewise, for such situations as it may be in the contemplation of the government to reserve for him: namely, for one of the inferior offices in the customs, or in the excise, or in the police, or about the post-office. And they will thereby retain him, possibly during some of the best years of his life, available still in case of invasion from abroad, or riot or disturbance at home. Of far more importance to him therefore are they, than even good-conduct stripes, and the increase of pay that accompanies them. For uneducated men are not rendered either the more happy or the more virtuous by the acquisition of superabundant wealth. On the contrary, as soon as you put the unlettered soldier in possession of a larger amount of money than may be required for his subsistence, you throw additional temptations to profligacy in his way. He has no idea of enjoyment beyond that which may be found in the public-house, or the canteen, or the society of loose women; and the consequence is, that he is sure, sooner or later, to be disgraced, or possibly to forfeit not his additional pay alone, but all claim to a pension.

It would be presumptuous in us, after the full and able discussion which this part of the subject has received both in the *Quarterly Review* and in the *Times*, to advert to it except shortly. Yet it does appear that, in spite of the acumen which belongs to our contemporaries, they have not noticed certain parts collateral, perhaps, to the great question, but scarcely on that account less important than the question itself. Of these, one which will occur immediately to the more reflective of our readers is this, that God has not given England the dominion over the fairest portions of the globe for the mere aggrandisement, from an economical point of view, of a ruling power. We are masochists, in order that through the abominations of heathenism we may be rooted out. We are lords of the land and of the islands of the

Caribbean seas, in order that in each of these there may spring up a race of civilised, moral, and religious people. The Polynesian group has come, or is coming into our exclusive possession, to the end that there, also, the seeds of Christianity and of good government may be sown. And in China the crust which had heretofore resisted all pressure from without is broken. Now by what class of person is the intercourse which we establish with the heathen begun? And who are they that, in very many instances, become settlers in the bush and on the prairie? In both cases soldiers are our instruments;—men who have served, or are still serving, in the ranks, who meet the heathen in battle and overthrow them, and, taking military possession of their country, give to them their first and most enduring impression of what the Christian's religion is,—who win them to adopt our manners by the grace and purity that adorn their own, or more and more confirm them in the usages of their fathers by the disgust with which they look upon the white man's excesses. What advantages does not the soldier possess for good if he himself only know what good is, and take pleasure in the performance of it? What an incalculable amount of evil does he not scatter round him, if the people whom he has defeated learn to esteem him, in all things, except in valour, immeasurably their inferiors!

That the powerful effect for moral good or moral evil of the intercourse, be it more or less intimate, which our troops establish with the natives of heathen countries, should have been heretofore overlooked or disregarded by those in high military authority, by no means surprises us. Commanders-in-chief, as well as adjutant and quartermaster generals, naturally assume that they have done their part so soon as they shall have converted some thousands of country bumpkins into smart, active, and well set-up-soldiers. They consider that for this, and only for this, the crown grants them their commissions and the country pays them. They may be anxious, to a certain extent, about the health, and what they consider to be the bodily comforts of the troops, because their

object is to keep the army effective, which it cannot be unless the men be robust, as well as skilful in the use of their weapons and steady on parade. But their anxiety on these heads is far less lively than in regard to the clothing and drill of the men; for they have a medical department to look to, of which it were unfair not to acknowledge that, in point of zeal and intelligence, there is nothing like it attached to any other army in the world. Hence, while they catch at new inventions, such as detonating muskets, and work up old systems of manœuvre till they seem worthy to be called new, they take no thought, or next to none, of the men's quarters, or conveniences for cleanliness, and scout the idea of every thing like an approach to refinement among them. As to the religious opinions of the *blackguards*, or their moral code,—so long as they keep clear of the articles of war, to these things they pay no regard at all, and would, we suspect, pronounce to be insane, or at least enthusiastic, any human being who should hint that the one or the other deserved attention. Now, we may regret this, but we do not at all wonder at it. Commanders-in-chief, and adjutant and quartermaster generals are seldom very young men; they have spent the whole of their days, moreover, in the service, entering it in boyhood with minds marvellously little cultivated, and receiving from day to day only impressions of a particular cast and character. Sixty or seventy years old, or possibly more, they began their professional career at a time when ministers of the crown were not ashamed to declare in parliament that the greatest scoundrels made the best soldiers. They may, or may not, have imbibed this notion; but if they did not imbibe it to the full, they unquestionably believed at the moment—perhaps believe still—that morality and soldiery have no necessary connexion one with the other. How often have we heard it asserted, by officers of standing and experience, that “you don’t want very good men” in the ranks! The sort of fellows to do the work are, according to this theory dare-devil scamps; that is to say, men who part with their own lives, or the lives of others, at a pin’s value—who care neither for God nor man,

except for their own officers and their own regiments—who will plunder and get drunk as often as there is chance of doing so with impunity,—swear, bluster, seek for sweethearts wherever they go, and be up, according to a well-understood phrase, to any thing. Of course, gentlemen who express this opinion speak from their experience of the past. They look back upon great battles fought and won by the materials which they are commending; and forgetting that such materials were moulded and kept in shape by a discipline so iron that it never can be resorted to again, they mistake for a natural advantage that which was rendered not positively disadvantageous only through an extent of pressure which it is no longer in their power to apply. Of course, too, they call to mind that the *dare-devils* were generally clean upon parade, and that they took their corporal punishment, however severe, without flinching. What a hideous subject is that on which we have just touched! Who can bear to think of a period in the military history of his country, when regularly, as each fresh morning occurred, the troops were paraded for punishment, and men and officers stood to witness the humiliating spectacle of the cat-o’-nine-tails? However, we must not dwell upon customs which are happily obsolete, or next to obsolete, in the service. It is enough to have adverted to them, with the single view of shewing, that if times be changed as regards the manner and extent of punishing crime in the army, it were well that some means be invented and applied for the purpose of hindering the commission of crime—a matter which is in truth more important than punishment a thousand-fold.

It was the necessary consequence of opinions and practices such as we have just adverted to, that soldiers should be regarded, both by their officers and by the public, as mere machines. Creatures on whom it was never thought worth while to work by moral influences could not, indeed, be accounted any better than machines. We drilled and trained our troops, fifty years ago, just as we drilled and trained our pointers—the lash. Sergeants, and corporals, always carried cane

of good report; or whether the Christian's loose talk, rude manners, dissipated habits, do not confirm the pagan in his adherence to a faith which every baptised man must condemn. They do not reflect that of all colonists the well-educated and moral soldier forms incomparably the best, not merely because his constitution is robust and his habits patient of fatigue, but because planted upon a frontier, as in Canada or at the Cape, he becomes to the province at once a guardian and a respectable member of society. Now men who do not wear the queen's uniform, or possibly, having once worn it, have long ago cast it aside, do consider these things; and if it should hereafter come to light that by some individual so circumstanced, the idea of educating the soldier was started, and has been worked out, then will things have befallen in the order which is natural. Old officers resist, because they look only to one side of the argument. But, by degrees, their resistance will grow less, and they themselves may, perhaps, live to wonder that the spirit in whom it originated ever should have arisen.

If the rumours which are afloat have any foundation in truth, the battle of education for the private soldier has been fought and virtually won. It is whispered in military circles that great changes for the better are about to be introduced in the system of regimental schools, and that some of the suggestions thrown out by our contemporaries, the *Quarterly* and *The Times*, will be acted upon. In this case the Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea will probably be remodelled, and schoolmasters trained as they ought to be there that they may be sent to the different regiments of infantry and cavalry for the instruction of the recruits and young soldiers. So far all is well; but they who take an interest in the subject may rely upon it that unless they go a little farther than this with reform, the work will not be complete. It will never do to educate the private soldiers of the army, and to leave the officers such as we now find them; for it is useless to think of disguising the truth. Here and there you meet with an intelligent and well-informed officer; if

... happen to find near you one or

other of certain regiments which we could name, you will find more than one or two members of the mess from whose conversation you will derive both edification and rational amusement. But, taking them in the aggregate, it would be as impolitic as unjust to deny that the officers of the British army constitute the most ignorant as well as the idlest set of gentlemen that owe allegiance to the British crown. Do we blame individuals for this? By no means. The result arises, as a matter of course, out of the system on which our gallant army is managed. The queen, on the recommendation of the commander-in-chief, appoints to cornetries and ensigncies young men of whom nothing more is known than that they are the sons, or nephews, or protégés of persons possessed of a certain degree of influence; but what the parties themselves may be, in regard to intelligence, manners, or any thing else, no inquiry is ever, as far as we know, made in any quarter. We doubt whether, in the queen's service, there be required the medical certificate which the East India Company usually expects the candidate for a cadetship to produce; and beyond this we are confident that no questions are asked. The boy may be an idiot, or next to an idiot, as we have known more than one of her majesty's gallant subalterns to be; and as to his acquirements, they are never, unless he happen to go to Sandhurst, inquired into. Hence it comes to pass, that if the poor youth be suddenly required to keep a company's accounts, he finds himself forced to rely absolutely upon his pay-sergeant. The sergeant may or may not be competent, honest, sober, and so forth; but, in either case, Lieutenant the Honourable George Ginglespurs is entirely at his mercy.

The time has come, or is fast approaching, when this state of things must cease. It will never do to educate the privates of the British army, and to leave their superiors free to indulge their present tastes for idleness; and hence the great question to be raised resolves itself into this,—how far will it be judicious to go, in the first instance, in an endeavour to excite among officers a desire to improve themselves?

We are humbly of opinion, in spite

the better will begin spontaneously in Pall-Mall? No, verily. It is our conscientious belief, that at the Ordnance Office matters are managed exactly as they used to be in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and we are further convinced that they will continue to be so managed, until some one entirely unconnected with that most cumbrous of all cumbrous institutions shall force the light of day into the recesses of its apartments, and compel changes such as shall much conduce to the advancement of the public service, without giving to individuals more inconvenience than uniformly attends upon a change of habits somewhat late in life.

The same principle which operates against change in the Church and in a public office, offers a steady opposition to change in the details of the management in the army. Officers high in rank, whether actively employed or not, remember that the existing system did very well in their day, and believe that it may do very well still. Officers in public employment have got into a jog-trot routine, and not being alarmed by mutinies any where, or the threat of mutiny, they persuade themselves that any deviation from established usage must be for evil. Who has forgotten the resistance that was offered to the diminution of power in regimental courts-martial to award corporal punishment to any great amount. "Do away with flogging! Take away the beardless ensign's and lieutenant's authority to award three hundred or five hundred lashes to men old enough to be their fathers, and scarred with half-a-dozen honourable wounds! You are undermining the discipline of the army; you will never be able to manage your regiments again, and had better disband them at once." Was not this language held openly—in every barrack, in the clubs, before committees of the House of Commons, where private coteries met, and in the rooms of high functionaries at the Horse Guards. Beyond these military circles, however, it was never heard, and the civilians having taken the notion up, that corporal punishment degrades and brutalises the subject of it, pressed the point of its virtual abolition till they prevailed. And what do we find? That the

army is just as tractable as it ever was; that the barrack cell and the provost prison have been—at least in England—as effective in exciting fear as the lash; and that our regiments continue to be composed of fine hearty young fellows, who march, fire, and fight as the fathers used to do, and submit, without a murmur, to a discipline which they feel to be necessary, even when they personally suffer for it. And the very persons who were the loudest to condemn the change of system which has brought about these results, are now driven to acknowledge that they were mistaken.

We do not pretend to know—we shall not so much as venture to guess—with whom the notion of educating the soldier has originated. If the idea came from the Horse Guards, then must we fairly admit, that for once our theory of reform in great institutions has failed us. If, on the other hand, high military authorities resist it, we shall say no more than that the issue is precisely such as might be expected; and that to be angry with such authorities, or to charge them with intentional wrong to the soldier, would be ridiculous. They are doing, in 1846, precisely what the great body of the clergy did in 1835, and what the clerks and other functionaries in the public offices under the crown will do as soon as there shall arise some individual bold enough to attack their manner of doing business and expose it. They are old men, who have spent long lives in a particular profession, and look no farther than to the manner in which, as parts of a complicated machine, the members of their profession perform certain prescribed duties. They cannot see so far as the day when the soldier shall claim his discharge. They never stop to ask how he is to get on without a trade, without the smallest spark of intelligence; ignorant of the common accomplishments of reading and writing, after the country shall have used him up and cast him aside. They do not consider nor, perhaps, care what the effect of his intercourse with the Hindoo and Chinese is to be; whether he shall lead the heathen to inquire respectfully into the doctrines of a religion which renders its votaries sober, chaste, br

manlike. He hunts, drives, plays, larks, smokes cigars, talks slang, and is pronounced by his brother-officers to be "a capital fellow." To be sure he does, without intending it, serious hurt in many instances to the gentlemen with whom his sovereign has commanded him to associate. Having plenty of money to throw away, he introduces a taste for expense into the corps, which young men that have no money are by no means bound to acquire, but which, being very enticing in itself, is apt to put prudence to sleep, and to draw into its vortex multitudes to whom indulgence, even in moderation, is ruin. Finally, after the military life begins to pall upon him, he sells out, and either betakes himself to Lincolnshire, that he may hunt more at his ease, or plunges into the vortex of fashion in London. He generally winds up by becoming a respectable county magistrate, and it may be even a highly respectable Protectionist member of parliament.

The second case in which gentlemen dedicate their sons to the noble profession of arms is, when they find that the young gentlemen will not take to any other and more settled callings. Hence the duller or the idler member of a family is invariably marked out to be the soldier. "What am I to do with Charles?" I have tried Eton, and he would not learn any thing there. I sent him to a private tutor, who reported that his moral conduct was unexceptionable, but that it was impossible to get him to study. What shall I do with him?" "Send him into the army," is the answer invariably returned, and into the army the idler is sent. And he turns out such as we have described the great body of British officers to be, a spirited but most ignorant youth, though, as his colonel reports to the Horse Guards, a very good officer.

Now we really do not think that these are the proper sources whence the great supply of officers for the British army ought to be drawn. For it is a great mistake to suppose, that even in peace occasions do not arise from time to time that require both knowledge and a habit of judging correctly in an officer; and, in war, we all know that both are indispensable to the right performance

of his duty. Who can have forgotten the memorable instance of Colonel Brotherton in 1831, who, for the lack of a little firmness, combined with some acquaintance with the constitutional law of the country, suffered the half of Bristol to be burned down, and sacrificed lives as valuable to society as his own? And have we not before us, in the case of the officer who, but the other day, ran his own head and the heads of his party against a stockade, filled with savages, in New Zealand, a memorable instance of the unfitness of a mere parade colonel to undertake the care of the national honour, and of the lives of her majesty's troops? Indeed, what was it that occasioned the loss of our army, and the tarnish upon our military name at Cabul? That which, till a better system arise, must for ever expose us to like results elsewhere, namely, the ignorance and incapacity of our commanders,—an incapacity arising from this, that they were never taught in their youth to study the principles of the art which they in manhood had practised; and therefore, though abundantly able to obey, and to achieve what mere bravery might attempt, were quite unequal to combat the first difficulty that arose, with weapons drawn from the armory of their own judgment. Nor are these instances isolated in the military annals of this country. It is a remarkable fact, that throughout the whole of the Peninsular war, the British army asserted a decided superiority over that of the French only where the Duke of Wellington commanded in person. True, Lord Hill managed one affair admirably; and the battle of Albuerra was undoubtedly won, Lord Beresford commanding. But, in the first case, Lord Hill succeeded by obeying, with his accustomed fidelity, the directions given by his chief; and, in the second, victory declared for England in spite of blunders which would have destroyed any army except that which Lord Beresford commanded. And what shall we say when we look elsewhere? Were the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, in Canada, such as there is much to boast of when we describe them? May we refer to New Orleans as affording evidence that our military system is perfect?

We object to the officering of the British army with the idlest and dullest men of the aristocracy; and, as the best, and indeed the only means of preventing this, we urge upon the commander-in-chief not to exercise his patronage until he shall be satisfied, by some process or another, that the young man recommended to him for a commission be at least able to read and to spell. We express ourselves thus, because, in the list of our personal acquaintances, there happens to be, at this moment, more than one gentleman honoured with her majesty's commission who cannot spell the commonest word if it exceed two syllables. Indeed, we venture to go a little farther, and to suggest, that as there are at least twenty applicants for every commission that falls, the twenty young gentlemen be, in some way or another, put upon their trials, and the least ignorant selected. But if we might propose a plan, it would be this: that a board of education be established at the Horse Guards, before which every aspirant for military glory shall appear, in order that it may be known, not only that he is physically capable of sustaining the wear and tear of a campaign, but that the days of his childhood have been devoted to the acquirement of true knowledge, and to the sharpening of the faculties which Nature may have given him. The *Quarterly Review* says, that the aspirant ought to have some notion of modern languages, and be able to pass a moderate examination in history, geography, and mathematics. If it were possible to go on, as the *Quarterly* suggests, with the young man's education after he has joined his regiment, we should be content to countersign the petition. But not seeing our way quite so far as yet, we are constrained to ask for something more. The board of education ought to be satisfied that the candidate is animated by a spirit of inquiry, so that there shall be some chance, at least, of his pursuing his studies of his own accord; and the better to aid them in arriving at this conclusion, we would suggest, that they fix no maximum standard to

begin with. Thus, if ten or twenty young men appear before them, and there be five vacant commissions, it will be their duty to recommend the five candidates whose intelligence seems to be the sharpest, and their knowledge the most extensive, due regard being paid to the sort of acquirements which tell the most towards the formation of the soldier's character, such as drawing, fortification, land-surveying, and mechanics. By these means we shall, at least, ensure a good supply of recruits for the time to come; and the recruits of this year will be as anxious, ten years hence, to raise the standard of intellectual excellence in their own profession as we can be.

So much has already been written on this subject in various quarters, that we are unwilling to trespass more than is absolutely necessary on the attention of our military readers. We could not, however, seem to be indifferent to a matter, in itself so important, and now happily so much discussed, and we have, therefore, ventured to add these, our own views, to the stock which the reading public has accumulated, or may hereafter accumulate, in regard to it. One point, moreover, we think it right to urge. If any thing be done at all, and we have reason to believe that much is in progress, we do hope that it will be done heartily and with a right spirit. No man nor set of men ought to be blamed for errors in a system which it is judged expedient to alter. The present generation did not commence the system, and the past only took it up. It is sufficient for our contemporaries to have discovered, among them, where the defects lie, and it is wise in them to apply the remedy. For ourselves we rejoice in the assurance, that the impulse having once been given, no power on earth can stop the progress of real improvement. And we hope that many who read these pages will live to acknowledge that the army, deserving of all respect and gratitude as it is, has been, both in a moral and social point of view, largely improved by the better education of its members.

EVERY public speaker who can arrest the attention and act upon the feelings of an audience, is, in the most loose or enlarged acceptation of the term, an orator; even in its strict and literal sense, the same definition would almost apply. But it is needless to remind our readers that there are almost as many gradations of excellence included in that general term as there are in similar ones used in reference to painting or sculpture, or poetry or acting. As the circle of public intelligence becomes expanded, by the greater spread of general knowledge among the people, and the more universal excitement of all classes in questions of a political or social nature in reference to legislation, the number of public speakers who excite attention and maintain a hold upon the feelings of the people becomes almost indefinitely multiplied; the intellectual quality of their speeches is deteriorated in proportion as their practical utility is increased; and it becomes more and more difficult to settle the old and often-disputed question, "What is an orator?" Several speakers have already been included in this series, and more will probably follow, whom it would have been absurd to place upon the list of those, so few in names, but so brilliant in performances, who, by the common consent of mankind, by the testimony of history and the evidence of their works, happily undestroyed, are recognised as being the great masters in the art of oratory. Yet, on the other hand, the individuals so excluded exercise a direct and powerful influence over their fellow-countrymen scarcely paralleled, and certainly not exceeded, by the higher order of public speakers. Their utilitarian value fully compensates to the general mind for their want of artificial enhancement. The public, perhaps, would care little to know what were the brilliant excellencies of Mr. Sheil or Mr. Macaulay, or what a critical analysis would dis-

cover of their defects, if the plan of the writer gave them that information on the condition that in the exercise of a somewhat hypercritical judgment, he left them in ignorance of the oratorical qualifications of Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel, or Mr. Cobden, or even Lord George Bentinck, men with whose names the whole country is ringing. Yet a speech from Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Mr. Sheil, Mr. Macaulay, or Mr. Disraeli, or from Mr. Fox and some of the most distinguished platform speakers, wholly differs not merely in the degree but also in the nature of its excellence from those of the more practical orators,—they who really lead the public mind. The one is a study for the intellect and a pleasure to the imagination, for its intrinsic excellence or beauty, while the other derives its interest from extraneous causes, ceasing with the excitement of the hour; such as the position of the speaker, the nature and position of the subject he is handling, and, generally, from the exciting political causes which every year of struggling perpetuates. But the men of the higher order have their ultimate reward. The others have the applause of the present hour alone. Their lumbering speeches are duly reported in the newspapers, in their inglorious rivalry which shall produce the greater number of columns of print; but after the lapse of a week they are forgotten, or only remembered that they may be quoted at a future time against themselves, when, in the mutations of modern politics, they shall find it necessary to contradict all their former assertions and argue against all their former opinions. But the real orator of the highest class—he who has had a nobler end in view than forensic sophistry or mere clap-trap and cajolery—not only is admired at the time he utters his speech, but is remembered long after his temporary rivals are forgotten. His effusions

are read and studied as models by successive aspirants to fame; they are admired by the poet as he admires his Milton, his Wordsworth, or his Tennyson; by the artist as he admires his Titian or his Turner; and it is to them also that the most valuable praise of all is accorded—that of posterity. The practical men secure the present only, the men of genius enjoy both the present and the future.

Mr. Sheil is a man of genius, and, making allowance for some defects which shall be hereafter adverted to, an orator of the highest order. Whether his speeches be read in the closet years after they were delivered, or whether they be heard with all the advantage of that burning eloquence, that brilliancy of diction, that fiery impetuosity of action, which have now become almost associated with the name of Sheil, they are still the same powerful, beautiful, soul-stirring works, still models of the finest rhetorical art. Scarcely any terms of admiration would be too strong as applied to some of his speeches, while even those which do not rise to the highest pitch of excellence have, nevertheless, so decided and so distinctive a character, that they may be at once known to be the production not only of a superior mind, but of the particular man from whom they have proceeded. The very faults of his style cease to be defects when regarded in connexion with the pervading tone of his mind, and the leading features of his character.

Mr. Sheil's parliamentary reputation is now of about fifteen years' standing. For that period he has reigned without a rival as the most brilliant and imaginative speaker, and the most accomplished rhetorician, in the House of Commons. That assembly—heterogeneous as are the materials of which it is composed—possesses a marvellous instinct in the discovery and the appreciation of oratorical talent. It is their interest that they should have among them those who can occasionally charm them from the plodding realities of legislation, and the dull lucubrations of the practical men. Therefore, they are always alive to excellence, and stamp it at once. Not very long since a new member, a Mr. Cardwell,

made a remarkably valuable speech on a question of a practical nature, full of powerful reasoning, concentration, and mastery of the facts. Till the evening when he made that speech, he was comparatively unknown; but he had not been on his legs a quarter of an hour, before the unerring instinct of the House (which operates as closely upon good business speeches as on the most eloquent) discovered that, in his degree, he was a superior man, and the cheering with which he was greeted at the close of his address was the stamp they set on his ability. Sir Robert Peel was among the listeners, and in a few weeks afterwards Mr. Cardwell became a minister. If, in these days of statistics and sophistry, a modest and undistinguished individual was thus singled out, *à fortiori* it could not have been long before such an orator as Mr. Sheil was elevated to the highest point in the admiration of the House, at a time when high oratory was more valued. He came but to be heard and to be triumphant. Heralded by the hyperbolic praise of his Irish admirers, his first speech was looked for with a curiosity not unmingled with doubt. But he passed the ordeal successfully, and from that hour has been regarded as one of the most distinguished and remarkable of the many great orators which his country, fertile in genius as in natural riches, has ever produced.

Our mention of the Hibernian admirers of Mr. Sheil reminds us that we have something to say of that gentleman beyond what is prompted by a recollection of his speeches in the House of Commons. For, unlike most of our most distinguished men, Mr. Sheil was famous as an orator long before he entered parliament. His eloquence had not been the least important element in causing that unanimity of feeling among the people of Ireland which ultimately led to the great political and religious revolution of 1829. There are very few instances on record of men who have become famous as speakers at the bar, or at the hustings, or at public meetings, having equally stood the test of the House of Commons. It is one of Mr. Sheil's many claims on our admiration, that having been an energetic, enthusiastic, and suc-

cessful leader in a great popular, or rather a great national movement, he should have had the taste and tact to so subdue his nature in the very hour of triumph, as afterwards to adapt his speaking to the tone most agreeable to the House, and to charm them as much by the fire of his eloquence as by the delicacy of his rhetorical artifices, without the aid of those stronger and more stirring stimulants to the passions which form the very essence of successful mob-oratory. In very few instances indeed has he even discarded these voluntary fetters on the exuberant vigour of his patriotism and nationality.

Not as an orator merely will Mr. Sheil assist to rescue this age from the charge of mediocrity. Thirty years ago he first began to be known and appreciated as a poet—when he was only looking forward to the bar as a profession, and long ere visions of applauding millions, or of high ministerial office, or a place in the councils of his sovereign, ever crossed his ardent and aspiring soul. As the author of the tragedies *Eradne* and *The Apostate*, Mr. Sheil already occupied a high place among the writers who were then his contemporaries—a place not very much unlike that now held by Talfourd. In the intervals of those productions, and for some time afterwards, he contributed to the periodicals of the day, and had altogether, even at the early age of twenty-two, made himself that kind of reputation for originality and a high order of talent which floats about society and interests, by some means or other, more certain in their action than perceptible, the general mind in the career of particular individuals. Still, although there were at all times vague predictions that he would “do something” some day or other, no one seems at that time to have suspected that he contained within him the powers which soon afterwards made him second but to one man as a leader of the Irish people, and ultimately have enabled him to compete with the most illustrious men of the day in those qualifications which ensure parliamentary success.

But with the time came the man. The Roman Catholic question had of late years assumed a great parliamentary importance. The stalking-

horse of an ambitious party, the cause had come at last to be regarded as “respectable.” English statesmen and orators—men who in a few years became the rulers of the country—succeeded those great and eloquent Irishmen in whom the advocacy of Roman Catholic freedom from civil disabilities had always been regarded as justifiable—nay, a matter of duty. In the meanwhile, all the legal dexterity of Mr. O’Connell had been devoted to the construction of an artful but comprehensive scheme of agitation, by which the people of Ireland might be organised and an unanimous call be made on the English parliament for emancipation. This organisation went on, with more or less success, for years. Under the name of the Roman Catholic Association it rose from the most insignificant revival (after a temporary dispersion) in the year 1823, until it assumed that gigantic shape which ultimately terrified the government of England into an undignified submission. It was in that year, 1823, that Mr. Sheil and Mr. O’Connell, who were destined at no very distant time to be the great leaders of the Association, first met, under circumstances somewhat romantic, at the house of a mutual friend in the mountains of Wicklow. There a congeniality of object overcame the natural repulsion of antagonist minds, and they laid down the plan of a new agitation. That their meeting was purely an accidental one made the results which followed still more remarkable.

Their first efforts were received with indifference by the people; but in a very few weeks the Association was formed, and the rolling stone was set in motion. To those who are curious in such matters it will be instructive and amusing to observe the parallel circumstances of the origination of the Roman Catholic Association by some six or seven enthusiasts at a bookseller’s shop in Dublin, and that of the Anti-Corn-Law League, by a few merchants at Manchester, or at Preston—for the cotton-heroes of the late campaign have not yet determined at which place the nucleus was formed.

We have alluded to the natural repulsion of antagonist minds. Contrast more marked could scarcely

exist than that which was exhibited by the two great leaders of the Association. That their mental qualities were so different, and the sources of the admiration which each in his sphere excited so opposite, may be held to be one of the causes of the great success the Association achieved. If Mr. Sheil was great in rhetoric,—if his impassioned appeals to his countrymen and to the world stood the test not merely of Hibernian enthusiasm, but also of English criticism, Mr. O'Connell was greater in planning, in organisation, in action, and he had in his rough and vigorous eloquence a lever which moved the passions of the Irish people. He perhaps had the good sense to see that as an orator, in the higher sense of the term, he could never equal his more brilliant and intellectual colleague. His triumphs lay in the council-chamber on the one hand, and in the market-place or the hill-side on the other. It was in the forum or on the platform that the more elevated and refined eloquence of Mr. Sheil, adorned with all the graces of art, charmed while it astonished a higher and more cultivated audience. Thus they never clashed. While all Europe rang with the fame of the "peaceful agitator," who had taught his countrymen to use the forms of the constitution to the subversion of its spirit and objects; every scholar, every statesman, every lover of the beautiful in oratory as an art, had already learned to admire that new, thrilling, imaginative, yet forcible style of eloquence, which ever and anon, amid the din and clamour of noisier warfare, sounded the spirit-stirring tocsin of nationality and religious liberty, breaking forth like intermittent lightning-flashes amidst the thunders of the agitation. Mr. Sheil, on the other hand, looked up to Mr. O'Connell for his indomitable energy and perseverance, his craft, cunning, caution, his thorough nationality and identification with the feelings of the people, and would as little have thought of substantially opposing his decision or resisting his general control over the proceedings of the Association, as the other would have attempted to vie with him in eloquence. So they went on together, side by side, though really exercising

so distinct an influence, with scarcely any of that jealousy or rivalry which has so often stifled similar undertakings in their very infancy. If Mr. Sheil's ideas of agitation were more grand and comprehensive; if he would fain have gone by a more direct and manly but more dangerous road to the intelligence of the English parliament and people; if, in his anxiety to impress on the world a deep and startling conviction of the union and nationality of the Irish people, and their absolute, even their slavish devotion to their leaders; if in this his superabundant energy and velocity of purpose, he would have drawn the Association into the meshes of the law, there was Mr. O'Connell at his right hand to repress and guide, to steer clear of the rocks and shoals, to accomplish by that crafty prudence and keen dexterity in escape which savours so much of political cowardice, those objects which, in the other case, would have been realised by a more manly display of political audacity. Mr. Sheil might be the braver man at the boarding-pike or the gun, but Mr. O'Connell was the safer at the helm.

To Mr. Sheil was owing the idea of at once teaching the people of Ireland union and a sense of their strength, while obtaining an universal expression of their wish for emancipation, by means of simultaneous meetings throughout Ireland, in every parish in the kingdom, for the purpose of petitioning parliament to concede the Catholic claims. He would have gone further. He would have had a form of prayer prepared, by means of which, in every chapel in Ireland, the people might simultaneously join in an appeal to Heaven for the advancement of what *they* had been taught to believe was a sacred cause; that millions of men and women might breathe the same aspiration to their Creator, at the same moment throughout the length and breadth of the land. The conception, apart from its impropriety in a religious point of view, was a grand one, and strongly illustrative of its author's character. It was an idea more likely to occur to an enthusiastic and ardent imagination like that of Mr. Sheil, than to the more practical mind of Mr. O'Connell; who again was much more

home in framing a resolution or organising an association, or holding a meeting, in such a manner as to evade the law. It was his successful boast that there was no act of parliament through which he would not drive a coach-and-six. Mr. Sheil had a poet's conception of agitation and organisation; Mr. O'Connell's was that of a lawyer. Characters more opposed could scarcely have been brought together; that they harmonised so well, notwithstanding the many daily causes of instinctive antagonism that must have arisen, is a miracle only to be accounted for by the influence which a popular movement always exercises on its leaders, so long as they are all pressing forward towards the same goal.

The Mr. Sheil, who now sits and speaks in the House of Commons, who is a right honourable member of her majesty's privy council, and was not, so very many years ago, one of the most ornamental, if not quite the most useful, of the members of the Whig cabinet, is, however, a very different personage, indeed, from the young, enthusiastic Irishman, barrister, poet, orator, agitator, whose fiery spirit fused into one silver flow of brilliant eloquence so many pure elements of democratic power. Except at intervals, when the old habit recurs, or when some tempting opportunity presents itself to urge the wrongs of Ireland without compromising his new associates, Mr. Sheil is one of the most quiet, silent, unobtrusive members of the House of Commons. Indeed, he has become so identified with the Whigs, that you scarcely remember him even as an Irishman, still less as one of those who, for so many years, defied the whole parliamentary power of the empire. He has of late years thrown himself almost entirely into the conventionalities of the House of Commons, and has undergone mutation from a popular leader into a partisan.

his is said in no spirit of disparagement; on the contrary, however "Young Ireland" may affect to scorn such apparent lukewarmness and subserviency to circumstances, it is really one of Mr. Sheil's most solid claims to our respect. Nor is his oratorical power diminished when, on occasion, he deigns to resort to it. On several occasions he has delivered

speeches on great questions not affecting Ireland alone, but the whole empire, which, for vigour, beauty of imagery, boldness of conception, and sarcastic power, will vie with the best of those made in the very heat and fervour of his patriotism. It is not that his strength is diminished, but that it is more under the regulation of his taste and judgment.

Some of the speeches — harangues they would bear to be called — made by Mr. Sheil at the meetings of the Roman Catholic Association, will bear comparison with the most memorable ever called forth by the spirit of democracy. Almost from the first day he appeared on the platform of the Association, the attention of the political world, indeed of all thinking men, was fixed upon him. Those who could not be present to witness the powerful aid lent to his burning words by his striking and original action, still saw unquestionable genius in the exquisite language, the novel metaphors, so bold yet so well controlled, the forcible antithesis, the luxuriant imagery, the unapproachable sarcastic power, and, above all, in an irrepressible spirit of patriotism, an indignant sense of insulted national honour, that bore onwards the stream of his thoughts with a wild and reckless abandonment, perilous at every fall, yet, torrent-like, free again at a fresh bound and rushing far away in flashing beauty. By the side of the deep, steady current of Mr. O'Connell's eloquence, slow moving like a mighty river, the rapid flow of Mr. Sheil's pure, clear, poetical diction, gave a delightful and refreshing relief to the mind. Take up the proceedings of those meetings, and the very sentences, so short and exquisitely framed, seem as it were to gleam and glitter. Never was sedition clothed in more seductive language, or democratic principles made more fascinating to the most fastidious intellect. In his strong conviction of the justice of his cause, he would certainly at times broach doctrines as to the means to be employed, which it required all the moral weight of Mr. O'Connell and his timorous prudence to counteract. But if the fiery and impetuous young advocate of a people was sometimes thus hurried on, by the ardour of his imagination, to lengths

which his calmer judgment would have hesitated to confront, it was so clearly only the irrepressible enthusiasm of the poet-agitator, not the significant appeal of the designing demagogue, that the poison of the thought had its antidote along with it in the chosen and beautiful words through which it was conveyed. But, with all their faults, and in spite of the meagre and imperfect reports of them which appeared in the newspapers and the published proceedings of the Roman Catholic Association, those speeches spread the reputation of Mr. Sheil far and wide, wherever public opinion was aroused on the Roman Catholic question—a question which, to the opponents as well as to the supporters of the Roman Catholic claims, was growing to be one of the most vital importance. Their faults were, indeed, many. The politician might be able to find excuses in the singular position of the then leaders of the Irish people, and the momentous nature and exciting interest of the contest, for the occasional bursts of anti-English feeling, the exultation over English faults and follies, the unconstitutional tone of many of those orations, by which the suppressed hatreds of centuries were arrayed against the comparatively innocent statesmen and people of a single age: the poisoned arrows of the rash rhetorician might rebound from the mail of principle in which the Protestant legislator encased himself, confident in its strength against all but the artillery of popular enthusiasm poured in by the more crafty and designing genius of O'Connell. But the critic, fastidious in eloquence, could not forgive in one whose genius he was compelled to admire, the frequent violations of good taste which the rising orator had not then learnt to avoid—the use, without selection or abstinence, of metaphors, whose extravagance could not be excused, however their boldness might be felt or their force acknowledged, and the sacrifice to political passions of the symmetry and poetical harmony of what, but for those errors of a luxuriant fancy, might have been grand models of oratorical perfection for all time, each, for its eloquent history of national wrongs, an epic, not spoken

only to listening thousands, but recorded as at once a delight and a warning to millions yet to come. And, indeed, we do not overrate the political value of those speeches while thus looking back at their faults. Time has obliterated their immediate effects, there are not many who remember to have heard them; and, of the multitudes who read them and felt their power at the time they were delivered, the majority have forgotten, in the excitement of subsequent contests, the great moral influence which they once exercised. But history is already recording their results, and, happily for his own fame, and for the gratification of his countrymen, he who delivered them is yet strong, ay, still stronger in those powers which he possesses in such rare perfection, toned down and chastened as they now are in their exercise, by increased intercourse with mankind, and the natural effect which time and the absence of all causes of excitement have produced on an ardent and irritable temperament. The speeches to which we more particularly refer were delivered at intervals between 1823 and 1829. Bad as the reports of these speeches are, still their intrinsic worth, their powerful eloquence, and exquisite beauty, make themselves felt through ever so debased a medium. Perhaps the most remarkable of his speeches—the most original and characteristic of his peculiar mind—were those he made at the different aggregate meetings of the Roman Catholics which took place at intervals during the agitation for emancipation. Then he had a wider field and a more inspiring audience than even at the meetings of the Association; for, at the latter, the cautious spirit of O'Connell prevailed almost without restraint; the jealous eye of the government watched, with lynx-like precision, every movement of so dangerous an organisation; and even the enthusiasm and valorous fancy of a Sheil were restrained within the limits of a technical construction of the liberty of public speech. But the aggregate meetings were more a matter of open public constitutional right, and there the enthusiastic and indignant orator revelled in the wild freedom of conscious power and irre-

sistible impulse. The full force and beauty of those speeches can now scarcely be appreciated but by those who were so fortunate as to hear them. They left an impression which has never been effaced by even the more perfect and chastened productions of the maturer mind of the orator. One of his greatest triumphs was on the occasion of that miracle—morally, still more than politically, a miracle—the Clare election. Nor should we forget to mention, among his great orations, his speech at a great meeting (at Carlow, if we remember rightly), where, taking the first chapter of Exodus for his theme, and with the Bible in his hand, he quoted, with a solemnity and effect electrical on the sympathies of a religious and enthusiastic people, the words of the inspired writer, and founded on them an impassioned appeal to his countrymen to persevere in their career—to press onwards to the goal appointed for them, heedless of the fears of the timid or the suggestions of the compromising. Words are inadequate to convey the effect of this speech: nor was the speech one of words only; it was the action, the fine harmony between the thoughts and the expression, when the feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch of tension in the enthusiasm inspired by the cause, and the sympathy of the multitude around; all these drew forth the hidden strength of his nature till he poured the full force of his fervid soul into his solemn theme.

A very short period found him in the House of Commons. As soon as the Emancipation-bill qualified him, as a Roman Catholic, to sit, his ambition, or the tactics of the Association, led to his being put forward for the county of Louth. He was unsuccessful; and was ultimately content to slip into Parliament for a nomination borough—that of Milburne Port. In 1831, on the 21st of March, he made his first speech in the House of Commons, on the second reading of the Reform-bill. He had not long proceeded with his address ere the House perceived, and acknowledged by their cheers, that they had in him, as in Mr. Macaulay, a mine of oratorical wealth, and a perpetual source of the highest gratification.

reputation for power and origi-

nality as a speaker had preceded him; and the utmost anxiety was manifested to hear his maiden essay. In this respect he was differently situated from his eloquent rival. From Mr. Sheil, all men expected much; Mr. Macaulay's powers, except, of course, as an essayist, were known only to a comparatively few of his personal friends, and those who had been his contemporaries at Cambridge. If he therefore made, by comparison, a more brilliant speech, and achieved a more complete triumph, great allowance must be made for surprise. Mr. Sheil, notwithstanding the extravagant expectations formed of him, also achieved a triumph; but it took him a longer time to acquire his absolute ascendancy as an orator. People, too, were always afraid that his nationality, which had been so useful in the agitation, would every now and then break out in some anti-English demonstration.

But Mr. Sheil shewed himself almost as great a tactician as he was a rhetorician. The war over and the victory won, he buried the sword and forbore to exult over the vanquished. Throughout his subsequent parliamentary career, he has identified himself with an English party; and, while still advocating, with eloquence as energetic but more chastened, the "wrongs" of Ireland, he has never run counter to the feelings of the English as a nation. In this respect he differs from Mr. O'Connell and the *parti prêtre* as much as from "Young Ireland" or the party republican. Gratitude for emancipation made him, together with the new Irish Catholic members, vote with the mass of the English people on the Reform question. That gratitude has never died within him. The penal laws on the Roman Catholics he conceived to be the real badge of national subjugation; those once abrogated, he considered himself one of the people of the British empire, and, while still urging on Parliament the gradual fulfilment of the contract of 1829, in what he would call its spirit as well as its letter, he never forgot that justice to England was quite as sacred a duty as justice to Ireland. Not so all his friends.

This tact and abstinence in Mr.

Sheil very materially lessen the difficulty of criticising the speeches he has made in Parliament. If they are ever disfigured, it is not by wrong sentiment or the undue infusion of political feeling: their blemishes are obvious only in a critical point of view, and are at the same time so entirely counterbalanced by their beauties, that they might be passed over, were it not that their exposure might possibly prevent a very seductive example being followed by others. It should be added, too, that our remarks apply to Mr. Sheil's speeches *as delivered*, not as printed in the newspapers. From the extraordinary rapidity of his utterance, and the abrupt transitions of voice in which his enthusiasm and ardour lead him to indulge, even the most experienced reporters find a difficulty in rendering his speeches with perfect fidelity and freedom. It is obvious that an orator whose beauties of style depend so much upon the most slight and evanescent touches, the nicest discrimination of language, the artful collocation of words and sentences so as to make emphasis supply in many cases the thought which parliamentary custom will not permit to be expressed in words, must suffer irrevocable damage if in the process of transmutation the fine aroma is lost, or the exquisite tints and shades confounded in a general flatness and tameness of colouring. Nor is the case mended when he afterwards writes his own speeches. He then falls into nearly the same error. The heat of his mind has cooled, and he cannot so speedily reproduce it. Sometimes an intelligent and able reporter will produce a better version than his own.

An analysis of Mr. Sheil's speeches would shew them to be in the highest degree artificial. It is his object to produce by the most elaborate selection of themes, the most chosen forms of phrase, and the most refined art in their arrangement, the same effect which the spontaneous efforts of an earnest orator would have had in the highest powers always at command. Mr. Sheil speaks but seldom, and takes much time to prepare his speeches, which, though delivered with all the air of passion and abandonment which the enthusiasm of

the moment might be supposed to inspire, are studied even in the most minute particulars,—in the words chosen, the contrasts of ideas and imagery, the tone of voice, the very gesture. This preparation may not extend perhaps to every part of the speech. In the level portions, or in those allusions which are called forth by what has happened during the debate, he trusts in a great measure to the impulse or the judgment of the moment, though even here you may every now and then detect a phrase or a thought which smells of the lamp; but the great passages of the speech—those which the world afterwards admires, and which, in fact, form the foundation of the fame of the orator—these are hewn, chiselled, and polished with all the tender care of a sculptor, rehearsed with all their possible effects, and kept in reserve until the moment when they may be incorporated, in all their brilliancy and perfection, with the less conspicuous parts, where they shine forth resplendently like bright gems in a dull setting. It is in rhetoric and sarcasm that he is most distinguished. As a rhetorician he is almost perfect. No man whom this generation has ever heard speak equals him in the power with which he works out an idea, an argument, or an illustration, so as to make it carry all the force and weight of which it can possibly be made capable. And this, although it is really the result of such art, is done by means apparently so simple that the hearer's mind is unconsciously captivated. A happy adaptation of some common thought, an infusion of nervous metaphor, which gives a colouring to a whole passage without leaving open any point tangible to opposition; delicate antithesis, the more effective from its not appearing forced;—these are among the many arts which Mr. Sheil uses to insinuate his views and feelings into the mind, while avoiding the appearance of making a deliberate assault, or laying himself out to entrap or to persuade. Occasionally there are bursts of passionate eloquence which it requires all your scepticism to make you believe are not the warm outpourings of an excited mind; but so you may say of a Kemble or a Macready. In his speeches on Irish

subjects especially this apparent sincerity is most conspicuous. His heart always appears to be in his appeals to the English nation on behalf of his country, and no doubt at many times he must fling off his habits of preparation and give rein to his feelings or his imagination. In speaking of Ireland he personifies her—talks of her and her wrongs as he would of some lovely and injured woman, whose cause he was espousing. Sometimes his propensity to personify runs him into extremes. Speaking of the address for a Coercion-bill in 1833, he characterised it as one “which struck Ireland dumb, and clapped a padlock on her lips; though it never could stop the throbbing of her big and indignant heart!” One of his most remarkable and beautiful outbursts of nationality was in 1837, in his celebrated attack on Lord Lyndhurst for his “alien” speech. Alluding to the alleged charge that the Irish were aliens in blood and religion, he delivered this magnificent burst:—

“Where was Arthur Duke of Wellington when those words were uttered? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

‘The battles, sieges, fortunes that he’ll pass’d’

ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies were filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steep and filled the moats of Badajoz? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory; Vimiera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse—and, last of all, the greatest. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (pointing to Sir Henry Hardinge), who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death

fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest;—tell me if for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the ‘*almás*’ blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valour, so long wisely checked, was at last let loose; when with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain exclaimed, ‘Up, lads, and at them!’—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle precipitated herself upon the foe! The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream, on the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green arm of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our lifeblood was poured out?”

The effect produced by this passage will not be easily forgotten. The passionate vehemence of the speaker and the mournful music of his voice were a living echo to the deep emotions with which his soul seemed charged. Lord Lyndhurst was in the house at the time, and although conscious that the whole passage was only a beautiful phantasmagoria raised by the art of the rhetorician, still he could not but admire. It would seem invidious to attempt to neutralise so fine a burst of feeling; but a few words of truth will go far to do it. It unfortunately happens that Mr. Sheil himself, in a speech at the Roman Catholic Association in January 1823, laid down in distinct and unequivocal terms the very same doctrine—that the Irish were aliens—for giving currency to which he so successfully assailed Lord Lyndhurst with the keen arrows of his oblivious passion.

Metaphor and antithesis are the chief agents he uses in his speeches. Sometimes the latter is exquisitely perfect; sometimes, on the other hand, laboured and clumsy, and so forced as to defeat itself. Too often

he is run away with by the seduction of this pleasing but mechanical mode of pointing thoughts, to the manifest injury and weakening of his argument or of the general tone he wishes to convey. Then you see that he is only the orator, the sentence-maker, the painter of brilliant pictures; that he wishes his triumphs to be more over the passions or the imagination than over the reason or the judgment. His style has other defects akin to these. For instance, he will often sacrifice the real strength of a phrase and endanger the success of the thought or argument it conveys, led away by the seductive sound of some word or words rhythmically pleasing in combination, but the application of which in such a manner the judgment rejects; and he will also lose the force and beauty of real antithesis in the glitter or the novelty of its false counterpart. For an odd paradoxical phrase he will risk the simplicity and truth of a sentence. Speaking of the Whig Tithe-bill, he exclaimed, "Tithes are to be abolished. How? By providing for them a sepulchre from which they are to rise in an *immortal resurrection!*" This is an abuse of language. His metaphors are bold and striking. Among many brilliant things in his speeches against Lord Stanley he said,—"The people of Ireland behold the pinnacles of the Establishment shattered by the lightning of Grattan's eloquence."

He excels in sarcastic humour, which is generally conveyed in the most delicate touches. He is like Lord Lyndhurst in the apparent ease and artlessness with which he infuses the most keen and cutting allusions by the addition of a word or the turn of a sentence in the midst of the most level argument. He seldom makes a "dead set" at his victim, like Lord Brougham; and he therefore produces the more effect. Some of his smartest hits of this kind were at Lord Stanley. It was he who spoke of that minister as "the then Secretary-at-war with Ireland;" and, when alluding to Sir James Graham in council with the noble lord, he spoke of them as "Lord Stanley and *his confederate*." On another occasion, speaking of "divine service," as referred to in an act of parliament, he jetted in a

parenthesis ("divine is an *alias* for Protestant") well understood by the Roman Catholics, and having as much force as twenty elaborate speeches. He is not very reverent in his jokes. Alluding to the Temporalities-act, he observed that "Lord Stanley had struck off ten bishops at one blow: he blew off ten mitres from the head of the hierarchy at a single puff." If he can make a witty point or shape a felicitous phrase, no fastidiousness of taste or delicacy of feeling restrains him from wreaking his wit on an antagonist. There are several instances on record where he has done this towards individuals, though never in an ill-natured or spiteful spirit. He is equally liberal in his sarcastic allusions to classes or bodies of men, and not more delicate. We remember an instance in one of his speeches which illustrates this peculiarity in his style. He had been drawing a somewhat glowing and overcharged picture of the good results to ensue from church reform, and he summed them up in terms of characteristic power, and of a degree of coarseness not often met with in his speeches. He said, as a climax to his anticipations of good, that when these reforms should have been effected, "the bloated paunch of the unwieldy rector would no longer heave in holy magnitude beside the shrinking abdomen of the starving and miserably prolific curate."

Sometimes his sarcasm on individuals is really searing, sometimes playfully severe. We remember one amusing instance of the latter. One day, at the Catholic Association, a volunteer patriot—a Mr. Addis, we believe—came forward and made a very strong speech, more remarkable for enthusiasm than prudence, in which he offered, if necessary, to lay his head on the block in the cause of Ireland. His address was rather a dangerous one to those whom he professed to serve, as the crown lawyers were at that time more than usually on the alert. Mr. Sheil desired publicly to counteract the possible mischief. He rose, and, with his peculiar sarcastic emphasis, observed, "The honourable gentleman has just made us an oblation of his head: he has accompanied his offer with abundant evidence of the value of the sacrifice." Columns of abuse

from Mr. O'Connell would not have proved half so effectual as this quiet rebuke.

But we must draw these observations to a close. The characteristics and defects of his speeches have been more dwelt upon, because his eccentricities of delivery have been frequently and powerfully described. There is a striking correspondence between his personal peculiarities and the leading features of his speeches. He is unique as an orator. There is a harmony between the outer and inner man which you do not find in others,—for instance, in Mr. Macaulay. Having read his speeches, if you see him, you are not surprised to find that it was from him that they proceeded. Small in stature, delicately formed, with a strongly marked countenance full of expression, he looks the man of genius, and betrays in every motion that impulsive temperament on which excitement acts like a whirlwind. He seems “of imagination all compact.” You see the body, but you think of the mind. It is embodied passion, thought, fancy; not mere organised matter. “Look! what comes here?—a grave unto a soul, holding the Eternal Spirit against its will!” you are tempted to exclaim with the poet who of all others could have appreciated such rare products of Nature’s love-labour, such unusual blendings of the spiritual and the material. Yet there is nothing of the beautiful in a physical sense, little of that personal perfection or refinement which made a Byron or a Shelley so loved or worshipped by their intimates. The charm of Mr. Sheil’s appearance consists in the striking and powerful development of intellect; in the quick reflex of thought in the features; the mobility of body, the firm grasp, as it were, which is taken by the mind of the corporeal frame, making it the ready and obedient slave of its slightest and most sudden will. Thoroughly masculine in moral strength, in the intensity of his feelings, and the strong power with which he impresses them on others, Mr. Sheil has also all the femininity which to our idea of the orator, though it is in personal delicacy such as in a supreme control over the body

by the spirit. There is more of Edmund Kean than of Shelley in this transparency of the corporeal man to the intellectual light within. A writer, who would seem to be well acquainted with his subject, has said, speaking of Mr. Sheil’s personal appearance,—

“Small in stature and make, like so many men of genius, he bears the marks of a delicate organisation. The defects of a figure not disproportioned, and yet not strictly symmetrical, are overlooked in the play of the all-informing mind, which keeps the frame and limbs in rapid and harmonious motion when in action. The body, though so small in itself, is surmounted by a head which lends it dignity,—a head, though proportionately small in size, yet so full of intellectual development, so wide-browed, that, while it seems large in itself, it raises the apparent stature of the wiry frame on which it rests. The forehead is broad and prominent, but, at first sight, it rather contradicts the usual development of the intellectual; though really deep and high, it seems to overhang the brow. Under it gleams an eye, piercing and restless even in the repose of the mind, but indescribably bright and deep-meaning when excited. The mouth, small, sharp—the lips chiselled fine, till, under the influence of passion, they are almost transparent like a shell—is a quick ally in giving point and meaning to the subtlest ideas of the ever-active brain; apt in its keen-like expression, alike of the withering sarcasm, the delicate irony, or the overwhelming burst of sincere and passionate vehemence. The features generally are small, but, under the influence of ennobling emotion, they seem to expand, until, at times, they look grand, almost heroic. Yet when the baser passions obtain the mastery over this child of impulse—as they will sometimes over the best in the heat of party warfare—these features, so capable of giving expression to all that elevates our moral and intellectual nature, become contracted, the paleness of concentrated passion overspreads them. Instead of the eloquent earnestness of high-wrought feeling, you see (but this is rare, indeed) the gloating hue of suppressed rage, the tremulous restraint of cautious spite. In place of the dilated eye, and features flushed with noble elevation of soul, or conscious pride of intellectual power, you have a keen, piercing, adder-like glance, withering, fascinating, but no longer beautiful. Yet the intellect, though for a time the slave of passion, is the intellect still.”

His peculiar style of eloquence,

his rapidity of utterance, variety and impressiveness of action, and harmonious tones of voice, now deep and richly melodious in the expression of solemn emotion, now loud and piercing in the excitement of passion, almost defy description. Imagine all the beauties of Kean's performance of Othello crowded into half an hour's highly sustained eloquence, and you have some tangible idea of what is the effect. While the impulse is upon him he seems as if possessed, his nature is stirred to its very depths, the fountains of his soul pour forth unceasingly the living waters. His head glows like a ball of fire, the soul struggles through every outlet of expression. His arms now raised aloft, as if in imprecation, are, in a moment, extended downwards, as if in supplication, the clenched fingers clasped like those of one in strong agony. Anon, and the small, thin, delicate, wiry hand, is stretched forth, the face assumes an expression the very ideal of the sarcastic, and the finger of scorn is pointed towards the object of attack. A thousand varying expressions, each powerful and all beautiful, are crowded into the brief time during which his excite-

ment (which, like that of actors, though prepared, is genuine while it lasts) hurries him on to pour forth his whole soul in language of such elegance and force.

Mr. Sheil occupies a position different from that of most of his countrymen in parliament. The Irish member who most approaches him in intellectual qualities, though not in actual eloquence, is Mr. Wyse. Like Mr. Wyse, he has associated himself with the Whig party, who chose him to be one of their ministers when they desired to fraternize with the Irish Catholics, because he was at once talented, moderate, and respectable. For joining them, he has been made the subject of virulent abuse by the extreme party in Ireland; but he has too much steadiness of purpose and good sense to be much affected by it. His position in the House is well earned, not merely by his eloquence, but also by the general amenity of his disposition, whether as a politician or a private individual. Were all the Irish members like Mr. Sheil, the Irish question might be speedily and satisfactorily settled.

THE CAGED LARK.

Hour by hour the dreary day
 Slowly, sadly wore away ;
 Heavy drops of ceaseless rain
 Beating 'gainst the window-pane ;
 Bitter winds with gusty sound
 Mournfully were wailing round,
 Till at last the outward gloom
 Seem'd to fill my quiet room,
 And I look'd with tearful eyes
 Upward to the weeping skies.
 Now and then a few quick feet
 Pass'd along the village street,
 Now and then a child's shrill cry
 Mingled with the wind's deep sigh.
 Many a thought of other days—
 Fairer scenes and brighter Mays—
 Fill'd my discontented heart :
 I, who oft had taken part
 In the gladness of the spring ;
 I, whose joy it was to sing
 Of the earth's awakening
 From her ice-bound wintry sleep,
 Now could only pine and weep,
 For my soul grew faint and dull,
 Longing for the beautiful.

" Spring was wont of old," I said,
 " Blessings on my path to shed.
 Once her skies were all serene,
 All her fields of richest green,
 All her flowers of loveliest sheen.
 Then the hidden cuckoo sang,
 Till the leafy greenwood rang
 With his lay, and thousands more
 Sounding till the day was o'er ;
 Nor were even hush'd at night
 Songs and echoes of delight.
 Then, where'er my feet might tread,
 Starlike flowers were gaily spread :
 Studded were the banks and fields
 With the primrose' yellow shields,
 Cowslip-bells and violets small
 Blossom'd ere the grass was tall,
 And the murmur of the bee
 Ever rose unceasingly,
 Where the scented furze unroll'd
 Banners fair of green and gold.
 Then the bright-wing'd butterfly,
 Like a dream of joy, flew by,
 Or awhile in quiet hug
 Where the tufted harebells swung.
 All of old was bright and glad,—
 Now, alas ! how changed and sad !
 Now the skies are cold and grey,
 And throughout the live-long day,
 Prison'd in my room, I hear
 Not a sound of joyous cheer—

Nothing but the ceaseless rain
Beating 'gainst the window-pane,
And the wind, with hollow tone,
Round my dwelling making moan.
Few and pale the leaves I see
Budding on yon chestnut-tree.
Here and there, within the bound
Of my plot of garden-ground,
Some stray flower of fairest dye
Half unveils its timid eye,
Till the storm-blast, rushing by,
Blights its charms, but half-reveal'd,
And its early doom is sealed.
Spring-time — season sad and drear,
Once the gayest of the year,
I am alter'd e'en as thou!
Pain hath left upon my brow
Shadows that may ne'er depart;
Care hath brooded at my heart,
Till I feel I cannot be
E'er again in spirit free.
Now I have no spells to raise
Thoughts that cheer'd my brighter days;
Other visions life hath brought,
Sadder lore than once I sought."

Thus, in lonely hour, I said,
Half believing joy had fled,
And my own bright hopes were dead.
Suddenly, while still I spoke,
Blithest music near me woke,
Piercing through the gloomy air,
Like a voice of praise and prayer.
Though the wind blew loud and shrill,
Yet it had not power to chill
Gladness such as fill'd that strain;
And the shower beat in vain
Round the prison, where had birth
Those rich sounds of dauntless mirth.
Well I knew the strains I heard
Came from an imprison'd bird,
One whose nature was to cleave
Freest air from morn till eve,
Prone to greet with fearless wing
Sunshine and the breath of spring.
Yet, though men had done him wrong,
Still arose his cheerful song;
Still, although the clouds were dark,
Wildly sang that captive lark.
Quickly faded the distress
Of mine hours of loneliness.
Near me seem'd to pass once more
Lovely things I'd seen of yore;
Sense of all the love and joy
Time and change could ne'er destroy.
Thoughts of eyes whose loving light
Still could make my dwelling bright,
O'er my spirit rush'd again,
At the bidding of that strain;
And my humbled head I bent,
Heedful of the lesson sent
To rebuke my discontent.

Brightly falls the sunshine now
 On each blossom-laden bough.
 Every moss-grown apple-tree
 Is a lovely sight to see,
 With its bloom in clusters fair
 Opening to the sunny air.
 Breezes, stealing round about,
 Shake the hidden fragrance out,
 Flinging on the ground below
 Frequent showers of mimic snow.
 Gleams of purest white are seen
 'Mid the chestnut's tufts of green;
 Pyramids of pearly flowers
 Peeping from their thick-leaved bowers.
 'Mong the boughs light breezes pass,
 And the shadows on the grass
 Move the while like living things;
 Many a pendent blossom swings
 From the lofty sycamore,
 And along the turfy floor
 Thick the lowly daisies beam;
 King-cups shed a golden gleam
 O'er the meadows near the stream.
 Proud, and beautiful, and strong
 Still the river sweeps along.
 Here and there a pleasant shade
 Elm or hawthorn-bough hath made,
 Or the willow's streamers gay
 Throw their shadow on its way;
 Beauty more than gloom they shed
 O'er the river's sunlit bed.
 Swallows in their merry flight
 Haunt the stream from morn till night.
 Gracefully as fairy boat
 On a magic lake might float,
 Now and then a milk-white swan
 In his stately joy moves on.
 Yet though spring's rich beauty glow
 As it did long years ago,
 I am but a captive still
 With an oft-impatient will;
 But whene'er my heart is fain,
 In its weakness to complain,
 Hark! for once again I hear
 Blithest music, rising clear
 From that other captive near.
 Little of the sky he sees,
 Little of the flowers and trees;
 Little he was used to rove,
 Houses round him and above!
 Yet upon the sod he stands
 (Laid, perchance, by kindly hands
 On his prison-floor) and sings,
 E'en as if his folded wings
 Still were free to range at will
 Higher than the highest hill.
 And again my heart will heed
 This sweet lesson in its need;
 A bliss rejoice,
 A captive's voice.

May, 1845.

THE B. G. AND THE N. G.

A FEW WORDS ON THE GAUGE DISPUTE.

RAILROADS have awakened so much interest of late, interest so profoundly melancholy in those who have approached the subject as stags, so eager and hopeful in those who look at it as a pecuniary investment, or as an immense national question, that we feel little apology is due to the readers of the Magazine for dedicating a few pages to a railroad dispute which is going on with great activity at this moment—the dispute of the broad and narrow gauges. A number of pamphlets have been sent to us upon this question, with the Commissioners' Report, and an abstract of the lengthened examinations into which those gentlemen entered. We have before us, *A Railway Traveller's Reasons for Adopting Uniformity of Gauge*; *Railway Eccentrics, exemplifying the Inconsistencies of Men of Genius*; *The Gauge Question*, by Wyndham Harding; *The Broad Gauge the Bane of the Great Western Company*; *The Broad and Narrow Gauge*, by Henry Lushington, Esq.; *Reply to the Observations of the Great Western Railway Company*; and, *Gauge Evidence: the History and Prospects of the Railway System; Illustrated by the Evidence given before the Gauge Commission*, by Samuel Sidney, with a Map.

The Railway Traveller takes a rapid and pathetic view of the luggage and umbrella question. He points out the inconvenience families suffer in turning out at Gloucester at the break of gauge. He asks Mr. Brunel how he would like Mrs. Brunel and her children to be subject to the same annoyance? "James of Buckley Square" has published a little pamphlet in *Punch* upon the same side. James says he lost his infant at Gloucester, and until he acknowledges the recovery of that interesting child, leaves the world to suppose that Mr. Brunel, in a manner, is guilty of its abstraction.

"Railway Eccentrics" are Messrs. Brunel and Saunders, the two chief advocates of the broad gauge, who are both brought to book for having, at former periods of their existence, uttered quite different opinions on various railway matters to those

which they now advocate. The largest work of the anti-Brunel series is that of Mr. Sidney.

Mr. Samuel Sidney opens his "Brief History of the Gauge Question" with an apt quotation from Captain Law's evidence: "We owe all our railways to the collieries in the north: the difficulties which their industry overcame taught us to make railways, and to make locomotives to work them." The coal-owners and workers of Northumberland and Durham, wanting to transport their coal from the pit's mouth to the water, invented tram-roads. Seeing the success of these, the merchants and manufacturers of Liverpool and Manchester bethought them of making use of similar means for the transport of their goods between these two great towns, and did not, in their first undertaking, contemplate any thing beyond "a solidly constructed tram-way worked by horse-power."

George Stephenson was the man whom the Liverpool and Manchester manufacturers employed to execute their plan. Before the works were completed, he had discovered that "carriages driven by steam were capable of surmounting gradients of considerable altitude by the force of their weight alone, and proposed to employ locomotive instead of horse-power for the merchandise and passenger traffic." The gauge, or width between the rails, adopted on the Liverpool and Manchester line, was four feet eight and a-half inches, which has since been designated the "Narrow Gauge."

The idea of a steam locomotive caused much alarm to a body of the shareholders. They took counsel with two eminent engineers, one engaged in public works, and the other in steam-engine building; and both these authorities, in a "very able document," proved the practical and commercial inexpediency of Mr. Stephenson's project. Two of Stephenson's pupils—Robert, his son, and Joseph Locke—answered this document in another still more able; for the horse scheme was abandoned, and the company determined on trying

the steam locomotives. A prize of 500*l.* was offered by the directors of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, "and in the memorable year 1830, engines from the workshops of the Stephenson's, Braithwaite, and Rothwell, in the sight of assembled thousands, resolved the railway problem."

Most of the railways which were planned in consequence of the success of the Liverpool and Manchester experiment, were constructed by Stephenson and his pupils. All these lines were laid down on the same gauge. The opposition to the system in general was prodigious. Immense bribes were necessary to overcome the reluctance of landlords to treble the value of their estates; cities and universities resisted with the most pathetic earnestness; and the projectors were obliged to divert their lines at immense cost of money and time.

With his own directors Mr. Brunel was entirely successful. In 1833 the Great Western Railway was projected, and the **BROAD GAUGE** was employed by Mr. Brunel. His report of the scheme set forth,—

"That the country would eventually be divided into railway districts, each of which would be served by one company; that in these districts the construction of railroads should be accommodated to the nature of the country, as to gradients, gauge, &c.; that as each district would have but little direct communication with the others, a variation, or break of gauge, would be no inconvenience; that the west of England would form one of these districts, a district in which the traffic would be chiefly passenger traffic; that this traffic would be most satisfactorily conducted by one or two very large trains daily; and that it would be economical to go to extraordinary expense in reducing the line to excellent gradients, and laying it down on the broad gauge,—that is to say, anticipating a great speed and a great economy in working from the great outlay in construction. On roads where the curves were more frequent and sharp, and the mercantile traffic bore a larger proportion to the passengers than on the western road, Mr. Brunel admitted that a narrow gauge might be more advantageously used."

After many mishaps and vast expenses of construction, the Great Western Railway was at last opened.

There were superbly comfortable carriages for the first-class passengers, a magnificent conveyance for her majesty, a smooth road, and a quick pace. Some deviations from the original plans were marked: for instance, the ten-foot driving-wheels were abandoned; the carriages, which were to have been within the wheels (in contrast to the unsafe practice of the narrow-gauge lines), were put upon the wheels, as in the latter roads. But concerning these changes the public knew or cared nothing.

And now we come to the rise, progress, and subsequent conversion of the five-foot gauge:—

"While the broad gauge was still a matter of discussion, the Eastern Counties line was commenced, under the superintendence of Mr. Braithwaite, who, as before mentioned, was a candidate for the locomotive prize on the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The propriety of adopting the broad gauge was discussed; eventually, a gauge of 5 feet was adopted, on the recommendation of Mr. Braithwaite, who found, from actual admeasurement of the engines he was constructing, that $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width would give all the additional space he required.

"In Scotland and in Ireland, gauges intermediate between the narrow and the broad have been constructed; but to them it is not necessary, for the purposes of the present sketch, to refer.

"When the Northern and Eastern, an extension of the Eastern Counties, was made, the engineer, Mr. Robert Stephenson, in order to secure the uniformity which he considered one of the most important principles in the railway system, laid it down on the 5-foot gauge, and thus was avoided an opportunity of producing what has since occasioned so much sensation and discussion in the railway world—a break of gauge.

"After an interval of some years, during which, according to Mr. Braithwaite's evidence, improvements in the construction of engines, especially the adoption of outside cylinders, had quite superseded the necessity for the additional $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches of width for which he had formerly been anxious, an extension of the Midland Counties brought a narrow-gauge line in contact with the Eastern and Northern and Eastern lines; and in order to obtain uniformity, both were reduced to the original gauge of 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, under the direction and with the full concurrence of Mr. Braithwaite."

In June 1844, the Bristol and Gloucester Railway, which had been

Shetlanders. Their Manners, Traditions and Superstitions, 631
 Sikhs, the, and the late Campaign, 606
 Sikhs, the. Their Rise and Progress, 478
 Sir James Graham. Contemporary Orators. No. VII. 136
 Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet; What is the Position of? 369
 Something more about Victor Hugo, 515
 Spains and the Spaniards. By Morgan Rattler, 379
 Spoiled Beauty, the Pride of a. Adapted from the French of Balzac. Chap. I. 46; Chap. II. and Conclusion, 180
 Stirn, Francis David, 235
Stories for the Seasons, review of, 495
 Straws, an Illustrative Chapter on. Being the first Specimen of a new Dictionary, 127
 Superstitions, Manners, and Traditions of the Shetlanders, 631
 Sycion, a Legend of. The first Flower-Painter, 73

Tale of Fact in Humble Life. Milly L——, 395

Tales and Narratives: The Philosophy of Crime, with Illustrations from Familiar History. No. I. William Horne, 7; No. II. Francis David Stirn, 235—Principal Campaigns in the Rise of Napoleon. No. I. The Italian Campaigns, Chap. I. 23; Chap. II. 35. No. II. Chap. III. 157; Chap. IV. 163. No. III. Chap. V. 276; Chap. VI. 413; Chap. VII. 424. No. V. The Campaign of Marengo, Chap. VIII. 545. No. VI. The Campaign of Austerlitz, Chap. I. 649; Chap. II. 657—The Pride of a Spoiled Beauty. Adapted from the French of H. de Balzac. Chap. I. 46; Chap. II. 180—The first Flower-Painter. A Legend of Sycion, 72—The Lady of Elm-Wood. Chap. I. 113; Chap. II. 116—The Legend of Gelnhausen. From the History of the Twelfth Century, 143—A Letter from Rippoldsean, 211—A Dinner in Ancient Egypt, 229—Le Jeu de Noël. From the Notes of an Old Traveller, 269—Counsel Mal-à-propos, 288—Margaret Lucas, Duchess of Newcastle, 292—Milliners' Apprentices, 308—The Village of Lorette, and the New Settlement of Vale Cartier, 323—The Common Lodging-House, 342—Milly L——.

A Tale of Fact in Humble Life, 395—An Anecdote about an Old House, 434
 Dining Out, 443—Murillo; or, the Painter without Ambition, 488—The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony. The Lone House. By the Author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker, the Attaché, &c.* 505—The Chamber of the Bell. Chap. I. 530; Chap. II. 535; Chap. III. 541—Elephant-Shooting in Ceylon, 561—Manners, Traditions, and Superstitions of the Shetlanders, 631—On Beggars, 666—Ernest Walkinworm's Opinion of Seville. In a Letter to Mr. Grubley, 683

The Caged Lark, 740

The B.G. and the N.G. A few Words on the Gauge Dispute, 743

Theiner's *Beitritt zur Deutsch-Katholischen Reform*, review of, 694

Theories and Character of Mr. Newman, 253

Titmarsh's Letter to the Rev. Francis Sylvester on the History of a Literary Man, Laman Blanchard, and the Chances of the Literary Profession, 332
 Titmarsh's Tour through Turkeydom, 85
 Titmarsh, Michael Angelo. Ronsard to his Mistress, 120

Titmarsh, Michael Angelo. On some Illustrated Children's Books, 495

To one who was moved to Tears at Sight of Imhoff's Statue of Hagar, at Rome, 275

Tour from Cornhill to Cairo. By M. A. Titmarsh, 85

Traditions, Manners, and Superstitions of the Shetlanders, 631

Traveller's Notes. Le Jeu de Noël, 269

Trial, on a late French, 621

Turkeydom, Titmarsh's Tour through, 85

Vale Cartier, the New Settlement of, and the Village of Lorette, 323

Velasco; or, *Memoirs of a Page*, 456

Victor Hugo, Something more about, 515

Village of Lorette, and the New Settlement of Vale Cartier. The Village of Lorette, 323; the New Settlement of Vale Cartier, 325

Walkinworm's, Ernest, Opinion of Seville. In a Letter to Mr. Grubley, 683

What is the Position of Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet? 369

William Horne, 7

END OF VOL. XXXIII. *E*

LONDON:

GEORGE BARCLAY, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE

projected on the narrow gauge as an extension of the Birmingham and Gloucester, but had got into the hands of the Great Western, and been laid down on the broad gauge, was opened; the two systems met, and the BREAK of GAUGE began.

"It was soon found that merchandise did not flow so smoothly and continuously over this route as over the Grand Junction, the London and Birmingham, the Midlands, and other lines, where no interruption of gauge occurred. Passengers walked across the platform with all their small baggage, in order to change from broad to narrow, from four-abreast carriages to three-abreast carriages, and *vice versa*. This was unpleasant in the night-time, and in cold weather, and highly inconvenient to mothers with families, and to the lame, halt, and blind. But as this was an inconvenience to which travellers had been accustomed, although without any necessity, at Birmingham, through the want of arrangements between the London and Birmingham and Grand Junction Companies (since amalgamated); and as the mothers, and lame, halt, and blind, are not unfrequent travellers, but very powerless in agitating, if the evil had been confined to them it might have long remained unredressed. The Cork pig-drivers in charge of Devonshire oxen for the Midland markets, experienced still more difficulty and delay with their charges; but the agricultural mind is notoriously patient and slow to be aroused to any novel exertion. But among the other parties displeased by the unpacking and repacking incident to the change of gauge, were the merchants and manufacturers of Birmingham, a town famed for its taste for grievances and public meetings. When they found packages intended for shipment at Bristol delayed and mislaid at Gloucester, while goods intended for Cheltenham travelled to Bristol, and the hardware goods ordered by Bristol travelled on to Cheltenham, they evinced as much indignation and amazement as if (as the authors of the break gauge remarked), the worst railway did not afford ten times the accommodation of the best road-wagon establishment or canal ever devised.

"But such is the nature of man, or of the Anglo-Saxon man at any rate,—give him a better and he desires a better still. It is probably this discontented and encroaching spirit which has raised him from the skins and caverns of his British ancestors to broad cloth and slated houses. To be sure, it has thrust a Celtic man into the cellar of the House of Commons.

"The Birmingham manufacturers called

a meeting, which was attended by the officials of the two railways over which their manufactures passed on their way to Bristol; and at that meeting, after making every allowance for bad management and want of proper understanding between the two lines, it was admitted by Mr. Wyndham Harding, who attended as manager of the Bristol and Gloucester line, that the break of gauge, causing, as it does, a complete transfer of merchandise, as well as of cattle and passengers, from one line to another, was '*a serious evil, a commercial evil, of the first magnitude.*'

"From this Birmingham meeting may be dated the first agitation against the break of gauge."

In 1845, the Great Western and London and Birmingham companies competed before parliament for a line between Oxford and Wolverhampton. The Board of Trade (now defunct) decided in favour of the latter's project, and against the former, on account of the broad gauge and break-of-gauge objections. "If," the Board said, "there is one point more fully established than another in the practice of railways, it is that the inconvenience occasioned by want of uniformity of gauge is of such a serious description as to detract most materially from the advantages of railway communication."

The Committee of the House of Commons, however, reversed the decision of the Board of Trade. The line proposed by the Great Western Company seemed the more advantageous one to the House, which declined, however, to consider the gauge question at all. "Even a select committee of the House," said Mr. Shaw (the chairman of the committee in the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton group), "has not yet been able to come to a satisfactory conclusion what the uniform gauge ought to be." And who was to decide before the oracular select committee? The Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton chairman, however, ventured to state, that, if practicable, a uniformity of gauge would be convenient and desirable, and so—gave his vote in favour of the nonconformist gauge. The Lords, in their wisdom, adopted the sentence of the Commons.

Meanwhile attention was excited to the subject in the house. members thought that an ;



"Second. That, unless by the consent of the legislature, it should not be permitted to the Directors of any Railway Company to alter the gauge of such railway.

"Third. That in order to complete the general chain of narrow gauge communication from the north of England to the southern coast, any suitable measure should be promoted to form a narrow gauge link from Oxford to Reading, and thence to Basingstoke, or by any shorter route connecting the proposed Rugby and Oxford line with the South Western Railway.

"Fourth. That as any junction to be formed with a broad gauge line would involve a break of gauge, provided our first recommendation be adopted, great commercial convenience would be obtained by reducing the gauge of the present broad gauge lines to the narrow gauge, of four feet eight inches and a half; and we, therefore, think it desirable that some equitable means should be found of producing such entire uniformity of gauge, or of adopting such other course as would admit of the narrow gauge carriages passing, without interruption or danger, along the broad-gauge line."

The commissioners, and their premises and their conclusions, have been attacked by various broad-gauge advocates, and by one especially, Mr. Henry Lushington, late fellow of Trinity College, with uncommon wit, keenness, and brilliancy. His pamphlet, entitled, *The Broad and the Narrow Gauge; or, Remarks on the Report of the Gauge Commissioners*, is the hardest of all the hits that have been delivered at the narrow-gauge system. It is as amusing as a novel. It is full of play, eloquence, and a happy exposure of adversaries' weaknesses; it almost persuades a man to follow Brunel.

Mr. Lushington urges that the broad gauge is a great advance on the narrow; its comfort indisputably greater. Now notoriously quicker, the large engine is as yet of undeveloped powers; while the small one has reached, probably, its maximum of force. It is to the rivalry with the broad gauge we owe the amelioration of its opponent. Abolish the one, and the other will fall back into its old state: to abolish it will be "a most chilling discouragement to inventive genius, a deliberate re-

establishment of a lower standard for every benefit which railways confer upon society, a sacrifice at once of a great reality and a greater possibility."

About the possibility let us speak anon. In regard of the reality, the broad-gauge opponents argue that its inventors never contemplated the present extension of the railway system, and that it was founded upon quite a different plan to that of which now every body sees the necessity. Surely a railroad is not now a local convenience, but a national necessity. The Bristol and Exeter is not now a line between those cities merely, but part of a line from Exeter to Carlisle. Had Mr. Brunel foreseen in what a manner railroads would spread, he never could have proposed a gauge which insulated the western district from the rest of the country; nor were words ever more entirely falsified than those which explain the projector's own ideas regarding his line. "It could," said he, in his Report to the directors of the Great Western in December 1838, "*It could have no connexion with any other of the main lines, and the principal branches likely to be made were well considered, and almost formed part of the original plan; nor can these be dependent upon any other existent lines for the traffic which they will bring to the main trunk.*" The Great Western was, therefore, free to adopt its own dimensions, and none of the difficulties which would entirely prevent such a course in the north of England had any existence in the west, and consequently all the general arguments advanced and the comparisons made on the supposition of such difficulties occurring—all excellent in case they did—are totally inapplicable to the particular case of the G. W. Railway."

Mr. Wyndham Harding's excellent pamphlet* demolishes this unlucky statement entirely:—

" 'The map,' he says, 'with the railways constructed, in progress, and projected, marked upon it, including the branches of the Great Western Railway itself, is the best answer to them; it is there evident that railways are spreading themselves over the face of the country like a network, and are intersecting each other at a hundred different points.

* The Gauge Question, by Wyndham Harding.

"Where, then, shall we fix the boundaries of the districts, the railways in which are to have no connexion with those in any other?"

"The completed or projected branches of the Great Western Railway itself—which was expected, as we have seen, to have no connexion with any other existing line—now join it to most of the other main lines in the country. For instance:—

"To the Grand Junction, and to the projected Shrewsbury and Birmingham Railways, at Wolverhampton.

"To the Grand Junction, London and Birmingham, and Midland Railways at Birmingham.

"To the London and Birmingham, the Midland, and the proposed Trent Valley and Churnet Valley Lines, at Rugby.

"To the London and Birmingham Railway again at Warwick.

"To the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway, at Cheltenham and Worcester.

"To the South Western Railway, at Basingstoke and Salisbury.

"To the projected Dorchester and Southampton Railway, at Dorchester.

"To the proposed Welsh Midland Line, at Hereford and Swansea.

"To the Bristol and Gloucester Line, with which it is already connected, at Bristol and Stonehouse."

"[All these are narrow gauge lines, with the exception of the last, which is a broad-gauge line at present; but its proprietors have announced their desire and intention of obtaining powers to convert it into a narrow-gauge line.]

"And if the Great Western Railway, with its broad-gauge branches, does not go to these lines, they with their narrow-gauge branches will come to the Great Western.* Thus connecting by railway almost every county and town in the kingdom with every other.

"What are all these branches projected for, except to bring traffic from the lines and districts with which they communicate, or to take traffic to them from one extremity of the country to another? and, therefore, over the narrow gauge on to the broad gauge, or over the broad gauge on to the narrow gauge? The difficulties attending a change of gauge, then, which, as was admitted, would in 1838 'have entirely prevented in the north such a course' as one railway adopting different dimensions from the rest, now have 'existence in the west.'

"The same gentleman also deposed before the Gauge Commissioners, that (4510), starting from Oxford, a broad gauge line, a bill for which has been passed, is projected from Oxford to Rugby, and that a branch from this to Birmingham is also projected, passing through Warwick, which has also received the sanction of parliament, and is subject to the decision, as regards the gauge, of the Board of Trade. Another broad-gauge line, extending from Oxford by Worcester to Wolverhampton, has also received the sanction of parliament, subject to the same conditions as to gauge between Worcester and Wolverhampton. A broad-gauge line is projected from Oxford to Cheltenham, and so on to Gloucester. A broad-gauge line is projected from near Worcester to near Ludlow. A broad-gauge line is projected from Bristol to Monmouth, Hereford, and Leominster, joining the Worcester and Ludlow line near that place. A broad-gauge line is also projected from Gloucester to Hereford. A broad-gauge line is projected from Standish, proceeding by Newport, Cardiff, and Neath, into Pembrokeshire. From Ludlow a broad-gauge line is projected, by Newtown, to Port Dynllaen. Another broad-gauge line is projected from Ludlow, by Shrewsbury and Whitchurch, to Chester, near which a branch leaving it proceeds by Tarporley to Manchester on the one hand, and to Liverpool on the other, crossing the Grand Junction near Northwich. In the foregoing statement, *all the places named as those through which the lines in question pass, are points of intersection with other projected narrow-gauge lines.* This statement refers exclusively to projects north of Bristol and Oxford."

"If the Great Western Railway does not go to these lines, they with the narrow-gauge branches will go to the Great Western." The magnificent exclusiveness of the broad gauge is broken up for ever. It mustn't and it can't live in isolation; the country won't consent to the existence of a West End in railways. The broad-gauge rails lie on the ground still; but under the lines; and the works, the base of the broad-gauge argument, is surely completely destroyed; and the rails on which the Great Mammoth engines triumphantly run—to the admiration of

* "Note to the 4th Edition.—The projected lines on the map, excluding all directly competing lines, give rise to about twenty points of break of gauge, beyond those mentioned above; in all, then, about thirty points of break of gauge, similar to that at Gloucester, will be established in the course of the next five years, if government does not interfere to prevent it."

Mr. Lushington—are running upon false foundations.

There can be no doubt of the fact stated by him in support of his favourite megatheria, that it is to the rivalry with the broad-gauge line that we owe the amelioration of its opponent in respect of speed. We owe that benefit undoubtedly to Mr. Brunel's great engines B.; the smaller ones have been put upon their mettle, and now Mr. Stephenson is ready to back a small engine for 10,000*l.* against one from the big-gauge factories. Can any one suppose that the impulse once given, the people in England will allow the narrow-gauge engines to crawl, when they have driven their opponents off the road? It is not so,—no, not in a contest of busses. Give the great public the advantage once, and it is an outrage to their common sense to suppose they will forego it. What is the noise and battle made about now?—About the loss of time occasioned by this very break of gauge.

Because, then, people say, the narrow gauge completely established over the country will do our work, convey ourselves, our goods, our cattle, our coals, better than the broad gauge, who has a right to say that the narrow gauge is “deliberately re-establishing a lower standard of railroad benefits?” A gig is a lower standard than a chaise-and-four, but if the gig accommodates you equally well—if you can afford to keep three gigs in various parts of the country at the cost, and to do three times the service, of the larger vehicle, who is to say, “Let us have chaises-and-four everywhere?” Only the most prodigal, generous, and imaginative economists, surely. And the question is not whether you can make the grandest dash and figure with the big carriage on race-day, but which is the useful vehicle for all the days of the year?

And upon this head comes forward a pamphleteer with the fatal signature of *£. s. d.*, whose arguments are addressed, in the most pathetic manner, to the broad-gauge proprietors themselves; and who says that Mr. Brunel “has learned to shave on their chins.” “Remark, gentlemen,” says this shrewd *£. s. d.*, “that in no instance has a company for forming a broad-gauge line formed itself except under the shadow of the Great West-

ern Company, promoted by its director, designed by its engineer, and supported by its money.” The whole country declares against the magnificent gauge. And what is the cause? *£. s. d.* is the cause,—

“On every mile of the 176 worked by the London and Birmingham (narrow gauge) Railway, there remains applicable to a dividend, after paying all charges upon the revenue, per half-year, the sum of 209*£l.*

“On every mile of the 140 miles worked by the Grand Junction (narrow gauge), there remains applicable to a dividend, after paying all charges on the revenue, the sum of 2160*l.*

“On every mile of the 240 miles worked by the Great Western (broad gauge) Railway, the grand trunk line westwards, there remains applicable to a dividend, after paying all charges on the revenue, the sum of 768*l.*”

Such are the returns of profits on the broad and the narrow gauge lines, which *£. s. d.* submits to the consideration of the shareholding world—and of the Great Western shareholders in particular. Are they willing, he asks, to receive six per cent, at the best, for their capital, when laid out on the narrow-gauge lines it may be made to return fourteen? Are they willing, in order to perfect their scheme in the West, where they must form lines over districts less favourable to commerce than those which they work at present, to take upon themselves the responsibility of twenty millions more? Is their system so good that they can hold it against the stronger, the cheaper, the more profitable—the national system, in a word—of the narrow gauge?

They can't even, as Mr. Harding argues, give fair scope and advantage to the people in their own country. In connexion with the enormous trunk line the branches must be enormous. If it be difficult to make the great stations pay now, how much more will it be to establish small ones, which henceforth ought to be a condition of all railroads? The small tradesman, the poor village, the small farmer can't afford an outlet for their goods which is to be purchased at such a tremendous expense of road-making. These have as good a right to communicate with the main railroad stream now-a-days,

as it to be fed by their contribution. It is no longer a convenience, as we have said; a luxury, like the Quicksilver coach, to be adopted by those who could afford it, while the Old Blue was travelling for the vulgar at six miles an hour—but a right to which every member of the English industrial republic ought to lay claim.

And grant that the big engine is swifter at an express and the big first carriage more comfortable than the small (though even this is a question, as many gentlemen who have run away with interesting young ladies in a narrow-gauge *coupé*, with two seats, declare the conveyance the most agreeable in the world):—but grant that the big engine is the swifter—and this is all you get. That swiftness has so enchanted the most brilliant of the broad-gauge advocates that he calls it, in a noble image, “equivalent to the creation of time,” and so holds up the broad gauge as the sign of human advancement, and the narrow, by consequence, as the type of the degradation of mankind—a deliberate re-establishment of a lower standard for every benefit which railroads confer on mankind.

Why so? You have not given this system fair play. As a partial system, if its benefits have been prodigious, they become incredibly multiplied when it is a national scheme. It is “twice blessed” for the shareholder and the traveller. It is a spring of wealth as yet undeveloped for the one; for make the narrow, or any gauge scheme, a national one, and there is no knowing, no calculating how vast its results may be. Look at its progress since it was born fifteen years ago. The petitions of the university bigwigs against it, and the declarations of the engineers who published the “able document” condemning it, are scarcely more absurd than Mr. Brunel’s declaration, that the Great Western Line “would not interfere” with the other lines in England. The West must and ought to interfere with the North, and Irish pigs to travel over the length and breadth of the country as well as Durham coal, or Suffolk oxen, or Welsh iron, or Cornish tin. Let us not (though Mr. Stephenson is

there with 10,000*l.* to say no) that the broad-gauge racer can beat the narrow-gauge engine. What then? The narrow-gauge express can still travel fifty miles an hour—the narrow-gauge trains go to this day as quick as the broad—and is the nation such a fool as to deprive itself of the benefits which it has got?

Make it a national scheme, and you have the whole country in hand. Never mind about the expresses. Take the gauge which already occupies seven-eighths of the railroad country; not because it is three times as cheap and profitable as its opponent; not because the Great Western shareholders themselves would profit immeasurably by annexation to the railroad republic, but because the narrow-gauge *does* occupy seven-eighths of the country. One thing is clear, the small unpaying line can never swallow the great productive one: the broad-gauge line may become narrow gauge without hindrance to the commerce of the country, the narrow gauge can never become broad.

But a period is, perhaps, at hand when large and small engines shall disappear altogether; when Mr. Stephenson’s new galloper, backed at 10,000*l.* against twice his weight; when the Mammoth engines, big and beautiful as they are, splendidly rushing down their broad streams of iron, shall give place to something still more rapid and powerful—the Atmospheric Principle, which Mr. Brunel believes in. Then let them be rolled to the National Museum, and take their places beside Henry VIII.’s gun, or the figure of the dethroned Jupiter, or the statute of the repealed Corn-laws.

Meanwhile there never was a clearer moral, as we take it to be, got out of any series of volumes, and pamphlets, and inquiries, than that the railroad system of the country ought to be *one*; and we dutifully concur in the opinion submitted to her majesty by her dutiful Commissioners:—

“That the gauge of four feet eight inches and a half be declared by the legislature to be the gauge to be used in all public railways now under construction, or hereafter to be constructed, in Great Britain.”

INDEX TO VOL. XXXIII.

- ANCIENT Egypt, a Dinner in, 229**
Anecdote about an Old House, 434
Annette, 503
Apprentices of Milliners, 308
Army, Education in the, 719
Arnold's Lectures on Modern History, 596
Austerlitz, the Campaign of. Chap. I. 649; Chap. II. 657
Authorship, Female, 460
- B.G. and the N.G. A few words on the Gauge Dispute, 743**
Balzac, H. De. The Pride of a Spoiled Beauty, Chap. I. 46; Chap. II. and Conclusion, 180
Beauty, the Pride of a Spoiled. Adapted from the French of H. De Balzac, Chap. I. 46; Chap. II. and Conclusion, 180
Beggars, 666
Bekentnisse von Uhlich, review of, 694
Bell, Chamber of the, Chap. I. 530; Chap. II. 535; Chap. III. 541
Bible in Spain, by George Borrow, 379
Blanchard, Laman. A Brother of the Press on the History of a Literary Man, and the Chances of the Literary Profession. In a Letter to the Rev. Francis Sylvester at Rome, from Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esq. 332
Borrow, George, *The Bible in Spain*, 379
British Poetry, Past and Present Condition of, 577; Part II. and Conclusion, 708
Brother of the Press on the History of a Literary Man, Laman Blanchard, and the Chances of the Literary Profession. In a Letter to the Rev. Francis Sylvester at Rome, from Michael Angelo Titmarsh, Esq., 332
- Cabinet, Mysteries of the, 121**
Cabinet and Sir Robert Peel, What is the Position of? 369
Caged Lark, the, 740
Campaign, the Late, and the Sikhs, 606
Campaign of Austerlitz, Chap. I. 649; Chap. II. 657
Campaign of Marengo, 545
Ceylon, Elephant Shooting in, 561
Chamber of the Bell, Chap. I. 530; Chap. II. 535; Chap. III. 541
Chapter on Straws, being the first Specimen of a New Dictionary, 127
Character and Theories of Mr. Newman, 253
Children's Books reviewed by Michael Angelo Titmarsh, 495
Chimes for the New Year, 1
Colony, Life in a; or, the Old Judge. The Lone House. By the Author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker*, *The Attaché*, &c. 505
Common Lodging-house, 342
- Condition, Past and Present, of British Poetry, 577; Part II. and Conclusion, 708**
Contemporary Orators, No. VI. The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, 77; No. VII. The Right Hon. Sir James Graham, 136; No. VIII. Lord Palmerston, 317; No. IX. Earl Grey, 466, Lord Morpeth, 474; No. X. Mr. Sheil, 728
Counsel Mal-à-Propos, 288
Crime, Philosophy of, with Illustrations from Familiar History. No. I. William Horne, 7; No. II. Francis David Stirn, 235
- Dictionary, the First Specimen of a New. An Illustrative Chapter on Straws, 127**
Dining Out, 445
Dinner in Ancient Egypt, 229
Dragon, Fight with the. From the German of Schiller, 591
Duchess of Newcastle, Margaret Lucas, 292
- Earl Grey. Contemporary Orators, No. IX. 466**
Education in the Army, 719
Egypt, A Dinner in Ancient, 229
Elephant Shooting in Ceylon, 561
Elm-Wood, The Lady of, Chap. I. 113; Chap. II. 116
Ernest Walkinworm's Opinion of Seville. In a Letter to Mr. Grubley, 683
Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine. By John H. Newman, 253
- False Alarm. A True Story, 232**
Familiar History, Illustrations from. The Philosophy of Crime. No. I. William Horne, 7; No. II. Francis David Stirn, 235
Felix Summerly's *Home Treasury*, review of, 495
Female Authorship, 460
Fight with the Dragon. From the German of Schiller, 591
First Flower-Painter. A Legend of Sycion, 72
Francis David Stirn, 235
French Trial, On a late, 621
French Newspapers and Newspaper Writers, French Farceurs and Feuilletonists, French Duellists, French Actresses, &c. In a Letter to Oliver Yorke from Benjamin Blunt, formerly a Bencherman and Trencherman in the Inner Temple, now a Rentier of the Rue Rivoli in Paris, 674
- Gammer Gurton's Story-Books, revised by Ambrose Merton, Gent., review of, 495**
Gelnhausen, the Legend of. From the History of the Twelfth Century, 143

- Germany, Religious Movement in, 694
Good-Natured Bear, review of, 495
 Graham, the Right Hon. Sir James. *Contemporary Orators*. No. VII. 136
 Gray, Earl. *Contemporary Orators*. No. IX. 466
- Hand-Book for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home*, 379
 History of Pantomimes, in a Letter to Oliver Yorke, Esq. 43
 Horne, William, 7
 House, Anecdote about an Old, 434
 Hugo, Victor, Something more about, 515
- Illustrations from Familiar History. The Philosophy of Crime. No. I. William Horne, 7; No. II. Francis David Stirn, 235
 Illustrative Chapter on Straws. Being the First Specimen of a New Dictionary, 127
 Imhoff's Statue of Hagar at Rome, To One who was Moved to Tears at Sight of, 275
- Judge, the Old; or, Life in a Colony. The *Lone House*. By the Author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker*, *The Attaché*, &c. 56
- Lady of Elm-Wood, Chap. I. 113, Chap. II. 116
 Late Campaign of the Sikhs, 606
 Late French Trial, 621
 Latin Pamphleteers. Sallust, 194
 Lectures by Arnold on Modern History, 596
 Legend of Gelnhausen. From the History of the Twelfth Century, 143
 Legend of Sydon. The First Flower-Painter, 72
 Le Jeu de Noël. From the Notes of an Old Traveller, 269
 Letter from Rippoldsan, 211
 Letters, Public Patronage of Men of, 58
 Letter to Oliver Yorke on French Newspapers and Newspaper Writers, French Farsours and Feuilletonists, French Duellists, French Actresses, &c. By Benjamin Blunt, formerly a Bencherman and Trencherman in the Inner Temple, now a Rentier in the Rue Rivoli in Paris, 674
 Letter to Oliver Yorke, Esq. on the History of Pantomimes, 43
 Life in a Colony; or, the Old Judge. The *Lone House*. By the Author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker*, *The Attaché*, &c. 505
 Lodging-House, the Common, 343
 Lord Morpeth. *Contemporary Orators*. No. IX. 474
 Lord Palmerston. *Contemporary Orators*. No. VIII. 517
 Lorette, the Village of, and the New Settlement of Vale Cartier, 323
- Love, Present and Past, 226
 Lucas, Margaret, duchess of Newcastle, 292
- Macaulay, Right Hon. T. B. *Contemporary Orators*. No. VI. 77
 Mal-à-Propos, Counsel, 288
 Manners, Traditions, and Superstitions of the Shetlanders, 631
 Marengo, the Campaign of, 545
 Margaret Lucas, duchess of Newcastle, 292
 Men of Letters, Public Patronage of, 58
 Milliners' Apprentices, 308
 Milly L—. A Tale of Fact in Humble Life, 395
 Ministers, the Position of, 246
Mission der Deutsch-Katholiken, von G. G. Gervinus, review of, 694
 Mr. Newman, his Theories and Character, 253
 Mr. Sheil. *Contemporary Orators*. No. X. 728
Modern History, Arnold's *Lectures on*, 596
Modern Painters, &c. 358
 Morgan Rattler on Railways, 97
 Morgan Rattler on the Spains and the Spaniards, 379
 Morpeth, Lord. *Contemporary Orators*. No. IX. 474
 Murillo; or, the Painter without Ambition, 488
 Museums, 437
 Mysteries of the Cabinet, 121
- Napoleon, Principal Campaigns in the Rise of. No I. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. I. 23; Chap. II. 35. No. II. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. III. 157; Chap. IV. 163. No. III. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. V. 276. No. IV. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. VI. 413; Chap. VII. 424. No. V. The Campaign of Marengo. Chap. VIII. 545. No. VI. The Campaign of Austerlitz. Chap. I. 649; Chap. II. 657
Neus und doch alle Feinde, von Johannes Ronge, review of, 694
 Newcastle, Margaret Lucas, duchess of, 292
 Newman, Mr.; his Theories and Character, 253
 New Settlement of Vale Cartier, and the Village of Lorette, 323
 New Year's Chimes, 1
 Noël, Le Jeu de. From the Notes of an Old Traveller, 269
 Notes of an Old Traveller. *Le Jeu de Noël*, 269
- Ob Schrift? Ob Geist? Verantwortung gegen Meins Ankläger*, von G. A. Wislicenus, Pfarrer in Halle, review of, 694
 Of Railways. By Morgan Rattler, Esq. An Apprentice of the Law, 97

- Of the Spains and the Spaniards. By Morgan Rattler, 379
- Old House, Anecdote about an, 434
- Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony. The Lone House. By the Author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker, The Attaché, &c.* 505
- On Beggars, 666
- On a late French Trial, 621
- On some Illustrated Children's Books. By Michael Angelo Titmarsh, 495
- On the History of Pantomimes. In a Letter to Oliver Yorke, Esq., 43
- Orators, Contemporary. No. VI. The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, 77; No. VII. The Right Hon. Sir James Graham, 136; No. VIII. Lord Palmerston, 317; No. IX. Earl Grey, 466; Lord Morpeth, 474; No. X. Mr. Sheil, 728
- Our Chimes for the New Year, 1
- Painters, Modern, &c.* 358
- Painter, the First Flower. A Legend of Sycion, 72
- Painter without Ambition, the, 488
- Palmerston, Lord. Contemporary Orators. No. VIII. 317
- Pamphleteers, Latin. Sallust, 194
- Pantomimes, on the History of. In a Letter to Oliver Yorke, Esq., 43
- Past and Present Condition of British Poetry, 577; Part II. Conclusion, 708
- Patronage, Public, of Men of Letters, 58
- Peel, Sir Robert, and his Cabinet; What is the Position of? 369
- Philosophy of Crime, with Illustrations from Familiar History. No. I. William Horn, 7; No. II. Francis David Stirn, 235
- Poetry, Past and Present Condition of British, 577; Part II. Conclusion, 708
- Poetry: Ronsard to his Mistress. By Michael Angelo Titmarsh, 120—*Love, Present and Past, 226—A False Alarm. A True Story, 238—To One who was moved to Tears at Sight of Imhoff's Statue of Hagar at Rome, 275—The Fight with the Dragon. From the German of Schiller, 591*
- Politics: Contemporary Orators. No. VI. The Rt. Hon. T. B. Macaulay, 77; No. VII. The Right Hon. Sir James Graham, 136; No. VIII. Lord Palmerston, 317; No. IX. Earl Grey, 466; Lord Morpeth, 474; No. X. Mr. Sheil, 728—*Mysteries of the Cabinet, 121—The Position of Ministers, 246—What is the Position of Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet? 369—The Sikhs, their Rise and Progress, 478—The Sikhs and the late Campaign, 606—Religious Movement in Germany, 694—Education in the Army, 719*
- Position of Ministers, 246
- Position of Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet, What is the? 369
- Practical Cook.* By J. Bregien and Anne Millar, 457
- Present and Past Love, 226
- Pride of Spoiled Beauty. Adapted from the French of H. De Balsac. Chap. I. 46; Chap. II. and Conclusion, 180
- Principal Campaigns in the Rise of Napoleon. No. I. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. I. 23; Chap. II. 35. No. II. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. III. 157; Chap. IV. 163. No. III. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. V. 276. No. IV. The Italian Campaigns. Chap. VI. 413; Chap. VII. 424. No. V. The Campaign of Marengo. Chap. VIII. 545. No. VI. The Campaign of Austerlitz, Chap. I. 649; Chap. II. 637
- Progress and Rise of the Sikhs, 478
- Public Patronage of Men of Letters, 58
- Railways. By Morgan Rattler, Esq. An Apprentice of the Law, 97
- Rattler, Morgan, on Railways, 97
- Rattler, Morgan, on the Spains and the Spaniards, 379
- Redding, Cyrus. *Velasco; or, Memoirs of a Page*, review of, 456
- Religious Movement in Germany, 694
- Reviews: *A Tour from Cairo to Cairo.* By M. A. Titmarsh, 85—*ay on the Development of Christian Principles.* By John Henry Newman, 253—*Modern Painters, &c.* By a Graduate of Oxford, 358—*The Hand-Book for Travelers in Spain and Readers at-home,* 388—*The Bible in Spain.* By George Borrow, 396—*Velasco; or, Memoirs of a Page.* By Cyrus Redding, 457—*Felix Summerly's Home Treasury,* 495—*Gammer Gurton's Story-Books.* Revised by Ambrose Merton, Gent, 495—*Stories for the Seasons,* 495—*The Good-natured Bear,* 495—*Introductory Lectures on Modern History delivered in Lent 1842, with the Inaugural Lecture delivered in December 1841.* By Thomas Arnold, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head-Master of Rugby School, 596—*Mission der Deutsch-Katholiken.* Von G. G. Gervinus, 694—*Theiner's Beitritt zur Deutsch-Katholischen Reform,* 694—*Ob Schrift? Ob Geist? Verantwortung gegen Meins Ankläger.* Von G. A. Wislizenus, Pfarrer in Halle, 694—*Bekanntnisse von Uhlich,* 694—*News and doch alle Feinde.* Von Johannes Ronge, 694
- Rippoldsan, a Letter from, 211
- Rise and Progress of the Sikhs, 478
- Ronsard to his Mistress. By Michael Angelo Titmarsh, 120
- Sallust. Latin Pamphleteers, 194
- Schiller's Fight with the Dragon, 591
- Seville, Ernest Walkinworm's C of. In a Letter to Mr. Grub!

- Shetlanders. Their Manners, Traditions and Superstitions, 631
- Sikhs, the, and the late Campaign, 606
- Sikhs, the. Their Rise and Progress, 478
- Sir James Graham. Contemporary Orators. No. VII. 136
- Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet; What is the Position of? 369
- Something more about Victor Hugo, 515
- Spains and the Spaniards. By Morgan Rattler, 379
- Spoiled Beauty, the Pride of a. Adapted from the French of Balzac. Chap. I. 46; Chap. II. and Conclusion, 180
- Stirn, Francis David, 235
- Stories for the Seasons*, review of, 495
- Straws, an Illustrative Chapter on. Being the first Specimen of a new Dictionary, 127
- Superstitions, Manners, and Traditions of the Shetlanders, 631
- Sycion, a Legend of. The first Flower-Painter, 72
- Tale of Fact in Humble Life. Milly L——, 395
- Tales and Narratives: The Philosophy of Crime, with Illustrations from Familiar History. No. I. William Horne, 7; No. II. Francis David Stirn, 235—Principal Campaigns in the Rise of Napoleon. No. I. The Italian Campaigns, Chap. I. 23; Chap. II. 35. No. II. Chap. III. 157; Chap. IV. 163. No. III. Chap. V. 276; Chap. VI. 413; Chap. VII. 424. No. V. The Campaign of Marengo, Chap. VIII. 545. No. VI. The Campaign of Austerlitz, Chap. I. 649; Chap. II. 657—The Pride of a Spoiled Beauty. Adapted from the French of H. de Balzac. Chap. I. 46; Chap. II. 180—The first Flower-Painter. A Legend of Sycion, 72—The Lady of Elmwood. Chap. I. 113; Chap. II. 116—The Legend of Gelnhausen. From the History of the Twelfth Century, 143—A Letter from Rippoldsean, 211—A Dinner in Ancient Egypt, 229—Le Jeu de Noël. From the Notes of an Old Traveller, 269—Counsel Mal-à-propos, 288—Margaret Lucas, Duchess of Newcastle, 292—Milliners' Apprentices, 308—The Village of Lorette, and the New Settlement of Vale Cartier, 323—The Common Lodging-House, 342—Milly L——.
- A Tale of Fact in Humble Life, 395—An Anecdote about an Old House, 434
- Dining Out, 443—Murillo; or, the Painter without Ambition, 488—The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony. The Lone House. By the Author of *Sam Slick the Clockmaker, the Attaché, &c.* 505—The Chamber of the Bell. Chap. I. 530; Chap. II. 535; Chap. III. 541—Elephant-Shooting in Ceylon, 561—Manners, Traditions, and Superstitions of the Shetlanders, 631—On Beggars, 666—Ernest Walkinworm's Opinion of Seville. In a Letter to Mr. Grubley, 683
- The Caged Lark, 740
- The B. G. and the N. G. A few Words on the Gauge Dispute, 743
- Theiner's *Beitritt zur Deutsch-Katholischen Reform*, review of, 694
- Theories and Character of Mr. Newman, 253
- Titmarsh's Letter to the Rev. Francis Sylvester on the History of a Literary Man, Laman Blanchard, and the Chances of the Literary Profession, 332
- Titmarsh's Tour through Turkeydom, 85
- Titmarsh, Michael Angelo. Ronsard to his Mistress, 120
- Titmarsh, Michael Angelo. On some Illustrated Children's Books, 495
- To one who was moved to Tears at Sight of Imhoff's Statue of Hagar, at Rome, 275
- Tour from Cornhill to Cairo. By M. A. Titmarsh, 85
- Traditions, Manners, and Superstitions of the Shetlanders, 631
- Traveller's Notes. Le Jeu de Noël, 269
- Trial, on a late French, 621
- Turkeydom, Titmarsh's Tour through, 85
- Vale Cartier, the New Settlement of, and the Village of Lorette, 323
- Velasco; or, *Memoirs of a Page*, 456
- Victor Hugo, Something more about, 515
- Village of Lorette, and the New Settlement of Vale Cartier. The Village of Lorette, 323; the New Settlement of Vale Cartier, 325
- Walkinworm's, Ernest, Opinion of Seville. In a Letter to Mr. Grubley, 683
- What is the Position of Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet? 369
- William Horne, 7

END OF VOL. XXXIII.

E

LONDON:

GEORGE BARCLAY, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE